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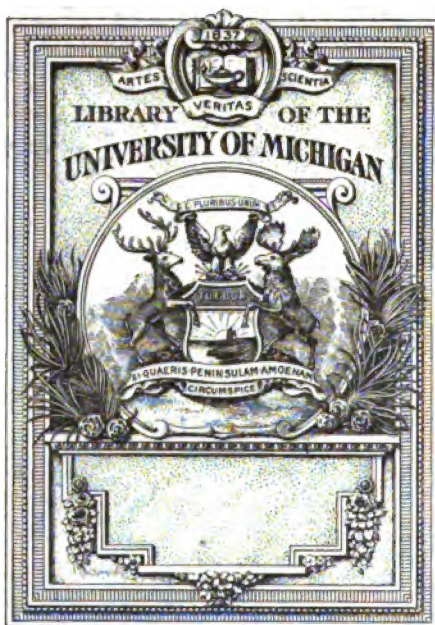
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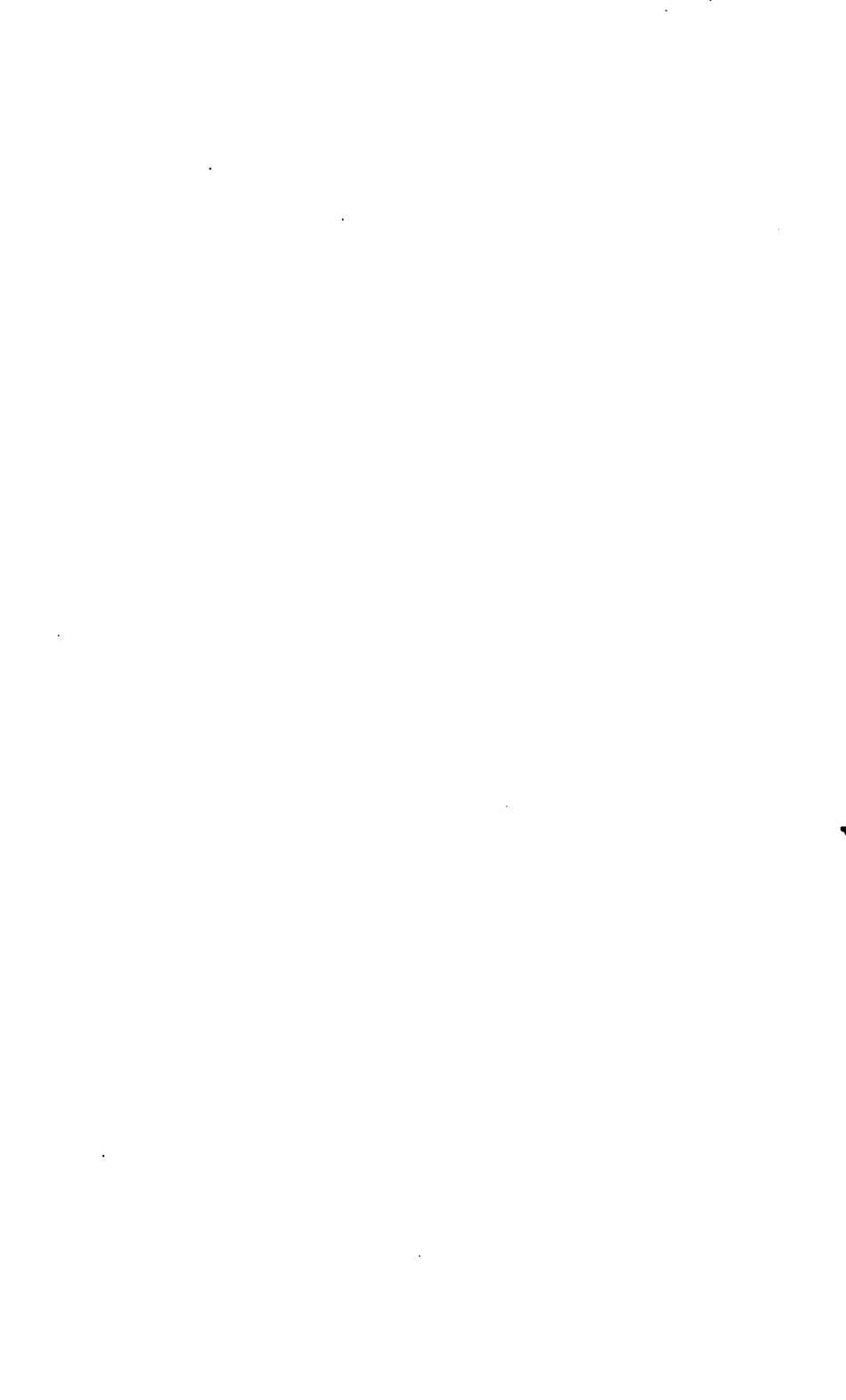
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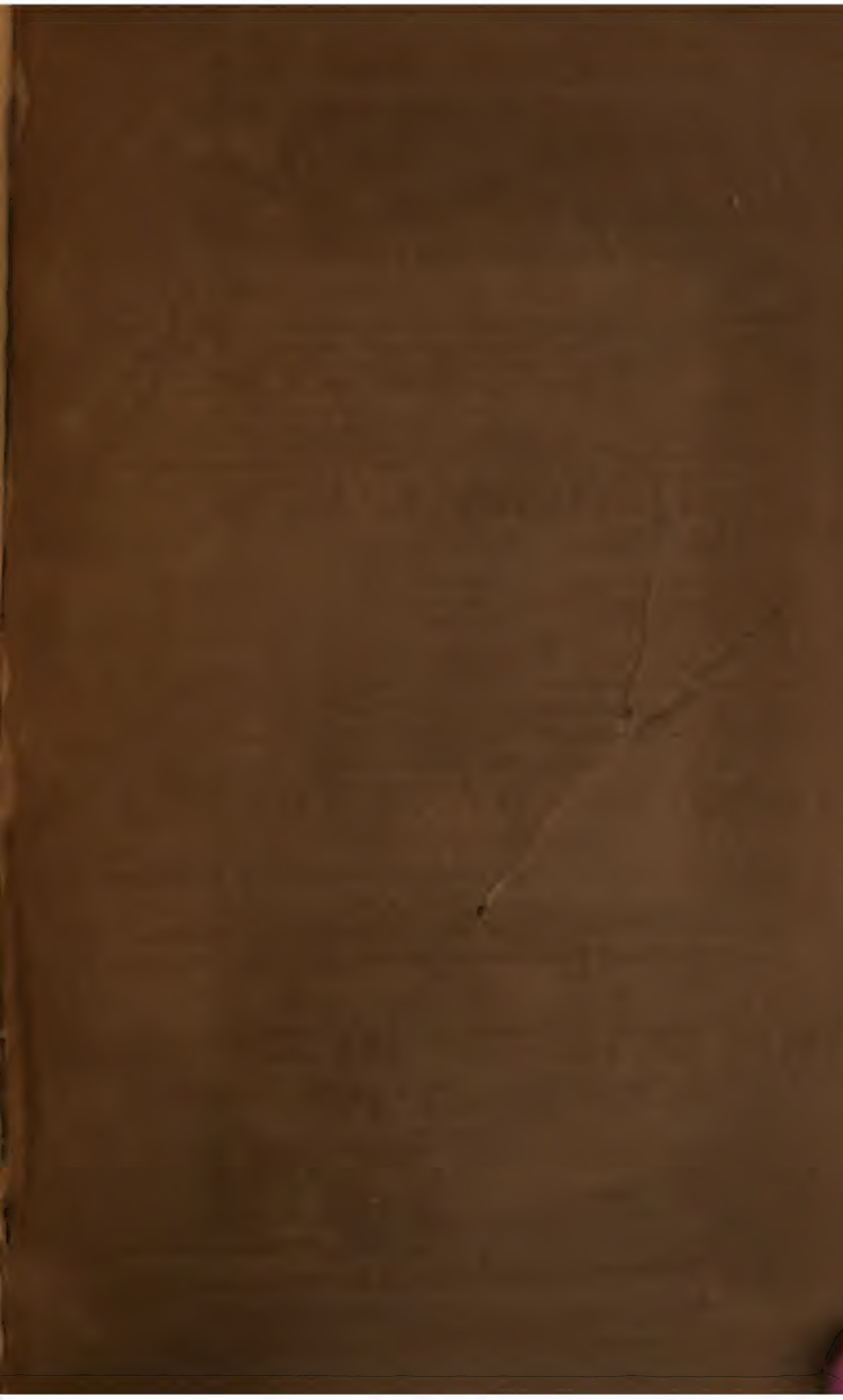
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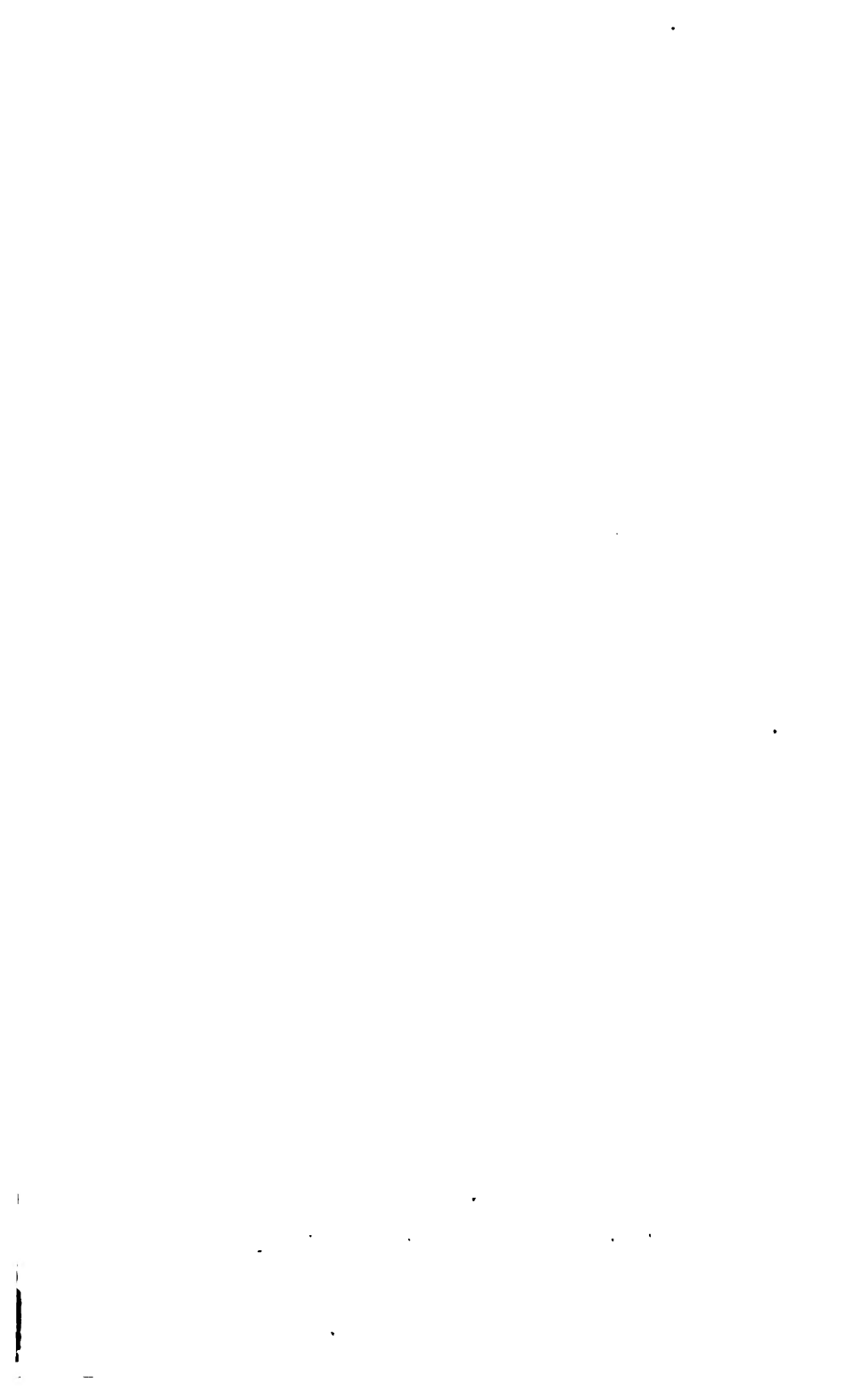






DOUGLAS JERROLD.

See 'Laughing Philosophers.'







# LONDON SOCIETY.

An Illustrated Magazine

OF

LIGHT AND AMUSING LITERATURE

FOR

THE HOURS OF RELAXATION.

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VOLUME XLII.

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LONDON:  
22 EXETER STREET, STRAND, W.C.

1882.

**LONDON**

**ROBSON AND SONS PRINTERS, FANCYAS ROAD, E.W.**

# CONTENTS.

## Engravings.

	DRAWN BY	PAGE
Portrait of Douglas Jerrold . . . . .		10
Portrait of Dr. John Doran, F.S.A. . . . .		82
What I saw near the Otter Pool . . . . .		113
Portrait of Charles Lamb . . . . .		184
Selling our Picture . . . . .	H. D. Friston . . . . .	222
Portrait of Victor Hugo . . . . .		290
On the Rock . . . . .	Hal Ludlow . . . . .	354
Portrait of Alphonse Daudet . . . . .		374
An Every-day Idyl . . . . .	A. Chantrey Corbould . . . . .	520
The Lines behind the Shutter . . . . .	George Wilson . . . . .	431
The Miller's Exploit . . . . .	A. Chantrey Corbould . . . . .	540
Portrait of Theodore Hook . . . . .		584

## Essays, Tales, and Miscellaneous Papers.

### ANECDOTE CORNER :

The Editor to his Readers—A Cluster of Original Anecdotes—Laughing Philosophers—Jerroldiana—Charles Dickens's Golden Rules—Edison's Marriage—Oxford Stories—Wit and Humour of Parliament—Theatrical Stories—Scottish Anecdotes—The Humours of a London Season—Lines by J. R. Lowell—Bishops' Jests and Repartee—Jeux d'Esprit—Novelists' Sayings—American Humour—Sporting Anecdotes—Horne Tooke's Sayings—Theodore Hook's Jokes and Squibs—A Curious Snuff-box . . . . .	1
Another Cluster of Original Anecdotes: Theatrical Anecdotes; Dancing Mutes—Dramatic Criticism in America: Sarah Bernhardt, her Dresses and her 'Clinging' Talent—Origin of the 'Porterhouse' Steak—Literary Puzzles—Scottish Anecdotes—The Psychology of Kissing—Never Content!—A Special Correspondent in 'the Wrong Box'—A Queer Sentence—A Neat Denial—Hanging considered as one of the Fine Arts—Two Sharp Cuts—Ladies' Pastimes—Rough upon Mr. Gladstone—To a Friend studying German—Things New and Old . . . . .	195
An Unpublished Quatrain by Victor Hugo—Three New Oxford Stories—Mathewslana—Railway Stories—Anecdotes of Macready—Textual Critics—The Literary Forehead—Variorum—Some more Curious Snuff-boxes—An Old Club Squib—Men of Fashion—Parliamentary Hits—How they keep Order in 'Illinois'—Children of the Period—Four smart Epigrams—The Grandiose Style—One of the Family—Radicals of the Old School—Curiosities of Betting—A Hint about Cricket—Curious Jests and Repartee . . . . .	291
Original Scottish Reminiscences—Clever Reply by her Majesty—Froth and Fidget—Examination Blunders—De Quincey's Opinion of Anecdotes—Poem by Victor Hugo—Anecdotes of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon—Some Stories of Dr. Morley Punshon—Sermon Stories—A few choice Epigrams—Douglas Jerrold's Sayings—Theatrical Memories—A Brave Man's Prayer—Neatly Put—Social Pleasantries—Quite Probable—Thackerayana—Rebels on Lending—Legal Stories—A Sensible Girl—Rather Mixed . . . . .	394
Miss Ellen Terry's Early Days on the Stage—Manageriana—Hamlet's Tombs—A Whistling Story—French-English—Two Royal Academy Stories—Nothing New under the Sun—Novelists' Sayings—Parliamentary Hits—Y Forerunner of the Great Eastern—A Turf Anecdote—How to become an Orator—Importance of Architects—A Reminiscence of Balzac—Some Wits of the Past—An Irish Barometer—A Recipe for Insomnia—Impromptus—Quite Probable—Truth and Impudence—Our Old Divorce Law—A Just Pride—American Notes—Variorum . . . . .	500
Two Anecdotes of Rossini—Anecdotes of Robert Burns—The Shoulders of Melchisedek—'That's no bad!'—Lord Byron caught in a Shower—Two Anecdotes of Daniel Webster—A Graceful Compliment—Old Pam' and 'Old Abe'—Three Sturdy Scots—A Proper Pride—Irish Gratitude—A Smoking Story—Cobbett of 'The Gridiron'—A Shrewd Calculation—Good, for a 'Poor Brother'—French Ideas—Speaking to Posterity—Rebunking a Doctress—The Book of Nature—Gone amongst Strangers—Three Drolleries—A Hint to Mr. Irving—A First Night Story—Acrid, but Clever—A Puzzled Academician—Anecdote of Hood—Speech is Silver, Silence is Golden—Tell that to the Marines—A Wary Sleeper—A Distinction and a Difference—The Witness Scores—A Nightcap Story—A Juvenile Idea of the Better Land—Variorum . . . . .	602
Author of the Day, An: Alphonse Daudet . . . . .	374
Blind Man's Notions about Ghosts, A. By W. W. Fenn, Author of 'Half-Hours of Blind Man's Holiday,' &c. . . . .	417
BOB AND I—'ARCADES AMBO.' A Story of London Bohemia . . . . .	209, 319
COUNT VON MÜLLER OF THE RHINE: a Tale of Feudal Law . . . . .	588
Dame Partlet . . . . .	387
Eliana . . . . .	182

	PAGE
Eastbourne . . . . .	137
Guide's Wooing, The: An Alpine Sketch. By H. Schütz-Wilson . . . . .	152
HALF-HOURS WITH SOME FAMOUS AMBASSADORS. By George Barnett Smith:	
VIII. Lord Malmesbury and Queen Caroline . . . . .	257
IX. Alberoni, Cardinal and Adventurer . . . . .	436
Happy Travellers . . . . .	121
Hermit Nation, The; or Corea and its Society, Past and Present. By A. H. Grant . . . . .	521
How Quedglington was Sent Down . . . . .	273
Humourists of Yesterday: Dr. John Doran, F.S.A. . . . .	29
In the Dolmen Country . . . . .	79
Lines behind the Shutter, The. By Reginald Barnett . . . . .	425
LOG OF THE WANDEROO, THE. By Dr. Gordon Stables . . . . .	279
Mills and Carlyle, The. By Frederick Arnold . . . . .	591
Night's Conger-Fishing off Herm, A . . . . .	334
Old Custom, An . . . . .	497
Our Cooking Classes . . . . .	225
Postman's Knock, The . . . . .	487
Pudding Sauce of St. Alphege's, The: a Word in due Season . . . . .	433
Relationships . . . . .	234
Scarfside . . . . .	105
Sea Pie. In Three Layers . . . . .	313
Stories by Foreign Novelists: The Amateur Detective, by Gaboriau . . . . .	125
Theodore Hook as an Improvisatore . . . . .	584
Tigress in an English Village, A . . . . .	87
Trip with St. Simon's Choir, A . . . . .	70
VALENTINA. By the Author of 'A French Heiress in her own Château,'	
'Mrs. Lancaster's Rival,' &c.:	
Chap. I. The Elysian Fields . . . . .	38
II. Fanny's Wedding . . . . .	43
III. An Argument . . . . .	50
IV. Stoneycourt . . . . .	4
V. Lucy . . . . .	160
VI. Rejected . . . . .	163
VII. Accepted . . . . .	167
VIII. Too Late . . . . .	170
IX. Mrs. Talboys . . . . .	175
X. A Truant . . . . .	241
XI. The Mill . . . . .	246
XII. The End of the Adventure . . . . .	252
XIII. Billy's Secret . . . . .	344
XIV. La Manchette . . . . .	347
XV. The Rock . . . . .	350
Chap. XVI. In a Fog . . . . .	356
XVII. Visieux . . . . .	361
XVIII. Relations and Friends . . . . .	366
XIX. Frank . . . . .	449
XX. Mountains . . . . .	455
XXI. Too late again . . . . .	462
XXII. Christmas Eve . . . . .	469
XXIII. New Year's Eve . . . . .	475
XXIV. Lady Julia's Anxiety . . . . .	551
XXV. The Unwelcome Guest . . . . .	555
XXVI. Ordered home . . . . .	559
XXVII. Shelter . . . . .	565
XXVIII. Mrs. Miles . . . . .	570
XXIX. Home . . . . .	576
Conclusion. By Mrs. Tristram . . . . .	582
Wilds of Monmouth, The: a Fresh Field for Artists . . . . .	61
With the Monks of Charnwood Forest. By Edward Bradbury . . . . .	96

## Poetry.

About John . . . . .	590	Reverie in Chambers, A . . . . .	60
Ah, Wild Swan! . . . . .	224	Shower Song, A . . . . .	208
August to June . . . . .	120	Song of Time, A . . . . .	535
Comet, The . . . . .	519	Sort of People that one meets at	
Cousins . . . . .	424	Dances, The . . . . .	271
Day at Honolulu, A . . . . .	491	Sun-Ray, A . . . . .	136
Every-day Idyl, An . . . . .	520	To my Bed . . . . .	498
Go away! . . . . .	86	Two Roses . . . . .	151
'Handsome and Sweet Seventeen' . . . . .	601	Vanishing Hope . . . . .	448
Lasca . . . . .	484	'Yours Truly' . . . . .	69
Old, old Song, An . . . . .	313		

# LONDON SOCIETY.

JULY 1882.

## ANECDOTE CORNER.

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS BY WILLMOTT DIXON—CHARLES HERVEY—  
HENRY S. LEIGH—BYRON WEBBER—FREDERICK ARNOLD—THE  
AUTHOR OF 'LADY BEAUTY'—PETER PEPPERCORN—THE NICOTIAN  
PHILOSOPHER—THE ANECDOTE HUNTER—THE EDITOR—AND  
OTHERS.

*The Editor to his Readers.*



Don Quixote looked in at the printing-office he found them busy with a volume called *Trifles*, which the printer assured him was a most important affair, although the title did not promise much.

This is what we hope a good many readers will, by and by, think of our 'Anecdote Corner.'

'If you love your reader and wish to be read, *get Anecdotes*,' was the advice of one of the brightest and wittiest of modern humorists. No happier phrase or more concise form of statement could be hit upon to show the *raison d'être* of 'Anecdote Corner' in LONDON

SOCIETY. For what Editor is there who does not love his readers, and wish them to read the lucubrations of himself and his contributors? Therefore, to prove our affection for our readers, and at the same time induce them to reciprocate it, we have determined to 'get Anecdotes,' and garner them every month in this corner of our Magazine.

An experience of some thirty years in catering for the  
VOL. XLII. NO. CXXLVII.



public has impressed the Editor with the idea that there is plenty of racy material lying at hand for producing a bright and pleasant department of this sort—something which will ‘kindle mirth in the melancholic and heighten it in the gay.’ And, although mirth and humour will be ‘the superficial design, it will be laid on a solid foundation, to challenge attention from the ignorant and admiration from the judicious.’ ‘*Mind this, and our business is done!*’ as the shrewd friend said to Cervantes, when invited to touch up that author’s preface.

Our ‘Corner’ will be inlaid with little bits of dainty mosaic-work, out of which different people can pick what they fancy.

The plan is to gather from a multitude of sources—some of them familiar enough to literary men, although little known, perhaps, to the general reader, or inaccessible to him outside the walls of great libraries—all such cheery, characteristic, and pungent things as will give ‘zest to pleasant moments and solace to anxious ones;’ things which will help our busy, active men to relax for a little the tension of business solicitude or throw off the weight of professional care—enable them, perhaps, to restore for half an hour the dewy freshness of youth and recall the merry twinkle of unfettered days.

Out of forgotten books and other dusty lumber of bygone times let us pick some flashing jewel of long-buried wit; rekindle the fire of forgotten repartee; echo once more the rippling laughter at some pleasant jest from the Whispering Gallery of the past.

Like rose-leaves freshly stirred, there will now and then come wafted through our pages, from seeming dead leaves, the sweet fragrance of words once breathed by fair women and brilliant men.

A great Novelist said to the Editor the other day, ‘What has come over the men of our time? What a sad lack there is of animal spirits! They seem to have no *fun* in them!’

Let us try to mend this. Let us attempt to rescue some of the *fun* which lies stored with those who are still amongst us—some of the choice *morceaux* which are yet in the memory of those who have shared a noble friendship and have sat ‘at good men’s feasts.’ The original reminiscences which such story-tellers will be encouraged to write or to

dictate will be prized by all genuine lovers of 'good things.' When permitted we shall give the authority or initials which can be recognised.

In one of the most charming introductions to be found in the whole range of modern literature—that which Leigh Hunt wrote to his *Book for a Corner*—there are some remarks very suitable indeed to our present purpose. Speaking of *choice passages, which may be known to many readers*, he says, 'The nature and the amount of the reader's familiarity with many pieces are the reasons why we have extracted them. They constitute part of the object and essence of the book ; for the familiarity is not a vulgar and repulsive one, but that of a noble and ever-fresh companion, whose society we can the less dispense with the more we are accustomed to it. The book in this respect resembles a set of pictures which it delights us to live with, or a collection of favourite songs and pieces of music, which we bind up in volumes in order that we may always have them at hand or know where to find them. Our book may have little novelty in the least sense of the word ; but it has the best in the greatest sense : that is to say, *never-dying novelty*—antiquity hung with ivy-blossoms and rosebuds ; old friends with the ever-new faces of wit, thought, and affection !' To put it differently, the homely truth never gets old—a good story will bear twice telling. An 'old Joe' brought out at the right moment will often clinch an argument and at the same time keep people from losing their temper.

The Editor takes shelter under the wing of the ingenious author of *Arsinoë* (whom Southey has embalmed in *The Doctor*), when he trusts that 'Anecdote Corner' will be, like a floating bath, of varied depth—'that the lamb may wade in it, although the elephant may swim ;' and also that it will be found 'very entertaining to the ladies !'

'Indeed, he flatters himself that it will be found profitable for old and young, for men and for women, the married and the single, the idle and the studious, the merry and the sad ; that it may sometimes inspire the thoughtless with thought,' and sometimes, as he has already said, 'beguile the careful of their cares.'

All this because there will be a thousand and one delicious readings for the library, for the breakfast-room, for *the boudoir* (which to modern habitations is what *the oriel* was to ancient ones), for the drawing-room, the smoking-room, and the rail-

way train—for all manner of places where men, women, and books are to be found in company.

Our new 'Corner' will suit people who are *in Society* and people who are *out of it*, whether by accident or by choice. If we may use the language of commerce—looking to the number of choice vintages lying ready to be sampled—there need be no lack of 'body,' 'aroma,' or 'sparkle,' in what is offered to the reader.

In setting about this long-dreamt-of task there rises to the Editor's remembrance (mixed up with the memory of many a quaint discourse and many a delightful ramble together by daylight and starlight) the following personal reminiscence of Thomas de Quincey:—With his quiet humour and wizard touch of irony De Quincey often referred to the strange mental constitution of those complacent folk who are fond of saying, 'There's *nothing* in the papers to-day!' 'Good Heavens! *Nothing* in the papers!' the author of *Suspiria de Profundis* would exclaim. And the tremulous, musical voice would dwell on the profound interest and suggestive power, when read aright, of the meanest provincial print; not to speak of that imperial interest, concerning the warp and woof of the web of life, which underlies the columns of every great London newspaper.

We take it, therefore—and it is an encouraging thought—that, almost in spite of ourselves, 'Anecdote Corner' must become very readable. The sources of interest are so wonderfully strong and varied that our material must touch human life to the quick at an infinite number of points. And thus, quite independent of one's own cleverness or stupidity, it will be hard indeed to say, 'There's nothing this month in LONDON SOCIETY.'

J. H.



**G**ENUINE and innocent wit is surely the flavour of the mind. Man could not direct his way by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food ; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps over the burning marl.—SYDNEY SMITH.

### *A Cluster of Original Anecdotes.*

**JOHN WESLEY IN A FIX—AND OUT AGAIN.**—The following anecdote of the founder of Methodism has, we believe, never been published. It reaches us, however, from a trustworthy source, and, as it illustrates in a remarkable manner the mingled tact and piety of that eminent man, it well deserves a place in our 'Anecdote Corner.'

Although Wesley, like the Apostles, found that his preaching did not greatly affect the mighty or the noble, still he numbered some families of good position among his followers. It was at the house of one of these that the incident here recorded took place. Wesley had been preaching ; and a daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, a girl remarkable for her beauty, had been profoundly impressed by his exhortations. After the sermon Wesley was invited to this gentleman's house to luncheon, and with himself one of his preachers was entertained. This preacher, like many of the class at that time, was a man of plain manners, and not conscious of the restraints of good society. The fair young Methodist sat beside him at the table, and he noticed that she wore a number of rings. During a pause in the meal the preacher took hold of the young lady's hand, and, raising it in the air, called Wesley's attention to the sparkling jewels. 'What do you think of this, sir,' he said, 'for a Methodist's hand ?'

The girl turned crimson. For Wesley, with his known and ex-

pressed aversion to finery, the question was a peculiarly awkward one. But the aged evangelist showed a tact which Chesterfield might have envied. He looked up with a quiet benevolent smile, and simply said, '*The hand is very beautiful.*'

The blushing beauty had expected something far different from a reproof wrapped up with such felicity in a compliment. She had the good sense to say nothing ; but when, a few hours later, she again appeared in Wesley's presence, the beautiful hand was stripped of every ornament except those which Nature had given.

A. M.



#### AN UNPUBLISHED STORY OF 'ELIA.'

The late Charles Mathews used to tell, with great glee, a little story of Charles Lamb, which he vouched for as authentic, and believed to be unpublished. I am indebted for it to Mr. Henry S. Leigh (the Post of Cockayne), who had it from the lips of his friend, the famous actor. One evening Mary Lamb took a sudden and violent fancy to have some Stilton cheese for supper, an article of which they had not a scrap in the house. It was very wet, and getting rather late ; but Charles, with that self-denial which showed itself in a life-long devotion to his sister, at once volunteered to try whether any could be got. He sallied forth, and reached their cheese-

THE golden line is drawn between winter and summer. Behind all is blackness and darkness and dissolution. Before is hope, and soft airs, and the flowers, and the sweet season of hay; and people will cross the fields, reading or walking with one another; and instead of the rain that soaks death into the heart of green things will be the rain which they drink with delight; and there will be sleep on the grass at mid-day, and early rising in the morning, and long moonlight evenings.—LEIGH HUNT.

monger just as the shutters were being put up. In reply to his demand, he was assured that they had some fine ripe Stilton; and the shopkeeper proceeded to cut off a slice. As it lay on the scales Lamb's attention was forcibly arrested by the lively gambols of a number of maggots which came to the surface of the 'fine ripe Stilton.' 'Now, Mr. Lamb,' said the cheesemonger, 'shall I have the pleasure of sending this home for you?' 'No, th-th-thank you,' said Charles. 'If you will give me a bit of twine, I cou-cou-could, p'rhaps, l-l-l-lead it home!' The manner in which Charles Mathews rendered Lamb's stutler was, says Mr. Leigh, inimitable.

A very interesting little story belongs to the exhibition of the Royal Academy this year. A lady and her daughter, in a sudden shower of rain, took refuge in a doorway. It was that of a great artist's studio; and the great artist himself entering at the moment, invited them to come in from the rain. As the rain steadily poured down, he studied attentively the young girl's face and figure; and presently, producing his card, he asked the mother's permission to make a painting of her daughter. So flattering a compliment from so distinguished an artist could not be declined; and a beautiful portrait, the result of a great many sittings, was finished in due time, and is one of the ornaments of this

year's exhibition. Such a painting would have an immense value; but it was gracefully presented by the artist to the young lady herself. Its only fault is, that it hardly does justice to the lovely original.

—\*—

The scene was a first-class carriage on the Great Western Railway. The date need not be mentioned. There were no ladies in the carriages. One of the passengers took out his cigar-case, and, giving a look of inquiry, but not making any remark, lit up, and vigorously puffed away. As he progressed towards the end of his cigar, he noticed a look of great irritation on the face of his *vis-à-vis*. 'I am afraid, sir,' said the smoker hurriedly, 'that my cigar annoys you.' 'It does, sir; it annoys me excessively.' 'I am sure I beg your pardon,' said the gentleman, and threw his cigar out of the window. 'That's all very well,' said his fellow-passenger; 'but I mean to give you in charge directly I get to Bath. You were perfectly well aware that this is not a smoking-carriage, and I mean to defend the rights of passengers.' 'I am really very sorry, sir; but I took it for granted that there was no objection.' 'I made up my mind, sir,' was the dogmatic reproach, 'soon after we left Swindon, that I would give you in charge the first opportunity.' Then there was an awkward pause, and presently the offender said, 'Perhaps you will take my card?

THE first class of readers may be compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand; it runs in and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class is like a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slave of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only the pure gems.—COLERIDGE.

I happen to hold a public position, and should like to avoid any disturbance.' 'I don't want your card, sir.' 'But you had better look at it.' The aggrieved passenger looked at it contemptuously, but it was the card of a Royal Duke! Things now went on pleasantly; but before he left the carriage, the gentleman expressed a hope that H.R.H. would not think that he had acted wrongly. 'That is a point which we need not discuss,' said H.R.H.

During Hepworth Dixon's editorship of the *Athenæum*, the independent outspokenness of its reviews of new books was the dominant feature of the periodical. Whether such hard-hitting was always discreet on the part of the assailant, or deserved by the victim, may be doubted. Now, although Dixon earned no end of opprobrium in consequence of the severity of the strictures passed by his staff on books committed to their notice, be it said to his credit that there seldom existed a body of men who were allowed more of their own way. They wrote practically untrammelled. The scathing notice of Alexander Smith's poems which appeared in the *Athenæum* was the work of two brother bards, both of whom (by the way) are living. When Mr. Gerald Massey joined the staff, at Dixon's request, his 'instructions' were sent by the editor with the first batch of books he was commissioned to review.

The inspiration ran as follows: 'Be just; be generous; but, if you do meet with a deadly ass, *sling him up.*'

When poor dear 'Willie' Brunton, the humorous artist, died, a witty talker, an admirable storyteller, as well as a thoroughly original draughtsman, went from us. He was one of a group of genuine humorists, of whom E. C. Barnes, who died the other day, was another. Some few years ago, when Signor Pellegrini ('Ape') withdrew from *Vanity Fair*, in order to devote his time to serious portrait-painting, quite a number of more or less renowned caricaturists applied for the post, amongst the rest Brunton. The competitive drawing which he submitted was a characteristic 'treatment' of the late Andrew Halliday. Of course it was clever, but the inscription attached to the picture was, in its way, worthier of being remembered. It ran thus: 'He invented Victor Hugo, and discovered Walter Scott.'

It was one of those 'black Mondays,' fully twenty years ago, which followed the closing of the doors of the Western Bank of Scotland, that gloomy precursor of the 'City of Glasgow' misery. Early in the forenoon a well-known Scottish merchant wended his way slowly up the High-street of Edinburgh. He was known to be a large shareholder in the Western Bank, a



**F**UN has no limits. It is like the human race and face : there is a family likeness among all the species, but they all differ.—SAM SLICK (*Judge Haliburton*).

very wealthy man, and, as such, a prize to the liquidators, who had just made an enormous 'call.' He was overtaken by an old friend, a civic dignitary, who exchanged salutations; and then, observing the moody condition of his friend, put his arm on his shoulder sympathisingly, and said, 'O Dawvid man, I'm very sorry for ye in this business. They tell me ye're *broken*. Is't true?' With a proud shake of his head, the old merchant pulled himself together, and responded briskly, 'Na, na, Tammas, ye're wrang. Ye can tell them *I'm no broken yet, but I'm gey sair crackit.*' Readers who cannot make out this mixture of just pride and dry wit must get a Scotch friend to interpret.



From 1840 to 1870 the late Mr. R. J.—d, of Falcon-square, was a well-known man in the City of London; and some readers of these lines will learn with regret that the old hospitable roof-tree has recently been demolished in the course of City improvements. Mr. J. was an enthusiast in philanthropic and missionary enterprise. He gave liberal support to a number of the great London societies, and their records formed his special study. He was an early and attached friend of the Young Men's Christian Association, and in many ways showed an active, courageous spirit in home mission matters. He was not content with work done by deputy at the ends of the earth, but personally penetrated, with his tracts and substantial aid, to many dark spots of London misery. He would go and read to the patients in St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and for some time he maintained at his

own cost a missionary in that notorious slum, Chequer Alley, of which Miss M'Carthy became the evangelist, aided by the late Sir Francis Lycett. One day Mr. J. was on his way from Brixton to the City, by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. He had in his hand his usual bundle of tracts; and on entering the carriage he found the compartment contained only one other passenger, a tall, grave, gray-bearded man, to whom he offered one of his leaflets. It was courteously accepted, and soon led to a conversation on missionary work. In a few simple earnest remarks the stranger showed that this was a subject of which he had thorough grip. Surprised and delighted to find such a kindred spirit, Mr. J. rattled away on his favourite topic. Various incidents connected with different mission fields passed in review—Ellis and Madagascar; John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga; and finally, the pioneer work of the great missionary traveller, Livingstone. It was all perfectly familiar to the old gentleman in the corner. Too soon the train drew up at Ludgate Hill; and as he prepared to descend, Mr. J., with old-fashioned politeness, thus addressed his fellow-passenger: 'Sir, I perceive that you are extremely well informed on missionary subjects. May I be permitted to ask your name?' 'O, yes, certainly,' said the grave stranger, with a quiet smile; 'my name is Robert Moffat.' Mr. J. used afterwards to tell how he had once met his master in missionary lore; but then—that was the venerable apostle of African missions, and the father-in-law of Livingstone!

ONE wit, like a knuckle of ham in soup, gives a zest and flavour to the dish, but more than one serves only to spoil the pottage.—SMOLLETT (*Humphry Clinker*).

Scrope Davies (Byron's old friend) told me one day that D'Orsay, having received an anonymous letter, succeeded in tracing it to R——, a red-nosed member of the English colony in Paris; and contented himself with coolly addressing the offender on their next meeting as follows: 'My good R——, let me give you a piece of advice: the next time you write an anonymous letter, if you wish to preserve your incognito, don't seal it with *the tip of your nose*!'

C. H.

One of the earliest advocates of coöperation—*real* coöperation—was Charles Southwell, the youngest of thirty-six children, with activity enough on the platform for them all. He was a brilliant digressionist. James Silk Buckingham was not more successful in the art of holding an audience spellbound by means of a preface to a subject. On one occasion a large audience had assembled to hear him lecture on a special subject of great importance. The *élite* of the cause were present, eager for the blow which few but Southwell could strike with effect. After he had spoken three-quarters of an hour it was remarked by his supporters on the platform that the lecturer had not reached his subject. Half an hour later he concluded amid a storm of applause, when one of his friends said to him, 'Why, Southwell, you never mentioned your subject.' 'No,' he added, 'it did not occur to me.'

A friend was informing John Hollingshead that a German band had invaded the legal precinct of

Lincoln's Inn Fields, and suggested that it must cause considerable annoyance to the solicitors. 'Not a bit,' said Hollingshead, 'so long as they play in 6-8 time.'

When Sir George Rose was dining on one occasion with the late Lord Langdale, his host was speaking of the very diminutive church in Langdale, of which his lordship was patron. 'It is not bigger,' said Lord Langdale, 'than this dining-room.' 'No,' returned Sir George, 'and the living not half so good.'

A friend, who had been appointed to a judgeship in one of the colonies, was long afterwards describing to Sir George Rose the agonies he had suffered on the voyage out from sea-sickness. Sir George listened with much interest to the recital of his friend's sufferings, and then said, in a tone of deep commiseration, 'It's a great mercy you did not throw up your appointment.'

Sir George Rose was at a funeral on a bitterly cold day in winter, and his companion in a mourning-coach called his attention to the poor men in scarves and bearing staves, who were trudging along by the side of the carriage. 'Poor fellows,' said his companion, 'they look as if they were frozen!' 'Frozen!' retorted Sir George. 'My dear friend, they are *mutes*, not *liquids*.'

Sir George Rose was dining with some friends one day, when the outdoor servants had been enlisted into the service of the dining-room; and it chanced that

LIBRARIES are as the shrines where all the relics of saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.—LORD BACON.

one of them, in carrying out a tray of glass, as he left the room stumbled and fell with a heavy crash. 'What is that?' exclaimed Sir George's next neighbour, in great alarm. 'O, nothing,' he replied; 'only the coachman gone out with his break.'

A report having originated that Archdeacon Robinson, Master of the Temple, who was exceedingly popular with the members of the Inns of Court, was to be elevated to the episcopal bench, Sir George Rose said, 'Well, if he must leave the Temple, I hope it will be by *Mitre Court*.'

When a singularly matter-of-fact gentleman had related a story in which the listeners had failed, after all their efforts, to discover the faintest spark of humour, Sir George Rose accounted for the circumstance at once. 'Don't you see,' he said, 'he has *tried a joke*, but *reserved the point*.'

When Sir George Rose was ap-

pointed one of the four judges of the (now extinct) Court of Review, he came to Lincoln's Inn with his colleagues to be sworn in. Some friend congratulating him on his access of dignity, he observed, 'Yes, here we are, you see—*four by honours*.'

At a legal dinner given at Greenwich many years ago, the late Mr. Justice Bailey, who was in the chair, informed the assembled guests, when the decanters had begun to circulate after dinner, that, as it was most important to insure the safety of so eminent a company as that present, he had ordered a handsome and roomy omnibus, which would be at the door at ten o'clock, to convey them back to town. Sir George Rose at once started to his feet, and said:

'The Grecian of old bade his comrades  
entwine  
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's  
vine;  
Which our excellent chairman inter-  
preteth thus:  
Begin with a bumper and end with a  
buss.'

## Laughing Philosophers.

(DOUGLAS JERROLD.)

'LAUGH if you are wise,' was the advice of the witty Roman epigrammatist Martial; and, indeed, the wisest of men have often been the merriest too witness Socrates, Erasmus, Sir Thomas More. Whilst, to come to more modern authorities, our own Addison, though no great laughter himself, and though he declares laughter to be a weakness in the composition of human nature, nevertheless confesses that 'if we consider the frequent reliefs we receive from it, and how often it

breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind and damp our spirits with transient unexpected gleams of joy, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life.' Wise men, therefore, of all ages being agreed that laughter is essential to the enjoyment of existence, it has followed that the laughter-makers, from Aristophanes to *Punch*, have ever been regarded as public benefactors; and sages have ruled that the healthiest and most instructive of teachers is your laughing

LIBRARIES are the wardrobes of literature, whence men, properly informed, might bring forth something for ornament, as much for curiosity, and more for use.—JAMES DYER.

philosopher. Consequently, it is only fit and proper that, as often as possible, we should give a niche in our 'Anecdote Corner' to some distinguished laughter-maker, whose joyous spirit and sparkling wit have made life brighter to thousands of human souls. The first whom we have chosen is Douglas Jerrold, who was not only a humorist and wit of the first water, but an essayist full of subtle thought and the most exquisite fancies. Most people nowadays know Douglas Jerrold only as the author of the *Candle Lectures* and the sayer of innumerable witty things. But those who have read 'The Chronicles of Clovernook,' 'The Epitaph of Sir Hugh Evans,' 'The Sick Giant and the Doctor Dwarf,' will agree with us that Douglas Jerrold was really a fine thinker, with a tender and poetic imagination, and a style singularly pure and graceful. It is, however, as a laughing philosopher that we have here to deal with him, and we will let him be the apologist of his own special function. 'O glorious laughter!' he makes the sage of Bellyfulle exclaim in 'The Chronicles of Clovernook,' 'thou man-loving spirit, that for a time dost take the burden from the weary back; that dost lay salve to the feet, bruised and cut by flints and shards; that takest blood-baking melancholy by the nose and makest it grin despite itself; that all the sorrows of the past, the doubts of the future, confoundest in the joy of the present; that makest man truly philosophic, conqueror of himself and care! Have you ever considered, sir, what man would be, destitute of the ennobling faculty of laughter?

Why, sir, laughter is to the face of man what sinovia, I think anatomists call it, is to his joints: it oil's and lubricates, and makes the human countenance divine. . . . Let materialists blaspheme as gingerly and acutely as they will, they must find confusion in laughter. Man may take a triumphant stand upon his broad grins, for he looks around the world; and his innermost soul, sweetly tickled with the knowledge, tells him that he alone of all creatures laughs.' In his ideal land of Turveytop the Hermit tells us, 'A man always dedicated his first joke, whatever it might be, to the God of Laughter. . . . This first offering was always a matter of great solemnity. The maker of the joke, whether man or maid, was taken in pompous procession to the shrine of the god. And then the joke—beautifully worked in letters of gold upon some rich-coloured silk or velvet—was given in to the *flamen*, who read it to the assembled people, who roared approving laughter. The joker was then taken back in triumph to his house, and feasting and sports for nine days marked this his first act of citizenship; for I should tell you that no jokeless man could claim any civil rights. Hence when the man began to joke he was considered fit for the gravest offices of human government, and not till then.' What a supreme position Douglas Jerrold would have held in the land of Turveytop the reader may gather from the good things of his which we have collected here, a proof of his claim to rank high among the leaders of the laughing philosophy.

A MAN is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no lustre as you turn it in your hand, until you come to a particular angle; then it shows deep and beautiful colours. There is no adaptation or universal applicability in men, but each has his special talent; and the mastery of successful men consists in adroitly keeping themselves where and when that turn shall be oftenest to be practised.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

### *Ferrolldiana.*

A GENTLEMAN waited upon Jerrold one morning to enlist his sympathies in behalf of a mutual friend who was in want of a round sum of money. But this mutual friend had already sent his hat about his literary brethren on more than one occasion. Mr. —'s hat was becoming an institution, and his friends were grieved at the indelicacy of the proceeding. On the occasion to which we now refer, the bearer of the hat was received by Jerrold with evident dissatisfaction. 'Well,' said Jerrold, 'how much does — want this time?' 'Why, just a four and two noughts will, I think, put him straight,' the bearer of the hat replied. *Jerrold*: 'Well, put me down for one of the noughts.'

As for the member for Muff-borough, he is one of those wise philanthropists who, in a time of famine, would vote for nothing but a supply of toothpicks.

'Call that a kind man?' said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance; 'a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness?' 'Yes, unremitting kindness,' Jerrold replied.

On the occasion of starting a convivial club, somebody proposed that it should consist of twelve members, and be called 'The Zodiac,' each member to be named after a sign. 'And what shall I

be?' inquired a somewhat solemn man, who was afraid that his name would be forgotten. *Jerrold*: 'O, we'll bring you in as the weight in Libra.'

He was so benevolent, so merciful a man that, in his mistaken compassion, he would have held an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain.

'God has written "honest man" on his face,' said a friend to Jerrold, speaking of a person in whom Jerrold's faith was not altogether blind. 'Humph!' Jerrold replied; 'then the pen must have been a very bad one.'

A gourmet joined a social club to which Jerrold belonged, and opened a conversation on dining. 'Now nobody,' said the London Savarin, 'can guess what I had for dinner to-day!' The company declined to speculate, whereupon the gourmet said, with an air, 'Why, calf's-tail soup!' *Jerrold*: 'Extremes meet!'

At a social club to which Jerrold belonged, the subject turned one evening upon music. The discussion was animated, and a certain song was cited as an exquisite composition. 'That song,' exclaimed an enthusiastic member, 'always carries me away when I hear it.' *Jerrold* (looking eagerly round the table): 'Can anybody whistle it?'

A GREAT number of my best witticisms have been a little late in making their appearance in the world. If we could but hear the *unspoken* jokes, how we should all laugh! If we could speak them, how witty we should be! When you have left the room you have no notion what clever things I was going to say, when you balked me by going away.—W. M. THACKERAY (*Philip*).

Married happiness is a glass ball; folks play with it during the honeymoon, till, falling, it is shivered to pieces; and the rest of life is a wrangle who broke it.

AN ATTORNEY'S LAST HOPE.—A certain sharp attorney was said to be in bad circumstances. A friend of the unfortunate lawyer met Jerrold, and said: 'Have you heard about poor R——? His business is going to the devil.' Jerrold: 'That's all right, then; he is sure to get it back again.'

DAMPED ARDOUR.—Jerrold and Laman Blanchard were strolling together about London, discussing passionately a plan for joining Byron in Greece. Jerrold, telling the story many years after, said: 'But a shower of rain came on, and washed all the Greece out of us.'

Cultivate your wives. You can't pet them too much. Something will always be happening in the house; and, unless your husband is worse than a stone, every new fright will be as good as a new gown or a new trinket to you. There are some domestic wounds only to be healed by the jeweller.

At an evening party a very elderly lady was dancing with a young partner. A stranger approached Jerrold, who was looking on, and said, 'Pray, sir, can you tell me who is the young gentleman dancing with that very elderly

lady?' 'One of the Humane Society, I should think,' replied Jerrold.

An eccentric party, of which Jerrold was one, agreed to have a supper of sheep's heads. One gentleman present was particularly enthusiastic over the excellence of the dish; and, as he threw down his knife and fork, exclaimed, 'Well, sheep's heads for ever, say I!' Jerrold: 'There's egotism!'

To an impertinent fellow, whom Jerrold avoided, and who attempted to intrude himself by saying a bright thing, Jerrold said, sharply turning upon the intruder, 'You're like lead, sir: bright only when you're cut.'

'Have you seen the wife of poor Augustus?' a gentleman asked Jerrold, referring to a friend. 'No; what's the matter?' said Jerrold. 'Why, I can assure you she's a complete wreck.' 'Then I suppose,' replied Jerrold, 'he'll be the jolly-boat to put off from her!'

When the Marylebone vestrymen were discussing the propriety of laying down wood pavement within their parish, and were raising difficulties on the subject, Jerrold, as he read the report of the discussion, said, 'Difficulties in the way! Absurd! They have only to put their heads together, and there is the wood pavement.' (This joke has been erroneously given to Sydney Smith.)



**H**E that will lose his friend for a jest deserves to die a beggar by the bargain. Such let thy jests be that they may not grind the credit of thy friend, and make not jests so long till thou becomest one.—OLD FULLER.

No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.—SYDNEY SMITH.

### *Charles Dickens's Golden Rules.*

MANY men have worked much harder and not succeeded half so well; but I never could have done what I have done without the habits of punctuality, order, and diligence; without the determination to concentrate myself on one object at a time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels. . . . My meaning simply is that, whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well; that whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely; that in great aims and in small I have always been thoroughly in earnest. I have never believed it possible that any

natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain its end. Some happy talent and some fortunate opportunity may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount; but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness. Never to put one hand to anything on which I could not throw my whole self; and *never, never* to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been MY GOLDEN RULES.

### *Edison's Marriage.*

As electric shares are uppermost in the City at present, let us tell a little story of the famous American electrician. The idea of Edison's marrying was first suggested by an intimate friend who made the point that he needed a mistress to preside over his big house, which was being managed by a housekeeper and several servants. He is the shyest and most bashful of men, but he seemed pleased with the proposition, and timidly inquired whom he should marry. The friend somewhat testily replied 'any one;' that a man who had so little sentiment in his soul as to ask such a question ought to be

satisfied with anything that wore a petticoat and was decent; and concluded by saying, 'There are a number of nice girls employed in your factory over yonder; they aren't especially refined or cultivated, I must confess, but they are respectable, and that is the main consideration after all.' Edison looked them all over, and, after making his selection, popped the question. It was Edison's way of doing business, but it embarrassed the young lady all the same. She asked time to consider, and Edison gave her a week. At the end of that period she accepted him, and they were married without delay.

CONSIDER what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

They had decided to visit the New England States and Canada, and make an extended tour. As the bridal party drove to the station they passed his laboratory. Turning to his wife he excused himself for a few minutes, saying that there were some matters that needed his attention, and that he would be at the station in time for the train. The train came and

went, and so did several others, but no Edison. The bride, who knew his peculiarities, finally drove back to the house and waited her liege lord's pleasure. She did not see him again for forty-eight hours. Immersed in some idea that had suddenly occurred to him, he had become oblivious of brides, honeymoons, and everything else.

### *Oxford Stories.*

MR. MOZLEY's new work has a number of good stories of Oxford and country life, some of which have been floating about, and are now focussed for the first time. There is a wonderful description of Old Pickford, who seems to have been made Fellow of Oriel that he might arrange the college library of thirty thousand books. What Old Pickford was, and his account of old times at Oriel, are most amusing.

'As long as I remember, Pickford had an angry eye and a carbunculous complexion; and I have often thought of him toiling up and down those weary steps, full of rage and dust, aching all over, and cherishing an implacable grudge against all mankind. From that time he hated books. I cannot remember to have seen one in his only sitting-room. He found it necessary to wash down the dust—at least to try to do so—for the necessity increased—nay, it never ended. Long past fifty, he

assured me that he had not washed it quite down yet. It was his honest conviction that it was there still, a disagreeable pungent dust, that had established itself in the tissues of his throat.

'As his memory went back to the last century, and he was contemporary, more or less, with Mant, Beeke, Coplestone, and other remarkable men, I asked him one day for some account of the Oriel life of those days—that is, before and after 1800. He began, "We lived loosely—I may say luxuriously." Of course, by the former word he only meant a rather free-and-easy life, without formality or strict rules. Such were his habits at this time that an ordinary high table dinner would seem to him a wasteful luxury. However, he went on. They dressed for dinner at three o'clock. After dinner they went to the common-room, so he declared, and had pipes and ale. Then they walked up and down High-street till five,

WE are now in want of an art to teach how books are to be read, rather than to read them. Such an art is practicable.—DISRAELI.

when they read and wrote in their rooms till seven or eight. They then returned to the common-room to play at cards, and drink brandy-and-water to a very late hour. There must have been supper in this programme, but I forget it. He declared he had seen some of them the worse for drink. If he could be made worse by anything himself, no doubt he was so too. He also declared there was no carpet in the common-room, and that it was furnished with Windsor chairs. As the whole building was only just completed, it is possible the Fellows may have occupied their new quarters in this simple fashion for a short time. But most probably his recollections were a sad jumble, and he had misplaced persons and scenes. As soon as his task was finished and he was full Fellow, he perceived that the college was watching for the earliest opportunity to get rid of him. The rectory of Cholderton, on Salisbury Plain, fell vacant the first year of the century, and it was intimated to him that he must take it and be off. He left me to understand that he had been the victim of trickery, insult, and something like violence, which of course was most ungrateful.

BULLER OF ORIEL.—In his very first term he had an unlucky mishap. He was asked to a supper, and having no excuse for declining, he felt himself bound to go. The company smoked and drank, talked and sang songs louder and louder, as is the way of such people, thinking of nobody but themselves. Poor Tony felt crushed and humiliated; he could not open his mouth, and had not the courage to rise

from his chair and bid his friends good-night. It might be bad manners to break up so pleasant a party. Towards midnight the door opened, and Hawkins, now Provost, presented himself in his academicals. As he was looking round for some one whom he might hope to find sensible of his rebuke, his eye lighted on Tony Buller, the picture of misery, though the Provost might easily put another construction on the blank expression of his face. "Mr. Buller," he immediately began, "I am astonished to see you," &c. He said whatever might be properly addressed to a young country gentleman suddenly revealing himself as a monster of juvenile depravity. Buller told his story next morning to Froude and R. Wilberforce, to their infinite amusement. During the whole of Buller's undergraduate ship, whenever he presented himself in the Tower, at the end of the term, for the "collections," or terminal examination, the provost invariably began: "Mr. Buller, I hope you've not been again guilty of those disorderly proceedings in which I found you engaged so soon after becoming member of the college," &c.'

I heard an anecdote at Oxford of a porter encountering on his rounds two undergraduates who were without their gowns, or out of bounds, or out of hours. He challenged one: 'Your name and college?' They were given. Turning to the other: 'And pray, sir, what might your name be?' 'Julius Cæsar,' was the reply. 'What, sir, do you mean to say your name is Julius Cæsar?' 'Sir, you did not ask me what it is, but what it *might* be.'—W. H. HARRISON, *Reminiscences*.

I'VE search'd records, and cannot find that Magna Charta does allow a subject to live by his wits: there is no statute for it.—SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

### *Wit and Humour of Parliament.*

WHEN Sir Robert Peel introduced the Bill for the increased grant to Maynooth, he rested his arguments less upon any broad scheme of policy which might have compromised him directly with powerful parties than upon the fact that the principle had been sanctioned, though obscurely, by parliamentary authority. This gave occasion to Mr. Disraeli to make a hit at the Premier, which was at once humorous and true. He said that with him 'great measures were always rested on small precedents; that he always traced the steam-engine back to the tea-kettle; that, in fact, all his precedents were tea-kettle precedents.'

Speaking on Reform at Birmingham in 1866, Mr. Bright made an allusion which told in circles beyond his audience: 'The Government of Lord Derby in the House of Commons, sitting all in a row, reminds me very much of a number of ingenious and amusing gentlemen, whom I daresay some of you have seen and listened to; I mean the Christy Minstrels.'

The Christy Minstrels, if I am not misinformed, are, when they are clean washed, white men; but they come before the audience as black as the blackest negroes, and by this transformation it is expected that their jokes and songs will be more amusing. The Derby minstrels pretend to be Liberal and white; but the fact is, if you come nearer and examine them closely, you will find them to be just as black and curly as the Tories have ever been. I do not know, and I do not pretend to say, which of them it is that plays the banjo, and which the bones.'

A few days after Brougham made his great speech against the Bill for repealing the Navigation Laws in 1849, at which time he was known to be extremely anxious to obtain the Great Seal, Lord Lyndhurst said to him, 'Brougham, here is a riddle for you. Why does Lord Brougham know so much about the Navigation Laws? Because he has been so long engaged in the *Seal Fishery*!'

### *Theatrical Stories.*

WHEN the *School for Scandal* was first acted, Mr. Cumberland was asked to give his opinion of it. 'I am astonished,' said he, 'that the town can be so completely mistaken as to think there is either wit or humour in this comedy: I went to see it, and it made me as grave as a judge.' This singular opinion was reported to Sheridan. 'Mr. Cumberland,' said he, 'is very ungrateful; for when I went

to see his tragedy of the *Carmelite*, I did nothing but laugh from the beginning to the end.'

At the time when Mrs. Siddons had just reached her high theatrical fame, and had acted some of her principal characters to the admiration of all who beheld her, a formal assembly of learned ladies, consisting of Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, Miss Hannah More, and

**A** LIBRARY! What laborious days, what watchings by the midnight lamp, what rackings of the brain, what hopes and fears, what long lives of laborious study, are here sublimised into print, and condensed into the narrow compass of these surrounding shelves!—HORACE SMITH.

sundry other members of the *bas bleu* met, and prevailed upon Mrs. Siddons to be of the party. Their object was to examine her, and to get from her the secret how she could act with such wonderful effect. Mrs. Montagu was deputed to be the prolocutress of this female convocation. 'Pray, madam,' said she to Mrs. Siddons, addressing her in the most formal manner, 'give me leave to interrogate you, and to request you will tell us, without duplicity or mental reservation, upon what principle you conduct your dramatic demeanour. Is your mode of acting, by which you obtain so much celebrity, the result of certain studied principles of art? Have you investigated, with profound research, the rules of elocution and gesture, as laid down by the ancients and moderns,

and reduced them to practice? or do you suffer Nature to predominate, and only speak the untutored language of the passions?' 'Ladies,' said the modern Thalia, with great diffidence, but without hesitation, 'I do not know how to answer so learned a speech. All I know of the matter, and all I can tell you is, that I always act *as well as I can*.'

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Taylor says, 'My best pun was that which I made to Sheridan, who married a Miss Ogle. We were supping together at the Shakespeare, when, the conversation turning on Garrick, I asked him which of his performances he thought the best. 'O,' said he, 'the Lear, the Lear.' 'No wonder,' said I, 'you were fond of a *Lear* when you married an *Ogle*.'

### Scottish Anecdotes.

A GRAND old Scottish figure has recently disappeared—Dr. John Macleod of Morven, familiarly known as 'the High Priest of Morven.' He was a man of 'imposing presence and of noble utterance in the Gaelic language; a Highland chieftain among divines.' His father was minister of Morven before him, and occupied for about half a century the manse in which his son afterwards lived for nearly sixty years. In Dr. Macleod the Established Church of Scotland has lost the oldest and one of the most remarkable of her sons. He was a true Highlander, and in conversation displayed a quick and ready power of repartee. It is told of him that, meeting a

well-known Free Church minister, he remarked, in his usual pleasant way, 'I hear, Mr. M., you are about to join the Church of Scotland.' 'God forbid,' said the zealous Free Churchman. 'Well, sir,' rejoined the Doctor, 'that was what I said myself when I heard of it.'

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The old Scottish hearers were very particular on the subject of their ministers preaching old sermons; and to repeat a discourse which they could recollect was always made a subject of animadversion by those who heard it. A beadle, who was a good deal of a wit in his way, gave a sly hit in his pretended defence of his minis-

A GOOD jest in time of misfortune is food and drink. It is strength to the arm, digestion to the stomach, and courage to the heart. A prosperous man can afford to be melancholy; but if the miserable are so, they are worse than dead—it is sure to kill them.—ANON.

ter on the question. As they were proceeding from church, the minister observed the beadle had been laughing as if he had triumphed over some of his parishioners with whom he had been in conversation. On asking the cause of this, he

received for answer, 'Indeed, sir, they were saying ye had preached an auld sermon to day, but I tackled them; for I tauld them it was no' an auld sermon, for the minister had preached it no' *sax months syne*.'

### *The Humours of a London Season.*

#### FASHIONABLE BEAUTIES.

The 'professional beauty' is no new feature of the London season; and though photography has no doubt done much to give publicity to the charms of the loveliest women in the ranks of fashion, yet in the days of our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers the reigning belles excited just as much vulgar curiosity and gossip as they do now. Take, for example, the Gunnings, Maria and Elizabeth, who appeared at the Court of George II., one at the age of eighteen and the other of nineteen, and both without a shilling to their dowry. 'They are declared,' writes Walpole, 'to be the handsomest women alive; they can't walk in the park or go to Vauxhall but such crowds follow them that they are generally driven away.' One day they went to see Hampton Court; as they were going into the Beauty Room another party arrived; the housekeeper, in a state of great excitement, said to the new-comers, 'This way, ladies, here are the famous beauties!' The Misses Gunning thereupon flew into a passion, and asked her what she meant; they went to see the palace, and not to be shown as a sight themselves.

The youngest of the two sisters

became the wife of James, Duke of Hamilton; he fell in love with her at a masquerade, and a fortnight later met her at an assembly in Lord Chesterfield's gorgeous new house in Mayfair. His Grace was so enamoured of the lovely Elizabeth that he left the faro-table, where he had staked a thousand guineas, and 'let the game slide' whilst he paid devoted court to his enchantress. Two nights later, at half an hour past midnight, they were married by Dr. Keith with the ring of a bedcurtain in Mayfair Chapel, one of the most hasty and eccentric marriages on record. In less than three weeks Maria Gunning followed her sister's example, and was wedded to Lord Coventry, though not with such indecent haste as in the other case.

The two beauties were even greater objects of popular curiosity after their marriages than before. When the Duchess of Hamilton was presented, the crowd at the Drawing-room was so great that even 'noble persons' clambered upon chairs and tables to look at her; whilst mobs gathered round the doors of the two 'goddesses' to see them get into their sedan-chairs; and such crowds flocked to see the Duchess when she went to her castle that 700 persons sat up

THERE are three classes of readers : some enjoy without judgment ; others judge without enjoyment ; and some there are who judge while they enjoy, and enjoy while they judge. The latter class reproduces the work of art on which it is engaged. Its numbers are very small.—GOETHE.

all night in a Yorkshire town in order to see her start in her post-chaise the next morning !

Lady Coventry was equally run after : at Worcester a shoemaker made two guineas and a half by showing, at a penny a head, the shoe which he was making for the Countess. She had, however, little but her beauty to recommend her ; it was she who made the singularly *maladroit* remark to his Majesty that the one sight she longed to see was a coronation. Her husband, who was a sensible man in many respects, though somewhat of a bear in manners, objected strongly to her ladyship's excessive use of red and white powders and paints ; and once at a large dinner-party, suspecting that she had been 'making herself up,' he chased his wife round the table till he caught her, when, before all the company, he scrubbed her face with a napkin. When Lady Coventry visited Paris she expected that her beauty would meet with the applause which had followed her and her sister through England ; but she was put to flight by an English lady, still more lovely in the eyes of the Parisians. A certain Mrs. Pitt took a box at the opera opposite the Countess, and was so much handsomer than her ladyship that the *parterre* cried out that this was the real English angel ; whereupon Lady Coventry quitted Paris in a huff. Not long afterwards she died of consumption, accelerated, it was said, by the red and white paint with which she plastered those luckless charms of hers.

#### FREAKS OF FASHION.

But before we blame poor Maria, Countess of Coventry, for thus ruining her natural charms, we must bear in mind that all fashionable female Europe at that time beplastered itself with white, and raddled itself with red. Ladies wore periwigs, too. 'Lord, Mrs. White, have you been ill that you have shaved your head !' exclaimed Walpole in amazement to a lady whom he met at a ball, and then proceeds to explain : 'Mrs. White, in all the days of my acquaintance with her, had a professed head of red hair ; to-day she had not hair at all. Before and at a distance above her ears I discerned a smart brown bob, from beneath which had escaped some long strings of original scarlet.' Nevertheless, that a lady's head of natural hair was of considerable value to her in those days will be gathered from the following anecdotes :

The Countess of Suffolk had married Mr. Howard, and they were both so poor that they took a resolution of going to Hanover, before the death of Queen Anne, in order to pay their court to the future Royal Family. Such was their poverty that, having some friends to dinner, and being disappointed of a full remittance, the Countess was forced to sell her hair to furnish the entertainment. Long wigs were then in fashion, and the Countess's hair being long, fine, and fair, produced her twenty pounds.

The Countess's hair, however, appears to have been exceeded in value by that of an Oxfordshire

I LOVE to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking I am reading. I cannot sit and think; books think for me. I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low.—CHARLES LAMB.

lass, of whom we find the following story recorded in the *Protestant Mercury* for July 10, 1700: 'An Oxfordshire lass was lately courted by a young man of that county, who was not willing to marry her unless her friends could advance fifty pounds for her portion, which, they being incapable of doing, the lass came to this city to try her fortune, where she met with a good chapman in the Strand, who made a purchase of her hair, which was delicately long and light, and gave her sixty pounds for it, being twenty ounces, at three pounds an ounce, with which money she joyfully returned into the country, and bought her a husband.'

Even the hair of this Oxfordshire lass is rivalled by that of an old lady who died in 1720, whose long gray tresses are said, in the journals of that period, to have been sold to a periwig-maker for fifty pounds.

One of the principal charms of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, by the way, was a prodigious abundance of fine hair. One day, at her toilet, in a fit of anger, to spite her husband, the famous warrior, she cut off her magnificent tresses and flung them in his face, when he coolly retorted, 'I thank you, madam, for presenting me with materials for an excellent new periwig.'

To no person was the improved appearance in female costume during the reign of George III. so much indebted as to Georgina,

Duchess of Devonshire, who, on her first presentation at Court, was denominated the 'new grace.' At this period the rage for dress was more prevalent than at present, though it took a different direction. It is true that we had abolished the starched ruff, the stiff brocade, and the high-crested battlements that literally served for a breast-work, and rendered beauty at the Court of the Tudors like a maiden fortification; yet we then had distortions and extravagances in female costume which were equally unnatural and ridiculous. No sooner, however, did the Duchess of Devonshire appear in the world of fashion than simplicity began to prevail; and although Addison says, 'There is not so variable a thing in Nature as a lady's head-dress,' yet, had he lived in our days, he would have seen how the exuberance of ornament has been gradually curtailed, until a modern head-dress has been at length made to affect all the simplicity of the ancient statues. The fashions were now set by this lady: the apron, the gown, and the cap in vogue were all Devonshire, being closely copied from those worn, or supposed to be worn, by the Duchess. The bell-hoop and the apparatus of whalebone which had continued from the age of the Stuarts to that of George III., and which were so injurious to health, were abolished; the female form became less encumbered, and consequently more natural and more elegant.



WIT loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.—SHERIDAN.

### *A Few Lines from the American Minister at the Court of St. James's.*

I've thought very often 'twould be a good thing  
In all public collections of books, if a wing  
Were set off by itself, like the seas from the dry lands,  
Marked '*Literature suited to desolate islands,*'  
And filled with such books as could never be read  
Save by readers of proofs, forced to do it for bread,—  
Such books as one's wrecked on in small country taverns,  
Such as hermits might mortify over in caverns,  
Such as Satan, if printing had then been invented,  
As a climax of woe would to Jove have presented,  
Such as Crusoe might dip in, although there are few so  
Outrageously cornered by fate as poor Crusoe.

J. R. LOWELL

### *Freshening up the Court.*

AN artful jurymen, addressing the clerk of the court while the latter was administering the oath, said, 'Speak up; I cannot hear what you say.' 'Stop,' said Baron Alderson from the bench. 'Are you deaf?' 'Yes, my lord, of one ear.' 'Then you may leave the box; for it is necessary that jurymen should hear both sides.'

Gilbert A'Beckett celebrated his elevation to the office of magistrate at the Greenwich Police-court by a characteristic pun. A gentleman came before him to prefer a charge of robbery with violence, committed in the middle of the night. In stating his case he mentioned that the assault occurred while he was returning home from an evening party. The worthy magistrate interrupted him by observing, 'Really, sir, I cannot make up my mind to accept anything like an *ex-parte* statement.'

A barrister opened a case very confusedly before Mr. Justice

Maule. 'I wish, sir,' interrupted the judge, 'you would put your facts in some order; chronological order is the best, but I am not particular. Any order you like—alphabetical order.'

Henry Erskine, pleading before Lord Thurlow, had to speak of a certain curātor, and gave the Scotch pronunciation of the word, with the accent on the first syllable. 'Pardon me, sir,' said Thurlow; 'we pronounce the word curātor in England, following the analogy of the Latin language, in which the penultimate syllable is long.' 'I thank you, my lord,' replied Erskine; 'and I bow at once to the authority of a senator so learned and an orator so eloquent as your lordship.'

The following is a specimen of Sir W. Maule's way of addressing a jury: 'Gentlemen, the learned counsel is perfectly right in his law. There is *some* evidence upon that point. But he is a lawyer

**I DARE SAY** I made a gaby of myself to the world ; pray, my good friend, hast thou never done likewise? If thou hast never been a fool, be sure thou wilt never be a wise man.—W. M. THACKERAY (*Lovel the Widower*).

and you are not, and you don't know what he means by *some* evidence, and so I'll tell you. Suppose there was an action on a bill of exchange, and six people swore they saw the defendant accept it, and six others swore they heard him say he should have to pay it, and six others knew him intimately and swore to his handwriting.

And suppose on the other side they called a poor old man who had been at school with the defendant forty years before and had not seen him since, and he said he rather thought the acceptance was not his writing, why, there would be *some* evidence that it was not. And that is what the learned counsel means in this case.'

### *Bishops' Fests and Repartee.*

ATTERBURY, the celebrated Bishop of Rochester, happened to say in the House of Lords, while speaking of a certain Bill then under discussion, that 'he had prophesied last winter this Bill would be attempted in the present Session, and he was sorry to find he had proved a true prophet.' My Lord Coningsby, who spoke after the Bishop, and always spoke in a passion, desired the House to remark that one of the right reverend peers had set himself forth as a prophet; but, for his part, he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that furious prophet Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass. Atterbury in reply, with great wit and calmness,

exposed this rude attack, concluding thus: 'Since the noble lord has discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel. I am sure that I have been reproved by nobody but his lordship.'

At a dinner-party Archbishop Whately called out suddenly to the host, 'Mr. ——' There was silence. 'Mr. ——, what is the proper female companion of this John Dory?' After the usual number of guesses an answer came, '*Anne Chovy*.'

### *Feux d'Esprit.*

LORD ERSKINE once declared at a large party that 'a wife was a tin canister tied to one's tail;' upon which Sheridan, who was present when the remark was made, presented to Lady Erskine the following lines :

'Lord Erskine, at women presuming to  
rail,  
Calls a wife a tin canister tied to one's  
tail;

And fair Lady Anne, while the subject  
he carries on,  
Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading  
comparison.  
But wherefore degrading? Considered  
aright,  
A canister's polished and useful and  
bright;  
And should dirt its original purity hide,  
That's the fault of the puppy to whom it  
is tied.'

When Lord Eldon and Sir Arthur Pigott each made a stand

WHEREVER you find humour you find pathos close by its side.—E. P. WHIPPLE.

Some things are of that nature as to make one's fancy chuckle while his heart doth ache.—JOHN BUNYAN.

in court for his favourite pronunciation of the word 'lien'—Lord Eldon calling the word *lion*, and Sir Arthur maintaining that it was to be pronounced like *lean*—Jekyll, with an allusion to the parsimonious arrangements of the

Chancellor's kitchen, perpetrated this *jeu d'esprit* :

'Sir Arthur, Sir Arthur, pray what do you mean  
By saying the Chancellor's lion is lean?  
D'ye think that his kitchen's so bad as all that,  
That nothing within it can ever get fat?'

### Novelists' Sayings.

(GEORGE ELIOT.)

I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them.—*Maggie Tulliver*, in '*The Mill on the Floss*.'

Even the patriarch Job, if he had been a gentleman of the modern West, would have avoided picturesque disorder and poetical laments; and the friends who called on him, though not less disposed than Bildad the Shuhite to hint that their unfortunate friend was in the wrong, would have sat on chairs and held their hats in their hands. The harder problems of our life have changed less than our manners; we wrestle with the old sorrows, but more decorously.—'*Felix Holt*.'

We mortals, men and women, devour many a disappointment between breakfast and dinner time; keep back the tears and look a little pale about the lips, and in answer to inquiries say, 'O, nothing!' Pride helps us; and pride is not a bad thing when it only urges us to hide our own hurts—not to hurt others.—'*Middlemarch*.'

(To *Mrs. Casaubon*).—There's a reason in mourning, as I've al-

ways said; and three folds at the bottom of your skirt and a plain quilling in your bonnet—and if ever anybody looked like an angel, it's you in a net quilling—is what's consistent for a second year. At least, that's *my* thinking; and if anybody was to marry me flattering himself as I should wear those hijeous weepers two years for him, he'd be deceived by his own vanity, that's all.—*Tantripp*, in '*Middlemarch*.'

Don't be forecasting evil, dear child, unless it is what you can guard against. Anxiety is good for nothing, if we can't turn it into a defence. But there's no defence against all the things that might be.—*Mrs. Meyrick*, in '*Daniel Deronda*.'

O, I know the way o' wives; they set one on to abuse their husbands, and then they turn round on one and praise 'em as if they wanted to sell 'em.—*Priscilla Lammeter*, in '*Silas Marner*.'

I never can make anything of this tip-top playing. It is like a jar of leeches, where you can never tell either beginnings or endings.—*Mr. Clintock*, in '*Daniel Deronda*.'

**H**UMOUR is one of the elements of genius ; but if it predominates it becomes a makeshift.—GOETHE.

Laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.—LEIGH HUNT.

What we call illusions are often, in truth, a wider vision of past and present realities—a willing movement of a man's soul with the larger sweep of the world's forces—a movement towards a more assured end than the chances of a single life. We see human heroism broken into units, and say,

this unit did little—might as well not have been. But in this way we might break up a great army into units ; in this way we might break the sunlight into fragments, and think that this and the other might be cheaply parted with.—*'Felix Holt.'*

### *American Humour.*

THIS picture is a great work of art. It is an oil painting—done in petroleum. It is by the Old Masters. It was the last thing they did before dying. They did this and then they expired. Some of the greatest artists in London come here every morning before daylight with lanterns to look at it. They say they never saw anything like it before—and they hope they never shall again.—C. F. BROWNE, *Artemus Ward's Lecture.*



I hope I appreciate the value of children. We should soon come to nothing without them. With-

out them the common school would languish. But the problem is what to do with them in a garden. For they are not good to eat, and there is a law against making away with them. The law is not very well enforced, it is true ; for people do thin them out with constant dosing, paregoric, and soothing-syrups, and scanty clothing. But I for one feel it would not be right, aside from the law, to take the life even of the smallest child for the sake of a little fruit, more or less, in the garden. I may be wrong ; but these are my sentiments, and I am not ashamed of them.—C. D. WARNER, *My Summer in a Garden.*

### *Sporting Anecdotes.*

RARE old Fuller Pilch ! Of all the splendid cricketers of the Augustan period in which he flourished, his memory is the greenest ; for it was only 'the day before yesterday' he passed to the majority with Alfred Mynn and Felix, and the rest of the unapproachable heroes of the willow. There is an anecdote of Fuller which deserves to be embalmed, albeit it has been told before. On the first occasion of Mr. E. M. Grace's making his appearance on the St.

Lawrence ground, Canterbury, Pilch was standing umpire. A ball was bowled to Mr. Grace, and—there was an appeal. 'Not out,' replied the upright Pilch, to the amazement of everybody present who understood the game. The genius of the Grace family, who was then in magnificent form, went ahead, and hit up a great score. During the interval for luncheon John Lillywhite took occasion to call Pilch privately to account, in a friendly way. 'You

MEN of humour are, in some degree, men of genius; wits are rarely so, although a man of genius may, amongst other things, possess wit, as Shakespeare.—COLERIDGE.

know he was out, Fuller. Why, there was eyesight in it.' 'I know it, John; I know it,' replied the unabashed veteran; 'but I hadn't seen him play.'

#### A PACK OF HOUNDS.

You must go to Shakespeare for a general description of a pack; but if you want the particular names given more than one hundred years ago, here they are in

couples, taken from an old song, at the service of any sportsman:

'Juno and Jupiter, Tinker and Trotter,  
Singwell and Merryboy, Captain and  
Cryer,  
Gangwell and Ginglebell, Fairmaid and  
Fryer,  
Beauty and Bonnylass, Tanner and  
Trouncer,  
Foamer and Forrester, Bonner and  
Bouncer,  
Gander and Gundamore, Jowler and  
Jumper,  
Tarquin and Tamerlane, Thunder and  
Thumper.'

### Horne Tooke's Sayings.

WHEN Horne Tooke appeared before the Commissioners of Income-tax to account for the return he had made, they declared themselves dissatisfied with the amount set down. He told them that he had much more cause to be dissatisfied with it than they. One of the commissioners, having asked him some question, declared very peevishly that he could not understand his answer. 'Then,' said Horne Tooke, 'as you have not half the understanding of any other man, you should have at least double the patience.'

Horne Tooke, being asked by the Income-tax Commissioners how he could contrive to exist upon less than sixty pounds a year, answered, 'There are three ways in which a man can do it—by begging, borrowing, or stealing. You may take your choice.'

'So I understand, Mr. Tooke, you have all the blackguards of London with you,' said O'Brien to Horne Tooke on the hustings at Westminster. 'I am happy to have it, sir, on such good authority,' was Tooke's reply.

### Theodore Hook's Jokes and Squibs.

THEODORE HOOK, being in company, where he said something humorous in rhyme to every person present, on Mr. Winter, the late Solicitor of Taxes, being announced, made the following impromptu:

'Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of  
taxes,  
I advise you to give him whatever he  
axes;  
I advise you to give it without any flum-  
mery,  
For though his name's Winter, his actions  
are summary.'

One of the best practical jokes in Theodore Hook's clever *Gilbert Gurney* is Daly's hoax upon the lady who had never been at Richmond before, or, at least, knew none of the peculiarities of the place. Daly desired the waiter, after dinner, to bring some 'maids-of-honour'—those cheese-cakes for which the place has, time out of mind, been celebrated. The lady stared, then laughed, and asked, 'What do you mean by "maids-of-

I AM persuaded that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs—it adds something to the fragment of his life.—STERNE.

honour?" "Dear me!" said Daly, "don't you know that this is so courtly a place, and so completely under the influence of State etiquette, that everything in Richmond is called after the functionaries of the palace? What are called cheese-cakes elsewhere are here called maids-of-honour; a capon is called a lord chamberlain; a goose is a lord steward; a roast pig is a master of the horse; a pair of ducks, grooms of the bed-

chamber; a gooseberry tart, a gentleman usher of the black rod; and so on." The unsophisticated lady was taken in, when she actually saw the maids-of-honour make their appearance in the shape of cheese-cakes; she convulsed the whole party by turning to the waiter, and desiring him, in a sweet but decided tone, to bring her a *gentleman usher of the black rod*, if they had one in the house quite cold.

### *A Curious Snuff-Box.*

SHORTLY after the breaking out of the French Revolution, its advocates denounced our Premier as 'an enemy to the human race;' that man, 'so easy to live with,' who sung the song about himself, called 'Billy Pitt, the Tory.' His secretary one day told him that a foreigner, who spoke English tolerably well, had twice or thrice asked to see him; but, not looking like a proper applicant, had been sent away, the great man's time being too precious for him to admit every stranger who, on frivolous pretences, might seek to gratify an idle curiosity. This person, however, had said he should return in an hour; the secretary, therefore, thought it his duty to inform Mr. Pitt of such intention, and ask his further orders in the affair.

"Have the goodness," said the Minister, "to open the top left-hand drawer in that cabinet, and bring me its contents."

These were a pair of pistols, and a morocco case; opening the latter, he produced a *snuff-box*, in which was set a *portrait*.

"Is that like our visitor?" asked Pitt.

"It is the man, sir," answered the secretary.

"Ha, I have expected him for some days! He is sent over to assassinate me; so, when he calls again, let him be shown up."

"Sir!" exclaimed the attached retainer, "will you expose to danger your life on which so much depends?"

"There will be no danger, I thank you; but you may be with-in call, if you please."

Accordingly the Frenchman, on his return, was ushered into the room where William Pitt sat alone—a loaded pistol in one hand, the miniature in the other.

"Monsieur Mehée de la Touche," said Pitt calmly, "you see I am in every way prepared for you, thanks to an agent employed by this Government. Attempt my life, and your own instantly pays the forfeit. In any case, I shall have you secured, and given over to the law."

The intended assassin stood paralysed and dumb at this cool reception.

"But," continued Pitt, "there is another alternative—personal safe-

WE grant, although he had much wit,  
 He was very shy of using it,  
 As being loth to wear it out ;  
 And therefore bore it not about,  
 Unless on holidays or so,  
 As men their best apparel do.

BUTLER (*Hudibras*).

ty and high rewards are in your power. Sell your services to Great Britain ; make your market of whatever secret information you can procure, that may guard us against the machinations of your country ; be, in fact, one of the necessary evils which policy forces us to use in desperate cases ; do what no honourable man could do to save yourself from speedy death ; your conscience is stained by purposed murder. Comply, perforce, with these conditions, and you shall be as liberally paid as you must, by all parties, be justly despised.'

The secretary used to repeat his illustrious master's words, which were, as nearly as possible, to the foregoing effect.

The clever miscreant joyfully accepted these terms, and for many years earned the bribes of a spy in our behalf.

No doubt a snuff-box was the safest medium for the warning portrait, as fancy heads frequently adorned such a thing ; while, had the miniature been set as a locket, whoever saw it must have been sure that it depicted some real individual.



## HUMORISTS OF YESTERDAY.

DR. JOHN DORAN, F.S.A.

(With a Portrait.)

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IN addition to the 'crowned heads' of wit and humour, such as that of Douglas Jerrold in the present number, it is part of our plan to accompany 'Anecdote Corner' occasionally by portraits and reminiscences which will record some 'humorists of yesterday,' friends, the sound of whose voice seems scarcely to have died away from the ears of the living. The publication of a new edition of *Memories of Our Great Towns* (Chatto & Windus) leads us to begin with that admirable *raconteur* and most estimable man of letters, the late Dr. John Doran, F.S.A. The biographical notice which appeared in the *Athenæum* furnishes us with a compact record of one whose genial and earnest characteristics made him at once a delightful acquaintance and a charming author. Any one who shared his friendship can bear testimony to the truth of the kindly notice we append :

Under a bright, spring-like sky, that accorded with their memories of his happy temper and genial influence, a number of his old friends assembled last Tuesday\* at Kensal Green to witness the interment of Dr. John Doran, a man whose generous spirit and moral worth would have rendered him remarkable had not scholarly taste and enthusiasm enabled him to win a conspicuous place amongst men of letters. It is not often that death by a single blow spreads such wide sorrow amongst literary

\* *Athenæum* of February 2d, 1878.

workers. For Doran was at home in most of our literary coteries, and whilst no one encountered him in society without being charmed by his pleasant address and animated conversation, it was impossible for any one to make the first approaches towards intimacy with him, and not to entertain a cordial liking for one so overflowing with manly kindness and honest sympathy. The regard with which he inspired his habitual associates was a sentiment of the closest attachment. That some of those nearest friends may be found in the Society of Antiquaries may be inferred from the unanimity with which the Cocked Hats—the dining club of the Antiquaries—postponed *sine die* their dinner, appointed for the 6th instant, on hearing that their friend would never again appear at their pleasant meetings.

It is, at the same time, indicative of a characteristic of Doran's colloquial style, and of one result of his conversational achievements, that whilst some persons were astonished at the greatness of the age assigned to him by the obituary notices of the daily papers, others were no less surprised to discover that he was not older. Though he never affected to be younger than his years, Doran did not to the last strike casual observers, or even his ordinary acquaintance, as a veteran whose career had begun in the first decade of the present century. The whiteness of his hair would, indeed, have been appropriate to



an octogenarian. But to the last his countenance, voice, and manner were those of a man in the middle stage of middle age. His smile had the freshness of a yet earlier period, and his whole bearing, as he delivered anecdote after anecdote to a group of listeners at a dinner-table, or in the corner of a crowded drawing-room, was so light and easy in its gaiety, that no stranger, seeing him for the first time in any of the earlier months of last season, imagined how nearly he had approached the end of his seventieth year. On the other hand, those intimate friends to whom he used to pour forth his personal reminiscences of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons were induced by the remoteness of the recollections to magnify his age in an amusing manner. Speaking on the authority of 'Men of the Time,' the newspapers were, however, accurate on this point. His age and nationality would justify us in classifying Doran with Irish journalists of a past generation. For he was born in 1807, a member of a good Irish family, whose splendour in former times he used to exemplify by declaring, with a humorous assumption of historic seriousness, that they were the first people in their particular region of the Emerald Isle to wear blue breeches. But, apart from the hilarity that distinguished him in his earlier days, Doran had no single point of resemblance to those Irish journalists of thirty or forty years since whom Thackeray delighted to portray. Doran's superabundant gaiety was never associated with any kind of recklessness; and in the performance of his several duties, more particularly in the fulfilment of his professional engagements, he exhibited the most anxious and delicate concern for the interests of others. Possi-

bly it was to his advantage in this respect that the pen was not his only means of subsistence in his earlier manhood, when young professional authors pursued their calling under difficulties not easily imagined at the present time. For, though literature was a passion with him from his boyhood, he did not adopt it as the one serious business of his life until he had fairly entered middle age. His satisfactory establishment in what may be termed literary society was an affair of even more recent date. For, though his connection with this journal was preceded by a period of several years, during which he edited a London weekly newspaper that concerned itself chiefly with religious politics, he can scarcely be said to have taken his proper place in the world of letters until he became a member of the *Athenæum* staff, some five-and-twenty years since. It was subsequent to that event that he formed one of the remarkable company of men whom Douglas Jerrold, in the full brightness of his powers and success, gathered round him once a week at Clunn's Hotel. It was at 'Our Club' that Doran made the acquaintance of several of his closest associates in future years. There also he was brought into social contact with some young men who, taking to heart the prudent admonition of the great lawyer who bade farewell to the Muse in order that he might woo a mightier mistress, have raised themselves to conspicuous places on the judicial bench since they used to dine on the last day of every week with a jubilant set of authors and artists in a Covent Garden tavern. It was at this time, when he had left young manhood behind him, and was nearing the term when he would rank amongst the veterans

of the pen, that Doran began to take great pains to win the regard of aspirants in art and literature. No man of warm affections enters the middle stage of existence without suffering acutely from the removal of the comrades who attended his earlier fortunes. The loss of old friends is apt to make such a man experience a sense of desertion and an equally depressing sense of premature oldness. This was in an unusual degree Doran's case, when he remarked to a friend who was his junior by nearly a quarter of a century, 'I am determined to prolong my youth as far as possible by persisting in hopefulness and drawing young life about me.' But, though he attributed this purpose to an enlightened selfishness, his real motive in the matter was a genuine and generous sympathy with youthful genius. And if he played a prominent part in 'Our Club' and other clubs of a similar constitution, Doran was a steady writer and no less diligent student. He had entered his forty-seventh year before he published the earliest of the long series of agreeable and sometimes learned volumes that, rated at their lowest, may be commended for affording just the intellectual diversion that is most acceptable to men of cultivated taste and scholarly attainments in their hours of idleness. That far higher praise may be justly accorded to the best of these delightful performances it has often been the office of the *Athenæum* to declare in strenuous terms. Even the slightest of them may be described as works in which a writer, having an unusually large acquaintance with curious and too generally neglected literature, has reproduced the multifarious results of his devious readings with excellent judgment and humour. It should also be remembered, to

the great credit of these dexterous manipulations of the curiosities of literature, that they exhibit everywhere the candour and sincerity for which their author was remarkable. Had he been capable of condescending to artifices sometimes conspicuous in literary achievements, Doran's facile pen could have easily worked into pompous essays and pretentious treatises the materials which he offered with equal modesty and openness to the thousands of educated readers who were with good reason thankful for them.

But good as they are in their peculiarly novel way, Dr. Doran's books do not give any adequate idea of his literary usefulness. To a critical journal, that in surveying the entire field of letters needs the assistance of men possessing an accurate knowledge of the outlying fields and the hidden nooks and corners of literary achievement, he was of almost inestimable convenience and value. The same may be said of his exceptional fitness for the editorial management of *Notes and Queries*, which, in addition to its other titles of respect, fully justifies the felicitous words in which Lord Houghton, in an after-dinner speech, called it a repertory of *useless* knowledge. Moreover, Dr. Doran was especially serviceable to literary criticism on account of his special knowledge of large subjects, as well as by the diversity of his out-of-the-way information. At present we know not where to look for his equal as a student of eighteenth-century literature. Nor should it be forgotten that, whilst he was remarkable as a critic for his knowledge of details, he was even more remarkable for considerateness towards the authors on whom he passed judgment. Perhaps no critic ever did his full duty to the

public with so much tenderness towards writers. 'You are not mistaken, my dear fellow, as to your facts,' he once remarked in his kindest way to a young writer, 'but don't hurt people needlessly with that strong pen of yours. When you come to be as old as I am, you will be sorry to remember that you have been guilty of needless cruelty to any one.' The gentleness of this just speech was very characteristic of the man, and may help to account for the hold he had on the affections of his friends. The last thing penned by this true gentleman was a brief note of courteous apology for an oversight. Just before he was seized with the fatal illness this day fortnight, Doran wrote an assurance of his regret for having, in the *Athenæum* of the 5th ult., assumed that Dr. Stebbing was dead. Having thus made an end of writing, he went to his bed. His illness was not especially painful; and it is questionable whether he ever realised the urgency of his case, though, on the day before his last, he remarked seriously, 'Yes, I am nearing the great mystery.'

The volume, of which Messrs. Chatto & Windus have now issued a second edition with illustrations, contains that series of pleasant, chatty papers which appeared annually in the *Athenæum* for many years, concerning the locality chosen for the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. These papers were the result of much careful research, and were revised for the press only a few weeks before the author's death. They are brimful of good stories and antiquarian lore, deftly administered with a light touch and a happy humour. Some chips are here broken off for our readers :

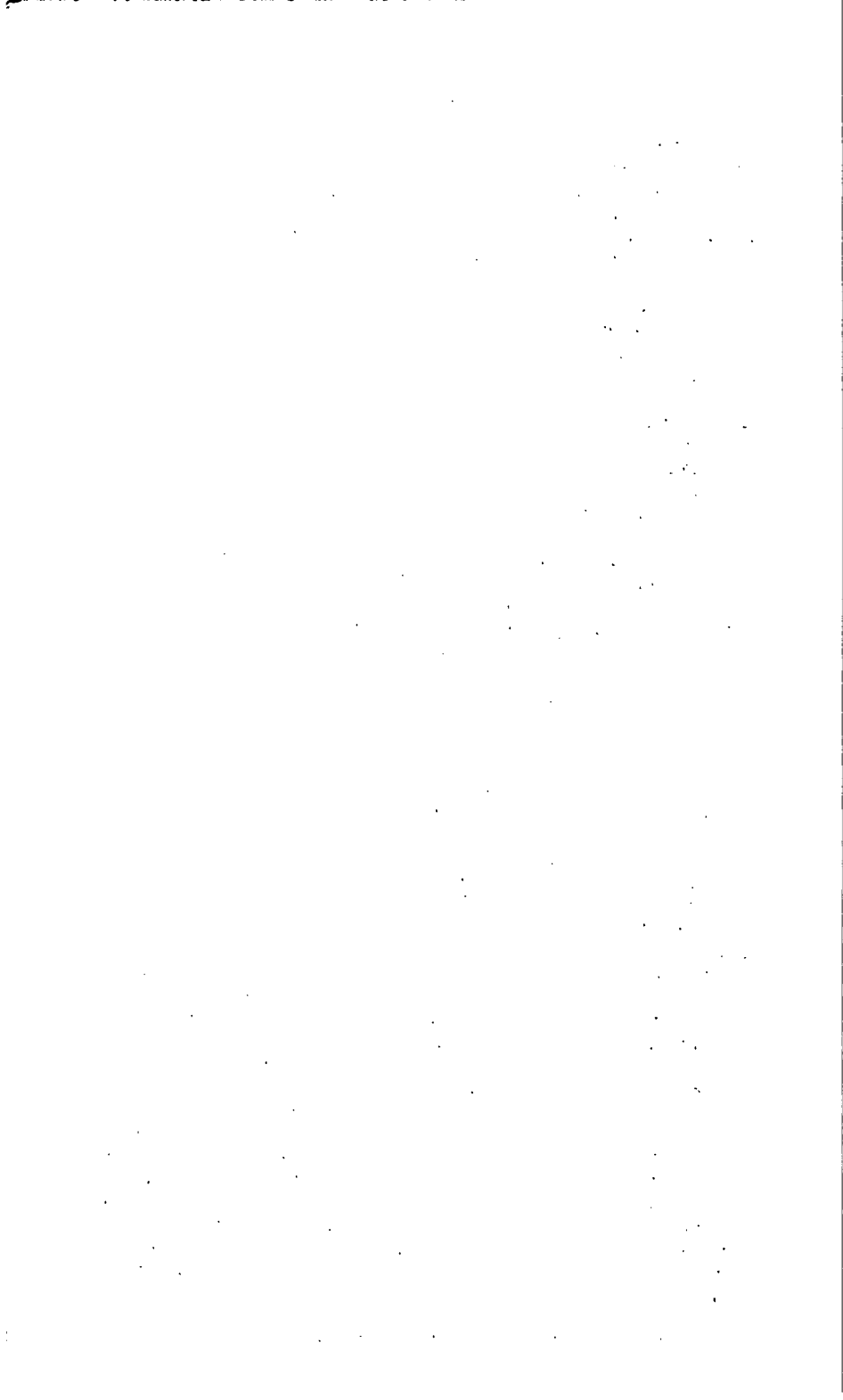
**DONCASTER POETS AND 'JOCKS.'**—Doncaster has been especially fortunate in its racing poets. They have really struck a *sportive* lyre, and they ride their Pegasus with loose rein, but with no lack of whip and spur to stimulate him to gamesomeness. The course has had, too, its wits as well as its bards; and half of what is attributed to the northern jockeys as mere ignorance is really to be laid to their appreciation of fun. When Alcides first appeared on the course, they knew well enough the quantity of the syllables, but they also knew the quality of the horse. They accordingly called him All Sides; and nothing could be more appropriate, for the nag was of the very thinnest, looked as if he were cut out of paste-board, had no back, and, to completely authorise his nickname, never ran straight.

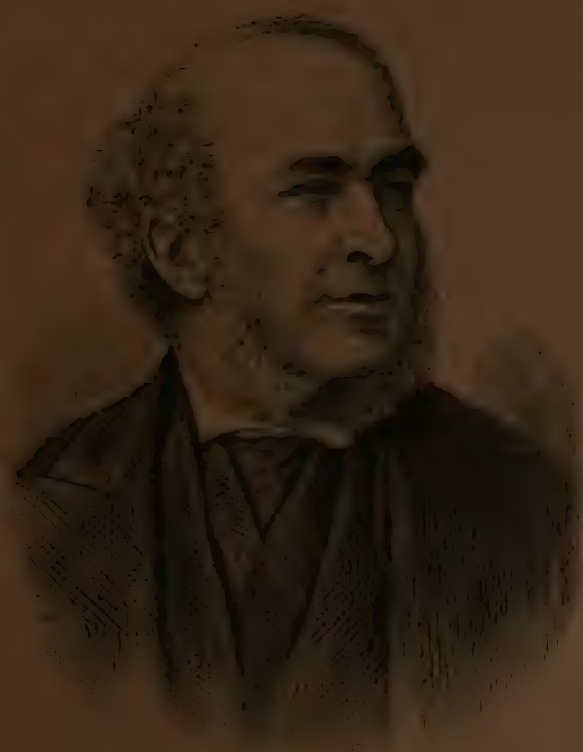
Nor were the north-country 'jocks' less witty on their masters than on the steeds. No name was better known at Doncaster, no man altogether so fortunate there for a time, as Mr. Petra. At that period, however, he exemplified the truth of the proverb implying that Love does not favour the favourite of Fortune. The lucky master of a racing-stud had been unsuccessful in more than one suit to very many ladies; and as he once walked on to the course Tommy Lye, that atomy in top-boots, remarked to his fellows, 'Eh, look oop, lads; yon's *Solicitor-General* !'

**CLERICAL IRRITABILITY.**—The following choice bit of statistics is notable for its singularity :

'It is a matter of notoriety, furnishing a fruitful subject for reflection and comment, that the great majority of complaints reaching the Post Office authorities take their rise with *clergymen*.







110. JOHN THOMAS, Esq.

See *Illustrations of the History of the*



As offering a curious commentary on the Divine injunction to be merciful, and to forgive "seventy times seven," we once saw a requisition from a clergyman for the dismissal of a Post-Office clerk—a man with a wife and several children, by the way—on the ground that he had twice caused his letters to be mis-sent, in each case losing the clerical correspondent a post.

This reminds us of a defunct station-master (Mr. Mitchell) at Reading, who never heard, as he sat in his room, the noise of something wrong on the platform without quietly remarking, 'There's a disturbance on the platform. What *can* have put out the clergyman to-day?'

What is done with the millions of old letters that have passed through the post? When Sadi and his friend were in the garden of roses they both enjoyed the fragrance, but one took home a heap of flowers and enjoyed the delicious odour for months, even in the dried leaves. We may scarcely expect the same pleasure from old letters :

'So mournfully they bring again

The past, with less of light than shade,  
Before the mind; the pleasure, pain,

The joy that gleamed out but to fade;  
The sorrow we were wont to feel,

The laughing tide of sunny youth,  
And hopes and thoughts that used to  
steal

About the heart, and seemed like  
truth.'

POBSON AND PARR.—The scholarship of both was accurately defined by the former when he said, 'Parr knows the meaning of every great word, but *I* know the history of it.'

SOME DUNDEE STORIES.—Of all the gatherings in and about the town, none is of more powerful interest, more picturesque in detail, or more illustrative of the time and people than those of

which that especially heroic reformer, George Wishart, was the summoner. Of the various assemblages which Wishart addressed, at peril of his life whenever he spoke, none was so solemn or so significant as the one of 1544, when the plague was sweeping the town. The imagination may easily bring him again to where that fearless, humble, honest apostle stood on the East Gate. The mass of people below him were divided, the infected from the disinfected. The former lay, or stood, or reclined without the gate; they who were as yet whole, or who had been smitten, but were again clean, clustered together beneath the eaves of the houses, or in silent yet eager groups on the causeway—folk of all ages and degrees, their eyes straining at the preacher on the gate, their ears drinking in every word that fell from his lips into their hearts, and no sound upon the air but that of the inspired voice, with an occasional sob of anguish, or a sharp short cry of gladness, or a murmur of acquiescence sent up from those eager earnest listeners in testimony of the unweariedness with which they hung upon the utterances of the preacher.

Frequently, as long as the pestilence raged, Wishart, after passing from one stricken family to another, affording them such consolation as he had to give, preached from the same eminence at the Eastern Gate. On the last occasion of his proclaiming the justice and mercy of God from that magnificent pulpit, he gave with unusual solemnity his blessing to the people who were on either side the gate, the sick on one side and on the other the free. As Wishart was descending he was met by a wildly enthusiastic priest, Sir John Wrighton, who rushed at him to settle all contro-



versy by shedding the blood of the reformer. The people, marking the purpose of the assassin, uttered a howl of execration, and, losing all sense of distinction, the plague-spotted mingling with the clean, they flung themselves on the would-be murderer, but only to find that vengeance was denied to them. For Wishart took his assailant in his arms, and held him there in sanctuary till the popular rage had subsided, when, because he wished it, those earnest Dundee folk opened their serried lines, and left passage for the abashed fanatic to go on his way unmolested. Never was there child with heart more tender, never soldier with heart more bold, than this hero of the Reformation. In the hour of his dreadful death at the stake he abated no jot of his habitual courtesy, nor of his fortitude. Cardinal Beaton, lying on velvet cushions, looked down from the walls of St. Andrews on his victim; and Wishart, just before he died, exclaimed, 'He who from yonder high place looketh down upon us with such pride shall within few days lie in the same as ignominiously as now he is seen proudly to rest himself.' And because of this prophecy, Wishart (whom men of all communions might esteem) has been accused of having been privy to the plot which soon after culminated in the Cardinal's murder. Dundee honoured itself as well as Wishart, when, abolishing the other gates of the town, the people preserved the East Gate in honour of the old missionary.

An enterprising seafaring native of Dundee, named Crichton, sailed in the last century to seek for fortune in the East Indian seas. He was in a tight ship, freighted with all sorts of stores, and Dundee thread and Osna-

burghs were down in the bill of lading. The terror of those seas in those days was Angria, the active and ferocious pirate, into whose hands Crichton and his ship fell, after a tough fight of a day long. At the close of it the pirate was too hungry to trust himself with having the man before him who had so nearly brought him to grief; nor did he think that Crichton was in much of a condition to answer his queries. Accordingly he ordered dinner for two in separate cabins, and he commanded Crichton to attend him as soon as he had 'got his skin full!' At the appointed time the two foemen met, and the 'materials' were on the table between them. When each had mixed his draught as he best liked it, Angria in fair English questioned Captain Crichton. 'Ay, ay!' said the pirate, 'so you're a Dundee man;' and then he examined him as to the town and people and environs in a way which made Crichton stare; but as he replied with readiness and correctness, Angria exclaimed, 'Weel, I see ye are just what ye describe yersel'; and deil hae my saul if I hurt a hair o' your head; for ye see, Capt'n Crichton, I'm a Dundee man mysel', an' I ken what's corraect betuxt fellow-townsmen!'

The Dundee captain was as much astounded as his fellow-townsmen was who found a Scot at the head of a tribe of Bactrians. Marshal-General Keith had a similar surprise in 1793. He had concluded, on the part of Russia, his conference with the Grand Vizier respecting a treaty of peace, at which an interpreter facilitated a mutual understanding. When the two great men were about to separate, Keith was astonished to hear the Vizier remark that he was 'unco happy' to meet such a distinguished personage. 'Dinna

be surprised, man,' he added; 'I'm o' the same country as yoursel'. I mind weel seeing you an' yer brither, when laddies, passin' by to the school at Kirkcaldy; my faither, sir, was bellman o' Kirkcaldy!'

[These droll stories are a comical illustration of the 'old saw,' which tells us that 'a rat, a Scot, and a Newcastle grindstone are to be found all the world over.' No doubt, in spite of Dr. Johnson's little 'digs,' Scotsmen have reason to be proud of that singular combination of the adventurous and the cautious which has made them the most colonising race on the face of the earth.]

NORFOLK STORIES.—Any one who has a taste for the facts and literature of agriculture should read the history of the 'Norfolk system.' It is as full of interest as *Robinson Crusoe*. That system introduced the rotation of crops, if we may so speak. In five successive years the same land was made to yield five different crops, each of which was the richer for the previous variety. Many good and wise men devoted themselves to turning a county, which once seemed to belong only to rabbits and paupers, into a paradise. By this devotion fortunes were decupled in one generation. If one crop in perfection was 'Norfolk barley,' another was more perfect still, 'Norfolk turnips.' In presence of these, Norfolk dumplings were only indifferent things; but the barley and the turnips and the Southdown sheep that flourished on the land and its produce were matters that might have made Gargantua ecstatic. One of the Norfolk land-holders, Lord Townshend, went down to the grave with an increase of dignity that was worth more than the

marquise that fell to his descendant. In memory of what he had done grateful men pointed to him living, and affectionately alluded to him when dead, not as the 'gewd ol' lord,' but emphatically as 'Turnip Townshend.' Marcus Tullius Cicero was nothing to it.

Men had never seen such turnips as that lord, and lords who followed him, raised on the soil. The hoe was so merrily at work among the growing bulbs, pulling them out by scores, that an ignorant person might have thought turnip was a weed to be destroyed. But for every one hoed up its nearest neighbours grew five times as large as they would have done otherwise. A strolling actor on circuit, conveying a turnip under his coat, found it sufficient for his dinner. Then, with the turnips, soon grew mutton to match. Mr. Coke had some difficulty in persuading farmers that he knew all about sheep, but he came to as great honour as Turnip Townshend. A county farmer proposed a resolution at an agricultural meeting, which was carried *nem. con.*, and which said, 'Why don't us do as Mister Coke o' Holkham do do? If we'd only do as Mister Coke o' Holkham do do, we'd all do better than we do do!' Honest East Anglians, they were proud at last of Mr. Coke; and he was proud of his sheep. He was, indeed, so proud of them that he once had them all brought together for the inspection of the great Hungarian sheep-breeder, Prince Esterhazy. 'Have you as many sheep as you see there, Prince?' asked Mr. Coke; and he did not relish the answer. 'Coke,' said the Magyar, 'I have got more *shepherds*!' After all, this reply was a begging of the question.

Then the barley! Norfolk barley, Norfolk malt! A Nor-

wicher would snap his fingers in scorn at the idea of any other county beating his own in these matters, or in the barley-brew for which Norfolk was also once famous. There was a proverbial 'Dr. Wright of Norwich, who always stopped the bottle.' It may have been because he cared less for the wine of his day than for the fine exhilarating beer which then was the pride of every Norfolk man, from the Wash to the Ouse, from Lynn to Yarmouth. What is still meant by a *Norwicher*? He is a man who, taking first pull at a tankard, does not draw breath till he has swallowed three-fourths, and then reluctantly yields the rest to his partner. But that partner will take first turn at the second tankard, and show himself a *Norwicher* by keeping his nose in it till three-quarters of the delicious draught has passed his lips, and in luxurious slowness has flowed over his grateful palate. Thirsty souls! there was no resisting it. Half a dozen old Norwichers, after a bout of this sort, would become as hilarious and would dance as uproariously as half a dozen Egyptians, full of the barley-wine of Memphis, keeping wild revel in the courts of the Pharaohs!

A BARBER'S SARCAASM.—In Queen Anne's days the *Norwich Postman* thus intelligibly advertised its tariff: 'Price one penny; but a half-penny not refused.' Perhaps this was a trap to catch pride in, like that of the Norwich haircutter, who on being asked by a Cockney whom he had just polled what he had to pay, replied, 'Gentlemen give me sixpence, other people threepence.' 'I'm other people,' said the wary Londoner, who laid down his threepence and walked away. It was in a Norwich paper that a

chandler advertised for a journeyman *who had had the smallpox!* This was not such a joke as it has seemed to many persons. The Danes themselves were never such a scourge in East Anglia as the smallpox once was in Norwich. To receive in a house an inmate who *had* survived an attack was in a certain degree a warrant that infection would be neither introduced nor propagated by him.

A BRIGHTON STORY.—There was a time when the local manners at Brighton had a rough pleasantness about them, corresponding with the primitive simplicity of the place. When Miles (or Smoaker, as the Prince of Wales, and therefore everybody, called him) was chief bathing-man, he once saw his Royal Highness swimming too far, as Miles thought, out at sea. Miles hailed 'Mr. Prince' to come back. The Prince struck farther out. Thereupon Smoaker dashed in after him, and brought his Royal Highness back by the ear, exclaiming as he thus towed the princely freight, 'I aren't a-goen to let the King hang me for letten the Prince of Wales drown himself; not I, to please nobbudy, I can tell 'e.' The Prince forgave the act in consideration of its motive. In remembrance of it he founded the Smoaker Stakes; and when they were first run for in 1806, the Prince of course won the race with his own horse Albion.

A GLASGOW STORY.—In former days it was the good old custom in Glasgow to inscribe some words of wisdom on the front of the houses (the usage has not gone out in some continental localities). About twenty years ago one was discovered, which had long been concealed under a coating of plaster. It ran thus:

'P. M. B.

God, by whose gift this worke I did begin,  
Conserve the same, from akaith, from  
schame, and sin.

Lord, as this bvllding bvlit was by thy  
grace,  
Mak it remaine stil with the bvllder's  
race.

God's Providence is myne inheritance.  
1623.'

It is said that the property is still  
with the race of Patrick Maxwell  
Boyd, the original builder.

A LUCKY POCKET-HANDKER-  
CHIEF.—In the last year of the  
seventeenth century a man ap-  
peared in Glasgow in whom the  
city found a benefactor, who has  
been rather ungratefully forgot-  
ten. His name was Wilson; he  
was born in Flakefield, and in as  
far as he is remembered at all, it  
is by the name of his birthplace.  
He had been a weaver before he  
served as a soldier in the conti-  
nental wars; and while so serv-  
ing in Germany his eye was one  
day attracted by a woven blue-  
and-white chequered handker-  
chief. It was a lucky moment  
for Glasgow when Flakefield  
bought this article. He stowed it  
away among his treasures, and he  
resolved 'some day' to weave one  
like it. In the year above named  
he and the prized handkerchief,  
with Flakefield's father and  
brother, settled in Glasgow, and  
there the ex-soldier, returning to  
his old calling, attempted to pro-  
duce a woven blue-and-white  
chequered handkerchief. After  
some unsuccessful essays Flake-  
field succeeded, and the blue-and-  
white chequers were soon familiar

all over the country. There was  
a rage for the novel handker-  
chief. Fresh set-up looms could  
hardly produce these articles fast  
enough, and on them the exten-  
sive linen manufacture of Glas-  
gow was founded. Some years  
after the town-drummer of the  
city was a man who excited much  
sympathy. This humble official,  
in fact, was no other than Wilson  
of Flakefield, the old soldier and  
weaver, whose loom had started  
into life the above-named manu-  
facture. But rival looms, whose  
owners had greater capital, beat  
out of the field the 'wabster  
body' who had done so much for  
Glasgow. He fell into poverty,  
and all that generous Glasgow  
could or would do for him was to  
make him useful (on small pay)  
in his old days—as town-drum-  
mer!

So runs the story, but it is to  
be suspected that there is a dash of  
romance in the details. About the  
time that Flakefield and his kins-  
men settled in Glasgow the city  
was making rapid strides in manu-  
facturing importance. From its  
12,000 inhabitants, in 1695, a  
monthly cess was obtained for  
the expenses of the war, which  
amounted to 1800*l*. It seems in-  
credible, but it can be proved.  
The amount of this tribute made  
Glasgow second only to Edin-  
burgh, which contributed 3880*l*. ;  
and thus, in the course of a cen-  
tury, Glasgow had advanced from  
the fifth to the second city in the  
kingdom of Scotland.

## VALENTINA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A FRENCH HEIRESS IN HER OWN CHATEAU,'  
'MRS. LANCASTER'S RIVAL,' ETC.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

A SUNDAY evening in spring seems to mean a certain peaceful brightness under budding leaves. If one is in Paris, it means a rush of rolling wheels; a confusion of faces, more or less alive and eager; a sound of merry talk and laughter; bands playing opera music in the midst of groves; an array of lamps shining in enchanted gardens.

It was Roger Miles's first experience of a Continental Sunday. He was walking in the Champs Elysées, which were hardly so crowded as usual, people not having yet come back from the races at Auteuil. Roger sauntered along under the trees in a seemingly purposeless way, looking grave and rather bored. He was a tall powerful young man, with a dark face and a moustache; very like other young men in personal appearance. He seemed to be looking straight before him at nothing, and several lively young French people had already remarked on the stupid air of the 'Anglais,' who was noticeable enough at a distance, but disappointing when one came nearer.

However, though no one would have found it out—and he did not wish that any one should—the young man's slow wanderings under the chestnuts were not quite objectless. At no great distance before him, flitting through the shadows, which were fast darkening into twilight, moved the figure

of a very young girl. She was dressed in black; she walked slowly and gracefully, turning her head from side to side with a curious air, and sometimes stopping for a moment to look at some group that interested her. In her look and her movements there was something unusual. Young Miles, with penetration beyond his years, had seen that at once, though he had not yet arrived at a good view of her face. To tell the truth, he had first seen her that evening on the Boulevard Malesherbes; had followed her, or rather kept her in sight, down the Rue Royale and across the Place de la Concorde, and was still tracking her, gravely and lazily, along the outskirts of the Grand Avenue. Now and then the passers-by stared at her. That was not much to be wondered at; but once or twice some forward person seemed half inclined to speak to her, and then Roger looked graver than before, and quickened his pace the least bit in the world. He was firmly convinced of two things: that the girl was a lady, and that some extraordinary carelessness of her belongings, or wilfulness of her own, had sent her out to walk about Paris in this way by herself. He had felt sure of these things, after following her for the first few yards. There was an air of adventure and mystery in her very step. Roger, partly from curiosity, partly from a touch of quixotism, which had been already found out by his friends,

resolved to follow her, and resolved also that her adventure should have no unpleasant end. He took care, however, that neither she nor any one else should know what he was about.

It did once occur to him that the girl might have stolen out to meet somebody, but he soon decided that that was not the case. Her air was not at all that of a person hurrying, even stealthily, to a rendezvous. Besides, a faith in the goodness of girls was one of Roger's first principles; and he followed her with the feeling that here was a child who ought to have somebody to take care of her.

As the lamps were lighted in the advancing twilight, and as more and more carriages came tearing down the avenue, Roger became a little uneasy. He never lost sight for a moment of the object of his interest; but as they both lingered among the trees, his eyes wandered anxiously now and then towards the passing carriages, and he tried to keep himself as much as possible in the shadow. At last, to his great relief, the girl turned round, and began slowly walking back. Roger stepped aside, and waited a minute or two, so as to have a good view of her. She looked hardly more than fifteen, was rather tall, and very slight. Her face was childish and innocent, and her features, though almost too marked for the beauty of childhood, had the beauty of extreme refinement and distinction. But more than ever she seemed to want some one to take care of her; and Roger, quite mystified by an appearance so seldom found in ordinary life, almost thought he must speak to her, with the greatest respect, and ask leave to escort her home. He could not at once make up his mind whether it would be best to

do this or to keep to his former plan of following her. He moved forward in an undecided way, and paused a moment quite near her in a ray of lamplight. It was then that the girl saw him for the first time. She almost stopped; gazed at him as a child might have done, to see if he was to be trusted, and then settled that question for him—and a great deal more too—by standing still and speaking to him.

'Are you English?' she said, in his own language, but with a foreign accent.

'Yes, mademoiselle,' said Roger, bowing.

He was not a sentimental young man, but a strange thrill ran through him when he met the eyes and heard the voice of the unknown creature who had occupied his thoughts for the last hour. She spoke with a dignified commanding air, not at all needed by this willing slave.

'So am I,' she said. 'I find it not at all amusing to be out here by myself. They told me I should meet nothing but *canaille*, and I would not believe them. It is a fact; I have not seen one person fit to speak to, except you, monsieur.'

'No, they are not the sort of people you would like,' said Roger quietly. 'And now, excuse me, don't you think you had better go home?'

'Well, it is rather dull,' the young lady confessed; 'and I have done what I meant to do.'

'And that was—' said Roger, with a little curiosity.

'Gone out for a walk by myself, which was forbidden. They will never learn that if they say, "You must not," why, I must; and I always do. Yes, you are right; I suppose I had better go home now.'

'Would you allow me to walk

home with you? It really is rather late for you to be out by yourself.'

'Thank you very much. That is just what I hoped you would say. In another minute I should have asked you to take me home; for I was beginning to feel lonely. But you have nothing else to do?'

'Nothing whatever. I am only too happy, I assure you.'

It gave Roger great satisfaction, as he and his strange acquaintance walked away together, to know that he had watched this escapade of hers from the beginning. It was no self-denial to him not to tell her this curious fact, at which she might have been angry. He was accustomed to be rather reserved about his thoughts and movements, and never to gossip, either about himself or any one else. Yet people were always confiding in him. His friends and relations were seldom in love or in debt without telling Roger all about it, young as he was. They knew that he would help them, if he could; and, best of all, if they afterwards wanted the affair forgotten, he would forget it as willingly as they did themselves.

Roger did not stop that evening to moralise on the chain of circumstances which had brought about this encounter. They were rather remarkable, certainly; but moralising was not in his way. Neither did he think it his duty to tell this charming girl how wild her behaviour had been. From the Champs Elysées to a street off the Boulevard Malesherbes, where she told him she lived, they chattered to each other unceasingly. Their talk was mostly about horses and dogs and country life in England. Roger told her stories about his old hunter Rob Roy, his favourite dogs, the glorious fun that

was to be had in his country at some seasons of the year. She laughed, asked questions, and enjoyed it all like a child.

'That is my idea of a happy life,' she said; 'to live in the country in England. I love English people; they are so kind and good, and they don't expect girls to stay at home all day. I love liberty, and going out in the fields. Ah, I could dance when I think of it! Do you know, my father was English, and I have a sister quite English. She lives with her own aunts in England; but I don't think she cares for it as I should. My mother was the second wife, you see. And you—have you a father and mother, and brothers and sisters?'

'My father is dead,' answered Roger. 'I have a mother and two sisters. The eldest is married out in India, and the youngest lives at home.'

'And do you live at home?'

'I suppose so; but I am going to be abroad just now for a year or two. I am glad I happened to be in Paris this evening.'

'So am I. And there is nothing I can do in return for your kindness?'

'O, yes, there is,' said Roger hopefully.

She looked up, slightly startled. They were just turning off the boulevard into her own shuttered and silent street.

'Oblige me by not doing it again,' he said.

She opened her eyes and curled her pretty mouth, almost as if she was angry.

'Do you know, I can't make those promises,' she said. 'If they irritate me again I shall forget all about it. I am so very passionate, nobody can depend on me.'

'You know best,' said Roger. 'But if you happen to think of it, and to remember me—'

'I shall certainly never forget you,' the child declared earnestly.

Roger felt inclined to beg her, for his sake, never again to speak to a strange man in the street; but the words choked him, and would not consent to be spoken.

She stopped under a lamp-post, near an open door. A light was burning in the porter's room inside. Her eyes were full of goodness and sweetness as she looked up at Roger, and put her little hand into his.

'This is where we live,' she said. 'Before we say good-night, will you tell me your name?'

'My name is Miles.'

'That is not long. I shall remember it. Miles. They call me Valentine. Now come in; I should like mamma to see you.'

This seemed to be a sudden freak, for a moment before she had evidently meant to say good-bye under the lamp-post. But, whoever else might contradict and disobey her, Roger could not. He followed her along the hall—where the gray-bearded concierge, behind the window, lifted a surprised face from a large book which he was studying—and up a broad stone staircase to the first story. Here she darted in through a little vestibule, and Roger followed her more slowly into the *salon* beyond. It was a luxuriously furnished little room; the gas was low, and no one was there.

'Wait here a moment,' said Valentine; and she passed on through another door.

Roger stood still and looked round him. The next moment he heard a shrill scream, then loud sobs, and a miserable, complaining voice talking. He thought the young lady was catching it for her adventure, and longed to rush in and tell her mother how perfectly safe she had been from the beginning to the end of it.

VOL. XLII. NO. CCXLVII.

The clatter of tongues went on for several minutes in an adjoining room. Then an elderly French-woman, with a stern face, came to him in the *salon*.

'Bon soir, monsieur,' said she. 'Madame la Comtesse sends her compliments and best thanks to monsieur for bringing mademoiselle home. Monsieur will understand that madame is too ill to see anyone.'

Roger bowed, and said he was very sorry to hear it. The French-woman stared at him disagreeably; he guessed that she was one of those who irritated Valentine. She plainly thought that there was nothing more to be said, and he might as well go. The situation was not altogether pleasant, and Valentine did not come back.

'Will you give my compliments to Madame la Comtesse, and say I am glad to have been of any use to mademoiselle?' he said; and then he went, it must be confessed, with a disappointed heart.

In the hall he knocked at the concierge's window, and asked the name of the lady on the *premier étage*. The concierge looked grave and surprised. Was not this the young man who had come in with mademoiselle just before? But he answered Roger's question civilly:

'Madame la Comtesse de Vasson.'

'She is French, then?' said Roger.

'Française—Anglaise—it is probable that monsieur knows better than I do,' said the concierge, with a note of interrogation in his voice.

Roger shook his head, and walked off; the whole thing seemed strange and out-of-the-way to a steady Englishman. But he had not gone three yards from the door, when light feet came springing after him. He



turned round, astonished, and hardly believing that it could be Valentine. She began to talk fast and eagerly; clasping her hands, and then throwing them out, stamping her foot, and quivering all over.

'They will drive me mad between them one of these days,' she said. 'That old wretch Aurélie—you saw her—words won't tell you how I hate her! She will be after me in a moment; but I could not—I would not—let you go without saying good-bye. I believe they both detest me, those two women. You don't wonder that I ran away from them?'

Roger turned pale with excitement and pity. He thought of his mother at home, and how differently she would have managed this girl.

'But you must not run away,' he said, in a low eager voice. 'I can't bear to hear you say that. Try to be good in spite of them; and I do think we shall meet again some day.'

'Ah, yes, in England, perhaps,' said Valentine, with sudden gentleness. 'Then you will let me ride Rob Roy, or I think I should like the young chestnut better.'

Aurélie and the concierge now rushed together out of the house-door, and stopped on seeing that their truant was so near. The tall young Englishman stood bending towards her, and holding both her hands by way of adieu.

'Is mademoiselle coming in?' hissed Aurélie from the doorstep. 'Or does she wish to make a scandal in the public streets?'

'Go in, old horror! If you say another word, I will never come back at all,' mademoiselle answered over her shoulder.

This sounded serious, and Roger was a little alarmed.

'You ought not to be out here,

really,' he whispered. 'Thank you for coming down; I must now say good-bye.'

'Adieu, then,' she answered, in her clear young voice—a little louder than usual, for Aurélie's benefit. 'No, it is not "adieu;" it is "au revoir," because I know we shall meet again. I shall never forget you.'

She snatched her hands from his, gave him a nod and a bright smile, and flew back into the house. Aurélie and the concierge followed her. In the quiet street Roger heard her quick steps along the hall; and then the concierge, after an exclamation or two, shutting himself up in his little office again. The adventure was finished, and the Englishman had nothing to do but to walk back to his hotel, after taking down the number of the house where his new friend lived. He walked away, in the state of half-unreal elation in which one wakes from an entrancing dream, a mixture of happiness and sadness, in which by degrees the sadness comes to predominate. But Valentine de Vasson—if that was her name—was not a dream; but a real girl, only too certain to occupy the thoughts of every one who came near her.

Roger Miles could scarcely believe that this was his own homely old self. He was glad to find, when he reached the hotel, that his friends had not yet come in. He had time, as he waited for them, to get accustomed to the sight of ordinary human beings, and to make up his mind that neither Billy Golding nor Frank Hartless should hear a word of his adventure. These two were Roger's travelling companions. After visiting every place worth mentioning in Europe, they talked of going on to the East; their idea being that they could do all

this very satisfactorily in two years. Roger and Billy had lately left college, where they had been friends; and young Golding, who was a rich man without any relations to speak of, had hit on this plan for spending his time and his money, and had asked Roger to help him in carrying it out. Roger was not so rich as his friend, whose father had made his fortune in trade; but Roger's mother was a high-principled woman, who thought this tour would be good for her son, and was ready to retrench at home that he might go with an easy conscience.

Then Mr. Hartless added himself to the party. He was the younger brother of a neighbouring squire; a briefless barrister, who could speak most languages, and was supposed to know everything. He was older than the other two, and had already knocked about a good deal in the world. Young men generally liked him; but Billy Golding was particularly fond of him, perhaps because he was in every possible way a contrast to himself.

The start from England had been put off a few days to please Mrs. Miles, who wished her son to pay a visit with her before he went. She was anxious to introduce him to a very excellent girl, who in her heart she hoped to have for a daughter-in-law. Roger, however, did not take any particular fancy to Mary Linton, whose talk was of the parish. Mrs. Miles did not show her disappointment. She gave Roger a great deal of good advice about his life abroad, and begged him, for one thing, not to be led into amusing himself on Sunday. She had not much confidence in Mr. Hartless's principles; and young Golding was weak and amiable, and would probably be led away

by him. She wished Roger to promise her that his Sundays abroad should be, as far as possible, like Sundays at home. Roger gave the promise without hesitation. He was tried, on this first Sunday in Paris, by Hartless's proposal to go to the races in the afternoon. Golding was quite ready to agree. Roger said rather shortly that he should not go; and after a little argument, into which he did not enter much, his two friends went off together, leaving him to spend the afternoon by himself. So it happened that he went out for the solitary stroll which ended so strangely. Poor Mrs. Miles was the largest link in that chain of events which made her son acquainted with Valentina.

The three young men, who had spent four or five days in Paris, left early on Monday morning for Geneva.

## CHAPTER II.

### FANNY'S WEDDING.

ROGER MILES stayed abroad longer than he had at all intended. The end of two years found him and his friends in Egypt, where they parted company, Hartless and Golding returning home from Alexandria.

Roger went to Suez, and took ship there for Calcutta. His eldest sister, Mrs. Tristram, had lately lost one of her children, and was both ill and unhappy. She was very anxious that her brother should come on from Egypt and pay her a visit; and their mother, much as she longed for Roger's return, wrote her full approval of the idea. So Roger went, and when he was there, he found that he must see something of India. On the whole, his time was so well occupied, that it was late in

the summer, nearly three years and a half since his first visit, when he stopped for a day in Paris on his way home. Only a day, because his youngest sister was just going to be married, and he was hurrying back to her wedding.

He was not altered, except that he was thinner, his moustache was bronzed a little, and his skin was burnt to a dark brownish red. He was a traveller, and had quite lost the fresh looks of a young Englishman.

He went straight to the street and the house so well remembered. The old concierge was gone; a woman was in his place, who shook her head when Roger asked for the Comtesse de Vasson.

'Milady Veston! Is it possible that monsieur has not heard the news? But she is dead—dead—this long time.'

'How long?' said Roger; and then he knew that he had expected to find Valentine there, where he had left her, still struggling with her mother and Aurélie.

'Ah, let us see—nearly three years. Yes; M. de Tourlières has lived in that apartment for two years and a half.'

'And mademoiselle—where is she?'

'They took her away, monsieur. To England, I think.'

Roger stood for a moment thinking, while the woman gazed at him curiously.

'And Aurélie?' he said half abruptly.

'Ah!' she exclaimed, breaking into a smile, 'monsieur knew them well, then, those ladies. *Ma foi!* Aurélie went with her young mistress—' She was going to enlarge on Aurélie's adventures, but Roger interrupted her.

'You said the lady's name differently. I thought it was "de Vasson."'

'Non, monsieur, not exactly

like that. There was a *t* in it. Vaston—Veston, something of that sort. An English name; they are always difficult. Mademoiselle—they called her milady too, I do not know why—and she had some name of her own quite different from Veston, but I cannot remember it at all.'

'You do not know where she went to in England?'

'Monsieur, I have not the least idea; but I think there was "Londres" on the boxes.'

'Very likely,' said Roger. 'Where is the old concierge who was here three years ago?'

Her cheerful face became melancholy.

'It was my father, monsieur; he is dead.'

This seemed to be the last straw. Roger felt himself a stranger in a strange land; not even that old man was here to recognise him, and to remember his coming in with Mademoiselle Valentine that Sunday afternoon so long ago. He had no more questions to ask, for he did not care to set the woman afloat on a stream of gossip about those ladies and their doings. He thanked her for what she had told him, and walked sadly away.

The only person to whom he had ever told his adventure was his sister, Mrs. Tristram, who had been interested, but had smiled incredulously at his hope of seeing Valentine again some day.

'Those things never happen in real life, my dear,' she said.

'I don't see why they should not,' Roger answered; but now he began to suspect that Jane was right.

At home he found everybody in the wildest bustle, preparing for Fanny's wedding. She was to marry a very respectable clergyman, fifteen years older than herself, and her wedding was to be

of the gayest. Two or three of her bridesmaids were already staying in the house. They were ready enough to entertain Roger; but he found no one, except his mother, cared very much to hear long stories of his travels. Even his mother was busy all day; it was only late at night that she could listen to him undisturbed, and then she would begin to yawn soon after midnight.

Roger was the best of brothers, but he thought Fanny might have got herself married without all this fuss; especially as John Tomlinson quite looked his age, and had nothing but a small country living, without expectations from anybody. He did not make these remarks to Fanny, who was very much pleased with the beautiful things that Roger had brought her from India, and only thought he had come home rather grave and prosy from his travels.

At this time, Roger was thinking seriously of many things. He wished to come to an understanding with his tenants, and to make some alterations in his farms. The estate had not come into his hands till he was five-and-twenty. He also thought of buying another hunter or two, of refurnishing the dining-room, of adding some books to the library. But these plans hardly accounted for a certain restlessness and preoccupation, which his relations, if they had had time, might have noticed in Roger.

One morning he found lying on the library table a list of people who had been asked to the garden-party and dance on the wedding-day. He looked through it, took it up, and went out on the lawn to Fanny, who was walking there with Miss Linton and another future bridesmaid.

'I say, Fanny, who is Lady Julia Hartless?'

'Didn't you know that Robert Hartless was married,' said Fanny, 'six months ago? I have seen her once; she is not very attractive. They have been in Scotland for the last two or three weeks, but this week they are all coming down here.'

'Who are "all"?'

'She and the Squire, and some of their friends. They are not a nice set, I think—rather fast. Don't you think so, Mary?'

'Lady Julia herself is not fast, and I don't think Mr. Hartless is either,' said Mary Linton, whose father was the rich rector of Mr. Hartless's parish.

'You are always so charitable,' said Fanny. 'Well, Frank Hartless and his friends are, at least. Your Mr. Golding is always there, Roger; and I have heard wonderful stories about Lady Julia's sister.'

The girls looked at each other, and smiled rather expressively. Roger asked no more questions, for neither Fanny's opinion nor Mary Linton's interested him much.

'Are Frank and Golding coming on Thursday?' he said. 'I should like to see them.'

'I daresay. Lady Julia knows she can bring as many people as she pleases,' said Fanny; and she walked on with her friends.

Roger strolled off to the stables. He knew very well that these girls thought him gruff and stupid, and he did not himself quite know what to make of his feelings of depression and discontent. He thought they would pass off, perhaps, when the tiresome fuss of the wedding was over, and he was left alone with his mother. Perhaps some day he would tell her the story of Valentine; and if she was touched and interested, as he thought she must be, he

would confess how the girl's face haunted him, and consult his mother about searching all over England till he found her. He wandered about the place, and looked at the old half-timbered house, with its great stretching elms and its long garden-paths, under fruit-laden walls, leading to the shady fish-pond at the end, where many generations had stood brooding over their troubles as he did over this strange foolish fancy of his.

His state of mind grew no better as the wedding-day drew nearer. He was so wicked as to feel almost angry with Fanny for her radiant contentment. Fancy being in raptures at tying yourself for life to an old slow-coach like John Tomlinson! Roger even said something of this sort to his mother, who seemed shocked and would not listen to him. She was half afraid that his long absence abroad had done her boy more harm than good.

On the wedding-day itself, Roger brightened up a little. It was so evidently his duty to make himself pleasant, that his old kindness forced itself back upon him, and he and Fanny kissed each other with unfeigned affection. She had no reason to complain—for her wedding went off enthusiastically. She and John started early for Scotland, and for the rest of the day Roger was the soul of everything.

It was a still, warm, lovely afternoon at the end of August. Most of the people came about four. Dancing did not begin till between seven and eight, and then more people arrived. They danced in the dining-room, a long, old-fashioned room, with a polished oak floor. Two of its windows opened on the lawn; in the deep window-seats of the others there were great pots of roses, and the

soft brilliancy of the wax-lights was only less delightful than the yellow moonlight, which was just beginning to flow over the flower-beds, and lawns, and winding walks outside.

Roger danced more than once with Mary Linton, who was enjoying herself very much. At the end of their second dance, she told him he ought to go and speak to Lady Julia Hartless; she and her party were just come.

'I see Lady Valentina is there,' said Mary; 'I wonder if you will admire her?'

Roger stopped short and stared at her, almost fiercely—'Lady who?'

'Lady Valentina Wilde, Lady Julia's sister. Her half-sister, at least; some years younger,' answered Mary, trying not to show that she thought his manner extraordinary.

He had been so pleasant a moment before. Now he looked and spoke as if he was angry with her. The next instant, however, he realised his own ill-behaviour.

'I was puzzled,' he said. 'I had heard the name before—but it hardly can be. Who was Lady Julia's father, then?'

'Lord Weston. He married twice—' Mary would have gone on with her explanation, but Roger had suddenly left her, muttering, 'Thank you; I must go.'

No one noticed any excitement in his manner as he walked to the end of the room, where his mother was standing with some people who had just arrived. He saw that the two Hartlesses were there, and Billy Golding, looking as happy as a king, and two ladies. He only looked at one of these, however, for she came to meet him, beautifully dressed in white, smiling, and holding out her hand.

'I knew we should meet again some day. I am so glad,' she said.

Roger took her hand, and stood looking at her for a moment. Then he remembered that he must say something.

'Never was more astonished in my life,' he murmured.

She was grown into a most lovely woman. Fair, dark-haired, dark-eyed, with features that were perfect and yet expressive, and the smile of an angel—no, rather of a fairy; for it was not altogether heavenly. It had even a gleam of amusement at Roger's dumb, astonished joy.

'Let me introduce you to my sister,' said Lady Valentina. 'Julia, this is my friend Mr. Miles. You know these other people, don't you?'

Roger now became conscious that this was his own dining-room, and the evening of Fanny's wedding-day; that the elder Hartless was staring through his eyeglass, and that Frank and Billy were laughing in the background. He quickly and heartily shook hands with them all. Lady Julia was not the least like her sister. She was ten years older, to begin with; had broad shoulders, a high colour, and a pair of handsome brown eyes. She had an air of solid, impenetrable good temper. Roger thought at first that he rather liked her; but he had occasion to change his mind on that subject more than once.

One other person was looking on with amazement at the meeting of Roger and Valentina. This was his mother, who was obliged to content herself for the present with such an explanation as she could gain from the young lady's relations.

'Why, Mrs. Miles, your son doesn't half give an account of himself,' said Robert Hartless, in

his slow lazy way. 'He choss to keep it dark, that meeting with Valentina. He didn't even tell Frank and Golding, who were with him in Paris at the time.'

'Valentina told us about it the other day when we said we were coming here,' said Lady Julia. 'She wondered if it could be her Mr. Miles. How very small the world is! Doesn't that strike one more and more?'

Mrs. Miles agreed that it did; and was going to ask more questions, when Colonel Digby came up and asked Lady Julia to dance. Roger was already waltzing with Valentina. When he asked her, little Golding had pushed himself forward with a muttered remonstrance of 'O, I say, Lady Val!' She gave him a laughing glance, and answered, 'All my engagements are broken off.'

Roger Miles, for his part, was in a state of tumultuous joy. He had never been so happy in his life, and he was sure that nothing so perfectly glorious had ever happened in history. After one or two turns it became quite necessary to talk to Valentina—she seemed to have dropped the French form of her name—and they paused near one of the open windows, where they stood for a few moments asking each other questions. Roger had no eyes or thoughts except for her; but hers went roving round the room, and presently she gently pressed his arm.

'People stare so,' she whispered. 'Let us go out into the moonlight, and fancy we are in the Champs Elysées. I don't care for dancing,' she added, as soon as they were outside. 'Take me to the stable, and show me Rob Roy and the young chestnut. Are they both alive still?'

'You don't mean to say you remember—'

'I remember everything. I re-

member how you hated poor old Aurélie. I have conquered her, do you know. She never dares to find fault with me now.'

'Who could?' said Roger.

'Ah, you are very much changed! You have left your courage on the Continent. Perhaps you are not quite so good-looking—but I don't know.'

'You are changed,' said Roger, 'and yet you are the same. It is from the rosebud to the rose, and that is the loveliest flower in the whole world.'

'*Merci!* Can't you say anything more original than that?' said Valentina; 'that's not above Mr. Golding's level. Poor little man, how good he is!'

Roger did not at all feel inclined to talk about Billy Golding. He took her round in the moonlight to the library window, and rushed in to fetch a shawl, which she let him wrap round her, though she laughed, and said it was absurd. Then they wandered away into the garden. The pale pure light, the distant music, the sweet fresh coolness after a sultry day, had a calming effect. Valentina became less flippant, and was more charming than ever, talking gently and seriously. She told Roger all about her life since that strange first meeting; how Julia, when she took charge of her, had the good sense to let her please herself in everything.

'I find myself unlike other girls, you know,' she said; 'but then I amuse myself, and they don't, poor things. Sometimes I see very beautiful women's faces looking at me as if they did not like me, which is unkind of them: your mother, for instance. Did she ever hear of me before, may I ask?'

'The story of that evening has been a very dear secret of mine,' said Roger. 'I have only told it

to one person, my sister in India. I did think of telling my mother about you, because my one wish and intention was to look for you till I found you.'

'Really! you are very good. I could not have believed in such constant friendship,' said Valentina.

Roger went on to tell her how he had gone to the house in Paris, and what he had heard there from the concierge.

'Yes, they always made a mess of our name,' said Valentina. 'Well, you have found me now, or rather I have found you. Actually paid you a visit in your own house. From what Frank Hartless and Mr. Golding said, I felt sure it must be you. And now we are neighbours. Ten miles, is it, from Stoneycourt? You must come and see me very often.'

'Are you really going to live there?'

'Where Julia lives I live,' she said, shrugging her shoulders. 'We are there for the present. But listen, I know you can keep a secret: I wish Frank Hartless was not always there too.'

'Does he annoy you?' said Roger sternly.

'He interferes with me. Now in Scotland the other day he had no right whatever to object to anything I chose to do.'

'Certainly not.'

'I made friends with some boys, not older than myself, I should think, and went out fishing with them. We did not want any tiresome proper old people with us, so we slipped off without their knowing in the morning, and did not come back till quite late at night. It was such fun, and the dear fellows took such care of me. But there was Mr. Frank, pacing up and down the shore, as if he was my

father or my uncle, instead of my sister's brother-in-law, which is no relationship at all. When we landed he was as impertinent as possible, and wanted me to take his arm to go back to the inn. As if I was going to desert my companions! I sat down on a stone, and told him he might go back by himself, and my friends would walk back with me. He had to do as I told him, of course; but he was very angry, and said all sorts of rude things. And that was not the first or the last time.'

'Quite unpardonable; but you will soon teach him better manners,' said Roger.

It touched him strangely to find what a child she was still, sweet and confiding in her wilfulness. Still the same Valentina who had walked beside him in Paris that evening, looking up in his face, chattering and telling him her naughtinesses with a pretty unconscious egotism.

'You may take me to your stables now,' she said. 'I want to see Rob Roy.'

'Not to-night, if you don't mind,' said Roger; 'some other day. You must come over and try him. He carries a lady very well.'

'Do your sisters hunt?'

'No,' he said, smiling.

'Perhaps you don't like girls to hunt?'

'It is a dangerous amusement for ladies, you know.'

'O, I know you are very strict about everything. I have been told that. But I never care what any one says. I please myself always. Why won't you take me into the stable-yard now, Mr. Miles? Don't look at my dress; that does not signify at all.'

'I don't choose to take you,' said Roger, 'because there are a lot of strange grooms and fellows about: that is one reason.'

'Another is that we have been out quite long enough already,' said Valentina. 'Well, I understand that.'

They walked slowly back, and went in through the hall. Valentina had hit exactly on the truth. Roger was ruled by a conscience, which, after the first distraction of meeting her again, had resumed its sway, and was beginning to warn him that the master of the house owed something to his other guests, and was not free to indulge himself in a whole hour's moonlight ramble with one lady.

People were going to supper, and Roger and Valentina followed them. Many curious eyes were turned upon the truants.

'Dear me, where have you been?' said Lady Julia Hartless, as her sister walked up to her.

The next time Roger came across his mother he saw a certain line in her forehead, which had hardly shown itself since he was a boy and used to make her angry with boyish pranks, in which, after all, there never was much harm. She looked pale, too; her mouth was drawn down, her voice and manner were grave and stiff; she was grieved and offended. In Roger's excited state these signs irritated him.

On the whole, Fanny Miles's wedding-party went off wonderfully well. Perhaps the only people who did not enjoy it thoroughly were Mrs. Miles, Mary Linton—who sighed once or twice, thinking that after all there was something wearisome in gaiety—and young Mr. Golding, who wandered about with the air of a disgusted dandy. But he was comforted later in the evening, when Lady Valentina at last allowed him to dance with her. Lady Julia and her party were among the last to go away.

'Good-night, friend,' said Valen-



tina, nodding and smiling brilliantly to Roger from the carriage-window. 'A *demain*—do you hear? I expect you to-morrow.'

'What an awful flirt you are, Val!' said Mr. Hartless lazily, as they drove away.

'I am not a flirt, Robert. I like Mr. Miles better than any of you.'

'Jolly for him!' muttered her brother-in-law.

### CHAPTER III.

#### AN ARGUMENT.

MRS. MILES, tired as she was after that trying day, could not go to bed without an explanation with Roger. She followed him into his study, where he had shut himself in as soon as the last guest was gone. He had flung himself into an armchair. His mother sat down opposite, and looked at him. To her mind his very attitude was demoralised.

'Well, what is it?' he said, with a shade of impatience.

'Be so good as to tell me the meaning of all this,' she answered coldly.

'The meaning of what?'

'Roger, don't vex me any more. You know I have reason to be annoyed with you. I want to know all about this affair with Lady Valentina Wilde.'

'Affair! What do you mean by "affair"?' Roger began; but then he suddenly felt ashamed of catching up his mother's words.

He stopped short, leaned forward, and hid his face in his hands with a sort of groan.

Mrs. Miles rose from her chair.

'I would not have believed that my son could be so unmanly,' she said.

Roger started up too. He was unmanly, he felt it; and though he did not believe his mother

would ever understand him, he vowed to himself that she should not say that again.

'Sit down, mother,' he said, with his usual quietness, 'and I'll tell you all about it.'

He stood there on the rug, and told his story from the beginning.

Mrs. Miles's face did not relax as she listened.

'A curious adventure, certainly,' she said. 'But it is hardly an excuse for your strange behaviour this evening—the way you neglected our guests for this Lady Valentina, who must be a great deal too odd to be pleasing.'

'Pleasing!' repeated Roger. 'My dear mother, you don't seem to understand'—he paused a moment, and went on, smiling, 'I'll own that I did behave badly this evening—you must forgive that. Such things don't happen more than once in a lifetime.'

In telling Valentina's story he had put himself under her charm again, and any irritation he had felt was passing away. As soon as his mother really understood, it would be all right. She cared for her children's happiness more than anything, after all.

Mrs. Miles was not a stupid woman, and she did understand now, only too well. Roger's look and tone, even more than his words, confirmed her worst fears. She was to be pitied, poor woman, as she sat there, bearing the bitter disappointed pain that so many wise good mothers had borne before her. For a minute or two she was quite silent. Roger stood stroking his moustache and looking on the ground. At last Mrs. Miles sighed, and then she said,

'You wish me to understand that you are very deeply interested in Lady Valentina Wilde?'

'I love her,' said Roger, just above his breath.

There was another long silence,

for Mrs. Miles wished to conquer herself, and to speak with the quiet reasonableness that she had generally found successful with Roger.

'Then you intend to marry Lady Valentina?'

'I have not been able to think of anything yet,' said Roger, 'except that I have found her. A few hours ago she was nothing but a recollection, and I only knew that my one longing wish was to see her again. Now I know what that meant.'

'It is very extraordinary, Roger, you must own. As far as I understand, you have only seen her for three or four hours in all, and never in broad daylight.'

'They were not like ordinary hours,' said Roger. 'Nothing could be more natural—if you could only put yourself in my place.'

Mrs. Miles shook her head, and smiled slightly.

'It might be natural with some people, but not with you, I should have thought,' she said. 'However, do you know anything at all about her family—her antecedents?'

'Very little—except that, I believe, her mother was French.'

'I happened to hear something about them at the time of Mr. Hartless's marriage,' said Mrs. Miles. 'Lord Weston was a very bad man; racing, extravagant, and altogether good-for-nothing. He has been dead several years. The title and the family estate went to a distant cousin. His first wife was a good sort of woman, and after her death her sisters took charge of Lady Julia. I know nothing against *her*, except the marriage with Mr. Hartless. Lady Valentina's mother was French, Roman Catholic, and so extraordinary as to be almost out of her mind. Lord Weston left her very badly off. They had

scarcely lived together for some years before his death; and after that she settled herself in Paris, where she died, after bringing up her daughter in the way you describe. Lady Julia, I believe, has something of her own, but I don't suppose Lady Valentina has enough to live upon in England.'

'Is that all?' said Roger.

'Could you wish for anything less satisfactory?'

'I thought you hinted that you had something to say against *her*.'

'I never saw her till this evening. The Lintons have told Fanny of her eccentricities; but—'

'Stop a moment, mother. You always hated gossip, and I did not ask you for that. Fanny and the Lintons are regular *gobemouches*. You are too large-minded and clear-sighted to care what they say. If they tell you that Lady Valentina's ways are odd and independent, just think of the family history you told me just now. Could you expect a girl to grow up like a quiet Englishwoman in such surroundings as those? I know they said she was fast. It is themselves who are slow. Don't you think I know a fast girl when I see one? Valentine is no more fast than the stars in heaven. She is unlike other people—it's half her charm; but she is as good and sweet as you are yourself, mother, and the only thing she wants to make her perfect is to be loved by a woman like you.'

Mrs. Miles listened, and knew that no feelings short of the strongest could have made Roger eloquent. She could not respond to his appeal as some women might have done; she was too just and truthful, too serious-minded, to profess anything she did not feel, or to see the present crisis in any light but a painful one. She had no wish to be prejudiced against

Lady Valentina Wilde. The poor girl might be better than her surroundings, and might deserve pity rather than blame; but no possible reasoning, and certainly no sentiment, could convince Mrs. Miles that she was a fit wife for her son. As for him, he was incredibly foolish. His mother, who had always respected his good sense and strength of mind, and had felt that she could lean safely on Roger as a staff in her old age, suffered keenly from his foolishness. She regretted very bitterly that she had ever consented to his going abroad; but then she told herself that it was no use thinking of the past. He and Lady Valentina would have met all the same, if he had spent his whole life in England. She listened to her son's pleading with an air of grave distress, and answered him with a deep seriousness of tone, which seemed to show that both compliment and pleading were lost on her.

'I have no prejudice, Roger. I hope Lady Valentina is all that you say, and that she may meet with better friends than she has at present. I don't much think she would care for *my* friendship. But that is not the question between you and me. I understand that you wish her to be your wife?'

'If she will,' said Roger.

He was chilled and disappointed by this reception of his affectionate words, and he wondered once more how people were ever fools enough to speak out their feelings when this was all they got in return.

'Very well,' said Mrs. Miles. 'Then look at it reasonably. A very young girl, in a position above your own, untrained, uneducated, wilful, accustomed to indulge every fancy, no matter what annoyance she may cause to others, with hereditary tendencies

such as hers must be—they cannot be good, Roger, consider that. You would bring this girl into our quiet old-fashioned household, in every possible way a contrast to anything she has been used to. I need not enter into the rest of it—you know very well what it would be. You her slave, your house a proverb in the neighbourhood for extravagance and absurdity; and I—well, I could only grieve, and think of your father's hopes and my own.'

Mrs. Miles spoke with emphasis, and her voice trembled a little. Roger began to walk up and down the room.

'It is no use arguing,' he said, after a minute. 'I might have expected you to say all that. But, mother, you seem to make it an objection that she is very young. Don't you see what an advantage that is? You are right—she is almost a child; and if she gets into good hands, don't you see that she will be a perfectly charming woman? All that brightness—if you could only bring yourself to help me by loving her too—'

'My dear Roger,' said Mrs. Miles, 'I see no reason at all why I should love Lady Valentina Wilde. To begin with, she does not attract me, and love is not to be forced. And I naturally think of your advantage rather than hers. No doubt, in her circumstances, all her people would like her to marry you. Your relations may feel differently.'

'Am I such a catch?' said Roger. 'If money was the object, Golding would have a better chance.'

'People know only too well how to value an old steady family like ours,' said his mother, shaking her head.

Roger still walked up and down, saying nothing. He was excited and pale. Mrs. Miles, whose head

ached sadly, thought there was no use in talking to him any more that night. She got up, and stood looking at him for a minute or two.

'This is a sorrowful day for me,' she said at last. 'I have lost Fanny—though—Roger, listen—I was happy in giving her to a good man that I could trust. You may not think John very brilliant; but when you are older and wiser, you will know the worth of real goodness like his. I can think happily of both my girls. I hoped that my son would follow the custom of his family, and look for real worth, instead of being attracted by the first pretty face that crossed his path.'

'My dear mother, you make us out to be a set of Philistines!' exclaimed Roger impatiently.

'I don't know what you mean by Philistines.'

'Perhaps Pharisees would be nearer the mark.'

'You are very irreverent, Roger. I only hoped that you were a sensible man. I don't lose hope yet,' she went on, as he made no reply. 'You are not in a state now to argue calmly, neither am I. I think perhaps we may understand each other better in the morning.'

'It is not likely, unless you come round to my view,' said Roger.

Mrs. Miles put up her hand.

'No more, please,' she said. 'Good-night.'

They kissed each other as usual. Roger opened the door for his mother, and she went slowly upstairs. She stopped half-way to rest a moment, for she was completely tired out in body and mind. She looked down towards the room, where Roger had once more shut himself in, and said aloud, 'Madness! madness!'

In those few morning hours of weary waking and troubled dreams, she was tormented by visions of Valentina—Roger's evil angel, as

she called her to herself. But the last dream was the strangest and most vivid of all: Valentina coming to the door in a snow-storm, and crying bitterly to be let in. Roger's mother seemed herself to be looking out of a window above, in terror lest he too should hear that sad voice crying, 'You won't save me!' Presently it was all silent, and in a new terror she went down herself to the door. Valentina was gone; it was dark, and the snow lay heaped against the porch; but in her dream Mrs. Miles went searching round by the foot of the great rose-tree, and there she found something, and lifted it up, and turned its face to a light that was streaming out of the door. It was Valentina, but she was dead; she had died of the cold, because Roger's mother would not let her in.

Mrs. Miles woke up trembling from this dream, with tears running down her face. It made her feel as if she had behaved badly and unchristianly in opposing Roger's love. Her mind did not regain its usual balance till the curtains were drawn and the sun was shining into her room. Then she felt ashamed of being so moved by a dream, and remembered once more all her arguments against this unsuitable marriage. But, though Roger never heard of it or guessed it, she remembered the dream too.

## CHAPTER IV.

### STONEYCOURT.

ROBERT HARTLESS and his wife were not yet tired of each other's company. She was really fond of him, and preferred sitting with him in the library or the billiard-room, where he spent most of his idle days, to the much more

anxious task of looking after Valentina. He accepted her attentions pleasantly, and allowed her to talk to him as much as she liked, though she seldom said anything original. He was one of those quiescent people who find everything a bore; but at the same time he was fairly good-tempered, and Lady Julia was not yet a bore.

On the day after Mrs. Miles's party they were together in the library. The head-keeper had come in to make some shooting arrangements, and Mr. Hartless, who, with all his laziness, had the clearest ideas of other people's duty, was giving a list of orders, every one of which would have to be obeyed. Lady Julia listened for a few minutes, and then something attracted her to the window; she went into its deep recess and stood there, half hidden by the curtains. She saw her brother-in-law talking to Valentina in the garden, which sloped away from the house on this side.

Stoneycourt commanded a splendid view of woods and water, and cornfields and church spires, with a range of blue hills skirting the horizon. That broad expanse of sunshine and lovely varied colour would have attracted most people's eyes for a moment, but Lady Julia had no thought for it; she stared only at the two figures in the foreground.

Frank was a curious contrast to her husband; a lively, talking, pushing sort of man, much more generally popular than Robert. They both liked their own way, and generally got it, though by different means. Lady Julia thought it her duty to like Frank, and to make the house pleasant to him, but she secretly agreed with her sister in wishing that he would give them rather less of his company. He had

caused her some anxiety during the last few months, for though she could not feel herself responsible for any one so odd as Valentina, she heartily disliked the idea of Frank's marrying her. She did not believe that they would have 600*l.* a year between them. The idea was a simple absurdity, and yet Frank's admiration of the girl was only too evident. So was Mr. Golding's, and Lady Julia, like a sensible woman, was quite inclined to favour him. She had even spoken to Valentina about him, but had only been answered by fits of laughter. Now there was Mr. Miles, too. Lady Julia suspected that Val would find him too steady and dull for her. Frank had been as cheerful as any one last night, but his sister-in-law guessed that it had brought on a crisis, and that at this moment he was proposing to Valentina in the garden. What was to come of it she could not imagine. Valentina was such a strange girl, there was no knowing what she might say.

They had been walking slowly, and suddenly they stopped, Frank bending his head, and speaking in an earnest manner most unusual with him. But Valentina was laughing; she shook her head, and as he went on, and ventured even to touch her sleeve by way of keeping her near him, she made a quick movement of snatching herself away. The next instant she had really fled, and, running down the hill, was out of sight directly. Frank stood looking after her: his usually pale face was crimson. Then he too turned round and walked away. Lady Julia, having carefully watched this little scene, stood looking for another glimpse of her sister. She was so much interested that she had not heard the keeper leave the room, and now she was not

aware that any one else had come into it, till she heard Frank's voice saying in hurried angry tones something which ended with 'that girl will drive me mad.' Lady Julia was a good deal startled, for if the brothers had one characteristic in common, it was their coolness and self-control, and she had never before heard a strong word from either of them.

'Why, what's the matter?' asked Robert, slowly turning his head towards the window.

His wife at the same moment appeared from behind the curtain.

'I beg your pardon; I did not know you were there,' said Frank, in sharp disgusted tones.

'Never mind,' said Lady Julia. 'I know Val can be very provoking. What has she done now?'

For once in his life Frank Hartless was rather confused. Julia was her sister's guardian, and if he refused to say any more while she was there, she might justly be offended. He made a sort of confession—he had been saying something to Valentina about last night; remonstrating a little, in fact—nothing that need have vexed her.

'What did she say?' asked Lady Julia.

'She said that what she chose to do could not matter to me. I told her it did. And then I told her why—in plainer words than I had used before. You both disapprove, I know,' said Frank, looking from one to the other. 'You don't think me good enough for her. I tell you what; you had better let her marry a man who will keep her in order.'

Lady Julia coloured, and opened her eyes very wide.

'That is a remarkable speech, Frank,' said Mr. Hartless. 'And I must own I thought you were

a cleverer fellow. What do you propose to live on?'

'I shall get plenty to do, when I really want it. Don't concern yourself about that.'

'But what are you in such a rage about?' his brother went on, half indifferently. 'I suspect Val has given you your *congé*. Do take it, that's a good fellow. Pack up and be off, and spare us your agonies.'

'You are quite mistaken. I don't accept such an answer as hers. I did not even finish what I was saying. I don't choose to be treated like a fool or a boy—laughed at, jeered at, run away from.'

'You will be a fool if you go on plaguing a girl who won't listen to you,' said Robert.

'I beg you won't, Frank,' said Lady Julia. 'I'm sure Val dislikes it.'

'Who knows what she likes or what she does not like? She is the most capricious creature that ever lived.'

'If that is your opinion of her—' began Lady Julia; but Frank did not wait for the end of her sentence.

'Of course nobody understands!' he said; and he left the room, swinging the door angrily behind him.

'I never in my life saw Frank in such a state,' said Lady Julia wonderingly. 'He was quite rude, wasn't he?'

'Your sister's fault,' said Mr. Hartless, taking up the paper. 'I have told him before what an ass he is making of himself. Don't you remember how they were always quarrelling in Scotland?'

'O, of course! How different people are! I could not possibly quarrel with any one I cared for.'

'You and Val are poles asunder, luckily for me.'

'Well, I'm sorry for them both.'

It is a bore for Val, and I suppose Frank is fond of her.'

'I never saw him so desperate. The sooner she marries somebody else, the better for both of them.'

'It wouldn't do, would it? How could they live?'

'The idea is simply preposterous. Here is rather a good article on French politics; shall I read it to you?'

'Do, if you like. I hope Frank won't torment Val any more.'

'If Frank torments any one in my house, I shall turn him out of it. What a bore it is! Put them out of your head, and listen to me.'

Lady Valentina, having escaped from Frank Hartless, and joyfully dismissed him from her thoughts, made her way down to the stable-yard, where she found old Starr the coachman, one of her most willing slaves. Under his care she was presently galloping round the field where the horses were exercised, trying one after another to the admiration of Starr and his underlings. Then she had a long talk with Starr, and finally went into his cottage with him, and sat there chattering to him and his friendly old wife. They thought she was a pretty creature, sitting in her shady hat near the window, the sun shining in upon her through a bright screen of flowering geraniums. She asked a great many questions about the neighbourhood, and especially about young Mr. Miles and his old house, questions which in after years old Starr remembered very well. He gave Mr. Miles a very good character; a better one, disloyal old man, than he would give to his own masters. The Squire was well enough, only he never would take the trouble; and if you expected too much from Mr. Frank, you would find your-

self mistaken. But he had a will of his own, Mr. Frank; from a babe in arms, if he wanted a thing, he was bound to get it, no matter how long he had to wait for it.

'There's some as call him wild,' said old Starr; 'but I could tell 'em he's steadier than many a better man.'

'There, master, you've said enough, I'm thinking,' said Mrs. Starr. 'My lady, she don't want to hear you talk a that'n's.'

The coachman grumbled something more into his striped waistcoat as to things he could tell if he had the mind; but his wife shook her head at him.

Valentina had hardly listened to their last words; a shadow of annoyance had passed over her pretty face as the old man talked of Frank. She got up presently and said good-day to them, wandering off into the garden.

In some ways Valentina was like a woman of the last century. She neither looked before nor after. She had none of the searchings of heart which belong to the present generation; but lived rather like a bird of the air, without much prudence or thoughtfulness, enjoying the moment if it was pleasant, and struggling if it was not. Such a state of mind ought not to be dangerous for a girl; it ought to be sweet and safe beyond everything, and it is so if she is watched over and treasured by loving hearts. But if this wild young nature is its own best protector and guide, it must run many risks in this dangerous old world.

Valentina had now, at any rate, all the freedom she had ever wished for. 'I love liberty, and going out in the fields,' she had once said to Roger. Now she could ramble about all day, alone, or with any companion she chose. For the last few months Frank

Hartless had been her chief escort, and one of her amusements had been to do whatever he disapproved of; Mr. Golding, who always did what she told him, was not by any means such an entertaining companion. It was only lately that Frank's scoldings had been too serious to be pleasant; and to-day, at last, he had come to the end of his tether. Lady Val wrinkled up her brows as she thought of him: she was very angry with him for talking so much nonsense, and that tiresome old Starr had reminded her of it. She also imagined herself angry with Roger Miles, who had not appeared that day. Perhaps, on the whole, he had been more interesting as a recollection. He looked red and rough, and seemed rather anxious and stupid, when one thought it over in calm daylight. But Valentina thought she would not tell the others that; they might laugh, and she did not choose that they should, either at herself or at him. In thinking of Roger she forgot Frank again; but was once more reminded of him later in the afternoon, when she found her sister alone in the small drawing-room. Lady Julia liked this room, chiefly because it had a private passage into the library, and made it her principal sitting-room.

She was writing a letter when Valentina came in; but she looked up and addressed her with a blundering straightforwardness which might have been a valuable quality in some people, but in her was generally want of tact.

'Well, my dear Val, you have done for poor Frank!'

To her astonishment Lady Val turned white, and stared at her in horror.

'Where is he? What has he done?' she said.

VOL. XLII. NO. CXXLVII.

'I don't know. Nothing. But of course you are quite right. Why do you look so pale?'

'He told me he did not care to live; and I laughed,' said Val, in a half penitent tone. 'But I wish people would not—don't you? How horrid everything is!'

Lady Julia was slightly alarmed; for she thought she saw some signs of relenting, and she knew that would not do at all. She and her husband had agreed that Frank must absolutely give up the idea. So she laid down her pen, took a chair near Valentina, who had sat down rather disconsolately, and proceeded to explain to her how very right she had been; how she must carefully avoid giving Frank the slightest hope; how nothing so imprudent could possibly be thought of for a moment; and a great deal more, to which Valentina listened with unusual patience.

'Yes,' she said at last, 'I don't agree with you; but I know it is all true.'

'Why do you say you don't agree with me?'

'Because the imprudentest thing is always the best, really,' Valentina answered childishly, looking up into her sister's puzzled face with those eyes that Julia often vainly wished she could understand; they were so deep, and yet so innocent.

'It is a pity to talk such nonsense,' she said. 'You *do* like Frank, then?'

'I was not thinking of Frank at all. He is the most tiresome man I know.'

'Who were you thinking of, then?'

'Nobody.'

'I sometimes wish, Val, that you were not perfectly incomprehensible.'

'Would you like me to explain myself in a few words?'



'Pray do. The fewer the better.'

'Then this is me. An old maid.'

'O, nonsense!'

'I'm firmly resolved,' declared Valentina. 'I know it must be a bore to be married. There are enough bores in life without adding another of one's own free will. That you won't deny; for I have heard Robert say it. So now you know everything. Are you satisfied?'

Lady Julia shook her head. She was very far from being satisfied. Like a stupid woman as she was, she set to work at once to knock down Valentina's little fence; which had been set up like a tormented child's excuse, just on the spur of the moment, to guard its inventor from further teasing. At first Valentina listened with a little air of provoked laziness; then her lingering smile disappeared, and she listened gravely and intently. Lady Julia was explaining to her in slow plain language that it was nonsense for her to talk about not marrying; on the contrary, it was her duty to make the best match she could.

'When girls are left so disgracefully poor as you and I,' said she, 'there is only one thing for them to do. It is your case even more than mine, remember; for I was not quite dependent on my poor dear aunts. And with your extravagant ways, Val—two maids, and horses and dogs, and always tearing about the country—you will very soon be quite dependent on Robert.'

Before Valentina had time to make any answer, Mr. Hartless came in, and his wife turned round, half laughing, to call him to her assistance.

'Robert, what am I to say to Val? She declares she will be an old maid.'

'I hope she won't be so inconsiderate,' said the Squire.

He glanced at his young sister-in-law, and saw that she was looking grave, with flushed cheeks. He also thought that this nonsense should be put out of her head as soon as possible; but he took a different course from his wife's.

'I mean,' he said, 'inconsiderate for the human race in general. I shall only be too happy to pay her debts as long as she allows me that privilege.'

'What debts of mine have you paid?' said Valentina.

'I was thinking of the future,' said Robert, with his quiet indifferent smile.

She sat still in her chair, and listened to a great deal of good advice, chiefly given by Julia, who was now and then supported by her husband with a few words of the most wholesome common sense. They spoke with the candour of real friendship. They asked Valentina whether it was her idea to be buried in the country or mewed up in town; they reminded her that with money one could do anything, without it nothing. They also hinted that it was all very well to go in for independence when you were young and pretty, when men crowded to be introduced to you, and the whole of your little world was at your feet; but a very few years would see the end of all that, and then where would you be!

Valentina listened patiently; she had never been so patient, though every word seemed somehow to blot out a figure from her small canvas-ful of friends. At last she got up and looked at them strangely, as if they were some new discovery.

'You are not angry, Val?' said Lady Julia. 'It is all for your good, you know, child.'

'I know, I understand,' said Val gravely. 'I shall remember it. I must go away now and think about it.'

She went up-stairs talking to herself; it was a habit she had caught from her poor mother. Some very peculiar words reached the quick ears of young Golding, who had been asleep in the library, and was just coming out as she passed the door.

'They are dreadful. I must go away, or something. That is being worldly and mercenary; that is what one reads of in books. English people are not so nice, after all. O, I am sorry!'

William Golding stood at the library-door and stared at her. He was a small fair young man, with an amiable honourable nature, only partly spoilt by his riches and his friends. Circumstances had parted him from Roger Miles, the best of them, who had kept him tolerably steady at Oxford. His tendency for the last year or two had been decidedly downhill. His weaknesses were developing fast; and Frank Hartless, at present his greatest friend, had told several people that poor little Billy was going to the dogs.

For some weeks Mr. Golding's mind had been occupied by a serious thought—what would become of him if Lady Valentina Wilde, the prettiest and most delightful girl he had ever seen, was to marry somebody else. Frank was his rival—that was the worst part of it—for Billy was not in the least vain or self-confident, and quite believed in Frank's power of getting anything he wanted. Another bad feature in the case was that he felt sure that Lady Val would laugh at him, if he presumed even to allude to his feelings; and of all things, he dreaded her laughing at him. So he kept his feel-

ings in the background, and contented himself with obeying her orders and devoting himself silently. She knew he would do anything in the world for her; but that was quite natural—what human being would not? He had been rather miserable last night at first, and inclined to hate his old friend Miles, who seemed to be quite an unnecessary interloper. But to-day fortune had played a wonderful trick, if it was really true that Frank's sudden departure that afternoon, his giving up the Stoneycourt shooting, and discovering engagements elsewhere, was all owing to Lady Valentina's having sent him about his business. Billy could hardly believe that his worst rival was out of the field.

But he forgot everything in the interest of Valentina's looks, as she came across the hall with a slow step so unlike her own, and talked to herself so strangely. The library door was quite near the foot of the stairs. He walked forward, with a curiously awakened look in his face, partly the effect of his smooth light hair being ruffled up by sofa cushions.

'Is anything wrong? Can I help you?' he said in a low voice.

She looked at him; but poor Billy knew that she only saw his ordinary self, not the new and exalted one that was speaking to her.

'I don't know,' she said; and she went slowly on up the first few steps of the stairs. Then she stopped and turned round, looking down at him. 'What made you say that?' she asked.

Billy felt himself inspired. He was not going to tell her, not he, that he had just heard her talking to herself. She would certainly be angry. He had never seen her look so beautiful or so much in earnest. She did not smile, but

seemed to speak solemnly, like a superior being. He felt inclined to fall on his knees on the lowest step.

'Why—I thought you were different somehow. You walked so slow, and looked so grave. But perhaps I made a mistake.'

'Don't tell Julia or anybody,' said Valentina. 'I was thinking about something. Be just the same as usual, please.'

'Is that all I can do?' said Billy.

She lifted up her hands, and pressed them on her temples.

'You can't help me think, you know,' she said.

'Well, I never was good at thinking,' the young man confessed.

'If I did want you to do anything, are you sure you would do it?'

'Anything in the world—the more impossible the better.'

'Without making any objections or any conditions?'

'I have my faults, but I'm not such a snob as that,' responded Mr. Golding.

At this Lady Valentina smiled very faintly. She stood hesitating a moment longer, and Billy thought he was going to receive his orders at once. But she only said, 'Thank you,' with a little bend of her head, and went on her way up-stairs without looking back.

(*To be continued.*)

## A REVERIE IN CHAMBERS.

As on the distant chimney-pot  
I see the fitful sunlit gleaming,  
The musty parchments are forgot—  
Of Kent and Mary I am dreaming.

I gazed upon her smile so arch  
Whilst sitting with bright Mary daily,  
In dark-green hop-fields, lined with larch,  
Or cantering down the long lanes gaily.

I think of homesteads quaintly built;  
Of Kentish cherries, ripe and ruddy;  
I also think how I got spilt,  
And came back very lame and muddy.

Forgetting Law and Holborn Bars,  
We rode about the fields together;  
At night we gazed upon the stars—  
At least, we did in summer weather.

And so I've always hoped as yet  
Her thoughts towards me do not vary—  
At least, I never shall forget  
The days I've spent in Kent with Mary.

E. TAVENOR KINGSFORD.

## THE WILDS OF MONMOUTH.

*A Fresh Field for Artists.*

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VISITORS to the Royal Academy and other exhibitions of pictures must often be struck by the persistent way in which artists frequent certain favourite sketching-grounds in the British Isles, to the almost total neglect of other beautiful and interesting parts of the country. Scotland, particularly the Highlands, and North Wales appear to be their chief resorts; and sketches of Highland interiors, Highland glens, Highland cattle; scene on Loch This and Loch That; views in Snowdonia, on the Llugwy, on the Conway, in the Lledr valley, near Bettws-y-Coed, are repeated *ad nauseam* year after year. Following Scotland and North Wales, Cornwall seems to rank next in popularity, and then comes Devonshire, and views on the Thames are always numerous. South Wales, on the contrary, with its bold rocky coasts, its lovely vales of Neath and Taff, the interesting region of Gower, and the long lonely sweep of Cardigan Bay, is comparatively neglected. In the Academy exhibition of 1880, which contained—not reckoning any scenes vaguely described as ‘Welsh’—some seventeen or eighteen views in oils and water-colours from North Wales, there were but five which could be distinctly recognised as from South Wales; and in 1881 the difference was still more marked, North Wales contributing over twenty pictures, while the southern half of the Principality was represented only by two or three.

That the districts most affected by painters contain, on the whole, the finest scenery in the kingdom is readily admitted; but, on the other hand, the sweetest songs grow wearisome if continually repeated, and the public could well spare a few scenes from Snowdonia and the Highlands in order that their places might be filled by equally good pictures drawn from other lovely and less known parts of the country. One has a vague idea that the brethren of the brush are an adventurous and exploring race, and doubtless some of them do explore; but generally speaking the notion appears to be incorrect, for the majority certainly seem well satisfied to tread in the beaten tracks, and make no effort to strike out new paths for themselves. That this should be so is a misfortune, and a distinct loss to the community, particularly to that portion of the community which laudably takes delight in extending their knowledge of the manifold charms and beauties of our native land.

It is a loss, however, that may easily be remedied. Let the younger and more enterprising members of the painting fraternity leave to their older and better known brethren the scenes already associated with *their* names, and go forth into the byways of neglected loveliness to annex fresh territory for their sovereign art, and acquire a reputation for themselves. There are many parts of the country which would amply repay the friendly invasion; and

among the picturesque districts yet untrodden by the landscape-painter one may be mentioned well worthy of notice. It is situated on the borders of the Principality, in a kind of debateable land, which is even yet often claimed as part of Wales—as no doubt it is—although now legally included in the map of England, viz. the county of Monmouth. Not, however, that well-known part of the county which contains the beautiful ruins of Tintern and Raglan; but the more hilly district which lies west of Pontypool, and which as late as the commencement of the present century was locally known as the 'Wilds of Monmouthshire.'

This tract of country, which extends from Ebbw Vale to Risca, and from Pontypool to the river Rumney, contains scenery as beautiful of its kind as any in the kingdom, with the additional charm of perfect freshness and simplicity. No big hotels rear their heads in the green valleys; no coaches rattle along the roads; no noisy tourists break the silence of the sunlit hills. In these primitive regions Nature is not allied to Fashion, and those who love her can renew their acquaintance at their own time and in their own way. A beholder's enjoyment of some lovely scene is not spoiled by an uneasy sense of duty urging him onwards, when he would fain linger, to see this or that celebrated sight, for here, though beauty is scattered with a lavish hand, there are, happily, no 'sights' to see.

The general characteristics of the country are bold rounded hills, narrow winding valleys, wooded glens, shady hedgerows, brooks rippling over stony beds, pretty old lanes climbing the hill sides, and little white-washed houses dotted among the green fields. The meadows, for the most part, are very small, and to every half-

dozen or so there is a small white farmhouse or cottage standing in a corner with a tree or two beside it; and these cheerful looking dwellings form a noticeable feature in the landscape. The chief valleys are those watered respectively by the Ebbw, the Sirhowy, and the Rumney rivers, the latter forming the boundary between Monmouth and Glamorgan. These valleys run parallel in a north-westerly direction, and each is traversed by a line of railway leading to Newport down which the mineral wealth of the district is conveyed. The Western Valleys Railway, passing through Risca, Abercarne, and Crumlin to Ebbw Vale, may be regarded as the main line. Leaving the central station at Newport by this railway we pass through Tredegar Park, the demesne of Lord Tredegar. Here we catch the first glimpse of the Ebbw, and from this point the railway continues to follow its windings more or less closely all the way to Ebbw Vale, a distance of about twenty miles. There are some noble trees in Tredegar Park; herds of deer feed among the bracken, and in the distance stands the mansion, a large plain building of the seventeenth century. At Bassalleg, a quiet little village on the outskirts of the park, a branch line diverges up the Rumney valley, and at Risca, a few miles farther up, another branch crosses the valley on a massive stone viaduct and takes its course to Tredegar along the banks of the Sirhowy.

We are now entering upon the 'Wilds.' In front stretches the Abercarne valley shut in by bold abrupt hills, while the lesser vale to Tredegar strikes off to the left. To the right towers Twyn Barllwm, one of the highest points of the Mynydd Maen range, which here forms the natural eastern boundary

of the district. This hill rises to an elevation of 1375 feet, and occupies a commanding position overlooking the entrance to the adjacent valleys and all the low country to the shore of the 'Severn Sea.' On its summit there remain the outlines of an old encampment, and there is also a curious mound or tumulus similar to that at Caerleon, and to another, perhaps less known, close to Mynyddyswyn Church. Twyn Barllwun means, 'the hill with the barren summit,' from 'twyn,' a hill; 'bar,' summit; and 'llwm,' barren or naked, and the description remains true to this day, for there is not a tree on the long bare ridge with the odd 'tump' at one end which is so familiar an object to the dwellers in Newport and the neighbouring lowlands.

The Abercarne valley is rich in coal, and there are pits both at Risca and Abercarne. Many who know nothing of this part of the country will remember the latter name in connection with a terrible catastrophe which occurred three years ago, when a pit caught fire and a number of colliers then working in it met with a sudden and awful death. The explosion, however, did not take place in the pit at Abercarne, but in one at Cwm Carn a little lower down. The canal from Crumlin to Newport passes close by, and on this occasion its waters were diverted and poured down the shaft to extinguish the flames. The pit has not been worked since, and the remains of the poor fellows who perished lie still in their subterranean tomb.

A year or two previous the same place had been the scene of another sad fatality. Cwm Carn is a dingle in the sides of Mynydd Maen, and in the upper end a reservoir had been constructed to supply water to the canal which

passes down the main valley across the mouth of the dingle. Near the canal stood a mill, with a house attached occupied by the miller and his family. One summer day it began to rain, and rained on steadily with scarcely any intermission for about thirty-six hours. The water in the reservoir, fed by streams from the surrounding hills, rose higher and higher, and the man who should have opened the flood-gates from some cause neglected to perform his duty. The consequences were most disastrous. The pressure at the lower end of the reservoir became greater than the dam could bear; the silence of night was broken by a sound like thunder, and a mighty torrent rushed down the gully, carrying all before it. House and mill were swept away, and, with the exception of the miller, every soul within perished. After being borne for some distance on the foaming flood he was rescued alive, but survived only a few hours. He had sustained serious internal injuries, and he might well be broken-hearted at the loss of all he held dear.

Three years since the writer visited the spot, and found the reservoir still empty and the breach in the embankment unrepaired. Looking down into the chasm through which the escaping waters took their way, the width of solid masonry showed how tremendous must have been the force which rent it asunder. Sunshine and dreamy stillness reigned in the pretty glen. How different the scene on that summer's night when a surging torrent swept down the sleeping valley, leaving death and desolation in its track!

The railway keeps on the western bank of the Ebbw, closely skirting the chain of hills which tower above it, their steep sides bare and frowning in some places,

while farther on they are clothed with foliage from base to summit. The hills of the Mynydd Maen range on the opposite side are similar in character, but their continuity is broken by several little glens and dingles, each lonely and picturesque, and traversed by a murmuring brook. A barge creeps along the canal; the white road meanders down the valley past groups of white and yellow washed cottages, past wooded slopes and waving cornfields, and the river rushes over its stony bed fringed with alders and willows. On winds the train round the numerous curves; we pass rocky precipices interspersed with patches of verdant underwood, and notice the abundance and variety of ferns which adorn the cliffs and line the edge of the permanent way. This district rivals Devonshire in the wealth and beauty of its ferns, and, unlike that much lauded county, it is not robbed of its leafy treasures by crowds of visitors and tourists.

Having passed the populous village of Abercarne, with its tin-works and colliery and long rows of miners' cottages, we come to a large white house standing in its own grounds near the river. This was formerly the residence of a gentleman whose life was threatened by the Chartists in the autumn of 1839. On the dismal November night appointed for the general 'rising,' he received timely warning of the impending danger, and, not daring to venture along the high road, took his way through the rain and darkness over the hills to Newport. Soon after he had left home the Chartists came to seek him, but found their intended victim flown.

Close by is the new coal-pit sunk by the Ebbw Vale Company within the last few years. At Newbridge the valley opens.

There is a break in the hills on the western side, and a road strikes off to the left which leads by a charming route to Caerphilly Castle, some eight or nine miles distant. Newbridge, with its pretty little station, its neat old-fashioned inn, its whitewashed 'Beulah' with overflowing graveyard, and its handful of houses scattered among fields and gardens, has hitherto been a pretty peaceful spot; but now its rural aspect is marred by long rows of substantial new cottages, all exactly alike, for the colliers at the new pit, and it may possibly soon become as populous as Abercarne. A mile farther on we come to Crumlin, with its famous iron viaduct, which looks a very light and airy structure to support the weight of heavy trains. It is painted white, and when covered with a fresh coat presents a very pleasing appearance, spanning the green valley. As a matter of fact there are *two* viaducts, one crossing the main valley on six piers and the other a little glen to the west on two piers, but they are familiarly spoken of as one. The bridge was constructed by Messrs. Kennard Brothers, at their works, specially erected at Crumlin for the purpose, and was opened for traffic about five-and-twenty years ago. The quiet little village never witnessed such a scene as on that opening day, when thousands came from far and near to see the first passenger train, its engine decorated with wreaths and flags, and handkerchiefs fluttering from every carriage window, pass over the lofty viaduct. Some hundreds of thousands of trains have crossed it since then, and last October the Prince and Princess of Wales passed over it on their way from Swansea to Raglan.

For many years after the erection of the viaduct, Crumlin was the scene of life and activity, and

bridges similar in character, constructed by Messrs. Kennard, were sent from there to Russia, India, Canada, and other parts of the world. Subsequently Messrs. Kennard disposed of their works to a company, which, like too many companies, afterwards failed. Now all is changed. The cheerful sound of the hammer is no longer heard, the once busy works stand idle and empty, and the poor little place has for the present sunk back into its original obscurity.

At Aberbeeg, two miles above Crumlin, the valley becomes divided into two, both trending northwards; the eastern vale leading to Nantyglo, the western to the town of Ebbw vale. The scenery in both glens is romantic and picturesque, but perhaps the vale of the Ebbw is the wilder of the two.

An artist wishing to become acquainted with the 'wilds of Monmouthshire' would find either Crumlin or Newbridge a good centre for his explorations. Crumlin is, perhaps, the more central of the two, but though surrounded on all sides by scenes of beauty, it is not itself a pretty village; and the prevailing bad habit of idle men and boys, to congregate on summer evenings in the narrowest part of the roadway and indulge in coarse language and rude remarks on the passers-by, does not conduce to make it a pleasant one. The Viaduct hotel, however, is a good place to put up at, and no effort would be spared to make the stranger comfortable. Newbridge has already been briefly described. Its situation is more open and airy, and therefore, perhaps, more healthy than Crumlin, and lodging could be obtained at the clean little hostelry, the Newbridge Inn. If for any reason our artist did not wish to reside at an inn, and supposing him to be a man able to accomodate himself to

homely ways and simple fare, he might find cosy quarters at one of the better sort of farm-houses picturesquely scattered on the neighbouring hills. Such a one, for instance, as the writer came across in the course of a delightful ramble not long ago. It was a neat little white house standing on high ground near Newbridge, a sloping field in front, trees at the back, and a hill rising behind. The windows shone like diamonds, and the sombre branches of an old yew stood out in strong relief against the snowy walls. A path came down the smooth green field, and near it ran a crystal brooklet under the shadow of a tall hedge-row. There was an out-of-the-world air of repose and peace about the little homestead basking in the morning sunshine that was very attractive; and to those leaning on the gate at the foot of the slope watching the blue smoke rise slowly up through the still air, it seemed just the kind of abode likely to commend itself to any not-yet-famous artist wishing to spend a few weeks in the neighbourhood.

The pleasant walks and rides which may be taken are too numerous to be described; but three or four may be briefly mentioned.

Taking Crumlin as the starting point, we leave the village by the Pontypool-road, and having ascended the hill for a short distance pass under what is locally termed the 'Skew' bridge—which, by the way, is a fine piece of workmanship—and follow a lane turning off on the left. This quickly brings us to Llanhilleth Rectory, a good modern house romantically situated beside a mountain stream whose musical murmur never ceases. Here we may either continue to follow the lane which leads up the glen and make our way



across the moor to Llanhilleth Church, or we may turn aside through a gate on the left and reach the same point by another route. This latter path skirts a wood, passes a farmhouse, and brings us out on the side of the hill above Crumlin. Standing here we look down the valley to Newbridge. The scene is peaceful and pastoral, woods, water, meadows, and cornfields, and, as a background, the dark hills towards Abercarne with clouds of smoke rising up between. Just below is the viaduct crossing over the village, far beneath, on its airy iron piers. Above Crumlin the valley narrows, and its steep wooded sides approach so nearly that there seems barely room at the bottom for the railway and the river. Bearing to the right we emerge upon the mountain, and presently arrive at our destination. Llanhilleth Church is a little, long, low edifice, quaint and primitive, and of some antiquity. It has neither vestry nor tower, and the rope which pulls the bell hangs down within the door. Many generations lie buried in the churchyard; a few cottages line the road outside its walls, and the general aspect of the place is mournful and depressing. From the top of Llanhilleth mountain, which is, in fact, a moor some miles in extent, a fine view may be obtained of the adjacent vales and glens which wind into the heart of the bare dark hills, some green and rural, others obscured by masses of smoke telling of mineral wealth and industry. There is a curious superstition relating to this mountain moor. It is said that travellers who lose their way in crossing it at night or in foggy weather hear a sound like a human voice calling for help. The benighted traveller, naturally thinking that some one is lost like himself, shouts and

calls aloud, 'Where are you?' and the plaintive cry comes echoing back, 'Here, here!' Should he follow the sound it will lead him still farther astray, but let him regain the road and the deceiving voice is heard no more. Some persons who have heard this vocal Will-o'-the-Wisp explain it away as the cry of a bird driven from cover, and most probably they are right.

Pontypool may be reached from Crumlin by road or rail; but the former is much to be preferred as it leads through charming scenery. Formerly two reservoirs, having the appearance of natural lakes, and known as the 'Glyn Ponds,' extended for a considerable distance by the roadside, in some places almost level with it, and added much to the beauty of the valley. Now the railway runs where once the water flowed. But though one pond is dry, sufficient water remained in the other to make it, a few years since, the scene of a sad calamity, when seven or eight young people belonging to the neighbourhood were drowned in it by the upsetting of a boat.

Among the churches in the district none occupies a more commanding site than Mynyddyswyn. It is situated four miles from Crumlin; and having taken the Caerphilly-road and left Newbridge behind, the rest of the way lies all up hill. Passing through a short avenue of fir-trees near Penner House we come to a hamlet called Ton Pistill, where we leave the main road and turn into a parish road branching off to the left. We advance slowly and look around. Hardly anything is altered. A few poor cottages falling to ruins, two or three good ones built, and an addition made to the crowded burying-ground of a roadside meeting house; these are all the outward signs to mark the flight of twenty years. How great the

change from the busy city where life flies so fast to these green lanes, and lonely hills where Time seems almost to stand still ! We pass a few children, girls and boys ; the former curtsy, the latter make an elaborate gesture with the right hand indicative of respect. A little farther we meet two men, who touch their hats and say, ' Good-evening ! ' Rustic politeness yet lingers in these parts. Seated at a cottage door a woman is brushing her little boy's hair, for it is Saturday evening. She pauses and looks up, and the child pushes back his tangled locks to stare at the stranger riding by. For on horseback, the writer would remark in passing, these rambles should be taken if they are to be thoroughly enjoyed. The hedges grow high in this part of the country, and the pedestrian is lost in the leafy lanes, and can see nothing beyond ; the equestrian, on the contrary, not only travels more swiftly and pleasantly, but he can admire the embowering hedgerows full of scented honeysuckle without losing sight of the fair prospect on the other side.

Slowly we wend our way upwards, and the higher we climb the more lonely the road becomes. By and by we reach the church, which stands up boldly on the bare summit of a hill, overlooking the country for miles around. The position is bleak and exposed, and fierce and keen are the blasts that beat against these walls and whistle through the branches of these noble yew trees in the stormy winter-time. The edifice, which is dedicated to St. Tudir, is plain and substantial, and contains nothing specially worthy of remark. It has a fine square tower said to be older than the rest of the building. The churchyard is entered by a covered gateway, and at a little distance outside its wall on

the southern side rises the mound or tumulus before mentioned. It is a remote and silent spot, and one wonders how a church came to be built here so far removed from the bulk of the population ; for Abercarne, Newbridge, and Crumlin are all in the parish of Mynyddyswyn. And here, too, under the shadow of these stately yews, lie the victims of a terrible explosion which occurred at Risca some twenty years ago. The church is worthy of a visit, however, if it were only for the sake of the pleasant ride, and the beautiful view to be obtained from the churchyard. To the west the land slopes down to the Sirhowy river, and the prospect is bounded by the line of hills that rise on the opposite side ; but away to the north and north-west stretches a fair expanse of hedge-rowed country threaded with white roads, and dotted with villages and hamlets. Woods and fields of ripening corn meet the eye, and soft wreaths of white smoke, picturesque in the distance, mark the flight of passing trains. All round rise the guardian hills, with hills beyond and yet beyond, until, farthest of all, the sharp blue summits of the Breconshire Beacons show clearly against the evening sky. This view is beautiful at all times, but when seen as the writer saw it, the gorgeous hues of an August sunset heightened by the contrasting gloom of threatening clouds piled up in the south, while all the wide landscape to the right lay bathed in a glory of pale golden light, it was a prospect far too lovely to be easily forgotten.

It is from the top of Twyn Barllwm, however, that the grandest views in the neighbourhood are to be obtained. The hill is easily approached from Crumlin, and you may ride all the way, only dismounting if you wish to climb the

mound or tumulus that crowns its summit. Leaving Crumlin by the Pontypool road we breast the long ascent, and, having gained the top, presently arrive at a place where a few houses stand grouped together. Strolling past this spot one summer evening two or three years since, we heard, proceeding from a neat substantial dwelling of the last century, the sweet strains of a Welsh harp. It was the first time we had heard the national airs played on the national instrument in the privacy of a cottage home, and the circumstance impressed itself on the writer's memory. This small place has a long name—*Hafodyrynys*—and here we turn to the right, cross the railway tunnel near its eastern entrance, and quickly find ourselves in a pretty old lane which climbs the hillside in leisurely fashion. We mount higher and higher, and at length pass through a gate and come out upon the moor which extends along the top of the Mynydd Maen range. We ride first in an easterly direction, pass the Ordnance Survey cairn, and then reach a point on Mynydd Llwyd, whence we overlook Pontypool and all the neighbourhood round. We see the little town nestling down in a hollow, backed by the dark rounded hills so frequent in the district; then, looking eastwards, rest our eyes on the fair and fertile country towards Usk and Llangibby. It is a fine view; but there are finer in store, and, having retraced our steps for some distance, we turn our horses' heads southwards and make for Twyn Barllwm. There is no road, or even a track, and we pick our way as best we can across a portion of the moor where the ground, though dry, is so soft (the result of a great mountain fire which raged here for several days a few years previous) that

our horses sink into it up to their fetlocks at every step. Presently we come to firmer ground, and see stretching before us a natural green roadway through the bracken. No sooner do our horses find themselves on the smooth elastic turf than they are as ready as their riders for a good gallop, and away we go, speeding along the mountain ridge, the sweet fresh air fanning our faces and the lovely country spread like a panorama at our feet. It is a delightful experience; one of those thoroughly enjoyed at the time, and which live in the memory for years afterwards. Arrived at Twyn Barllwm we ascend into the camp, and, not content with that, dismount and climb to the top of the mound. The prospect which bursts upon us is truly magnificent in its extent and variety, but it cannot well be described in words. To the east lie the rich and cultivated parts of the county smiling under a sunny sky, the river Usk winding to and fro, slipping past woods and villages, green meadows and yellowing cornfields, until in the far distance the outlines of the landscape melt away into a soft haze. To the south are the levels of Caldicot and Wentloog; Newport on the left, and Cardiff, with its acres of docks and shipping, away on the right, while beyond both flow the glittering waters of the broad highway, the Bristol Channel, with the hills of Somersetshire on its further shore. Turning to the north and west we have a striking contrast. Here a crowd of purple mountains rise one behind the other, the most distant stretching to the confines of Glamorganshire and Brecknockshire, and perhaps even beyond. These dark and stately forms make a fitting background to the softer scenes to the east and south, and the whole forms a very beautiful

picture which needs but to be seen to be admired and appreciated as it deserves.

Several pleasant excursions may be made by rail beyond the bounds of this part of Monmouthshire. To Raglan and Caerphilly Castles, for instance; to Swansea by Aberdare and through the lovely vale of Neath, and to Brecon via Bassaleg, Dowlais Top and Tal-y-llyn. This latter route is but little frequented, though the scenery is extremely pretty, and the railway officials on the Rhymney line particularly obliging.

There are also many other places within the limits of the 'wolds' which will well repay a visit; but

perhaps enough has been said to show that this district is not unworthy the attention of landscape painters. Hitherto its claims have been quite ignored, for, as far as the writer is aware, only one artist has ever visited the neighbourhood. But neglect is not always wilful, and perhaps the day may come when pictures shall hang 'on the line' in the Academy which shall bring fame to the painters, and honour to the 'wolds of Monmouthshire.'\*

M. C. HALIFAX.

\* Since the above was written a distinguished artist has signified to the writer his intention of taking an early opportunity of visiting the neighbourhood.

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**'YOURS TRULY.'**

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I AM yours, sweetest love, though no ring doth proclaim it;

I am yours without end, though no hoop doth it mark;

I am yours—yours alone, though in whispers I name it;

I am yours till old age shall my vision make dark.

I am yours through bright sunshine, through summer, through gladness;

I am yours while prosperity's star doth illumine;

I am yours through the storm, and through winter and sadness;

I am yours to the last in adversity's gloom.

I am yours when all else flee away and forsake thee;

I am yours when dear friends fail to proffer a hand;

I am yours when kind interest seeks to unmake thee;

I am yours, dearest, then, at the word of command.

I am yours when those eyes I could gaze on for ever

Look beseechingly round thee for aid 'gainst the foe;

I am yours, and there's naught can my memory sever

From thee, or in health, or in sickness, or woe.

Yes, I'm yours till the end, and my ashes lie moulding;

Yea, beyond! for my spirit, released from its clay,

Shall be yours then for ever—its true love unfolding—

Remaining 'Yours truly' for e'er and a day.

J. HARDY.

## A TRIP WITH ST. SIMON'S CHOIR.

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'COOKSON,' my Vicar said to me one morning, when I entered his study to discuss some parish matters, 'we are going to give the choir a day at the sea for a treat this year. The church-wardens have just been in and settled it all. There is an excursion to Stanton St. Edmunds next Thursday week that will suit capitally; so you and Triggs must go round the town for subscriptions.'

Mr. Triggs had been senior curate at St. Simon's for some years, whereas my acquaintance with the parish was limited to a few months. The Vicar was very popular, and deservedly so; but he always shifted on his curates any work that was at all calculated to diminish his popularity. St. Simon's choir was also popular. It was considered the best in Avonfield, and so it ought to have been, for it was petted and humoured to an unheard-of extent. Therefore we had no difficulty in collecting the sum we required. One or two, indeed, thought it necessary to utter a growl over the bad times, making that a plea for refusing their annual contributions. And one or two more, for the same or for other reasons, cut off sixpence or a shilling from theirs. But Triggs had a capital way of dealing with the defaulters, and in the end we succeeded to our own and our Vicar's mutual satisfaction. Everything was arranged for our trip on the following Thursday. A fine day was the only thing we could not engage beforehand; but Triggs' barometer as good as promised it, and

Triggs said his weather-glass always kept its word.

The members of the choir appeared in full force at the usual Wednesday evening service. At the conclusion of the practice, which always succeeded it, Triggs made a few hopeful remarks about the excursion on the morrow, trusting we should have a fine day, and requesting that every one would endeavour to be punctual at the station. I was engaged at the moment in placing the shawl round pretty Maude Malony's plump little shoulders, so I did not catch all he said. But I uttered a mental 'So be it!' at the conclusion, which referred to more than had just met the ear.

Of course we saw Maude and her sister Norah back to the vicarage. There were still one or two little final matters that I wished to mention to the Vicar; so on reaching the door I at once responded to their invitation to supper, and we had a very lively meal, discussing the likely and unlikely events of the proposed trip to Stanton. None of us had been there, but report said the place might have been made on purpose for our expedition. The train was to start at nine o'clock; so I was up betimes the next morning, for it had been arranged that we should be at the station half an hour before the actual time of starting. I remember that I bestowed particular pains upon my outer man that morning. I may be excused if I just mention that Nature had been kind to me in the first instance, so it was by

no means labour in vain. Triggs, whom I overtook on my way to the station, exclaimed, 'Why, Cookson, how smart you are! One might think you were going to a wedding!' I laughed feebly, and said it was in honour of the day, but I am afraid that was not the whole truth. Triggs was dressed in his oldest and shabbiest, and looked exceedingly rusty. But then he had no particular inducement to be otherwise, for he was already provided for. One of five young ladies down in Northumberland had been waiting for him for the last four years.

We found the platform tolerably full of people, and Triggs thereupon grew very fussy and important. He drew up his squad of chorister-boys in a safe corner of the station, and then placed me as a watch-dog over them. St. Simon's was a very large and busy parish, and the Vicar was too fully employed to be able to spare a day at the sea. So he had deputed Triggs and myself to take his place. Triggs moved backwards and forwards like a pendulum between our post and the entrance to the station, impatiently awaiting the remainder of our party. They straggled up by twos and threes, and after greeting them successively, Triggs returned to inquire how we were getting on. Judging from the powerful whiffs of pomatum and the shining faces, the juveniles, though not actuated by the same motives, had been quite as careful over their toilettes as I myself. They were all in holiday trim, and talking gaily and eagerly over the enjoyments which they anticipated the day would bring to them. But my attention was not so wholly taken up with the youngsters that I failed to notice when the vicarage party appeared. Not all the Triggses in the world could

have prevented me from going up to shake hands with Maude. What a pretty pair she and her sister made! But I had no eyes for any but Maude. It seemed to me she had never looked bonnier or brighter than she did that August morning, dressed in a tasteful costume fitting her pretty little figure to a nicety. There was some pink about it—the costume, I mean—that just matched the coral of her lips, and I always had a weakness for pink. The most becoming of dainty hats, all muslin and flowers, concealed for the most part her soft brown hair, and sent deeper shadows into her expressive blue eyes, where the lights and shadows so constantly played that I sometimes wondered which was light and which was shadow. But there was no time for more than an impressive hand-shake and a few commonplace remarks; for the all-important Triggs came up at the same moment with a rebuke for leaving my charge on his lips and the tickets in his hand. He begged that we would at once take our places in the train. So while he collected his forces I pounced upon a first-class carriage. The vicarage party occupied all the seats but one, and that one was just opposite to Maude.

How covetously I looked at it! Maude's eyes met mine.

'Aren't you coming in, Mr. Cookson?'

Although I was only junior curate, for very shame I could not desert Triggs at the outset. Sympathise, gentle reader, with the self-denial I displayed!

'Keep a place for me,' I whispered; 'I will see if I can come,' and then hurried off. The train was a very long one, and the platform crowded, but the protruded head of a churchwarden showed me the vicinity of St. Simon's

choir. The carriage was closely packed with the choir and certain parishioners who had joined our party. Triggs was in his glory. Evidently I was not needed.

'You're all there!' I cried. 'O, all right! I shall be at the other end of the train with the Malonys.'

I moved off quickly, in fear and trembling lest I should be called back again, and only breathed freely when the guard slammed our carriage-door, and I found myself securely shut in, with pretty Maude Malony facing me. I felt then that my exertions in regard to my appearance had not been in vain. It was a consolatory reflection that Maude's observant eyes could discover no speck nor spot upon my carefully-brushed garments. But I was not out of danger yet. The train was on the point of starting when a wideawake appeared at the window.

'Cookson, we can make room for you in our carriage if you like.'

'Thanks, but I have no wish to change my quarters.'

Triggs was a good fellow, but his perceptions were of the bluntest order. After all, there were some advantages in being junior curate, and at that moment I would not have changed places with Triggs for the world.

Stanton St. Edmunds was a veritable baby among watering-places, having only existed for a few years; but it had all the appearance of being three or four times its real age. The houses were all built of a dark drab stone, and posted on the cliffs anywhere and anyhow, showing a defiance of the regulation squares and terraces that was quite refreshing. The station abutted on the beach, and there, after what was to me at least a delightful two hours' journey, the train unloaded

her heavy freight. We of Avonfield formed at once into an orderly procession, with Triggs at the head, and myself and the more important of the St. Simon functionaries at the tail. In this manner we marched out of the station, and then dismissed the choir for half an hour's stroll on the shore.

Dinner had been ordered at an hotel hard by, and by way of filling up the intervening time the Misses Malony said they should like to see the town. I was at their side in an instant. On the plea of fatigue Mrs. Malony excused herself from joining us. Of course the senior curate devoted himself to the Vicar's wife, so the vigilant Triggs was safely disposed of.

As far as that went, 'seeing' the town was an anomaly. The whole place could have been completely inspected in ten minutes; and if I had been asked a quarter of an hour afterwards what I had seen, I could not have told. All that I saw was the bonny face of my companion in pink, and all that I heard was the music of her voice and laugh. That was quite enough for me! I thought Stanton St. Edmunds the most interesting town I had ever visited.

Everything in connection with St. Simon's choir was always done in good style, for they were important personages. The dinner was no exception to this rule. The choir-boys brought eager faces and appetites sharpened by the journey and the salt breezes. Beef, mutton, and pigeon-pie disappeared in amazing quantities. Triggs, more fussy than ever, presided, with Mrs. Malony on his right. The choir ranged themselves promiscuously on either side of the long table, and I sat at the foot, more than satisfied at having Maude Malony next me.

Various plans were proposed for the afternoon's amusement. Practicable or impracticable, it was all one to Triggs, for they provoked mirth and discussion, and he was ready to oblige every one as far as in him lay. But to carry out all the plans one must needs have put on a *Fortunatus*' hat, and been ubiquitous. As for me I had no voice in the matter, for I determined beforehand that Maude's wish should be mine. I listened eagerly to what passed between her and her sister, ready to give my vote to whatever she proposed.

'What do you wish to do, Mr. Cookson?' she asked suddenly, lifting her laughing eyes to mine.

'Whatever *you* like,' I returned for answer.

But Triggs knew better. I had not come there to amuse myself, but to amuse the choir. I was only junior curate, and he was bent on making me feel it too. The choristers were all clamouring for commencing the afternoon's proceedings with a sail. I foresaw the doom that awaited me. In vain I set forth the various merits of donkey-rides, pony-rides, castle-building on the sands, or, in default of all these, a visit to the pier and the lighthouse. Triggs seconded the sail at once. They should have that first, and the donkey-ride and the sands afterwards.

'Cookson, you are a good sailor.'

I knew what that meant. Bitterly did I rue the moment when I boasted of that lamentable fact in his hearing. Mrs. Malony hated the water. A sailing-vessel crowded with 'cheap trippers,' not over-nice in their language or manners, was a vulgarity not to be thought of. A drive in a genteel little carriage to an interesting church in the neighbourhood, remarkable for its antiquity and

Anglo-Saxon work, was far more to her taste. Messrs. Spinks and Pulling, the churchwardens of St. Simon's, at once offered their services as her charioteers, and their daughters volunteered to make up the complement of inside passengers.

Was it in pity for my blank looks that Maude said something about liking a sail herself above all things? I hoped and believed so. But if it were so, her well-meaning mother nipped her kind intention in the bud. It would be worse for her daughters than for herself, she said. If they did not wish for the drive, they had better join the party. Mr. Triggs was making up for visiting the lighthouse and returning by the sands. I felt I owed Triggs a grudge. I am afraid I even wished ill to that one of five young ladies in Northumberland. What was the use of being comfortably provided for himself, if he had no more compassion for his fellows left out in the world? However, seeing it was inevitable, I bowed to my fate with the best grace I could. The choir had certainly not been a heavy charge to me that day, and it was only right I should take my share in endeavouring to amuse them. The sail, like everything else earthly, must come to an end some time, and then I could meet the party returning from the lighthouse, and sun myself once more in the fair Maude's smiles.

So, when all had literally eaten 'as long as they were able,' with a heroism worthy of the early martyrs, I prepared to attend the impatient youngsters in their expedition on the waters. As I put on my hat Triggs came up with his parting admonition.

'Cookson,' he said confidentially, 'mind you look well after the choristers. Whatever you do,



don't lose sight of Salter. Remember he is the mainstay of St. Simon's choir.'

Triggs was musical—or thought he was, and that comes to pretty much the same thing in people's estimation of themselves—and Salter had a splendid treble voice. He always took the solos in the anthems at St. Simon's, and Triggs had once declared that that boy was worth half the offertory in himself. But we lived in daily dread of the execution of his father's oft repeated threat to take him away from Avonfield, and send him to try for a place in one of the cathedral choirs. Accordingly the boy was treated with an absurd amount of consideration that would have been the ruin of him, if he had not already previously been too much spoilt to be capable of any further spoiling.

Twelve unmanageable choir-boys to look after on the sea! Who would envy my position?

The sea went out a very long way at Stanton, and as ill-luck would have it, this afternoon it was just low tide, so that no sailing-vessel could approach within a hundred yards of the shore. The carts which conveyed the passengers to the boat were just starting as we came up. There was room for all our party but three. I dared not let Salter out of my sight after what Triggs had said, so he and I and one more boy stood and watched the rest of the youngsters departing in high glee. It is a truism that boys are the natural tormentors of the human race; but the mischievous and tormenting propensities seemed to have been increased a hundredfold in Salter that afternoon. He was not more than ten years old; but he was as beyond that in impudence and audacity, and as brimful of mischief as a hive is of bees.

Even in the ten minutes spent in waiting the return of the cart he developed it in pursuing his companion, with the malicious intent of hurling at his head a star-fish abstracted from some adjacent pool. I succeeded in capturing him, and in due time we were carted off to the sailing-vessel. Then my troubles began in real earnest. The afternoon was all that could be desired: the sky was a perfect blue, not a cloud visible anywhere; the atmosphere was crisp and clear, the sun was bright, and we scudded along before a fresh east wind. If only Maude had been there it would have been perfect, I thought. But the heavy responsibility involved in having on board such a valuable piece of goods as our solo treble singer, to say nothing of the charge of the other eleven troublesome choristers, was quite another thing.

The small cutter was crammed with trippers, as Mrs. Malony had foretold, and standing room was all that could be obtained. But even if there had been a seat for me I should not have occupied it long. A man on board was driving a flourishing trade in apples and gooseberries; and with a sense of relief I watched Salter produce his pennies and fill his pockets with a store of fruit. This surely must keep him quiet for a little while. Vain hope! My attention had been attracted by an organ-grinder, who was grinding away some popular airs at the stern of the boat, with a large group of bystanders collected round him, among whom were several of the choristers, when I chanced to hear a familiar voice sing out, 'There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft.' There was no mistaking it. Imagine my horror when I saw our treble soloist perched at the

top of the main-mast, deliberately throwing down his gooseberry-skins on deck! How he managed to get there must ever remain a mystery. What would be the anguish of Triggs if he were to see him now? What if the child should turn giddy and lose his balance? Where would St. Simon's choir be then? Comparatively speaking the mast was of no great height; but if it did not actually kill him, a fall to the bottom of the boat would maim the boy for life. The organ-man ceased grinding, and he and a little crowd of people collected at the foot of the mast, prepared to behold a tragedy. I tried to command my voice so as not to startle Salter, and quietly asked him if he thought he could manage to get down. Unheeding the question he gave me a wink, made up of comicality and impudence, and called out in the coolest way possible, 'O my eye! What a pretty rose! Did Maude give it you?'

A titter ran round the bystanders, and there was a murmur of 'His sweetheart!' as every eye turned to look at the offending crimson rosebud in my coat. I had picked it that morning out of my own (or rather my landlady's) garden, I believe with some vague hope of being able to present it to Maude later on in the day. But, O young curates, be warned by my miserable experience, and never, under any circumstances, go to a choir-treat with a flower in your button-hole. What would this *enfant terrible* say next? By what inspiration (surely direct from Dante's *Inferno*) had my tormentor guessed at the truth? I felt my cheeks redden, I fear as much with anger as with self-consciousness. For with infinite pleasure I could have thrashed the wretched Salter

within an inch of his life, and reserved a few lashes for Triggs, for spoiling my holiday in this way. And then, too, the sacrilege of naming Maude in that company! 'Maude,' a name to me so sacred that I invariably winced when Triggs casually mentioned Maude Malony just as if she were any ordinary girl, instead of the divinity I thought her! And there stood the choristers eagerly drinking it all in, and positively exulting in the poor curate's discomfiture. But a display of anger would be inconsistent with my clerical profession. The blood of all the Englishmen, Normans, Saxons, Celts, and Romans (if my ancestry extended so far) came to my assistance, and I gasped out with dignity, even if my voice were a little shaky, 'Salter, I order you to come down instantly! If you cannot get down yourself, I will send some one up to fetch you.' And I turned to one of the sailors who stood gaping at my side.

But with an agility I had no notion he possessed, Salter clambered down again, and as he touched the bottom of the boat I once more breathed freely. Punishment at that moment was out of the question, and this the young rascal knew very well. All I could do was to increase my watchfulness over my state prisoner, and see that he did not repeat the experiment.

Troubles trod on one another's heels that afternoon. We were now fairly out of the shelter of the land, the east wind was very strong, and the boat tossed about accordingly. The consequences on board were what might naturally be expected. One by one of the St. Simon's choir succumbed. The poor little fellows held out stoutly as long as they could, but seven of their number had to

give in at last. I was malicious enough to have rejoiced if Salter had been amongst them, as it might have sobered him for the time. But the mainstay of St. Simon's choir was impervious to the effect of wind and wave. He only grew yet more troublesome, if that were possible. He jeered at his miserable comrades and furtively abstracted the contents of their pockets—if they proved to be edible, devouring them himself—the owners being far too wretched to make any resistance. If I tried to divert their minds by telling them amusing little stories, Salter mocked me, and when I threatened punishment defied me to my face. It would be difficult to say what mischief he did not attempt. He teased the little children in the boat most unmercifully, and pulled faces at their parents when they remonstrated. He quarrelled with the rest of the choristers, he got into every one's way, and made my life miserable by hanging over the sides of the vessel, keeping me in a perpetual fever lest I should see him the next moment struggling in the water.

Was there ever, since time began, so long an hour as that hour's sail? I began to wonder if time had not stopped in order to lengthen out my term of torture. Who can describe my joy as we once more neared Stanton, and figures were discernible on the cliffs and shore? Could one of them be Maude? There would still be time to meet the party, and, if the boys did not pursue me, to get a stroll and chat with pretty Maude. And that would be a recompense for all I had endured that afternoon. But I had not done with my persecutor yet. The tide was still low, and as the vessel dropped her anchor the carts were ready to take us

through the shallow water to the shore. With some squeezing I contrived to pack all my party into one cart, but the perverse Salter made the close quarters a plea for cuffing his next neighbour. The youngster naturally resented it, and a scuffle ensued. Salter was seated at the edge of the cart, and before I could raise a finger to stop him there was a splash, and I saw my bugbear in the water. Whether it were merely accident or the result of malice prepense I had rather not be called upon to determine. But I strongly suspect the latter. This was the finishing stroke. I clearly foresaw the gallows for the boy if he should survive the waves.

Hideous visions of pleurisy, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, and a host of other ills likely to accrue to the little singer from a prolonged immersion flitted before me as I jumped in after him. How should I ever face the enraged Triggs if I returned without my charge, or with only his lifeless remains? What would St. Simon's choir be, robbed of its mainstay? I made a desperate clutch at the boy's collar; but he determinedly eluded my grasp, and began to fight his way through the water, which was almost up to his neck. I struggled after him, expecting momentarily to see him carried off his feet by the force of the waves. The cart, meanwhile, had stopped, the inmates eagerly watching this novel mode of human duck-hunting. Some cheered the parson and some the boy, and all evidently keenly relished the, to me, shameful and disgraceful spectacle. After this St. Simon's choir would be more notorious than ever, and its discipline would be held up in derision for years to come, for the affair would be 'nuts and apples' to all the provincial papers.

As we got into shallower water length of arm and leg told. The race became uneven, and I at last bore down upon the unwilling victim amid the triumphant shouts of the crowd assembled upon the pier. They appeared to view the whole scene as part of the programme of the day's entertainment. Drenched with salt-water and mortification, I dragged the luckless Salter, dripping, struggling, and resisting to the last, over the wet sands to the hotel, where we had dined in the morning. There I consigned my captive to the tender mercies of Messrs. Spinks and Pulling, and withdrew myself into the shelter and retirement of blankets, whilst my clothes (alas for my Sunday best, put on for this auspicious occasion!) were carried down to be dried in some subterranean region. No strolling with Maude now, thanks to the audacious chorister!

In my mummied state I was presently visited by the remorseful Triggs, full of consternation and concern, as well he might be. But don't mistake me. It was not for me, his ill-used fellow-curate, but all for the worthless Salter. He regretted ever having consigned him to my charge, as I had fulfilled it so unfaithfully in bringing him back in the condition in which he had just found him. This was adding insult to injury. Even a worm will turn when it is trodden on. And I was not a worm.

'Triggs!' I exclaimed indignantly, 'how can you, a man and a clergyman, stand there and address me in this manner? You ought to be ashamed of yourself!'

Show me the man who would not have been wrathful under similar provocation. To quote an old parishioner, I 'then and there up and told him,' in plain un-

equivocal language, what had really occurred during the excursion on the water. But as I waxed warm in my own defence, my sense of the ludicrous suddenly overpowered my sense of the indignities that had been heaped upon me, and I burst into uncontrollable fits of laughter. Triggs, of course, joined in, and we roared till our sides ached.

After that little episode tea and the indispensable shrimps soon followed. But the dread of further persecutions from the relentless choristers kept me away from Maude, and sent an unwilling blush to my cheeks every time she addressed me, which fact I have no doubt was treasured up and made the most of afterwards by those little sinners.

Tea being ended, there was still a short time to spare. The choir dispersed for the last stroll on the cliffs or the pier, Salter being given over into the custody of Messrs. Spinks and Pulling, who promised to answer for his safety. The pier had no attractions for me, so I followed Maude Malony into one of the sitting-rooms overlooking the sea. There was a chair temptingly placed in the balcony. She took it, and I stood beside her, leaning against the balustrading, out of sight of all the obnoxious choristers, with their long ears and still longer eyes. This was the moment I had been longing for all day. In the bliss of finding my desire gratified I forgot all the woes and sorrows of the afternoon, and enjoyed to the full the exquisite delight of having undisturbed possession of Maude Malony. How musical her laugh was, how silvery her voice, how pretty every movement of her head, how gaily she chatted about her own afternoon adventures, and how sweetly she sympathised in all that I had

endured! The moments sped like lightning; a soft evening glow began to creep over the sea and sky. But I wanted something more than sympathy from Maude, and what time could be more propitious for telling her so? The sentence in which I was to offer her a lifelong devotion was trembling unuttered upon my lips, my arm was already within an inch of her slender waist, when we were rudely interrupted by the irrepressible Triggs coming up with the information that it was time to start.

'Triggs,' I said, in a sudden rush of generous feeling quite touching in its self denial (for Maude had accepted the withered rose in a way which led me to believe that she would accept the giver later on), 'if you like I will travel back with the choir, and you can go with Mrs. Malony's party.'

Triggs said it was of no consequence, but he was rather tired, and it certainly would be far pleasanter to go in state with the

Vicar's wife, and—well, I ought to take my turn with the choir: it would look better.

It is to be hoped that virtue was its own reward. It certainly got none from the unappreciative Triggs!

We have a pretty little vicarage of our own now, Maude and I, and two golden headed little ones to share it with us, and a happier home it would be impossible to find in the whole British Empire, Colonies included. But whenever my wife proposes to take our choir for a day's excursion to the seaside, which she does sometimes in playful spite, I say, 'No, darling, anywhere else in the universe, but don't ask me to take them to the sea. It may be a holiday to them, but it will be something very different to me.' But as she smiles fondly on me and lifts up her coral lips for a kiss, I think that that day's adventure at the sea did not turn out so badly for me after all.

EVELYN.

## IN THE DOLMEN COUNTRY.

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I COMMENCE these notes at Port Novalo, where I and my travelling companion are windbound. I may remind my readers that the inland sea of Morbihan in the south of Brittany is connected with the great Bay of Biscay by a narrow channel; on the east side of the channel stands this little port, while on the west side is the village of Locmariaker. The sail across is an affair of some twenty minutes under favourable conditions; but to-day there is half a gale from the south-east; great waves are rolling in from the sea, their tops snow-capped; and they, combined with the strong and dangerous currents running in the channel, forbid the passage. So we are stranded at the 'Descente des Voyageurs,' and must perforce suspend our walking tour.

There are worse places to be stranded at than Port Novalo. The air is delicious, and if the inn is primitive, still the hostess and her merry, gipsy-looking daughter are all attention. The windows of the little parlour certainly rattle unceasingly with the wind, yet the bedroom adjoining it is clean and comfortable. Then there is a splendid view round by the headland where the lighthouse stands, though the wind resents your intrusion, and makes vigorous and sometimes successful efforts to drive you back; and when you get to the extreme point, and stand, amid the honey-combed rocks, surveying the channel, and feel the spray of the waves as they tumble in from seaward, you have such an appe-

titis blown into you that the homely Breton fare becomes far more tempting to you than either your London chop or the unnumbered courses of the Paris restaurant.

Then the little sheltered port in front of my window is not without its interest. There ride at anchor half a dozen coasting vessels which have sought refuge, and another is just coming in, happy to escape from the rough sea outside with the loss of her foremast. The sailing-boats used for the traffic between here and Locmariaker lie further in; and three dismantled hulks cast up on the shore, and undergoing the process of conversion into firewood, complete the picture with the 'last sad scene of all' of the ship's life. Though the business of the sea is suspended, the inhabitants of Novalo are not idle; for has not the travelling steam-thresher come round in due course from Nantes, and is not the Père Bonhomme having his corn threshed, at which operation of course every one must assist? There they are on the quay, half a hundred men and women, lads and lasses; a dozen feeding the little machine, twenty raking away the straw, half a dozen disposing of the grain, and the rest advising. The inhabitants who are past work stand by, sheltered under a convenient lee, and chronicle progress; and those who are too young to work watch, fascinated, the whirring wheels. The smartly dressed coastguard, telescope in rest, paces his little garden at the point above, and adds to the

scene the inevitable uniform without which no gathering of French people would feel itself complete.

As pleasant a route as any to the dolmen country is by St. Malo and Vannes. The South-Western Company brought us cheaply and expeditiously to St. Malo. The approach to it on a clear day affords a fine view. Grim rocks stud the narrow channel, and furnish witness to the skill of Hervé Riel, as sung by Mr. Browning. St. Malo is quaint to see. Some African tribes, we are told, tie a tight cord round their children's heads, so that the skull, instead of expanding sideways proportionally with the growth, runs all into upper works. St. Malo has been in the same predicament. Its high wall of defence has prevented the lateral expansion of the houses, which have consequently been obliged to run upwards, so that they now climb to a dizzy height above the narrow streets. A stroll through it well repays you. The primitive method of pouring waste water into small sinks fastened outside each floor of the houses may also be noticed (from a distance). There are splendid sands, and capital bathing in the friendly French fashion, now creeping to our own shores. Finally there is a casino there, which will probably have closed the day before you arrive, and also a theatre, which will most likely be about to open the day after you leave.

But I must push forward. The run across to the bathing station of Dinard is not for us now, nor the steamboat trip up the pleasant river Rance to Dinan, the English colony. The train waits, and at a speed of fifteen miles an hour—but then an accident is of the rarest possible occurrence—we are carried away to Vannes. No dull journey, either. For scenery, we

run through the backbone of the peninsula, the Menez Arrez, and get peeps here and there not unworthy of Derbyshire; and if the country happens to be flat, there is plenty of life in our third-class carriage, for the soldiers are out all over the district for their twenty-eight days' drill and autumn manoeuvres. They rush in and out of the train pell-mell, *toujours gais*, with a babel of tongues, French, patois, and also the pure Breton, a succession of practical jokes on each other, and an inexhaustible amiability in informing the stranger. When their feelings get too many for them, as they do periodically, out they burst into songs, one favourite being a parody on the 'Marseillaise,' which depicts the ardour which inspires the bold warrior when he lays down his arms and retires to his own fireside.

At Vannes, where the Celtic relics in the museum should be seen, we commenced the walk along the peninsula of Rhuys, the south-east side of the sea of Morbihan, which has brought us to Novalo, some twenty odd miles. The walk does not offer extraordinary attractions, though the scenery is pleasing, especially as you approach the end of the journey, and obtain glimpses of that sea and its numerous islands. A number of little villages are passed through before reaching Sarzeau, a fair day's walk from Vannes, where a bed can be obtained. Near that place you will see one of the peculiar industries of the district, the salines, or salt-pans, shallow beds each an acre or so in extent, into which the seawater is allowed to run to a certain depth. The heat of the sun in hot seasons is sufficient to evaporate the water, and the deposited salt is then collected. For the last few years, however, the

salines have been unproductive on account of the short summers. If you desire to see a splendid ruined castle of the thirteenth century in a most picturesque situation, by all means make a detour to Sucinio, near Sarzeau, and you will be well rewarded. The view from the top is magnificent, and there is a Blondin-like walk to be had on the crazy battlements which ought to be a special attraction to the sensation-loving Englishman.

From Sarzeau it is a short morning's walk here to Port Novalo, and the view of the high tumulus, the Butte de Tumiach, close by which you will pass, will give you a foretaste of the archaeological joys to come. But though it is stated in the guide-books that the stone chamber it contains can be inspected, this is no longer the case, the entrance having fallen in.

We have passed a fairly comfortable night, with the rushing of the wind and the rattle of the window-panes for a cradle-song, and find a fine fresh morning, a pleasant breeze, and a smoother sea. Here is our master boatman with his assistant, come to arrange for the crossing, and I must suspend my writing. He is in high good-humour, for he has gathered thirteen francs' worth of kelp already before breakfast.

I resume these notes at Carnac, ten miles to the west of Port Novalo, under the hospitable roof of Madame Lautram. Her comfortable hotel, where the blaze from an old-fashioned hearth greets your entrance, looks out upon the little 'place,' or square, with its quaint church built of blocks of stone 'conveyed' from the neighbouring Celtic monuments. Its entrance-porch, surmounted by an imitation in stone of a regal crown, would puzzle a modern ecclesias-

tical restorer to reproduce. Carnac is a fine healthy place, within a quarter of an hour's walk of the sea and good bathing; but the great feature of Carnac is that it is the centre of a wide district covered with memorials of Druidic times, and gives its name to the greatest Celtic monument in the world.

After the stormy night at Port Novalo which I have mentioned, we intrusted ourselves to the care of the old salts and set sail for Gaf'r Innis, an island in the sea of Morbihan, where is to be seen one of the great curiosities of this curious land. The sail was pleasant, though the breeze was still stiff, and the swiftness of the currents made careful going necessary. The salts had plenty to say for themselves; had, in younger days, crossed the seas over, and sailed the wide ocean in almost every part; but now have found a comparative retirement in the local traffic, in oystergrowing, fishing, and the gathering of kelp. They knew the English ports well, and it was to their acquaintance with the English money that we had been indebted for getting changed a sovereign—a coin new to the untraveller host of the little inn. After a considerable amount of tacking, and a little wetting, we landed at the island, a small one with a couple of farmhouses on it. At one end is a natural elevation, and this has been added to by a tumulus of the kind called 'galgal,' being an immense heap of rough stones without any admixture of earth. Provided with a light, the guide led us down a declivity which has been excavated, running towards the heart of the tumulus, and so we entered the wonderful stone chamber which it contains. It is some fifty feet long, six and a half feet wide at the entrance,



and eight and a half feet at the further end or inner chamber, and from four and a half to five feet high. Its sides are formed of solid blocks of stone roughly squared, each the height of the chamber, and two or three feet in width, while the roof consists of immense flat stones extending without support from side to side. The structure of the chamber so far follows that of the ordinary *allée couverte*, the name given by French archæologists to chambers of which the stones have some pretensions to squaring, and are placed flush with one another; whereas in the ordinary 'dolmen' the construction is similar in plan, though much ruder in execution. But the remarkable feature of Gaf'r Innis is that every stone is sculptured. The figures drawn upon them have always been, and no doubt always will be, a puzzle to the antiquary. To the lay eye they consist of straight, circular, and serpentine lines, covering the whole face of the stones. It is said that somewhat similar carvings are to be found in some of the monuments of New Zealand. The curious similarity between the flint axes and weapons found in connection with Druidical monuments, and the implements at present in use among the aboriginal Australians and New Zealanders, has been noted, and these carvings may possibly form another link, connecting the two stages of civilisation.

In addition to the sculptured lines, there is a distinct, though rude, alto-relief of a serpent, and also a large one in the roof of an axe. Besides, an excavation has been made in the side of one of the stones, so cut as to leave two cross-pieces of stone standing, two stanchions, in fact, to which, tradition says, were attached the victims who were brought to the

chamber for sacrifice. The tradition may be taken *cum grano*; but the use as sepulchres of the *allées couvertes* and the dolmens is now an accepted fact with the antiquary.

Such is the curious monument of Gaf'r Innis, and one may be well impressed by imagining the probable transactions at the spot: the lonely island, the dangerous passage thither, and the solemn errand of the attendant mourners, whose buried incense-cups and food-vessels afford faint glimpses of their mysterious faith.

A pleasant half hour's sail brought us to Locmariaker, and here we found ourselves on a spot which shares, with Carnac, the wealth of Celtic remains. The monuments of the district may be roughly divided into three classes: (1) rows of single upright stones, locally called 'alignements'; (2) covered stone chambers, either of rude construction (dolmens), or of a more advanced stage (*allées couvertes*); (3) menhirs, or monoliths, single upright stones. Many, if not all, of the stone chambers have been originally covered by heaps of rough stones (the galgal), or heaps of stone and earth (the tumulus), though in many cases the superincumbent heap has disappeared. Locmariaker possesses fine specimens of the two latter classes. The little village is built in the centre of a whole cluster of these monuments. Of the stone chambers the largest is the Pierres Plattes, on the sea-shore, about half a mile away; but the most curious is that known as the Grotte des Fées, and also as the Butte de César, an *allée couverte* surmounted by a galgal. On two of the stones in this chamber there are carvings, equally mysterious with those of Gaf'r Innis, and with the additional peculiarity that the figures are black, thus

standing out in relief from the gray stone. It is difficult to say how they have been produced. At a little distance they appear as if inlaid, though on examination they rather give the impossible idea of having been painted. While looking at these stones I was strongly reminded of Poe's strange story of Arthur Gordon Pym, and the island in the Southern Ocean on which he was cast away, where artificial clefts had been cut in the rocks. The mysterious figures which these clefts formed when mapped out on paper, and which Poe, if I remember rightly, connected with New Zealand tribes, may, with a little aid from the fancy, find their reproduction in the Grotte des Fées.

Not far off is an enormous menhir. This giant, now prostrate and broken into three pieces by lightning, has been no less than twenty yards high, and of 250 tons' weight. The engineering skill required for the transport and erection of such a mass certainly betokens no mean stage of progress. As in the neighbourhood of Stonehenge, where Roman remains lie side by side with Celtic, so at Locmariaker is a Roman curus, now enclosing the cemetery of the commune.

The walk from that place to Carnac, some eight miles, lies through a district abounding in dolmens and menhirs. The antiquary no doubt would feel it to be an insult to himself, and a slight to science, were he to leave one of them unvisited; but the ordinary tourist is fain to be content with inspecting the more striking of them. I venture on one hint to the latter. When I visited Stonehenge I must confess my first impression was, 'Well, this is not so very much to make such a fuss about;' but I found that in sitting down

quietly by the place, the wonder of the whole thing grew on me more and more, till I hardly knew how to leave it. This is the fashion in which Celtic monuments must be treated. Do not run up to one and then run away again. Sit down a while and ruminate upon it, take a whiff by it if you are a smoker, and you will then acquire a due sense of its dignity and a lasting impression of its appearance.

And now we approach Carnac and its wonderful alignments. The sepulchral use of the stone chambers is certain; but what religious significance rows of upright stones may have had for their erectors it is difficult to guess. At Carnac there have been originally some eleven parallel rows of upright stones, in length nearly three miles. Time and ruthless housebuilders have made great gaps in the long lines; but the original design is easily traceable among the 1800 stones still remaining. Towards the east end of the alignments the stones run higher, almost rivalling the stones of Stonehenge, though none of them bear the marks of workmanship, the squaring and the mortice and tennon, seen at the latter place. The alignments stand on a plain, haunted, say the peasants, by mysterious little beings called Korigans, who seize the belated passer-by, and draw him into their diabolic dance-circle, whence he escapes not alive. This plain is commanded by Mont St. Michel, to the top of which hill have been added an enormous tumulus, and recently a chapel. From the summit a very fair view is obtained of the alignments; which, however, requires supplementing by a walk among the stones themselves.

Close to Mont St. Michel are the remains of a Roman villa, un-

earthed a few years ago by Mr. John Miln, which are well worth a visit, though he sure to obtain the permission of the owner of the ground before trespassing there, or you will be liable to be misunderstood as having larcenous views on the crops. The Breton farmer is quite a stranger to the artistic yearnings which carry a man successfully over a muddy field to look at 'a heap of rubbish;' and, moreover, a trespass is the greatest misdemeanour known to the Breton mind.

That indefatigable antiquary, the late Mr. Miln, as is well known, made a special study of the dolmen country, and he spared neither pains nor expense to clear up its mysteries. Long experience of him had taught the peasants that his object was neither ghost-raising, gold-seeking, nor political spying, and he had quite won their confidence. His researches there brought to light a host of interesting relics of the Druidical age; and in the private museum made by him at Carnac—I beg to express my obligations for permission to inspect it—are fine, and in many cases unique, specimens of the implements, utensils, and ornaments found in tumulus and dolmen.

Many of the Celtic monuments are still riddles to the archaeologist; but doubt only comes with knowledge, and the Breton mind has no difficulty in accounting for these phenomena. To it the stones of Carnac are an army of Romans who were pursuing St. Cornelius and his Christian converts, and who were turned to stone by a wave of the saint's hand. The dolmens are grottoes built by the fairies in the most natural manner, and so forth. In their simplicity, superstitions of all kinds have found an abiding resting-place, from the Bugal-Noz,

who seizes and devours the shepherd, to the ghostly washerwomen, who wash grave-clothes by night in the village pond.

A week's stay at Carnac would not be more than sufficient to exhaust the curiosities of the district. Some miles to the north, at Erdeven, is a repetition on a smaller scale of the lines of Carnac, and dolmens and menhirs are scattered over the face of the country in rich profusion.

I close these notes at St. Malo. Leaving Carnac with reluctance, we went to Lorient. The great dockyard here is well worth a visit, which is freely allowed; and the town is a centre from which many pleasant excursions can be made. From Lorient we had a pleasant walking tour across country to this place, passing through the Menez Arrez, and taking the old stronghold of Moncontour in the way. The scenery amongst the hills is very fine, and the trip thoroughly enjoyable. Everywhere in France the roads are good and straight—almost too straight for the modern Syntax in search of the picturesque. To the well-to-do farmer in his awning-covered spring-cart, to the driver of the old-fashioned diligence, and to the carter with his single yoke of oxen and V-shaped creaking wain, the straightness and smoothness are all that can be desired; but the English pedestrian misses the gentle curves and windings of his own roads. Still, in Brittany, our institution, the country lane, finds its representative here and there in the out-of-the-way districts, and our familiar tree-studded hedgerows are by no means wanting.

The walk across country is very interesting from the glimpses it affords of primitive Brittany. The costumes of the peasants are quaint, though a little behind in

brilliancy the coloured photographs and engravings of them purchasable in the towns. The men look like overgrown boys, with their short waistcoats and shorter jackets, ornamented with numerous rows of pearl buttons. The cloth trousers are full, and the universal *sabots* complete one end of the costume. At the other end is a wide-brimmed low felt or straw hat, on which it is indispensable to wear black-velvet trimming, with two long black-velvet tails hanging behind. Leather boots are kept for Sundays and *fêtes*; and the smartness on those occasions appears to run mostly into the waistcoat, the coloured braiding on which is almost Eastern in its gorgeousness. The skirts of the women's dresses are gathered into a broad band at the waist, a kerchief or shawl being worn over the shoulders. The hair is plaited into a broad band, which is doubled on itself; and the muslin cap has two long lappets or ears, which are folded back on the head, forming large loops.

As for the peasants themselves, the majority of whom farm their own small domains, they bear a toil-worn stamp very markedly, especially the women. The bare-legged women and girls seem to take their share, or rather more than their share, in the hardest field-labour; and their lot is very far removed from what an Eng-

lish eye would like to see. Many features of the country life remind one of Ireland; but the ingrained idea of the French peasant to put by francs seems to carry them bravely through the sternest circumstances. Still, with all their moiling, they must be very poor. The houses in the out-of-the-way villages are little better than hovels, in which the cows frequently get the lion's share of the accommodation, with floors of beaten earth, and old open hearths, picturesque, perhaps, but very smoky. The one article of furniture in which luxury is displayed is the bedstead, which is generally a piece of ornamental woodwork, reaching from floor to ceiling, with the bed five feet from the floor, enclosed by curtains or sliding shutters. As the family grows richer, a substantial wardrobe cupboard is added, to match the bed.

I must add that the tourist who goes the right way to work will find his trip not only very interesting, but very cheap—much cheaper (fares out and home reckoned in) than any tour he can take in Great Britain. It will be something also for him to be able to say that he has skirted a wood—as he can near Moncontour—where actual real live wolves prowl at large, and compel the neighbouring farmers to keep careful watch at night over their crops.

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## GO AWAY!

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WITH a bumpy swish and a curdled roar,  
Sweet Mary's churn goes drumming ;  
Young Reuben leans on the low half-door,  
And hopes that the butter's coming ;  
Then sighs and sighs, and drops his eyes—  
What words can his feelings utter ?  
' O, drop me down in the churn,' he cries,  
' And make me into butter !'  
She rests her hands, and gazing stands  
At sound of his words' vagary ;  
Then plies the staff with a lightsome laugh,  
' O, go away !' says Mary.

If a maiden's word means aught, they say,  
The opposite sense is in it ;  
So Reuben finds in her ' Go away !'  
A ' just come in a minute.'  
' I hope,' says he, ' I may make so free,'  
With a grin and a nervous stutter ;  
' My answer should be to your ears,' says she,  
' If I could but leave the butter.'  
His arm on the shelf that holds the delf,  
He looks across the dairy ;  
' Shall I go to her side ? Shall I dare her pride ?'  
• ' O, go away !' says Mary.

He takes the hint, and he takes a kiss,  
With fears and inward quaking ;  
She does not take what he takes amiss,  
Nor seem in an awful taking.  
Sweet kisses he takes so loud and fast  
That he takes her breath completely ;  
He takes her tight in his arms at last,  
And still she takes it sweetly !  
The heart of the boy is wild with joy ;  
He has won her—his bird, his fairy ;  
' I'll go outright for the ring to-night !'  
' O, go away !' says Mary.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

## A TIGRESS IN AN ENGLISH VILLAGE.

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I FIRST met Mr. Jorrocks one evening, as I was taking a stroll across the fields, and found him leaning upon a stile in a contemplative manner, taking in the beauty of the surrounding prospect. He was dressed in velveteens, smoking a cigar; and although his attitude was meditative, there was a suppleness in his figure and an alertness in his eye that attracted my attention. I said that he looked meditative, but at the same time I noticed that a deadly pallor overspread his countenance, and that his hand was pressed somewhat vehemently against his chest.

I was a medical student. The reader will suppose that, like the immortal Mr. Sawyer, I should immediately express a desire to bleed him. But Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen belonged to the old school of medicine, and I belonged to the new. The age of oysters and beer has become palæolitic to the modern sawbones. Indeed, I was one of the newest of the new school. I had nearly drowned my intelligence in the quantities of books which I had had to cram for examinations. But I had done well. I had obtained prizes, got a scholarship, had been made house-surgeon of my hospital. I loved my profession, and had some well-grounded reason to believe that my profession would give me something to live on. I had been ordered a three months' furlough to recruit my health, and I had come down to Westerham, partly for the fine country air, which always did me good, and

partly on account of my cousin Lettice, whose parents, I am afraid, did not appreciate my worth, and it was very problematical whether cousin Lettice did.

'I am afraid, sir, that you are a little ill,' I said to the man leaning on the stile.

'I was so a few minutes ago, but I am all right now,' giving me a keen scrutinising look. 'But how could you tell that I was poorly?'

'I am a medical man,' I replied, 'and I knew at once that you were feeling uncomfortable in the region of the heart. A short spasm, I suspect.'

'You are quite right, sir. It has gone as suddenly as it came, and now I feel perfectly well.'

'What you suffer from,' I rejoined, 'is either a very light or it may be a very serious matter. I suppose you carry something about with you to relieve you in case of necessity?'

'No, I don't. What ought I to carry?'

'A little sedative medicine or a little brandy.'

'Thank you, sir. That is very easy to do, and I will do it.'

'You must also be very careful how you live. May I ask what is your business? There may be some predisposing cause to these attacks.'

He had now left the stile, and was walking by my side along the meadow-path. He looked at me a little curiously, and said,

'My business is rather in the Barnum line. I am a showman.'

'And what do you show?'

'A little of all sorts in my time: giants and dwarfs, learned pigs, lions, and tigers.'

'What do you do in the way of giants?'

'I was walking one evening along the fields, as might be now, all by myself, and I came up to a young man working at field labour, the tallest fellow I had ever seen in all my life. I saw in a glance that he was just the man for a show. I had a talk with him, and he asked for a glass of beer. "Come with me, my fine fellow," I said, "and you shall have beer and stout and champagne—anything you like." He came with me, and he took wonderful, did that young man whom I picked up in the fields.'

'And what became of him?'

'Well, sir, I gave him all the liquors I promised him. He would have them, and he drank himself to death.'

'That was a great pity.'

'A thousand pities, sir. Why, I myself, though I am a public character, and am offered ever so many glasses every night that I am performing, I assure you that I measure my liquor by tablespoons, and have not been overtaken by drink for many a long day. I assure you that if I did not keep my head clear I should soon make raw meat of myself.'

'What is your present line of business?'

'I am going about with wild beasts. Have you ever heard of me? I am Jorrock, the lion-tamer.'

'Indeed I have, Mr. Jorrock—or, at least, I think so. Unless I greatly mistake, I have seen your name in big posters at Cranford, the very next town to this.'

'Just so, sir; and I have walked over from Cranford to Westerham, to see if I can give an entertainment here, and to make the necessary arrangements.'

'Will you be able to manage it?'

'O yes, I expect so.'

'If you do I will make a point of coming, and of getting some other people to come. What is your particular part in the business?'

'Well, sir, I am supposed to be the lion-tamer, and I have really great power over the beasts. I order them into corners, and make them roar and rear; I slash at them, and they grind their teeth. I assure you it is a very pretty scene.'

'And I suppose that the audience hope one day to get full value for their money in seeing you eaten up? Are you not afraid sometimes?'

'It would never do, sir, for a man in my line of business to be afraid.'

'But are you afraid?'

'I do not think I am, sir.'

'Now listen to me, my friend. The symptoms which you mentioned to me just now are serious, and it is impossible not to associate them with what you call your line of life. I am quite sure that you are a very brave man, and one not conscious to yourself of being afraid. But there may be, almost unconscious to yourself, a realising that you certainly do run a serious risk, and the abiding pressure of this circumstance might be quite sufficient to give you this trouble in the heart.'

This, however, he would by no means admit. He had taken it up, this line of life; he had no other, and he must persevere with it till the end. By this time we had come to my lodgings. Uncle Hodges ought certainly to have given his sister's son the hospitality of his doors; but uncle Hodges also had his line in life, and hospitality did not lie in that direction. I believe that he had

uneasy feelings respecting his daughter Lettice. He held firmly the great abstract truth that first cousins ought not to marry. If the first cousin had happened to be a very opulent man, probably the abstract doctrine might have yielded to expediency and interest. Anyhow, although he did not shut his doors against me, he by no means opened them with any alacrity. I had some reasons, however, to believe that I was popular with my aunt and cousins; but my great desire at this time of my life was to be popular with my cousin Lettice, and obtain her special good graces. It was in this way that I was in lodgings over a chemist and druggist's shop in the main street of our little village of Westerham, instead of being at the Grange outside the hamlet.

My new companion came indoors, and I found him a very pleasant fellow. He took my offer of refreshments within very moderate limits; for he was relying for his cure on diet, instead of renouncing what I considered his dangerous occupation. He told me that he had at the town three or four vans with wild beasts. The proprietor possessed a large property of this description, three caravans in all; and this owner was just then in Scotland, with the largest and best of them. He had the exclusive charge of this caravan, which had several magnificent beasts, including a very fine tigress, which had been recently purchased at Jamrach's in the east of London. He told me that for several years in succession he had travelled through Brittany with his show, and with satisfactory results. The Breton peasants had not very much money, and were very penurious; but they were kind, they came in great numbers, and living was

very cheap. Of course the expense of forage for so many creatures—men, horses, wild beasts—was the main item. He was not quite sure that they would clear their expenses at Westerham. But it was the next place on the route; and the proprietor was a man of much capital, and would stand to lose now and then.

The show proved a great attraction for our Westerham people. It continued there for three days, and was more remunerative than my new friend had expected. The poor people all along the country-side were crazy to see it; and it is wonderful how the poorest can produce their shillings when their minds are set upon anything. Even my uncle voted it an instructive and interesting exhibition. We made up two parties from the Grange on successive nights to see the animals. Such parties gave a poor fellow his chances; but I was aware that there was a kind of espionage about me, and I did not make very much progress. The show was really good, only the cages were too small, and the animals too closely huddled together. The cages were indeed cruelly small, and formed a striking contrast to the dens of the Zoological Society and the Jardin des Plantes. It would be difficult, however, to find larger cages that would run upon wheels. I was particularly impressed with the magnificent tigress from Jamrach's.

The tigress was the latest importation into the collection; one of the last animals that had been brought within the wiles and subjugation of man. I did not understand the process of taming, partly perhaps in accordance with the Rarey system; although I have heard something about a hot poker judiciously applied to



a wild beast giving him the liveliest terror of man. The giving or withholding of food naturally exercises a very lively effect upon his bestial emotions. However that might be, Mr. Jorrocks' performance among his wild beasts was most masterly and complete. He moved about among them with the utmost *sang-froid*. I began to doubt whether my theory was right. A man may have a weak heart in the lion-taming business, just as he may have it in the banking or stockbroking line of business. Indeed there were several fellows at our hospital—where we used to talk over our unhealthy symptoms in a lively kind of way—who had their 'cardiac disturbances.' There was one very interesting circumstance belonging to the lion's van. There was a little dog that had been shut up with the lion in his van for the last seven years. Outwardly the dog appeared cheerful under the abnormal conditions of his existence. He barked and jumped with considerable vigour. I firmly believed, however, that there was something forced and unnatural in that dog's bark. It was a bark with the decided admixture of a howl in it. Of course the dog would prefer to roam at liberty rather than be confined in that horrid narrow den. Moreover, his doggish mind must have had a sense of insecurity in being the constant companion of that ferocious neighbour, in whose profound cavity of jaw he might instantaneously disappear without any visible effort on the part of the lion. Anyhow, the dog was an amusing companion to the lion, and added to the popularity of the show.

When I went to the performances on the second day—on morning performances there were very few of us, and we had the privilege of paying double—I

noticed with surprise that the little dog was absent. An opportunity soon arose of interrogating Jorrocks on the subject.

'Yes,' he said, 'I am awfully sorry. I would have given a fortnight's pay to have prevented it. The poor little beggar was killed yesterday.'

'You don't mean to say that the lion ate it?'

'O, no, the lion did not eat him. But the lion killed him, I expect, by an accident. The little dog may have provoked him by his cheek. But I think it's most probable that he struck out with his paw while dreaming—it is very curious to watch wild beasts dreaming. Anyhow the poor little brute has been killed by a stroke from the lion's paw.'

'*Abait omen*,' I said. 'The little dog has gone, and you may be the one to go next. Of the two I should have thought that the dog's would have been the better life.'

That same night something very alarming occurred—not exactly what I had prognosticated, but, nevertheless, something absolutely terrific.

I was just smoking a valedictory cigar, before bidding the world adieu for that daily death which we call slumber, when a rapid knock was heard at my door, a perturbed step on my stairs, and Mr. Jorrocks projected himself into my room.

'What on earth is the matter, Jorrocks?' I exclaimed, struck with the pallor doubly pallid on his face. 'Are you ill? Let me feel your pulse.' And then, with the unconquerable instinct of the profession, I absurdly added, 'Put out your tongue.'

'It is the very worst thing that ever happened to me in my time,' exclaimed Jorrocks, pressing his hand to his heart.

I expressively pointed to the decanter. Jorrocks was in great pain, and yet he deliberately measured out his quantity before he drank.

'The tigress, the tigress?' he exclaimed.

'What about the tigress, Jorrocks?'

'She has escaped—bolted—gone!'

'That's a bad look-out. I suppose she has a fine appetite for fresh meat since she came from the provinces of India. But how did it all happen?'

'I went my round of the cages about an hour ago. I thought I would go into the cage where the tigress was, for though she was getting on very fairly, there were one or two little tricks which she had not done properly. I found her rather fresh, for she had had too much meat for her meal at four o'clock. I had no sooner entered the cage than I was seized with a violent spasm of the heart. I fell back against the bars and took immediately a pull at my flask, which I had put on at your advice. My impression is that but for that pull at the flask I should have gone. Presently the pain began to recur with vehement agony, and the dreadful thought seized me that I should fall senseless and be devoured by the brute. I drew back the door of the cage, intending to make a retreat, and suddenly the tigress flew at it. My impression is that if I had tried forcibly to prevent her, she would have flown at me. For a single second, and for a single second only, the door was open. She flew by me with a savage growl, and was lost in a minute. There were one or two fellows in the circus, who shrieked out with affright and took refuge how they could. But the tigress is gone!'

'Good Heavens! and do you mean to say that we have a fierce Bengal tigress quite at large in our little English village of Westerham, to kill children and cattle and men and women, just as may happen?'

'It is so.'

'What are you going to do?'

'I am going to set off with one or two men to try and find her.'

'Do you think you will have any chance of catching her alive?'

'Not much, I am afraid. If we could manage to lasso her in any way, something might be done. I expect we shall have to shoot her.'

'That will be a great loss.'

'Yes; but our proprietor, in a dangerous trade like his, must take the chances of great losses. And he can afford it.'

Now just at that moment a sudden serious thought struck me. My cousin Lettice, I knew, every morning was accustomed to take a walk before breakfast in the gardens and the woodland adjoining the gardens of her father's residence. I felt that I must warn her to keep indoors. It became indeed a serious question how far all the people of the village should be warned, and a general hunt be set on foot. It was determined, however, that we would first see what could be done that night and also the first thing next morning. I determined that at any rate I would call at my uncle's and put Lettice on her guard. I now remembered that my uncle belonged to an old-fashioned bowling club, and would probably be late that evening. That my uncle should be devoured by the tigress was a contingency which I viewed with alarm, but, at the same time, one which I could contemplate with composure; but any idea that Lettice might be running a risk was simply maddening.

Jorrocks and his men escorted me as far as my uncle's. It did not greatly matter which way they went, so they went my way, especially as I told them that there was plenty of cover about my uncle's place. My esteemed avuncular relation had not returned home. It was to me a matter of much interesting speculation whether my uncle would get devoured by a wild beast or not. Such an event would probably facilitate my plans in relation to Lettice. The etiquette established at his place was of a somewhat rigorous kind, and as a general thing I should as soon have thought of flying as of calling at his house so late as eleven o'clock at night. The escape of the tigress was, however, a very valid plea. My aunt had gone to bed, and Lettice was sitting up for her father; for in that house the institution of the latch-key was unknown. She rushed to the door, thinking that my knock was her father's, and affected to be greatly disappointed in consequence. So I had the little girl to myself, and tried to use the opportunity. But it was as Tenyson says:

'You would and would not, little one,  
Although I pleaded tenderly,  
And you and I were all alone.'

Then I told her the story of the tigress, which she at first disbelieved utterly. She even went so far as to assert that it was only an invention of mine, and an excuse for calling because I knew her father was out. On the face of it, my story certainly seemed a very improbable one. In moving terms I expressed my righteous indignation at her unjust suspicion, and at last quite convinced her. She gave me her solemn promise that she would not take her usual walk next morning. And now she became greatly alarmed on

her father's account. That worthy gentleman dissipated all fears by presently walking in, and he was astounded by the news he heard.

We stole back in the moonlight, giving observant looks around us as we did so. Once or twice we saw, or thought we saw, traces of the tigress's paws on the green grass. Before we got home that night, we actually got a glimpse of her. She was visible by the side of a hayrick of a farm known as the Home Farm, belonging to a great squire in our neighbourhood. There was no mistaking the supple form and the great livid streaks on the creature's body. Jorrocks came out nobly. He advanced with a rope in one hand and a rifle in the other. He uttered a peculiar cry, and the creature stopped. He uttered one more, and the creature advanced a pace or two. It was not very pleasant, being under the open midnight sky, with a wild beast as one of your nearest neighbours. The great cat was not pleasant to behold. Hitherto I had failed to realise how the lion and tiger could belong to the cat tribe *felis*. But in this enormous animal, the green light of the eye, the tentative attitude, as if in readiness to spring or to retreat, the bristling hair, the swaying body, I recognised the biggest, wildest, and most cruel cat of all cats. Presently the brute gave a light roar and leap, and bounded away.

Very early in the morning, before the villagers might be supposed to be moving, three or four of us, armed with rifles, resumed our march of research. Speedily we discovered some traces of the most unpleasant description of the wild beast. Close by the farmyard where we had last seen him was the slaughtered carcass of a

fine bullock. The farmer had now made his appearance, and loud were his lamentations and vociferations. I endeavoured to console him by the assurance that he was safe to receive compensation. Very soon the news had spread everywhere, and the village was full of terror and consternation. Some young fellows who belonged to the Volunteer corps were ready enough with their weapons of precision, and agreed to keep up a kind of *cordon* round the village. The chemist, my landlord, placed all his resources at our command, and was prepared to furnish us with sufficient strychnia and prussic acid to massacre the whole of the population three times told. Mr. Jorrocks placed a certain amount of strychnia in the carcass of the bullock, as he considered that the animal was not unlikely to return to finish his repast. The villagers all turned out with hoes, mattocks, and axes. A holiday was given to the children of the Board school by the master, who was particularly pleased on his own account by the holiday, for it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The next night there was further news about the tigress. A horse had been killed by her at a place no less than fifteen miles off. As this was in another division of the county, and in a district where there were bigger woods than ours, we began to breathe more easily, and considered that we had devolved our responsibilities upon another portion of our fellow-creatures.

Lettice had resumed her morning walks once more. As I had once shouldered my rifle, however, I had determined that I would not lay it down until I had authentically heard that the tigress had been killed or captured. Caution I had always considered the highest attribute of a military

commander, and I was determined to be cautious. I considered that it was my special duty to mount watch and guard over my cousin Lettice, and an Englishman, as I impressed upon Lettice, never shrinks from his duty. Lettice attempted to expostulate with me; but I at once showed my sincerity and disinterestedness by saying that she had only to give me her solemn promise not to take her morning walk until we heard of the issue about the tigress, and I would renounce my office as sentinel. This promise Lettice declined to give. I was very glad that she declined to give it, and hoped that she declined partly on my account. In truth the fear about the tigress was reduced to a vanishing fraction. Mr. Jorrocks had gone away on his professional round; and with Mr. Jorrocks all imminence of peril had vanished. Jorrocks, we forcibly argued, would never have gone away if he had thought that the tigress was likely to turn up again in these latitudes. Still there was the unsatisfactory circumstance that we had heard no news of the fate of the tigress. To this was to be opposed the curious fact that no account of the escape of the tigress had found its way into the newspapers. Marvellous to relate, there was no penny newspaper in our part of the world, and our schoolmaster, who contributed to our local journal, had broken down under the vastness of the theme, and could not find language sufficiently magniloquent to describe the state of the parochial mind. I still chose to retain my watch; but it was more from the desire of seeing Lettice than from any expectation of seeing the tigress.

I think that Lettice never looked more charming than when she stepped into her garden on

one of those fresh October mornings. Her fresh fair cheeks were 'Like morning roses newly tipped with dew,'

to quote the words of Sir Henry Bishop's beautiful melody, which she used to sing to us. It is only a healthy, vigorous frame like hers that can safely stand the clear cold crispness of the October air. The last roses of the summer were still in her garden, and there were still some reliquary traces of the blaze of colour that was on the flower-beds in the summer. It looked pretty, but slightly absurd, to see Lettice run down the stone steps from the drawing-room into the garden, while I patrolled the gravel path with arms fixed like a sentry. My uncle and aunt were somewhat divided in their opinions on the subject. 'Cousins are so unnecessarily affectionate,' suggested the uncle; but the aunt thought that she could hardly keep me away from the garden, and that while Lettice continued so wilful and absurd she might as well have what protection I could afford her. The garden opened up into a pretty bit of woodland, a remnant of 'the forest primeval.' We walked together on the garden-path, Lettice telling me about her latest parcels of books and music and gossip, and when we got into the little wood we would drop into Indian file. Then she went in to breakfast, where I was only very seldom invited by the old people, it not being within Lettice's privilege and functions to issue invitations even to her own cousin—'more of kin and less of kind.'

One memorable morning, five days after the escape of the tigress, two days after the departure of Mr. Jorrocks 'for fresh woods and pastures new,' on the very morning that I had received an intimation from my uncle, who

had risen unusually early for that express unkind purpose, that from that date my military services would be dispensed with, I accompanied Lettice through the garden, through the little wood, and then, crossing a road, we entered a larger wood, which was beyond the limit of my uncle's narrow domains. Things were coming to a crisis. That morning walk was to be my last. That week at Westerham was to be my last. I had to return to the hospital, and I was very anxious to return in the proud position of being engaged to Lettice. While I was thus walking and talking with Lettice, I was suddenly brought, petrified, to a stand. Only a few yards from the side of the path, in the underwood, was a horrible and awful sight. It was the tigress. Never would be eradicated from memory and mind the sight of her, as I had seen her in the moonlight, only a few days ago. She was something more awful now, and looked most fierce and angry. She was near enough to have made a direct spring; but fortunately there was some timber interposed, which prevented this. There was only my one single-barrelled gun. Poor Lettice turned pale as death, and shrunk almost fainting against a tree. At the moment I did not know where to shoot. I knew that my one shot must not be a haphazard one, or it would be all over with cousin Lettice, or myself, or both of us. There is a very fine shot, I believe, between the shoulders, which ought to go straight to the heart; but I was not marksman enough to trust myself to that. To fire straight at the eyeball, with the hope of piercing the brain, seemed my only chance. I availed myself of what cover there was, and resolutely advanced a pace. It was necessary to come to very close

quarters for my shot to be certain and effective. In all my life I had never felt more cool and collected. I fired deliberately, and, to my unspeakable joy and thankfulness, the huge brute dropped.

It was now time to turn to poor Lettice, who had given herself up for lost, and had apparently fainted away. I really wished that on this great occasion my heroine had shown herself a shade more heroic. There was no cold water at hand, and I had to try the effect of kissing her to restore the circulation. Presently consciousness returned, and my kisses also were returned to me. She clung to my side, and called me her love and her preserver. Shots were not uncommon those October mornings in the woods; so mine had attracted no notice, and I had to go to the house and give my astounding tidings before any one came near us. Such an uproar in the house, such an uproar through all the village! Public opinion in our little village declared that nothing was too good for me; and the public opinion even of a little village, to those who have known no other, is very powerful. I had won Lettice's consent, and now, in a sudden moment of surprise, I obtained her father's. I am bound to say that he tried to wriggle out of it afterwards, but I succeeded in keeping him to the point.

'Of course, sir,' said Mr. Jorrocks to me, 'it must have been a very gratifyin' thing to you to have saved your young woman.' Mr. Jorrocks had promptly made his appearance on the scene to claim the skin and skeleton of his tigress. I had explained to him that my lucky shot had not only saved my life, but was about to help me to a wife. 'But if you think that killing the tigress gets you a wife, you are mistaken. Of course a young girl's greatly obliged to a gentleman for saving her life, but then she's not going to hand over the whole of it to him as a consequence. Lor, I've known girls who have had their lives saved, and they have hardly said a "thank you" for it. It's my private opinion, sir, that you had 'ticed her long afore, and that she would have had you all the same, whether you had killed a tigress or not.'

To a supposition so flattering I could only bow assent, more especially as in my heart of hearts I both wished and believed it true. In return I gave Mr. Jorrocks a great deal of valuable advice about the treatment of his heart, which he has had the good sense to follow in the main. He has given up the cage in favour of the commissariat and exchequer department of his business, and he tells me and Lettice that he feels considerably better.

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## WITH THE MONKS OF CHARNWOOD FOREST.

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FEW, indeed, are the places in the United Kingdom where the genius of the nineteenth century, in the shape of the railway engineer, has not penetrated, and where the shriek of civilisation has not startled the silent air. It will soon be impossible to find a spot sacred from the screech of 'that whistle,' against which Wordsworth called upon the 'mountains, vales, and floods' to 'share the passion of a just disdain.' The iron horse, with its strident snort, has intruded itself into nearly every region of romance. If Mr. John Ruskin were to spread out a map of the country, he would scarcely find a square inch thereon which was not intersected by railway lines. In places where Nature has been most defiant in blocking the way against this noisy utilitarianism she has had to retire defeated. Our Lake country—the English Calabria—with its austere mountain giants to guard it, was one of the first to succumb to the steam invader. The permanent way has perforated the Peak of Derbyshire. A new steel highway to Scotland has been made over the savage moorland fastnesses of the Pennine chain. Wensleydale has been profaned by the locomotive. Even Professor Aytoun's chimerical Glenmutchkin Railway has become a substantial fact; for the iron horse snorts in savage glee across the Land of Lorne, canters over the granitic shoulders of the great Ben Cruachan, and, after making as much noise amid the poetical beauty of Loch Awe, and the pensive gloom of the Pass of

Brander, as the pipers at the wedding of Shon Maclean, where 'every piper was fu', twenty pipers together,' drops luggage and passengers down into Oban the beautiful, just as if they had fallen from the clouds. The motto of the railway engineer would seem to be the maxim of Calonne: 'If it is difficult, it is done already; if it is impossible, it shall be done soon.' He has pierced the Alps, laid the 'corkscrew line' of the Semmering, crossed the 'sky-scraping' ridges of the Sierra Nevadas, and is now busy challenging old Neptune himself, and endeavouring to annihilate that Channel which Douglas Jerrold maintained was the only good thing between England and France. Very soon he will sigh, like Alexander, for more worlds to conquer, and the railway to the moon may turn out, after all, something more than 'moonshine.' The railway engineer has obtruded his innovating civilisation into spots the most remote, retired, and inaccessible. Dove Dale has been threatened with a loop-line from Ashbourne; but it is to be hoped that Mr. Oscar Wilde will see to it that a scheme so blatantly Philistine will come to a bad end. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof of the new railway which is to cut through Charnwood Forest.

Charnwood was one of the few nooks at which the iron horse had halted. It lay off the rail. The only sound that broke the silent and listening air was that of the bells of St. Bernard's, calling the monks to matins, or compline, or

vespers. Soon, however, the steam-whistle will enter into competition with the mellow chimes. The Charnwood Forest Railway Company has been incorporated by special Act of Parliament; the pick and spade of the sturdy navvy are already at work; and the cheap-tripper will shortly bring his sweetheart, sandwiches, and ginger-beer bottle to a place where Nature communed with herself in sweetest solitude. The new line will have one terminus at Loughborough, and will pass through Sheepshed, Grace Dieu, Thringstone, and Whitwick to Coalville, where it joins the systems of the Midland and London and North-Western Railway Companies. The whole distance is barely eleven miles, and within so small a radius it would be difficult to compass more scenic charm. The new railway will practically bring the home tourist to the doors of Mount St. Bernard, and deposit him at Longcliffe, at Garendon Park, at the ruins of Grace Dieu Abbey, at High Cade-man and High Sharpley Rock, at Teldon Tor and Bardon Hill. Charnwood Forest, therefore, one of the neglected and unexplored 'beauty spots' of Great Britain, will become the hunting-ground of the speculative builder and the 'happy Bank-holiday young man.' Indeed, the projectors of the invading line are so confident of this as to jubilantly predict in their prospectus that, 'lying as it does in the centre of an area surrounded by the four populous towns of Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, and Burton-on-Trent, the district, with increased railway facilities, is likely to become the most popular pleasure resort of the Midland counties; while sites available for building purposes will be in demand, combining as it does the most charming scenery

with bracing forest air unsurpassed in purity.'

How far this influx of the outside world will affect the monastic colony which has reared its cross amid the wild Sicily-like scenery of Charnwood remains to be seen. At present these monks of the Midlands lead an undisturbed life, and the jaded mind, that would seek a week's repose from the high-pressure, money-making world, could not find more perfect rest than within the grounds of St. Bernard. Be you Papist or Protestant, the guest-master at the abbey will give you a warm welcome. Hospitality is part of the religion of the Cistercian Order; and the fact seems to be known by poor people on the road, for relief in the shape of fire and nourishing soup is given to as many as one hundred applicants each day, and this without distinction of creed, class, or country.

Suppose you and I, my friend, accept an invitation from the Abbot, and make a pilgrimage to Charnwood together, sauntering about the forest ere its wild freshness is tainted with the trains. The Midland 'bogge-carriage' can bring us from Leicester to Coalville, by way of Desford, or from Derby or Birmingham, pausing at Beersheba, or rather Burton-on-Trent, with its arsenals of ale, and its thousands of barrels 'in tiers' over Sir Wilfrid Lawson's last speech, and passing through ancient Ashby-de-la-Zouch, quaint and moss-grown, with its memories of *Iounho*, and its old ruined castle, with the glossy ivy braiding gray arch and gloomy wall. Coalville is an unpoetical portal for the picturesque beauties of Charnwood Forest. Captain Cuttle, wishing for something 'when found to make a note of,' might pull out his pocket-book before a meek little chapel, in the long



unlovely street which styles itself 'the Cave Adullam,' a place of refuge for theological malcontents, which suggests to the political mind the famous Reform Bill clique of which Mr. Robert Lowe was the head. But we are soon out of Coalville, and a walk of a couple of miles down a devious country lane, flecked with tree-shadows, brings us to a decent caravansary called the Forest Rock Hotel, a curious building constructed out of the rough boulders of the hills. Charnwood Forest is now all before us where to choose: a rocky undulating moorland rising in blue hilly outline against the sky. Why 'forest,' you at once inquire, seeing this stony region is destitute of trees? Has it been so called on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle? The answer is, Charnwood has been disforested. Time was when this country of hill and valley was a glory of green gloom for miles, uniting, in unbroken majesty of oak, Needwood in one direction and Sherwood in another; when a squirrel might be hunted all the way to Leicester without it touching the ground; and when the traveller could journey on the clearest summer's day without seeing the sun. Historic evidence is abundant enough as to the sylvan wealth of Charnwood so late as the seventeenth century. In a family document at Beaumanor, dated 1673, there is a conveyance of sale from 'William Heyrick, Esq., to Humphery Jennens, Esq., of 6090 oak and ash trees, with Beaumanor liberty, on the Forest of Charnwood, for the sum of 1178*l*.'

Charnwood, indeed, formed part of the ancient Celtic Forest of Arden, which stretched from the Avon to the Trent, and concerning which one William Shakespeare has said something you

may have read. The highest peaks in this Midland wild are Beacon Hill and Bardon Hill, both mere molehills beside what the traveller would regard as mountains, being less than nine hundred feet above the sea-level. But the view from either of these gentle eminences is likely to linger longer and more lovingly in the memory than the prospect beheld from the misty peaks of Alps or Andes. Bardon Hill is the watch-tower commanding the whole of the Midlands. It has been styled 'the Olympus of Leicestershire.' Beacon Hill we will call the Pisgah, so fair is the view of the green country that might be a Promised Land, unless the title be given to Mount Calvary, under the commanding crags of which the abbey of St. Bernard lies sheltered. Climb we the storm-blackened cliff. Underneath is the Holy Sepulchre, where a sculptured Saviour lies in the tomb; above, a black crucifix dominates the scene; around is a view that photographs itself on the mind, to be reproduced at will in other places and in days far distant. Up on this wind-swept eyrie the oxygen-laden air comes like a breeze direct from the sea, although the day is soft and languid. It is a day in the early summer-time—a day of silvery lights and soft colours. There is an atmospheric clearness that seems to destroy the sense of perspective; and the scenery fades imperceptibly away through all the tints of vivid green to distant grays and into remote blues, where land and sky merge in the wide far-off horizon.

'You have brought a different sort of day with you this time.' It is a pleasant sunny sort of voice, but it startles us for the moment, for we had not observed the speaker ascending the rock.

He wears the monastic habit of white, with girdle and crucifix, and one of us recognises him as Brother Bernard. His salutation refers to a wintry day when we paid our first visit to the monastery, and the snow was being driven by the bleak north-easter over the Charnwood range, until everything was blotted out in a wild whirl of white, and the St. Bernard's of England might have been the St. Bernard's of the Alps.

Brother Bernard has seen us from the monastery windows, and has toiled up the crag with his telescope, which he fixes on a tripod, and reveals to the eye what is lost in those blue vague distances. Picture after picture is presented. There is Belvoir Castle, twenty-five miles away as the crow flies. We see the flag flying from its lordly towers, the sun flashing back from its gilded casements. Then Nottingham Castle and Wollaton Hall are conveyed close to the eye. Then the towers and steeples of Derby, sixteen miles distant, are brought to view; anon the Peak of Derbyshire stands out distinct, with the tower on Crich Cliff pointing like a finger to the shining sky. From Alfreton, where the sun rises in the east, the glass is pointed to the Staffordshire moorlands, where he goes down to the west in a wild conflagration of colour. The focus slightly altered brings us to the blue hills of Malvern. Immediately below us are the fair grounds on which the Abbey buildings stand, redeemed by the labour of the monks from the rocky waste, and now green with trees and glowing with flowers.

The Cistercian Order seems to be a reversion of the popular ideal of monastic life. The monk of picture and verse locates himself

in some lovely valley by the side of some river bountiful with fish, as at Bolton and Tintern. He is represented by Landseer as receiving presents of venison and fish and game. In the song he describes himself :

'I am a friar of orders gray,  
And down in the valleys I take my way;  
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,  
Good store of venison fills my scrip!  
My long bead-roll I merrily chant;  
Where'er I walk no money I want;  
And why I'm so pumpt the reason I tell,  
Who leads a good life is sure to live well.  
What baron or squire,  
Or knight of the shire,  
Lives half so well as a holy friar?

After supper of heaven I dream—  
But that is fat pullet and clouted cream;  
Myself by denial I mortify  
With a dainty bit of a warden-pie;  
I'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin,  
With old sack wine I'm lined within;  
A chirping cup is my matin song,  
And the vesper-bell is my bowl—ding-dong!

What baron or squire,  
Or knight of the shire,  
Lives half so well as a holy friar?

But the monk of the Cistercian Order is a different being. He takes up his abode in a harsh and sterile region, reclaiming rocky wilderness by patient and combined industry. His only food is herbs, bread, and milk. He lives retired from the world. His austere days are spent in silence and seclusion, humility, toil, poverty, penance, and prayer. His appearance is best portrayed in a sentence of Laurence Sterne's: 'It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale, penetrating, free from all commonplace ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it looked forwards, but looked as if it looked at something beyond this world.'

St. Robert was the first abbot of the Cistercian Order, when a little band of monks in the eleventh century settled down in the forest of Citeaux, in the province of Burgundy, and reclaimed

by incessant toil a vast forbidding solitude. St. Alberic was the next abbot. He was succeeded by St. Stephen; but St. Bernard appears to have been one of the best beloved of the Order. He and his companions arrived at Citeaux in the year 1113, a band of thirty persons. Their admission is thus described in the *Cistercian Saints*, chap. xiii.: 'There were amongst them men of middle age, who had shone in the councils of princes, and who had hitherto worn nothing less than the furred mantle or the steel hauberk, which they now came to exchange for the poor cowl of St. Benedict; but the greater part were young men of noble features and deportment; and well might they, for they were of the noblest houses in Burgundy. The whole troop was led by one young man of about twenty-three years of age, and of exceeding beauty. This young man was he who was afterwards St. Bernard.' From Citeaux radiated a great religious influence. Houses connected with the Cistercian Order increased in number and power. At the time of the Reformation there were in England about one hundred and ten abbeys belonging to the Benedictine Order, including Kirkstall, Tintern, Fountains, Riveaux, Netley, Furness, and others. The history of the movement is too extensive to follow in this place. Suffice it to give some sketch in outline of the establishment of the monastery of St. Bernard at Charnwood. The story dates back to 1833, when, through the generosity of Mr. Ambrose Lisle Phillips and the Earl of Shrewsbury, some three hundred acres of forest-land, then wild and uncultivated, were bought, and the monastery erected on a spot not far from where Henry VIII. demolished the abbey of Grace Dieu,

now only a heap of ruins, and described by Wordsworth in some of his happiest lines:

'Beneath yon eastern ridg', the craggy  
bound,  
Rugged and high, of Charnwood's forest  
ground,  
S and yet—but, stranger, hidden from  
thy view—  
The ivied ruins of forlorn Grace Dieu :  
Ere a religious house, which day and  
night  
With hymns resounded and the chanted  
rite.'

Charnwood may therefore be regarded as old monastic ground. It is interesting to note how close is the comparison between the beginnings of St. Bernard and that of Citeaux. The designs of the new edifice were inspired by the genius of the elder Pugin. The church itself is a noble structure, and the cluster of buildings presents a very imposing architectural *tout ensemble*, framed by the hilly ridges of the rocky country.

But, during this digression, Brother Bernard has been waiting to initiate us into the mysteries of the monastery. An ancient porter, clad in black frock and cowl, a monastic picture recalling the olden time, opens the door for Brother Bernard and our party to enter. We pass into the monastery, and realise to the full a life that three hundred years ago was a power in the land, but which now we can only see as we dimly discern Herculaneum and Pompeii as they are interred in the disastrous lava ruin—majestic in decay: delicate tracery, stained pane, mullioned window, magnificent column, noble arch, shattered aisle, buried cross. Whatever may be our opinion as to the drastic and destructive influence of bluff King Harry's Reformation—and I am, personally, too staunch a Protestant to enter into the lists of controversy—we cannot but agree with that passage in Lord Macau-

lay's writings, where our eloquent historian says :

'Whatever reproach may, at a later period, have been justly thrown on the indolence and luxury of religious orders, it was surely good that, in an age of ignorance and violence, there should be quiet cloisters and gardens, in which the arts of peace could be safely cultivated, in which gentle and contemplative natures could find an asylum, in which one brother could employ himself in transcribing the *Æneid* of Virgil, and another in meditating the *Analytics* of Aristotle, in which he who had a genius for art might illuminate a martyrology or carve a crucifix, and in which he who had a turn for natural philosophy might make experiments on the properties of plants and minerals. Had not such retreats been scattered here and there among the huts of a miserable peasantry and the castles of a ferocious aristocracy, European society would have consisted merely of beasts of burden and beasts of prey. The Church has many times been compared by divines to the ark of which we read in the book of Genesis : but never was the resemblance more perfect than during that evil time when she alone rode, amidst darkness and tempest, on the deluge beneath which all the great works of ancient power and wisdom lay entombed, bearing within her that feeble germ from which a second and a more glorious civilisation was to spring.'

No portion of the monastery is excluded from our inspection. The distinguishing characteristic of the place is its austere simplicity. Even in the church itself the eye is captivated with nothing externally attractive. Pass we into the refectory, and note its studied opposition to

everything calculated to indulge luxurious taste. The religion is one of poverty and praise, prayer and penance. Witness its refectory, with its cold-tiled floor, its bare deal tables, and the meagre yellow-ware utensils, wooden trenchers and spoons. There is, mark you, given to each brother the indulgence of a napkin, accompanying which is the name of him who uses it, painted in white on a small black wooden tablet. The secular name is left behind when the brother enters the house, and he adopts the name of a saint, such as Ignatius, Bernard, Robert, Stephen, &c. There are at present fifty-nine members of the order in the house. They are presided over by the Abbot (Brother Bartholomew), mitred by the Pope. The monastic habit of white with black scapular belongs to the choir religious; the brown frock distinguishes the lay members.\*

The brothers take precedence at the table according to the date of their admission into the Abbey. The Abbot presides at the head of the table. He is supported by the Prior and sub-Prior. In winter two meals are indulged in a day; in summer only one is taken. Breakfast consists of bread-and-milk; dinner is of an emphatic vegetarian character. It is a solemn *table d'hôte*, this monastic meal. There is nothing to please the worldly eye or ear. There are no appetising odours, no flowers, no glass, no silver, no quip nor quiddity. The cheerful explosion of champagne would sound like a profanity. The ex-

\* The white cowls of the Benedictine Order originate the phrase 'White Friars,' as opposed to the term 'Black Friars,' belonging to the Order of St. Dominic, who wear black cowls, and the Franciscan, whose habit is of ashen gray. How many people passing over Blackfriars Bridge, London, speculate as to its connection with the monks of old?

hilaration of dining is exchanged for a stern, rigorous, oppressive silence. Enter we the refectory in the midst of the monastic meal. It has just begun. Each brother has his 'portion,' a strange *olla podrida* of milk boiled with onions, cabbage, turnips, rice, &c., flanked with dry bread. A rollicking repast! Conversation is forbidden. The diners seem to be unaware of each other's presence. It might be their last meal. Here surely is that 'brilliant flash of silence' for which Thomas Carlyle yearned. There is a look of resigned meekness on each face, a tender melancholy, a subdued sadness, that makes the intrusive visitor vaguely ponder as to the past careers of these contemplative, gray-bearded, gloomy men, who have thus taken themselves from the busy world and its great opportunities. What hidden histories do those monastic crows conceal, what secret sentiments are there covered, what romances, what disappointments, what shattered ideals, what dispelled illusions, what ruined castles in the air, what mocking failures and futile successes, what baffled ambitions, what bitter hopes, what lost lives, what loves that have been faithless and friends that have been false, find burial here! As Longfellow's fine verse expresses it:

'There are things of which I may not speak;

There are dreams that cannot die;  
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,

And bring a pallor into the cheek,  
And a mist before the eye.'

The only sound heard as the meal progresses is the voice of the brother deputed to read aloud the Bible. He stands in a pulpit in the middle of the room. It is a dolorous dinner, and so I tell Brother Ignatius afterwards. He is a fine facetious old gentleman,

who will never see seventy-six again. Fifty-one years he has spent in the priesthood, and thirty-four in the monastic life. Of the twenty-four hours in the day, six hours are spent in the open air in farming operations, seven hours are devoted to religious duties, and eleven hours are divided between sleeping, reading, and meals. The religious duties include services seven times each day. The monks rise at two o'clock in the morning for matins—at one on Sundays and minor festivals, and at midnight in Lent and on the occasion of special observances. At five o'clock the peal rings for prime, followed by tierce at a quarter past seven, sext comes at eleven, then nones, vespers at five in the afternoon, and compline at seven in the evening, while work and prayer are practically combined in the fields; for when one of the brethren out of doors hears the bell chiming from the church, reminding him of the devotions taking place before the altar, he repeats a prayer set apart for recitation under such circumstances.

We look in at the library, with its many editions of the Fathers and other devotional works, mostly in the Latin; we admire the noble dome of the chapter-room, where the brethren assemble morning and evening to read a chapter of the Rule of St. Benedict, or the *Meditations* of Bishop Challoner, and pass along the cool echoing cloisters, with their Stations of the Cross, where silent sombre monks are prostrated in penitent self-abnegation; now bowed down before the symbol of sacrifice and suffering with humiliated head; now looking up at that cross with fervid face, pleading eyes, and clasped hands. It seems a desecration for the Philistine to linger here, so we follow Brother Igna-

tins into the dormitory, where the brothers all sleep in one room, each having a separate bed. They sleep in their full habit, merely taking off their shoes. The cowl pulled over the head serves as a night-cap. The beds are rough and rude. The mattress is of straw. There are no sheets. A rug is the only covering. The abbot's bed is not one whit more luxurious. Like the rest of his charge he makes his own bed, washes his own clothes, and indulges in other menial occupations. Some grotesque illustrations of the comic side of monastic life were published in the *Graphic* a year or two ago, when the Charnwood brothers were represented hanging out the clothes, scrubbing the floors, and feeding the pigs.

The most poetically impressive feature of life at the Abbey is to be present at the midnight mass of the monks: to see the weird shadowy procession of cowled figures moving mysteriously in the dim uncertain light; to hear the slow Gregorian chant, the solemn 'Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus,' and the awful silence of the succeeding session of prayer. The scene has been well described:

'Punctual to the first notes of the abbey bell, the monks glide in silent procession, each with a kind of slow swinging step, through the cold and dimly-lighted cloisters, their hoods drawn over their bent heads, their eyes fixed intently on the ground, and their clasped hands hidden in the broad sleeves of their cowls. It is a strangely picturesque spectacle, a sight which, once beheld, cannot be easily effaced from the memory. The long train of spectral-looking forms, moving noiselessly, like shadows, through the surrounding gloom, and gradually disappearing beneath the archway leading into

the church, seems more like some wild eccentric feat of the imagination than a nineteenth century reality. But there is little time accorded for reflection. Slowly onward pass the monks, the swelling outlines of their white cowls scarcely visible in the murky twilight. They keep to the centre of the pavement, headed by the abbot, and walking two and two abreast, until they reach the choir, where they take their places in the stalls ranged on either side, the abbot having a seat at the end of the stalls on one side, the prior occupying a like seat on the other side. The abbot's seat is indicated by the crozier resting near to him. The novices stand behind the reading-desk, which is placed between the two rows of stalls and opposite the high altar. Each monk on entering throws back his hood and bows reverently before the high altar. He then kneels, with hands clasped close together upon his breast, and repeats the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed. Afterwards he rises and remains standing during the whole of the service, the length of which varies, according to the occasion, from two to four hours.'

We leave no part unvisited, passing into the infirmary, where a more liberal dietary prevails, and thence into the quietly active life of the workshops, the brewhouse, the bakehouse, the gasworks, the dairy (the monastery butter has a famous sale). The silence of the recluse workers is more marked than that of a convict settlement. A courteous salutation is conveyed by a bow—that is all. Now we peep at the little tree-shaded cemetery. The method of burial is suggestively solemn. Upon the death of a brother the others assemble, and two of them are elected to watch the corpse.

These sentinels of the dead are relieved in turn until the funeral rites take place. Then the body of the departed brother is carried to the grave. He is buried without coffin or shroud, being interred in the full habit of the order. A grave is always kept partly dug, so as to warn others of the uncertainty of life, a *memento mori* suggestive of the old Egyptian custom. In this secluded little cemetery is the tomb of a Benedictine monk who died at the age of eighty-seven, sixty years of which had been spent in the order, a fact of which messieurs the vegetarians may take note.

One more sight for the curious. Connected with the monastery is 'the Colony,' a reformatory for boys, and until recently doing an active work, morally, socially, and intellectually. The inmates were drawn from unhealthy homes, vicious haunts, and idle habits to this pure mountain atmosphere, and received a practical education and were taught a useful trade by the monks. Owing, however, to a difficulty in meeting the Government requirements, the brothers have been obliged to give up this establishment, in which for a number of years some two hundred lads, the waifs and strays of the Roman Catholic population of large towns, have been cared for and instructed. The Government required the sum of four thousand pounds expended in structural alterations on the building. The monks, however, are poor. They could not raise so large a sum; and the boys of the Colony have, perforce, been turned upon the evil chances of the world again. What the structural improvements demand-

ed by the Home Secretary were, I know not. A cursory inspection of the great pile of buildings showed the rooms to be lofty, cheerful, and well ventilated; each boy tenanted a separate bed; while the schoolroom, the recreation-room, and the workshops were the ideal of such offices. The Reformatory now stands deserted. The empty windows blink absently upon gardens and grounds. The doors are shut, in pathetic protest against 'paternal legislation.' The monks are now in a dilemma as to how this range of buildings is to be utilised. If buildings so large and substantial were situated near to a large centre of population, there would be no delay in letting them. In their present isolated position, their very size increases the difficulty.

This is the difficulty which the venerable and venerated Brother Ignatius discusses with us at the gate, as we stretch out our hands in farewell. He speaks regretfully over the closed Colony, for he was its principal director, and there had grown up a great regard between the lads and their old 'guide, philosopher, and friend.' The parting between them was not made without a pang. We are thus talking, when, lo! a silvery peal from the abbey tower, a few hundred yards distant, steals across the evening air, and tells that compline has commenced. And so Brother Ignatius leaves us, to join in the sacred *Salve Regina*. And we pass out into the forest, with the rocky ridges now darkening in the saffron light of the sunset. And pleasant is the saunter back, with the contemplative cigar, in this clear, tranquil, twilight hour.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

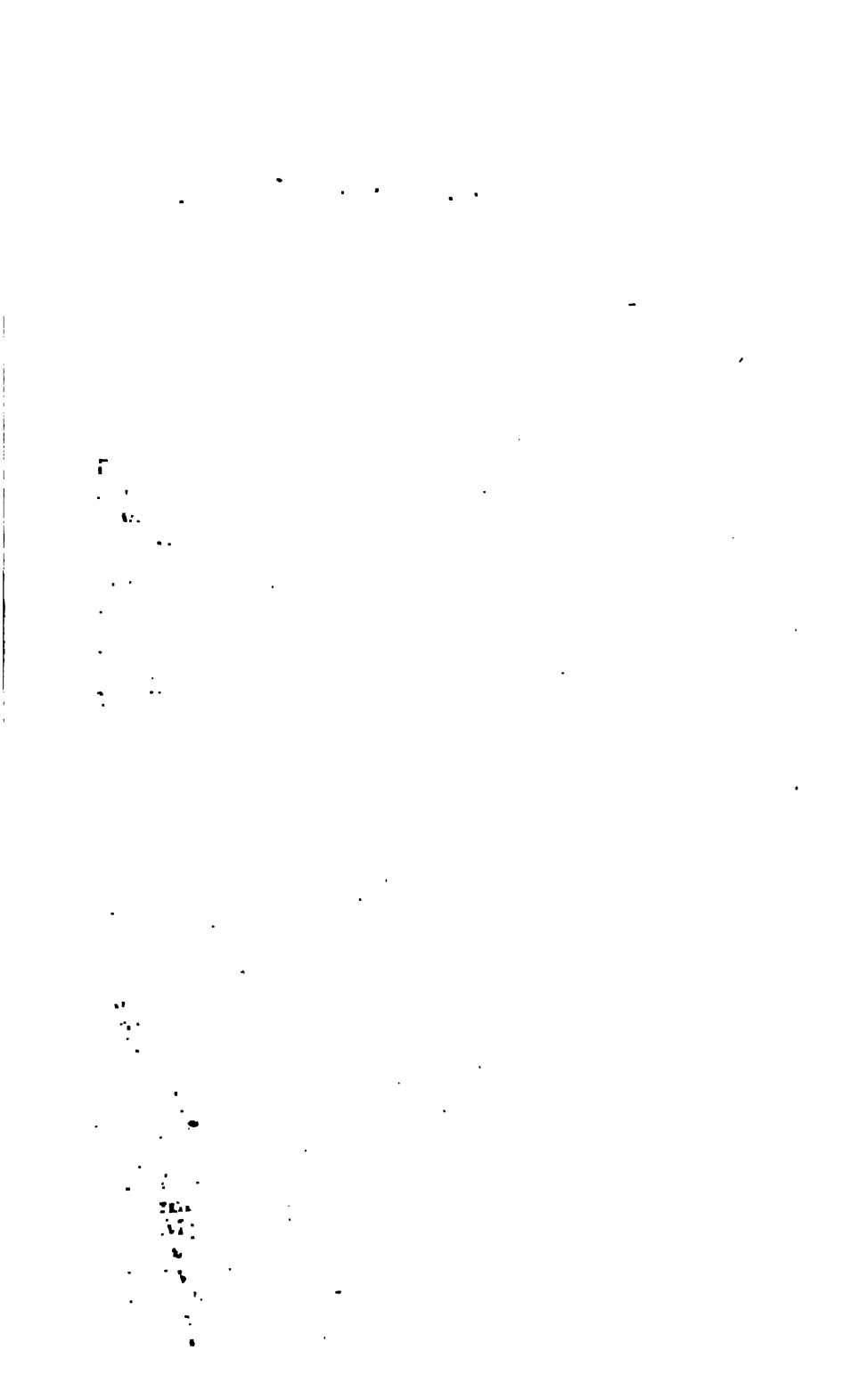






WHAT I SAW NEAR THE OTTER POOL.

See "Journal."





# LONDON SOCIETY.

AUGUST 1882.

## SCARFSIDE.

### I.

TO-DAY, I, Grace Penton, am thirty years of age, and I am a thankful woman. Whichever way I look, I see a happy prospect. A strong wall of love shuts me in, so that the cold blasts of what is, I know, a sorrowful world cannot chill my content. Sitting by the fireside in the oak-panelled parlour at Scarfside, with my husband's stalwart arm round me, and my two children at my knee, I am, I say it again, a happy and a thankful woman. But, that I may the more enjoy these present things, and be moved to show in very deed the gratitude I feel, it is in my mind that I should write down some account of the troubles I (and he too) have seen; for things were not always so, and with us it was darkest before the dawn. The things I tell are even now so recent that I grow sad and creepy as I set myself to recall them; but gratitude is sometimes a sense of dangers that are past, as well as of favours to come, and if the things themselves were unable to crush us, the memory of them cannot do me harm, but, as I have said, rather good. Good to me, and through me to others.

My earliest recollection is of a great open space surrounded by lofty buildings dimly seen through the darkness and fog; in the centre of it, a high column and wide

pavements. Now I know that it was Trafalgar-square. It was night, and the wind and rain swept roughly in our faces as we crept along, my father and I; and the plash of the fountains seemed the echo of the storm's cruel play. I think I was crying: the cold pierced my limbs, for my shabby clothes were almost in rags, though he sheltered me as well as he could with the skirt of his coat. The passers hurried by, full of their plans, their own pains and pleasures, and thought so little of the broken-down man, with the child by his side, who moved slowly along the slippery pavement, in which the lamps were dimly reflected. I was hungry as well as cold; for I had been sitting, shivering and waiting, since middle-day, in a corner, as near as I dared to a chestnut-seller's fire, while my father called again and again at a great house in the crowded street hard by, where, so I hoped, he had friends who would help us. I have been taken there since, and I was able to point out the very house on whose steps my father spent most of his last hours. They told me that it was a famous club, to which he had once belonged, and that he had called again and again in the hope of meeting some fellow-officer who would aid him for the sake of old days. But it was Christmas-time, and many were out of town, and

so none whom he knew passed the doors during those hours of waiting. Times were changed: the servants were fresh, and did not know him; the house had no longer a welcome. And so, late in the evening, he gave up the hope, and came back to me, and took my hand in his, and we plodded wearily through the rain.

Whither we were going, or what was in his mind, the past or the present—my poor father!—I do not know. By St. Martin's Church he sat down, as if worn out, in a corner against the rails, and drew me to him, and kissed me, and tried to warm me in his arms. I was sobbing with the cold and with hunger; but he, though I had often of late known him cry over me, was soon quite still. I thought he was asleep, and only moaned softly, lest I should awake him; but when the passing policeman, glancing into our nook, turned his lantern upon the wretched group, he saw that which spoke to his practised eye of no common case of want. He called another and another, among them a stout man with gray hair and keen eyes under bushy eyebrows; and they drew my father from me, and raised him up, and some one carried me, and said, to quiet me, that I should be taken with him; but how we went I cannot tell. I suppose they wanted to hide my father's dead face from me. They took me to what I now know was a workhouse; but every one was kind, and I was warmed and fed; and then I cried to go to my father, for he was all I had. They took me in to see him—dead: so handsome and stately he looked, as I had never seen him in life. Such, perhaps, he was when he courted my mother among the dear Derbyshire hills. Of course I did not think of that then; but the little

group in that bare whitewashed room where he lay on the bed looked at him and me with something more than pity. Some one—the doctor, I think—had pinned upon his breast a bit of crimson ribbon taken from one of the pockets. That was all they found about him, save a letter, written and directed, but not sent, for—God save the mark!—ill and starved and broken down, where could he get even the stamp? They fetched a thick red book—an *Army List* I have been told it was—and looked in it, and spoke of my father, and called him Major Folliott. And one—the doctor it was again, I think—stood at the foot of the bed and told a well-known story of the Crimean War, then still fresh in all men's thoughts; and when he had done, and it moved them—maybe the policeman was an old army man, for he looked very sternly at his helmet—he pointed to the still calm face lying there before us: 'That was the man.'

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## II.

I WAS eleven years old when my cousin, John Penton, transplanted my little white face and shy brown eyes to the farmhouse where my mother had once lived. Gathering from the letter I spoke of above that my father was about to ask him for help—for me, not for himself—the people in London sent to him; and he took charge of me with a readiness which was quickened, though then I did not know it, by anger against my father's kinsfolk. The Derbyshire farmer was determined not to be outdone in generosity by the Cheshire squire, who had thought an alliance with his family a crime to be punished in the person of the offender by a life-

long disgrace. **And so John Penton took me to Scarfside.** How shall I fitly tell of the home that then became mine, and which, I pray Heaven, may be home to me to the end of the chapter? I have seen Scarfside in the early morning sunlight, when the little brook that flowed past it has murmured and twinkled with the brightness of awakening life. And I have seen it when that same brook was pouring its angry flood into the black curtain of mist that was stretched across the valley, and every hill-top around was quivering with the crash of the storm, and the valley itself was like a black-roofed vault. But it was always home to me, from the wintry night when its owner set me down, a forlorn little creature, on the hearth of the great kitchen, and the blaze cast back from the black beams seemed to bid me welcome.

Try to see a valley as narrow as valley can be, so that at each end there is hardly room for a cart to pass in or out; a valley, too, so steep that the brook, full or low, is always in a hurry to get through it. On one side, like a green wall with a gray rock here and there jutting out, rises the Razor's Edge, the summit of which is as narrow as its name would show. Scarfside, on the other side of the valley, so near that, as you poise yourself on the top of Razor's Edge, taking care not to fall backwards into Kirtledale, you fancy you could throw a stone over it; Scarfside—the hill, not the house—is less hard to climb, and has a nice spacious cone on which to rest when you get to the top. Ah, the feasts that I and Kelpie, the sheep-dog, have had on its green sides, the races we have run, ay, and rolled down them, and the hurts we have got against the boulders! Poor Kel-

pie, she lies under the gnarled plum-tree by the orchard-gate. The long, low, gray house, with its stone chimneys and deep-set windows, has a large porch to protect one from the wind, which in winter sweeps by so keenly. The narrow garden running down the brookside, and the orchard with its old stunted fruit-trees and its stone gate-pillars—they are far too imposing to be styled posts—fill up all the rest of the tiny glen. Over the doorway a coat-of-arms is carved in stone; for Scarfside—now only a farmstead, and a small one—was a gentleman's house when Prince Charlie was over the water, and the Pentons, though but a few acres of barren hill-side are left, and they have sunk to the level of the farmers around, have as much right to call themselves *armigeri* as the wealthiest baronet in the county. Something, it may be, of bygone culture has descended to the present owner; and in all outward things, save his courtesy, a rough Derbyshire yeoman, John Penton, mixing little with his neighbours, has spent much of his time over books, and tended very carefully the seed sown when he was a boy at Derby school. His equals thought him odd, and so did his servants. But they set this down to the wrong motive: they and all the countryside thought him 'near.' It may be that a child's vision is clearer as to a good man's thoughts; for from the first I knew that it was ambition, not greed, that possessed him, and that in his lonely hill-side home he was always dreaming of raising his name and family to their old place. So he was able to teach me by the cosy kitchen fire many things which a score or less of years ago girls were not wont to be taught. True, of French, German, and music I got

none; but of Latin, English, and history I got much; and I well remember John Penton one spring evening taking me to the old London-road two miles away over the hills, and telling me how Prince Charles, the young Pretender, passed that way to Derby in the '45. There was not a soul in sight, and the hills were red with the sunset, as he described, with the eloquence of one to whom it was very real, the stirring scene that had once startled the desolate road: the kilted Highlanders with their targets and pipes, the Lancashire riders, the handsome Prince on foot, the 'seven men of Moidart,' and the long string of sightseers; and how the John Penton of that time had brought wagons of food and ale to that very cross-road, and given it to the weary and half-hearted troops. Many and many a time afterwards, when I had given Marjory the slip, I used to go to the same place and sit and dream of the bonnie Prince marching by.

We were an odd group round the deep fireplace in winter. John, in his rough clothes, yellow gaiters, and heavy boots, at the little round table at one side, reading to me Macaulay's history (which he did in order to impress upon me its disloyal and Radical views), or hearing me some grammar. Marjory, the kindest of old women, who had nursed my mother, would be on the settle at the other side, her rheumatic back well protected from the draught; and David Boag, my cousin's shadow, as once in a pet I called him, so closely did he always attend his master, would be in the chimney-corner, his legs in the firelight, but his face in the shade, sleeping perhaps, though often his piercing eyes would seem to glint through the shadow as they caught mine, giving me an eerie feeling. He

was such a favourite, however, with my cousin, that I could not but like him. They were all good to me, and those were six pleasant, healthy, quiet years, the first that I spent at Scarfside.

I have lingered over this pleasant time because I have something to tell now which I hardly know how to tell. Not that it was not pleasant; far from that. But I must explain it as well as I can. I was always glad to be with John, sometimes learning from him, sometimes teasing him, and I was never so happy as when I could ramble after him when he went about his work. But there came a time when he grew silent; the lessons almost ceased, and he seemed to avoid me, and was often cross with us. He went out earlier and he came home later than of old, and even Boag's attendance seemed to give him no pleasure. I asked Marjory if I had offended him, but she only kissed me and said it was the master's way. It was a way which I think must have been catching; for I too grew shy when we were together, though I was angry with myself, and did not know why; my teasing ways had taken flight, and if he scolded me I felt as if I could cry, though when a child I had laughed at him in his sternest mood. And so when I would be out for a solitary walk, it began to come home to me that I had been living so long upon his kindness, and that it was time I did something for myself. A governess I could not be; but I might get a place perhaps as housekeeper, though I was young, for I had learnt all Marjory had to teach, and could keep the accounts even better. I would have liked to have gone without telling him, though it might seem thankless, but this could not be. So one morning, after breakfast, I spoke to him in the parlour, which

we always kept for serious business, and told him my plan. He asked me, looking gravely through the window as he spoke, if I were tired of Scarfside and its middle-aged people; and, if I had not been so angry with him for saying such a thing, I should have cried bitterly. As it was, I told him how dear it would always be to me, and that I had not forgotten the cruel streets of London from which he had taken me. Whereupon he said something of his thirty-two years and his roughness, to which, as being untrue and having nothing to do with the matter, I said nothing; and he asked me to be his wife. Then I did cry; but it was with joy, not anger. I was seventeen then, and he was thirty-two, then and now and ever to me all that is strong and brave and good. I was not afraid to tell him yes, for my shyness seemed to have fled. I was only proud and glad, for I knew that I loved him well. And John kissed my tears away, and took me to Marjory, and told her; and so I and John found out our love, and the old wainscoted parlour is dear to us both even now.

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### III.

I HAVE heard that there are few women so happy as to be loved by two men; it fell out so with me, yet it brought anything but happiness. I don't know when it was that I began to see that David Boag was always at my heels as he used to be at John's, but it was long before my cousin made me happy by a few words in the business parlour. I do not think any one else saw David's change of manner, but I did, or thought I did, and it made me ill at ease with him. He had become part of the household long

before it opened its arms to me; he was good-looking until you looked at John, and then you saw that his face was too long and narrow, and his hands also. He had odd ways with his fingers, and his features were never still for a moment, he was so fidgety. Therefore when John told him that we were to be married, I was glad to see him not cast down, but kindly to me; and if he was more noisy than usual, being as a rule a silent man, yet it was brave of him to hide his vexation by a little gaiety, and good-natured of him not to damp our joy.

At times life is like a full stream. Scarcely had I become sure that Scarfside would always be my home, when a fresh event came upon us from that outside world which seemed so small by the side of the little glen that held all I loved. It was the death of my grandfather, old Mr. Folliott. I have said nothing of his dealings with my father, for I do not wish to write any evil; and indeed I am bound not to do so of him. He was sorry at the last, and would have undone the wrong. That he could not do, for my poor father had been lying seven years in Kirtledale churchyard, whither John Penton had brought him. But the old man did something. He made a fresh will, which caused so many telegrams and letters to come to us, to say nothing of keen old gentlemen in chaises from Derby, and even farther, that many people round who had never heard of Scarfside before must have learnt the way to it; and I suppose that was why neighbours whom we had scarcely seen of late found us out at this time. Of course I was pleased to find that I should bring something to John, but I was vexed that he should have to go away about my business, as the



lawyers would have him do. It was needful, they said, that I or some one for me should go to the funeral. I would have gone myself so gladly, lest it should be thought that I bore malice towards the poor old man, but for reasons I only partly understood they thought it better that a man should go. I was cheerful enough as I gave John his breakfast; he drove me to the high-road, and there I stood at Prince Charlie's corner, waving my hand as long as I could see him, now losing, now catching sight of him as the trap wound up and down the hills towards Derby. There he was to leave it, so that if he should return at night he might drive home without loss of time. As I walked back by the sheep-track to Scarfside—it is a little shorter than the cart-road—I tried to sing, for had I not good reason to be happy? But this was the first time that John had been away since I grew up, and my singing ended very foolishly. I was soon myself again; the day, though cold, was bright, and I was cheery enough by the time I reached the farm, and quite ready to help Marjory in the dairy. We had plenty to do that day and the next; and on the third, just when I felt that Marjory was very cross and David very stupid, a letter came from John saying he should return by the last train that night, but would not reach Scarfside until between one and two in the morning; and he added that we were not to sit up for him. This was like John, who was always thoughtful, but he should have known that I could not sleep until he had come home. We were all a little excited by his return, so quiet was our life, and I am sure David was as fidgety as I was myself. Twice that day we were disturbed: first

a tramp called. Now we were always very good to beggars, partly because those who live in quiet places are so, and partly because I sometimes thought of a little waif who crouched in the cold and wet on the steps of St. Martin's Church. But this was a man of undeserving temper, for he was wicked enough to kick Kelpie—she was very old and weak now, and had crept out to enjoy a little of the winter sunshine on the stones before the porch—and foolish enough to think that no one saw him. Be sure Marjory and I rated him soundly, and gave him nothing, but told him that when David came in from his work he should come after him with the cart-whip. We told David, and for a look from me he would have done it gladly, though the man must have gone some way by that time. But I did not look.

Then, earlier in the day, we had a more unusual visitor; a lady, or one who seemed so—for she was closely veiled, as if against the cold—walked up to the door and asked to see Mr. Penton. We were mightily curious about her, for she would not rest or take anything; but when she heard that he was from home, walked quickly back by the way she came. We stared after her, but she never turned, only made off quickly. I tried to hide my own curiosity, but I heard Marjory's guesses with pleasure; and though David said little, he seemed to muse over it a good deal. In truth, towards evening I forgot all about her in thinking of seeing John again.

The night was cold and very dark. That made me fearful, and perhaps set us talking of every mischance that could befall him. When bedtime came, after making up a good fire and setting out the

master's supper, which I did with my own hands, we yet sat lingering on in the kitchen, and I was nearly selfish enough to ask David to go and meet him. But I had heard David say that he was tired, and I was loth to ask a favour of him, or to seem foolish. At length we went up to bed. Until John came home there would be no sleep for me, and I did not try to get any, but, partly undressed, and wrapping a blanket round me, sat at the window, looking out into the darkness and praying for him. Eyes were useless; all things were so still that the murmuring of the brook between its ice-bound banks was clear enough. I knew I should hear his wheels the moment he had passed the entrance to the valley, and my ears were on the stretch to catch the first sound. Then I began to think that he ought already to be here, that he was later than he should be, that something had happened, and I stole down-stairs to look at the kitchen clock. But it was not so; and no sooner had I satisfied myself than David, whom I thought asleep, hurried down also, aroused by the little noise I had made. Perhaps he was nervous too; at the time I thought so. Hardly had I got back to my post when the distant rattle of wheels on the hard road gladdened my ears. For an instant listening doubt; then hope fulfilled took its place. He was coming,—my John was coming; no one else ever drove down the hill at that pace. I had heard him come so a hundred times, and I clasped my hands in thankfulness as I called myself a goose. Soon I could catch the jingling of the harness in the frosty air; nearer and nearer they were coming, hardly slackening at all, and I could hear now the horse's foot-

fall as well coming swiftly down the well-known road. How dark it was! I was trying, but peer as I would I could not, to make out his figure as he drove into the orchard, when—Ah!—a loud crash that sounded dully through the stillness, a rattling fall in which splintering wood and kicking heels seemed mingled; the oncoming wheels stopped, everything stopped: silence, silence. I was in the act of fastening my dress, but after one choking sob, while my heart stood still, I fled down the stairs, and with trembling hands unlocked the door before Marjory and David, who had both been awakened by my cries, could help. How quickly I sped across the garden and through the orchard to the gateway! Thank God, John himself, and unhurt, clasps me in his arms, and kisses me with shaking lips. I cared for nothing more. They brought lights soon, and a gun to put the poor horse out of his pain: he was beyond help. Then the master and all of us came into the kitchen, and there was that in his face I had never seen before. We listened, and I clung to him as he spoke. It was no accident. Some one had placed a ladder taken from the ricks across the gate-pillars (there never was a gate there in our time), and leaning against them so that it must throw down the horse, looking for no obstacle. Steep as the road was—God forgive him!—he must have meant murder. The shafts were snapped like matches, and the dog-cart thrown on to the poor horse's back; but by what we cannot call chance his driver was flung sideways on to the turf, and escaped with the shaking. We gazed into one another's faces, and found the whiteness of our own reflected there. The poor old horse! he had been a good

servant, and I had often fed him out of my own hand. Who had done this cruel, this dastardly thing? and why? Had John laid his hand upon him at that moment small mercy would have been his; and even Marjory would have made him tremble, the old woman's anger was so deep. For me, John was safe!

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#### IV.

THE peaceful life that we had led at Scarfside seemed to have come to an end. In truth, we had now much to think of and much to do; and the attempt upon my cousin's life—base as it was, having, as far as we knew, no link with the future—filled less and less of our thoughts. I, indeed, was afraid to let my mind run upon it, my anger grew so hot within me. It was all put down to the tramp; and if suspicion fell elsewhere, we did not hear of it. They scoured the countryside for him as far as Derby; but he must have made haste to put the miles between himself and us, for they did not come up with him. We were all mistaken, as you will see.

When our excitement had somewhat died away, John had great news for us. My grandfather had left all he had to leave to me; and though the acres that once stretched on every side of the still stately old mansion were sadly diminished by long bygone extravagances, enough remained to give rise to a fair rent-roll, and the lawyers held out hopes that, by prudence, the waning fortunes of the house might in time be augmented. John had to tell us that I was quite a rich young lady. We could hardly believe it. Even now I was to have an allowance that to us seemed won-

derful; and as he told us of all these things, I am not ashamed to avow that my heart beat faster—but it was for his sake. How old Marjory cried with delight as she called me an heiress, and stroked my locks as if they had turned to real gold! David's fingers worked faster than ever with pleasure; and only John seemed almost sad as he painted my possessions in the richest colours. Perhaps it was because the lawyers thought fit that I should live at Folliott Park for a short time before our marriage—as, indeed, we all allowed was seemly. They had arranged that I should go there in a month or so, when some nice old lady had been found to take care of me, until my cousin should have the best of all rights to do so. Such matters gave us a great deal to do. Still, I had time to notice that John, whose every look I knew so well, was troubled by a letter which came to him about this time. He did not show it to me as was his way. I would not vex him with questions; but I was sure that day that he was fidgeting about something, and he made so little of me, that I was very low when bedtime came. But what David Boag was doing next day was even a greater puzzle to me. He was always in and out of the house, getting very much in our way—now looking from the hay-loft window, as if expecting some one; now talking to me of my money—which, indeed, he was never tired of doing, making such dreadful faces to show his pleasure, that I wondered how I had ever thought him anything but ugly. It was very foolish to be troubled by John's abstraction; but I was. And it seemed as if David saw it and wished me not to think of it; for in the afternoon he came and told me that

the otter was in the little pool just below the orchard. A week before, one took up his abode thereabouts; and as I had never seen an otter, John and he had promised to fetch me, when there was any chance of catching sight of it out of its holt. I was not at that moment in spirits to enjoy the chance to the full; but David had so set his heart upon my going, and was so eager that I should not miss it, that I did not like to disappoint him after he had taken the trouble to fetch me. I ran out with him without my hat through the garden, and down the brook; and we had just reached the end of the orchard above the pool, when we saw John—or rather I did; for David was intent upon the otter. John was not alone—how quickly I saw that! And as I looked, the dull feeling of trouble that had been hanging over me for a day or two, caused by his coldness, or perhaps only a shadow of what was coming, took solid shape. There was a woman with him; tall and young and handsome. The one, in all certainty, who had called upon us while he was away. But now her veil was back and she was gazing into his face, and he was holding both her hands tightly and leaning over her as he talked slowly and earnestly, just as he and I had often talked. O, John, John! I had seen enough for my pride. They were in the road just at the entrance of the valley, out of earshot from the orchard, and where no one could see them from the house. I had no eyes for the otter now; only for him and her. As well as I could I made some excuse. Happily David was too eager in his quest to notice them, and I made him come back with me to the house. Then I crept up to my room and cried, so bitterly!

You see I had believed in John, and pinned all my girlish faith on him; and I feared that my idol was of clay. Who was this woman, whom he met outside the house, and whose hands he clasped as I had known him clasp mine (here I fell to looking at mine and pitying them), and in whose face he gazed so earnestly? I was sure she was handsome; and I had seen her eyes sparkle from where I stood. But I was too proud to tell him I had seen them. He should not think he was watched. It should be left to him to tell me, and I would not make it easier for him. So I washed my face; it made me break down again when I saw it in my little glass, and thought how often he had kissed it. And I made my dress a little gayer than usual. But when we met at tea my ways could not be as before; and he soon felt that there was something wrong between us. Oddly, too, this evening John was more like his old self; he had got rid of his thoughtfulness, and rallied me quite merrily on my little knot of ribbon. Then he asked me soberly if I were well; and though I did not seem to be looking at him, I knew that he was puzzled and anxious. From this his face changed to gravity, which, as the evening wore on, took more and more a look of pain and thought. I would have given the world to have taken his dear head on my shoulder, and kissed away the cares from his brow, and the aching from his eyes; but that woman was between us, and the wound was too fresh. We had never had a lovers' quarrel—for John was always right in my eyes—or we might have made more light of one another's displeasure, and drawn out the wrongs which we kept to ourselves. My brow, too, was heavy, and my eyes ach-

ing as I laid them on the pillow ; and it was a weary awakening in the morning.

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## V.

THOSE were four wretched weeks that followed my unlucky visit to the otter's pool. John gave me no explanation, nor did he hint at his secret meeting ; but his manner grew colder and colder, and his voice more hard when he spoke to me, so that even David saw that something was amiss, and, in his good-natured way, I suppose, thought that by being more gay himself he might conceal, if he could not mend, the breach between us. Surely John would ask me the reason of my coldness, or give me some cause for his ready assent to this miserable state of things ? But he did neither. Only when he thought no one was looking at him, his face would grow sad, and his brow perplexed ; and he would sigh as he gazed into the fire with that fixed look. A hundred times did I yearn to kneel at his knees and kiss his weary eyes and comfort him, though the next moment he went out to meet that woman. I have watched him thus, and longed, until the choking sobs rose up and made me leave the room, that I might sacrifice my pride and make him happier ; for that he was fretting how he might tell me, I felt sure. But I could not do it. David's merriment, well meant though it might be, jarred upon us. As for Marjory, I knew not why, she was sometimes vexed with me ; and then, again, I would catch her looking at me in a pitying way, that told she guessed what was the matter. But she said nothing. Dear Marjory, I have learned how ill she was thinking of her bairn, and

how love was struggling with anger in her honest breast.

So the breach grew wider day by day ; and by the end of the month, without a word said, John and I had tacitly made up our minds that it was over between us. On the evening before I was to leave for Chester—that part of the plan was still adhered to—we did have something in the shape of an explanation. He asked me to go for a walk with him ; and we climbed Scarfside together, as we had so often done before. It was a silent walk. We both wished to say something ; but it did not get itself said, until we were at the orchard-gate on the way home again. Then he did speak, in his brave way, very shortly, and how much to the point I hardly felt, until I 'got to my room, and hid my face on the dear little bed that had known all my childish joys and sorrows. Circumstances (it was unlike him to be lenient to himself, I thought), he said, had come between us ; and we must not blame one another in the time to come. And he prayed that God would bless me. Twice he said that before he went quickly away through the rick-yard ; and I went in. The spring of my happiness had been very short.

However, we were more cheerful that last evening ; it may be because we had, to some extent, found out our footing, and there was no fear of our warmth being mistaken. Yet I was glad that we were able to be friendly to one another on this last evening of the old life, though a dull ever-present pain lay under my cheerfulness. Our talk was chiefly of my journey next day. I was not sorry when John was called away on some outdoor business upon the farm, which would detain him until after our bed-time, and I

was able to go to my room under pretence of finishing my packing, but really to sit down and think sadly to myself that this was my last night in the old home which had taken me in when I was homeless and friendless. In the old days how good cousin John had been to me! how generously he had sheltered me when I was a helpless child in whom he could see only something to pity! Afterwards he had seen something to love; he had loved me once—I clung to that; and then—a bitter *then* it was that followed. But thinking of these things, a resolve grew strong within me that, before I left, I would tell him I freely wished him happiness, and that, forgetting the later past, I should ever be grateful for the kindness of my childish days. His last thought of me should not be that I went away full of resentment. The household had all gone to bed. It was close upon midnight, and still he had not come in, for I should have heard him pass up the stairs. What time could be better than the present, late as it was? I should sleep more contentedly, if not more happily, when I had got rid of some of this weight of gratitude. A month ago, and I should have thought him little satisfied with gratitude alone.

The last time that I had waited thus—and yet not thus, alas!—for him had been on the evening of his accident, if it might be called so, at the orchard-gate. The stillness of the house and the hour made me think of it with an uneasy shudder; but now there could be no danger—he had only gone to an outlying shed to see one of the cattle which was ill; David Boag should have done it, but he was unwell and had gone early to bed. At first I was only impatient for John to come in

that I might see him, and say what I meant to say; but as the time wore on, and it got later, and the house more and more still, and yet he did not come, I grew uneasy about him. Not for long; he must have let himself in very quietly, for, though I did not hear the door opened, he is moving softly in the kitchen underneath. Without taking a light I go quietly down the stairs, cross the little hall, and pause an instant in the darkness at the half-open door, fearful at the last lest John may think it unmaidenly of me. The door between the hall and kitchen is half open, and with my hand already stretched out to push it farther, I am stopped by what I see within. Surely this is not the familiar room where the kettle has so often sung, and the long oaken table mirrored our laughing faces. John is not there, but some one is—some one—a dark form crouching on the hearth in the full blaze of the fire; and at the sight of his waiting figure and the thing in his hands, my heart stands still, as it did once before at my bedroom-window. That ill-omened watcher so patiently waiting, weapon in hand, means danger to some one—to John. The hearth is on my left hand as I look in through my door, which faces the outer one leading from the kitchen into the open air. There is no light in the room save that of the wood fire, which is burning brightly, filling the room with lights and shadows; and though I cannot see the man's face, which is turned away, watching the outer door opposite me and beyond him, the door by which John may come in at any moment, yet what he holds so tenderly is plain enough. It is John's gun. He is waiting there, in the quiet home kitchen, with only the loud ticking of the

clock to keep pace with my heart, to murder him when he comes in through that door. What am I to do? If I leave my post for an instant, before I can get to one of the windows up-stairs to warn him, John may come in, and it will be too late. What! Of all others, the man is David Boag the bailiff! He has turned his head, as if he heard the beating of my heart, and it is he indeed; but as the blaze lights up his profile, a great horror surpassing all I had felt before comes upon me, and I feel so faint I almost fall. But he does not hear the rustling of my dress; he is intent upon his aim. It is his, David's, face, and yet it is not. The features are distorted with fiendish glee; the eyes are glittering with the glitter of madness, and the teeth, from which the lips are drawn back, are clenched in the fixity of his purpose. He is watching that door with the tenacity of a dog, never winking. Even as he turns his head to listen his eyes do not quit the door before him, and he clutches the gun with hands that are firm with the strength of madness. Mad he is, and in a madman's most dangerous mood. A new thought breaks in upon my mind. As I think of a hundred little things, I wonder I have never suspected this before. How shall I save John?

Of myself I did not think, thank Heaven, as I leant against the wall, hardly four yards from this armed maniac, but only how I might save my lover. For the moment he was my lover again, and the last weeks of estrangement were forgotten. Not a sound in the house but the clock ticking on, and the hushed fall of the wood ashes. Marjory and the servant were fast asleep at the end of a long passage up-stairs, little witting of the scene

that the firelight was shining upon. Even if I dared move away, there was no other way out of the house but through the kitchen. How I racked my brain for some plan, and bethought me in my terror that an old soldier of my father's regiment, who chanced to light upon Scarfside, and spoke much of him, and was, you may be sure, well treated there, called me my 'father's daughter every inch'! I kept thinking of that, wondering why then I was not equal to this call upon my presence of mind. I dared not stir; John might open that door at any moment, and I felt no hope that that dark vengeful form, crouching in the shadowy room, would miss his aim, though the fire flickered, and sometimes to my fancy seemed to multiply him, and fill all the room with lurking figures, ready to pounce upon me. No plan occurred to me; and even as I thought, the key turned slowly and gratingly in the lock of the outer door, at which I gazed desperately. It shook; John's fingers were on the latch lifting it; and with every nerve strained, with a face like stone, the madman was bringing the gun to his shoulder. This was no time for thought now. As quick as thought itself, and almost as still, I glided in behind him into the room, and as he raised the weapon, and the door was opened widely, I sprang forward and flung my arms round the madman, striking up the gun. Even so it was Heaven's mercy, not I, that saved my lover. Had he not lingered a moment to scrape his boots I had been too late; as it was the charge struck the wall just above the door. As David dashed me, screaming loudly now, on the floor, John, who seemed to take it all in in an instant, had his hands upon him and tried to throw him. It was a grim strug-

gle by the flickering blaze of the fire, while I lay only able to scream: not that David in his saner moments was any match for his master in strength, but tonight the force of madness was in him. Again and again he tried to dash John against the fireplace or the table, and seemed getting the better of him, while the half-uttered cries that forced themselves from his writhing foaming lips told of the fierce hate that nerved his mad fingers in their clutches at his master's throat. And I could do nothing, or only scream. But fortunately my cries and the gun-shot brought down Marjory; and the stout old woman, fearless in her love for her master, gave such aid, that soon the poor mad wretch was lying fast and bound on the floor.

Then they turned to me with such pitying words. It had not hurt me as I fell; but somehow my arm was broken. I would have had it broken a dozen times to save John's life. But I am glad that old soldier was not there as they lifted me up; for I fainted in a very foolish way, quite unlike my father's daughter. It was my first and last transgression of that kind; last, I trust, for it cannot be that I shall ever be so tried again.

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## VI.

THE doctor had gone away and left me quite comfortable; Marjory was sitting by the fire making up for the loss of her night's rest, and I could hear John moving down-stairs. It was just the quiet time in the afternoon when a farmhouse is always so still, and as I watched Marjory's cap nodding, my thoughts, which had been nervously dwelling on the details of the past night, conjuring

up poor David's distorted face, or the ill-omened figure crouching in the gloom of the fire-lit-kitchen, began to turn to myself. I had saved my cousin's life—my cousin's: he could be nothing more to me, the night had not altered that. I struggled to make my thankfulness for his safety pure from all regret that the life so saved was to be given to another. Still I could now more easily say the words I had been on my way to say to him last night, and they would be more needed, for he could not but be sorry that his love had gone from me. So I was thinking when John came up-stairs, and told me what the doctor said of the 'little girl's' courage; so gravely and tenderly he told it me, almost wistfully I thought. Perhaps he was thinking of what might have been. Then he went on to speak of poor David Boag, and I listened, getting more and more interested.

Twenty years ago John's grandfather, the owner of Scarfside Farm, had been hard pressed for money. Scarfside was fast slipping from the hands of the old family, when a friend, himself not too well off, a man who had long lived side by side with him, came to his aid, and the land was saved. Old Penton did not forget the debt, nor did he think it satisfied when the money was repaid. Hugh Boag died before his friend, and when he was near his end, he sent for him in great distress, and confided to him his two infant grandchildren and the little he had to leave them. Penton held it as a sacred trust, and, as such, handed it on to his grandson with the old place. But the trust was a heavy one; there was the taint of madness on the mother's side, which, in the case of the elder child, a girl, soon showed itself; and no sooner had she grown up



than it was found necessary to confine her where she could be taken good care of.

'I never felt much fear for David,' John went on, 'though I knew that he was not quite like other men. He was so good a man of business, and so thoroughly acquainted with his work, that I came to feel secure. Here there was little to excite him, and I had always been careful to keep from him all idea of the curse hanging over him, and to separate him from his sister, so that he was not even aware of her existence. Poor David! I fear he was the man who put the ladder against the orchard-gate; still, that is better than to think any sane man did it. Something of late must have excited him. I blame myself, Grace, that I did not notice the change in him some time ago, but I have been thinking of you—of your affairs—and have been troubled too about his sister. She escaped about a month ago from the people who take care of her, and found her way here. I did not speak of it, because I thought it might alarm you; and besides, we could hardly then have kept it from David. She hung about the place, and once wrote to me (there were times when she was fairly sane, and this was one), and made an appointment with me here. Luckily I contrived to meet her on the road, so that she did not come to the house. Poor thing! she is fierce and violent at times when the fit is upon her; but she was gentle enough then, and I persuaded her to go quietly with the people who were waiting close by with the carriage; they are very kind to her, I know, but I fear they will not undertake her brother. It was that and other things that made me less watchful of David.'

John paused, but my head was buried in the pillow. Though my arm was bandaged up, the doctor had mercifully left me the power of turning on one side. How else should I have hid my burning face? There was not an inch of my skin that was not tingling with shame. How could I have doubted him, have wronged him, when he was trying only to save me from annoyance? How bad I must be to have built up this pile of jealousy, which had had no foundation, not even a weak one! I could guess pretty well the cause of poor David's excitement, but I did not tell John then, though I have since. Probably David, whether in malice or in mischief it would be hard to say, had deliberately led me to the otter's pool, that I might see John meeting the stranger, though his cunning taught him to hide his purpose even when it was accomplished. A wild jealousy of John, only, I hope, in part on my account, had led him to plot against his master's life and love. How much of madness was in this from the beginning we can never be sure.

But while I was so ashamed of myself, I was also trembling with joy—doubting, hesitating joy—yet ready to start into glorious certainty at a word from John; for if this was not the cause of his coldness, what was? Was it merely the answer of his pride to my own manner? No matter, I could forgive him anything now that the nightmare that had brooded over my love was dispelled. And so I hid my face in my pillow, and feeling as if my very hair was reddening, told John what I had been thinking these dreary weeks, and how I had blamed him in my jealous folly, and at last how I had been coming down last night, sadly but

bravely, to wish him in return the 'God bless you !' with which he had parted from me at the orchard-gate. And then I asked him to forgive me ; but he was so long in answering that in sudden dread I looked up, to meet such an astonished face that I laughed through my blushes. But I was very angry next moment, when he told me he had put down the change in my manner to my change in fortune ; he had been thinking that of me on those long evenings when he was looking so sadly at the fire, and my love had almost melted my pride, I so longed to comfort him. He and Marjory had thought this of me—that the girl whom they had sheltered when she was penniless and friendless would despise them when wealth had fallen to her. If I could have sat up I would have boxed his ears. I could do it now when I think of it. O, it was too bad ! But as I could only cry a little (my smiles and tears were very near the surface that happy day), John had me in his power, and kissed me till I forgave him. We resolved that nothing should ever make us distrust each other again ; and now I know that nothing ever can. I thanked my broken arm a hundred times, but for which I might have missed my happiness ; every pang it gave me told me that my lover was my very own. When Marjory roused herself she found the fire almost out, and we remembered with a guilty start that the dear old lady, with whom by this time I should have been far on the way to Chester, had passed the whole afternoon alone in the oak parlour. But though she was a very grand personage, Mrs. Harcourt took to me at once. John was so polite to her ; and I verily believe that she was delighted to stay quietly

with us instead of undertaking my enthronement at Folliott Park. When we came to know her well she told me with a merry laugh that for all her dignified gravity she had been terribly frightened at her task, before she knew with whom she had to deal.

Yes, to-day, I, Grace Penton, am thirty years old, and I am sitting in the dear old parlour where my husband first told me of his love ; it seems but a month ago, so peaceful and happy have been the years that divide us from it. It is not often we can steal away here and be quiet. John is a great man in Cheshire, and but that he is one of the county members, he would have been High Sheriff this year. There and in London most of our time has to be spent. Mrs. Harcourt and Marjory keep house at Scarfside, and sometimes, to their great pleasure, we send the children to the old home when we cannot go ourselves.

On my right arm there is a small hard lump where the bone was broken twelve years ago. I tell John often what a disfigurement it is when I am obliged to wear short sleeves, and if I had my way, I say, I should hide it with a bracelet. But he will not have it so ; and, in secret, neither would I. He says he is more proud of that little bruise than of the comeliness that makes men call me a belle at thirty. We are rich and honoured and sought after, but I ever keep in memory the ragged child who crouched from the wind and rain in her dead father's arms in that dark corner by St. Martin's Church ; and at times when the nights are coldest and darkest John takes me there—no matter for what. Surely it is a debt I pay. J. S.

## AUGUST TO JUNE.

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Just when the long June days were brightest,  
When woods were decked in their greenest dress,  
When mine was of mortal hearts the lightest,  
O woman and whim and wilfulness,  
To spoil my summer and leave me so !  
But there, I forgave you weeks ago.

Dear, 'tis time that the clouds were lifting;  
Time, methinks, to forgive and forget.  
Whose the fault if apart we're drifting?  
Why our quarrel? I scarce know yet.  
Ah, come back, ere our lives grow old,  
Ere eyes are careless and lips are cold:

Have you forgotten our seaside strolling,  
Lingerings down on the misty sands,  
Murmuring music of waters rolling,  
Meeting of glances, meeting of hands?  
I am alone on the dim sea-shore:  
Ah, come back to me, love, once more!

Somehow, with me to-night there lingers  
The fragrance faint of the flower you wore;  
The touch of the hand, with its slender fingers,  
You laid in mine on the gray sea-shore;  
And an echo of words that were whispered then:  
Ah, come back to me, dear, again!

Ah, come back to me, love, come back to me!  
Starless all is the August night;  
Seaward and landward alike 'tis black to me—  
Come, and make of the darkness light!  
Come, and say, in my arms held fast,  
'I have returned to my home at last!'

E. CORBET NICOLSON.

## HAPPY TRAVELLERS.

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IN these days, when everybody is travelling, it is most of all important that travellers should be happy. Except, of course, at Rosherville, I am not aware that this is generally the case. In one of the prettiest scenes of *Our Mutual Friend*, the bridal dinner at Greenwich, Dickens says that the dishes were 'seasoned with bliss,' an article of which they are sometimes out at Greenwich. A traveller may have all sorts of external advantages, and yet, like Mr. Toole's favourite character, may not be happy. Indeed one sees a great many people on their travels, of whom, whatever else may be uncertain, it must be truly asserted that they do not possess happiness. People of an essentially unhappy frame of mind carry their own mental atmosphere with them wherever they may go; as the Irishman said, 'They are never happy unless they are miserable.'

Much of this unhappiness is of course unavoidable. There are many travellers abroad whom we meet intensely and obviously unhappy. Perhaps they are people who have gone through great trials and sorrows, and their friends and physicians tell them that they had better travel about the world to get rid of their grief and disquiet. There has been some great misfortune, some stunning bereavement, some bitter disappointment. Such persons have been advised, or have advised themselves, to try travel, and have fortunately been in a position to carry out the idea. But Black Care can take his seat

in the train as well as on the pillow. The slings and stings of sorrow and remorse will follow swiftly on. These are the unhappy travellers who bring out our happy travellers all the more distinctly. Many are the travellers who travel in the pursuit of lost health; but they have started on their journey a little too late, and the object still eludes them, disappearing in the despairing distance. Before now you have met with the man who is travelling to avoid his creditors, or even to avoid the police. This last class of people cannot be very happy, although they are often the very loudest in their jollity and most profuse in their expenditure. Indeed it is a favourite trick of unhappiness to seek to elude itself by these means. Then there are absurd people who make themselves unhappy if they are overcharged in a bill or disappointed in an ascent. In the graver cases which I have mentioned it is interesting even in the depression of illness, anxiety, or bereavement to watch how travel often brings a quiet happiness of its own, which goes far to soothe and modify even the most unfavourable outward conditions. Nature has her tones and half-tones of colour and harmony. She brings her mosses and ivy and wild flowers not alone to the ruined column, but the perishing life. She gives indeed to decay a subtle spiritual beauty which is beyond the charm of vigorous health. Even those travellers whom we think unhappy, through the teaching of lake and forest and mountain, which are all in-

stinct with a spiritual meaning, may attain to a blessedness that is higher than happiness.

There are even travellers whose essential business it is to be as happy as possible. If they are not happy now, it is hardly to be expected that they ever will be happy. Look at the young men who are let loose for a walking tour in Scotland or Switzerland. It is, perhaps, for the first time they are 'doing' it, and they have abounding health and plenty of money and the highest spirits. They have readiness and capacity for every adventure. They catch and carelessly toss back each ball of happy circumstance. Or take the case of the happy girl who gets her first long holiday abroad, who advances beyond her month at the seaside or the few weeks at the countryside, to gain a spell of real foreign travel—for the first time makes her sketches on the Rhine or the Moselle; for the first time tries an ascent in the Tyrol or Switzerland. What draughts of pure fresh happiness are here! It is indeed a privilege that those who are near them may taste at times of that elixir-cup of youth. And when the boys and girls get married and take their wedding-tours, they are generally eminent examples of happy travellers. Perhaps they are not so happy as they may be in a year or two, when they come to understand each other's characters and ways. But if they have given a little attention already to that line of study, they have the air of bliss which indicates the happy traveller. There are some lines of country where these interesting beings abound. You meet them by dozens in the course of a summer day, in favourite reaches of the sea-coast during the autumn months. For the most part, they are not so unsocial to all the

world as they were in the days of their engagement; are a little glad to have the constant *tête-à-tête* broken into, and that a breeze of the outer world should float in upon the stillness of their own perfumed atmosphere. They are slowly subsiding into a stable state of married happiness. It was amusing, however, to notice the convulsive efforts of freedom which would be made by one or the other of the linked 'happy' couples. I noticed one irregular young Benedict, of not many hours' standing, who 'began as he meant to go on,' and even in those early times betook himself to fishing all day, and playing at billiards till any hour in the morning. His wife, a pretty sensible young woman, seemed very much amused, and at the same time to have no doubt of being able to win him to, and keep him at, her side for good.

This, however, is quite an exceptional state of things. I wish to illustrate more broadly the class of happy travellers, and to argue that all travellers ought to be, or make themselves, happy.

Let us look at the constituents of true happiness. First of all, there must be sweetness of temper, for the absence of that single ingredient will go far to spoil the whole thing. The Naggletons on their travels are never a happy people. There is a good deal to test the temper and bring out character in one's travels: there is often a competition of tastes and interests, and one has to learn to bear and forbear. As the divines say, we must take all human means to promote the great common object of happiness. There is much in carefully sketching out the plan of a campaign, and not being too inelastic in respect to the details. Then, again, the financial part of travelling is very important. You don't want

to be extravagant; but it is a great thing to know that you can afford expenditure which will cover all you really want for ease and comfort. A friend of mine says that the great thing is never to care whether you walk or take a trap, and whether you have to give an extra shilling or not. If you have a soul that can rise superior to all the vexatious extras of travel, you are really doing extremely well, and are in a proper financial attitude of mind. If you are travelling in a party, it is to be hoped that you will be well assorted, as is a good salad. Take care to have plenty of the oil of life, and as little as possible of its vinegar. But whether you travel singly or in a party, the healthy natural instinct is that you should be gregarious, and not solitary, in your habits. I have seen parties of English people who, by their excessive insularity, have deprived themselves of all the social benefits of travel. They just fill a railway compartment; they group together on the deck of a steamer; they occupy a private room at an hotel; they see no other company but their own, and they are supercilious towards others. Such people are deficient in the primary elements that constitute happy travelling. Just as an English ship is legally supposed to constitute the floating soil of England, so these people everywhere spread a British carpet for themselves, and practically stay at home all the time that they are travelling.

One great help in keeping a traveller happy is the conviction that he is making the best of his time and his opportunities. For this reason the plan of travel should be formed sufficiently early to admit of sundry preparations. You should study the guide-books, and not only those, but the information of your own friends

who have worked through the same country, and the literature opened up by the guide-books. Then you should be on the lookout for letters of introduction to foreign places. Then you should do something towards obtaining some knowledge of the language. For all young people travel ought to be a high educational advantage. It is always a most excellent aim to combine use with pleasure. We ought to have some special and carefully defined aims. Not only the linguist, but the naturalist, the geologist, the artist, the lover of history, each should find the locality best fitted for the special purpose, where we can verify our impressions and extend the range of our ideas and observations. All this, however, must be done within due limitations. We assume that our object is travelling and not amusement. I know of people who have gone to Germany and Italy, and have spent all their time in studios and art-galleries, and have worked so hard that they have returned home quite unrested and unrefreshed. This is all very well in the case of people who go out for the sake of study, but not for those who travel for the sake of travel. It is best for those whose studious habits will take them into the open air to read the riddle of the rock, and decipher the secret of the flower, and to contrast the natural arcades of forest aisles with the cloistered solitudes of cathedral cities.

'The proper study of mankind is man,' or, as the verse is sometimes read, 'The proper study of mankind is — woman.' Human nature itself is the great study of happy travellers; and where the travellers are happy, English nature reveals itself abroad with a frankness and fulness which by

no means is equally common when you are at home. Indeed, there are some curious people who will be cold and distant at home, expand wonderfully when abroad, and creep into their shells again when at home once more. It may be true of an Englishman that he takes his pleasure sadly when he is at home, but it is also true that he mostly takes it happily when he is abroad. The lines have fallen to me in very pleasant places when I have been travelling, and by a 'happy thought' have found out happy people. We have clubbed for boats and carriages together, and together have hunted waterfalls and ascended mountains; we have made notes of our travels, and told each other much of our histories; we have exchanged experiences, congratulations, condolences. Perhaps very little has come of it in the long-run. We meet as ships at sea—a momentary salutation, perhaps a brief intimacy, and then we part. Perhaps we exchange a photograph, a flower, a Christmas or Easter card. We go our respective ways, and the tide of life sweeps away those structures in the sands; but years afterwards, when memory brings back the entranced evening hours by the Alpine lake or Italian seaboard, you feel fresher and better because your lot was cast in for a time with those happy travellers. Such visions are rare, but blessed while they last, and blessed and invigorating for future years.

And what is the peculiar secret of this happiness? How is it that while you mentally label the character of your fellow-travellers, and describe such a one as shrewd and clever, and this other one as scientific or artistic, and yet this other one as taking uncommonly good care of himself in every respect, that you only now and then find any one whose definition, be-

yond every other, is that of a happy traveller? Goldsmith described his Traveller as

'Remote, unfriended, solitary, slow.'

Now, our happy traveller is generally the reverse of all this. His outward expression is mainly that of graciousness—certainly the most rare and engaging of all human qualities. There is a healthy mental and moral play of faculties in our happy traveller; there is a sunshine of the soul; there is a harmony with oneself and all surroundings and with heaven; there are insight and sympathy and the law of kindness; there is the desire to invest each life thrown into contact with a portion of this happiness; there is the instinct to make the lightest of everything that is unfavourable. Hume, the historian, has left on record his opinion, that the disposition to look on the bright side of things, and to make the best of everything that is good, is equivalent to a large fortune to its happy possessor. Such a disposition is a priceless boon, not only for a summer holiday, but also for the long travel and travail of human life, as we pass over Mirza's bridge of the three-score and ten arches, of which so many become, for so many of us, broken down abruptly. When Wordsworth described his perfect woman 'nobly planned,' she is

'A being drawing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller betwixt life and death.'

One would like to journey on with such a fellow-traveller, to take the turning to the right, and to go on the long walk. Contrary to all pessimistic views, let us be assured that we are intended for happiness; that we have to work out our way, clear from the shadows of selfishness and gloom, and, adopting the pilgrim's staff and scallop-shell, realise our condition as happy travellers to a happier bourne beyond. F. A.

## STORIES BY FOREIGN NOVELISTS:

### THE AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

BY GABORIAU.

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It surely is not derogatory to a novelist to say of him that his novels amuse and captivate the reader while perusing his pages, and that the spell once broken, the mystery unravelled, the works leave little residue in our memory. The primary condition of a novel is that it should amuse, while away an idle hour, or divert the current of pressing thoughts and anxieties. Gaboriau eminently fulfils these demands. He is a writer whom it is as difficult to put aside as Wilkie Collins at his best; his romances are as enthralling as the famous *Woman in White*. Yet, once put aside for a time, it would be as difficult to remember all their plots and counterplots, the mysteries and intricacies, as those of that wonderful work. All Gaboriau's stories are of one kind. They are police novels of elaborate construction, with plots cleverly planned and dexterously developed. Easily read, these books can by no means have been as easily written. They bear all the marks of the most careful and thoughtful composition. Their analysis reveals the most subtle weaving of a fictitious thread; not a word, not an incident, is carelessly introduced—all have their purpose, their ultimate end, to fulfil. At first simple, the threads of narrative after a while cross and intercross; yet we never become confused, the whole plot is too admirably lucid in the author's mind to be presented otherwise

than clearly. Gaboriau is a master of logical deduction; he understands the art of reasoning. An admirer has well said of his books that they are not romances, but logical treatises! For logical analysis he is probably unsurpassed; and it is no exaggeration when a French critic says of him that he is 'one of the writers of our time who has best linked effects to their causes, who has clearly proved the errors and dangers possible in deduction, the sophisms of reasoning, the deviations in the normal order of proofs.' Gaboriau was born in Saujon, 1835, and died October 1, 1873. His works are greatly admired by lawyers as examples of acute ratiocination and remarkable perspicuity, and they are indeed worthy the attention of all members of that profession. They show how difficult are the paths of justice; how even the most specious inferences from acknowledged circumstances may yet be far from the truth, that to pronounce as to the guilt or innocence of a human soul is a task often beyond human powers.

The French, who greatly admire the works of E. A. Poe, of which they possess an excellent translation from no less able a pen than that of Baudelaire, claim for Gaboriau that he is a French Poe. It seems, indeed, that Gaboriau himself acknowledged that the perusal of Poe's tales in his extreme youth inflamed his imagination, and incited him to follow in



his footsteps. But he has been something beyond a servile imitator. Gaboriau's stories are not merely mysteries of crime, mathematically handled, in which the author's attention is solely devoted to unravelling the problem : they deal with real flesh-and-blood personages, are taken out of real life ; the mysteries are only such as are created by crime—he does not love mystery for its own sake. Where the two authors most resemble each other is in their passion for analysis. The description given by Poe of his amateur detective in 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue' might be applied, word for word, to both himself and Gaboriau : 'The analytical faculties are always to their possessor, when inordinately possessed, a source of the liveliest enjoyment. As the strong man exults in his physical ability, delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action, so glories the analyst in that mental activity which *disentangles*. He derives pleasure from even the most trivial occupations bringing his talent into play. He is fond of enigmas, of conundrums, of hieroglyphics, exhibiting in his solution of each a degree of acumen which appears to the ordinary comprehension preternatural. His results, brought about by the very soul and essence of method, have, in truth, the whole air of intuition.' These words too apply with force to Gaboriau's amateur detective Tabaret in *L'Affaire Lerouge*, a figure that has probably been suggested by Poe's crime-loving hero.

Gaboriau has left several such criminal novels, of which the most notable are *L'Affaire Lerouge*, *Le Crime d'Orcival*, *Le Dossier No. 113*, *Monsieur Lecocq*, and *La Corde au Cou*. He exhibits in all a wonderful capacity for in-

venting problems that seem insoluble, and for varying the nature and circumstances of the crimes committed. Each novel is excellent in its way, and it is almost invidious to specialise. But perhaps the most remarkable and thrilling are *Monsieur Lecocq* and *L'Affaire Lerouge*. The former deals with the history of an ambitious detective, who is anxious to rise in his profession, and hopes to do so by unravelling a mystery. A strange murder takes place in Paris, in which no one discovers anything extraordinary except himself ; and he suspects that there is a great personage connected with it, and great interests involved. The whole first volume is occupied with his endeavours to prove his conjecture, which ultimately is found to be correct.

*L'Affaire Lerouge* opens with the statement that an old woman is found murdered in her cottage. The perpetrator of the crime is unknown, and his discovery occupies the book. Side by side with this runs a second narrative, which, at first existing independently, becomes unexpectedly interwoven with the former. The whole is evolved so skilfully, our interest in the various personages is so fully aroused, that it is impossible to put aside the book until we have discovered whether the man who is accused has really perpetrated the crime, all indications pointing irrefragably to that conclusion. And yet he has not committed it ; and one of the most subtle touches in the whole is the acumen displayed by an amateur detective, who sees in the fact that the accused cannot account for himself during the night of the crime a proof of his innocence, rather than what, to superficial observers, would be a damning proof of his guilt.

From *L'Affaire Lerouge* we give the opening scene. Even if Gaboriau's novels had no other claim upon the interest of English readers, they would be worth perusal as faithful pictures of French legal procedure, with its mode, so contrary to ours, of administering criminal law.

#### THE AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

The head of the police was no other than the celebrated Gévrol, who will not fail to play an important part in the drama of our nephews. He is unquestionably an able man; but he lacks perseverance, and he sometimes allows himself to be blinded by the most incredible obstinacy. If he loses a track, he cannot make up his mind to confess it, even less to retrace his steps. On the other hand, he is audacious and cool, and has never hesitated to confront the most dangerous criminals.

But his specialty, his glory, his triumph, is in his memory for faces—so extraordinary as to exceed the limits of the credible. If he has seen a face for five minutes, it is done: the face is marked down. Everywhere, at any time, he will recognise it. The most impossible places, the most unlikely circumstances, the most incredible disguises, will not put him off the track. He says the reason is that in a man he only sees, only looks at, the eyes. He recognises the glance, without troubling himself about the features.

His experience was tested a few months ago at Poissy. Three prisoners were draped under coverings in such a manner as to hide their figure; before their faces was put a thick veil, with holes for the eyes, and in this condition they were brought before Gévrol.

Without the slightest hesitation he recognised three of his customers, and named them.

Was it chance alone that helped him?

Gévrol's aide-de-camp on this day was a former convict, who had made his peace with the law, —a clever fellow at his trade, as sharp as a needle, and jealous of his chief, whom he considered of mediocre ability. He was called Lecoq.

The justice of the peace, who began to feel his responsibility weigh upon him, welcomed the investigating judge\* and his two agents as his deliverers. He quickly related the facts, and read his deposition.

'You have acted very well, sir,' said the judge. 'All this is very clear; only there is one circumstance that you have forgotten.'

'Which, sir?' asked the justice.

'Which day was the Widow Lerouge seen for the last time, and at what hour?'

'I was coming to that, sir. She was seen on the evening of Shrove Tuesday, at twenty minutes past five. She was returning from Bougival with a basket of provisions.'

'You are quite sure of the time, sir?' asked Gévrol.

'Quite; and this is why. The two witnesses whose testimony convinces me—the woman Tellier and a cooper, who live close by here—were getting out of the tramway car which leaves Marly once an hour, when they saw the Widow Lerouge in the cross-road. They hurried on to catch her up, talked to her, and only left her at her own door.'

\* The investigating judge (*juge d'instruction*) acts as a kind of public prosecutor, and makes inquiries in secret which may lead to the discovery of a criminal. He has a right to summon any witness whose testimony may be of use, and he may also arrest on suspicion any one whom he supposes to be guilty. The word in no way corresponds to the English notion of a judge.

'And what had she in her basket?' asked the judge.

'The witnesses do not know. They only know that she was carrying two bottles of wine and a quart of brandy. She complained of headache, and said that, although it was customary to enjoy oneself on Shrove Tuesday, she should go to bed.'

'Ah, well,' exclaimed the chief of the police, 'I know where to look now.'

'You think so?' asked M. Daburon.

'Parbleu ! it is clear enough. The matter is to find the big brown fellow in the blouse. The brandy and the wine were destined for him. The widow expected him to supper. He came, this amiable gallant.'

'O, but,' insinuated the brigadier indignantly, 'she was very ugly and dreadfully old !'

Gévrol gave the honest policeman a knowing look, and said,

'Let me tell you, brigadier, that a woman who has money is always young and pretty if she likes.'

'Perhaps there may be something in that,' said the judge; 'but that is not what strikes me most. It is rather those words of the Widow Lerouge: "If I wanted more money I should have it."'

'That is also what aroused my attention,' confirmed the justice of the peace.

But Gévrol no longer took the trouble to listen. He had his clue. He examined carefully all the nooks and corners of the room. Suddenly he turned again to the justice.

'I have it !' exclaimed he. 'Was it not on Tuesday that the weather changed? It had been freezing for a fortnight, and on Tuesday it rained. At what time did the rain begin?'

'At half-past nine,' answered

the brigadier. 'I was coming from supper, and going to take a turn at the balls, when I was overtaken by a shower opposite the Rue des Pêcheurs. In less than ten minutes there was half an inch of water in the street.'

'Very good,' said Gévrol. 'Then if a man came after half-past nine his boots must have been covered with mud; if not he must have come before. You must have been able to see that, since the floor is polished. Were there any footmarks, sir?'

'I must confess that we did not think about that.'

'Ah,' said the police-agent, in a tone of vexation, 'that is a pity.'

'Wait a moment,' said the justice; 'there is still time to look, not in this room, but in the next. We have not moved a thing there. My steps and the brigadier's can easily be distinguished. Come.'

As the justice opened the door into the other room, Gévrol stopped him.

'I will ask you, sir,' said he, 'to allow me to examine everything before any one enters. It is of importance to me.'

'Certainly,' said M. Daburon.

Gévrol entered first, and all behind him stopped on the threshold. Thus they took in at a glance the scene of the crime.

As the justice had said, everything appeared to have been turned upside down by some madman.

In the middle of the room a table was laid. A fine snow-white tablecloth covered it. Upon it stood a beautiful cut-glass goblet, a knife, and a china plate. There was also a bottle of wine almost untouched, and a bottle of brandy, from which about five or six little glasses had been drunk.

On the right, along the wall,

stood two handsome walnut-wood cupboards with wrought locks, one on each side of the window. Both were empty, and their contents lay strewn about over the whole floor. They were clothes and linen, unfolded, thrown about and tumbled.

At the end of the room, near the fireplace, a large wall-cupboard, containing table-utensils, stood open. On the other side of the fireplace an old writing-table, with a marble top, had been forced open, broken to pieces, and doubtless searched in its smallest cracks. The desk had been torn off, and hung on one hinge; the drawers had been pulled out and thrown on the ground. And on the left, the bed had been entirely undone and overhauled. Even the straw had been pulled out of the mattress.

'Not the faintest mark!' muttered Gévrol, annoyed. 'He must have come before half-past nine o'clock. We may go in now without any objection.'

He went in, and walked straight up to the corpse of the Widow Lerouge, and knelt down next it.

'There is no denying it,' muttered he; 'it is neatly done. The murderer is no mere apprentice.'

Then looking about him to right and left,

'O, O!' continued he, 'the poor thing was just cooking when the knock came. There is her saucepan on the ground, and her ham and eggs. The brute had not the patience to wait for his dinner. The gentleman was in a hurry; he gave the blow with an empty stomach. So that he cannot even urge in his excuse the merriment caused by the wine.'

'It is plain,' said the justice of the peace to the judge, 'that theft was the motive of the crime.'

'It is probable,' said Gévrol

slyly. 'It must be for that reason that we do not see a trace of silver on the table.'

'See, here are pieces of gold in this drawer!' exclaimed Lecoq, who was also rummaging. 'Here are 320 francs!'

'Well, I never!' exclaimed Gévrol, somewhat disconcerted.

But he soon recovered from his surprise, and continued,

'He must have forgotten them; I have heard of stranger cases than that. I have seen an assassin who, when he had accomplished the murder, lost his head so completely that he no longer remembered what he had come for, and ran away without taking anything. Our friend may have been overcome. Who knows whether he may not have been disturbed? Some one may have knocked at the door. What leads me to think that is, that the scoundrel did not leave the candle burning; he took the trouble to blow it out.'

'Bah!' said Lecoq, 'that does not prove anything. Perhaps he was an economical and careful man.'

The two agents continued their investigations all through the house; but the most minute search failed to reveal anything. Not a convicting circumstance, not the slightest indication which could serve as mark or starting-point. Even all the Widow Lerouge's papers—if she had any—had disappeared. Not a letter was discovered, not a scrap of paper—nothing.

From time to time Gévrol stopped to swear or to grumble.

'O, it was neatly done! I call that work done in A 1 style. The scoundrel has some skill.'

'Well, sirs?' at length asked the judge.

'We must begin again, sir,' replied Gévrol; 'the game is where

it stood. The rascal had taken every precaution with the greatest care. But I will catch him yet. Before this evening I will have a dozen men about the country. Besides, we are sure of getting him. He has carried off silver and jewels. He is lost.'

'But in spite of all that,' said M. Daburon, 'we are no further than we were this morning.'

'By Jove! we do what we can,' grumbled Gévrol.

'I say,' said Lecoq, in half a whisper, 'why is not Father Bring-to-light here?'

'What could he do more than we?' objected Gévrol, with a furious glance at his subordinate officer.

Lecoq bent his head down, and did not breathe another word, inwardly delighted to have wounded his superior's feelings.

'Who is this Father Bring-to-light?' asked the judge; 'it seems to me I must have heard his name somewhere.'

'He is a sharp man,' exclaimed Lecoq.

'He was formerly employed at the Mont de Piété,' added Gévrol—'a rich old man, whose real name is Tabaret. He acts as detective for his own amusement.'

'And to add to his fortune,' put in the justice.

'Not he!' answered Lecoq; 'no fear of that. It is so entirely for glory that he labours, that he is often out of pocket by it. Why, it is an amusement for him! We call him Bring-to-light among ourselves, because of a sentence that he is always repeating. O, he is great, that old mastiff! It was he who, in that affair about the banker's wife, you know, guessed that the woman had robbed herself, and proved it.'

'That is true,' broke in Gévrol sharply. 'It was also he who almost cut the throat of that poor

Derème, the little tailor, who was accused of killing his wife—a good-for-nothing—and who was innocent.'

'We are wasting our time, gentlemen,' interrupted the judge. And turning to Lecoq: 'Go,' said he, 'and bring me Father Tabaret. I have often heard him spoken of; I shall not be sorry to see him at work.'

Lecoq ran off: Gévrol was seriously annoyed.

'Sir,' said he to the judge, 'you have certainly a right to employ the services of whomever you please, but—'

'Do not be vexed, M. Gévrol,' broke in M. Daburon. 'Our acquaintance is not of yesterday. I know what you are worth, only to-day we are of entirely different opinion. You cling obstinately to your dark man, while I am convinced that you are not on the track.'

'I believe I am right,' answered the head of the police, 'and I hope to prove it to you. I will find the scoundrel, whoever he may be.'

'I ask no more.'

'Only, if you would allow me to give you—what shall I say, without being disrespectful!—some advice.'

'Speak.'

'Well, I would ask you to mistrust Father Tabaret.'

'Indeed! and why?'

'Because the man is too excitable. He acts the part of detective for the sake of success, just as much as an author. And as he is vainer than a peacock, he is apt to be carried away, to jump at conclusions. The moment he comes into the presence of a crime—like the one to-day, for instance—he pretends to explain everything on the spot; and, in truth, he invents some story which exactly suits the situation. He

pretends, from a single fact, to be able to build up all the scenes of the assassination, like that learned man who could build up extinct animals from a single bone. Sometimes he guesses rightly, but often he is mistaken. Thus, in that affair of the tailor, that unfortunate Derème, without me—

'Thank you for your advice,' broke in M. Daburon. 'I shall make use of it. Now,' continued he, turning to the justice of peace, 'we must try, at whatever cost, to discover from what part this Widow Lerouge came.'

The troop of witnesses, led by the brigadier of police, began once more to defile before the judge.

But no new facts came to light.

He was interrupted by Lecoq, who came in quite out of breath.

'Here is Father Tabaret,' said he. 'I met him as he was just going out. What a man! He would not even wait for the train to start: he gave I don't know how much to a coachman, and we have got here in fifty minutes—got ahead of the railway!'

Almost at the same moment there appeared on the threshold a man whose appearance, it must be confessed, by no means corresponded to the idea one might form of a detective for honour and glory.

He was about sixty, and did not seem to carry his years very lightly. Short, thin, and a little bent, he leaned on a thick stick with a carved ivory head.

His round face had that expression of perpetual astonishment mixed with alarm that has made the fortune of two Palais Royal comedians. He was carefully shaved, had a very short chin, thick good-humoured lips, and his nose disagreeably turned up like the bell of some instruments of M. Sax.

His eyes, of a dull gray, small, with red rims, said absolutely nothing; but they were wearying by their unendurable mobility. A few straight hairs shaded his forehead, retreating like a greyhound's, and did not succeed in hiding two large gaping ears standing out a long way from the head.

He was very comfortably dressed, as clean as a new shoe, displaying linen of a dazzling whiteness, and wearing silk gloves and gaiters. A long chain of very massive gold, of detestable taste, surrounded his neck three times, and fell in cascades into his waistcoat-pocket.

Father Tabaret, *alias* Bring-to-light, bowed to the ground in the doorway, bending his old back into a bow. In the humblest of voices, he asked,

'Has the judge condescended to send for me?'

'Yes,' answered M. Daburon; and aside to himself he said, 'If that is an able man, at any rate he does not look like it.'

'I am here,' continued the man, 'quite at the service of Justice.'

'The matter is,' said the judge, 'to see whether you, more fortunate than we have been, may succeed in discovering some token which may put us on the murderer's track. The matter shall be explained to you.'

'O, I know enough about it,' interrupted Father Tabaret; 'Lecoq told me the whole thing on our way, quite as much as I need.'

'Yet—' began the justice of the peace.

'Only trust to me, sir. I like to act without instructions, so as to be more sure of my own impressions. When one knows other people's opinions one is apt to be influenced against one's will, so

that— Well, I will begin my search with Lecoq.'

While he was speaking, his little gray eyes kindled and lighted up like a carbuncle. His face reflected inward delight, and even his wrinkles seemed to laugh. He had drawn himself up, and, with almost a light step, he hastened into the second room.

He remained there about half an hour, and then ran out. He returned to it, went out again; again reappeared, and went away again at once. The judges could not help noticing in him that restless and unquiet anxiety of a dog who is on the hunt. Even his trumpet-like nose was moving, as though to breathe in some subtle emanation from the murderer. As he came and went, he talked aloud and gesticulated, apostrophised himself, called himself names, gave little cries of triumph, or encouraged himself. He did not leave Lecoq one moment's peace. He needed this or that or some other thing. He asked for pencil and paper, then he wanted a spade. Presently he called for some plaster, some water, and a bottle of oil.

After more than an hour, the judge, who was beginning to grow impatient, inquired what had become of his volunteer.

'He is on the road,' answered the brigadier, 'lying face downwards in the mud, and he is mixing some plaster in a plate. He says he has almost finished, and will come back directly.'

In reality he came back almost immediately—joyous, triumphant, looking twenty years younger.

Lecoq followed him, carrying a large basket with the greatest care.

'I have it,' said he to the judge; 'it is complete. It is brought to light now, and as plain as daylight. Lecoq, my boy, put the basket on the table.'

'Speak, M. Tabaret,' said the judge.

The man had emptied the contents of his basket on to the table—a large lump of clay, several large sheets of paper, and three or four little pieces of still wet plaster. Standing before this table, he looked almost grotesque, strikingly resembling those gentlemen who, on the public places, perform juggling tricks with nutmegs and the pence of the public. His dress had suffered considerably; he was almost covered with mud.

'I commence,' said he, in a voice almost conceitedly modest. 'The theft is of no account in the crime that we are considering.'

'No, on the contrary,' muttered Gévrol.

'I will prove it,' continued Father Tabaret, 'by evidence. I will also presently give my humble opinion on the manner of the murder. Well, the murderer came here before half-past nine—that is to say, before the rain. Like M. Gévrol, I also found no muddy footprints; but under the table, on the spot where the murderer's feet must have rested, I have found traces of dust. So we are quite certain now about the time. The Widow Lerouge did not at all expect the comer. She had begun to undress, and was just winding up her cuckoo-clock, when this person knocked.'

'What minute details!' said the justice of the peace.

'They are easy to verify,' replied the voluntary detective. 'Examine this clock above the writing-table. It is one of those that go for fourteen or fifteen hours—not more, as I have ascertained. Then it is more than probable—it is certain—that the widow would it up in the evening before going to bed. How is it that the clock stopped at five o'clock? Because she touched it. She must have

begun to pull the chain when some one knocked. To prove what I have stated, I show you this chair below the clock; and on the stuff of the chair the very plain mark of a foot. Then look at the victim's costume. She had taken off the body of her dress; to open the door more quickly she did not put it on again, but hastily threw this old shawl over her shoulders.'

'Christi!' exclaimed the brigadier, whom this had evidently impressed.

'The widow,' continued Tabaret, 'knew the man who struck her. Her haste in opening the door leads us to suspect it; what followed proves it. Thus the murderer was admitted without any difficulty. He is a young man, a little over the average height, elegantly dressed. That evening he wore a tall hat; he had an umbrella, and was smoking a trabucos with a mouthpiece.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Gévrol; 'that is too strong!'

'Too strong, perhaps,' answered Father Tabaret; 'in any case, it is the truth. If you are not particular as to detail, I cannot help it; but, for my part, I am. I seek, and I find. Ah, it is too strong, you say! Well, condescend to cast a glance at these lumps of wet plaster. They represent the heels of the murderer's boots, of which I found a most perfect imprint near the ditch in which the key was found. On these pieces of paper I have chalked the impression of the whole foot, which I could not carry away, as it is on sand. Look, the heel is high, the instep well marked, the sole little and narrow—evidently the boot of a fine gentleman, whose foot is well cared for. Look there, all along the road, you will see it twice more. Then you will find it five

times in the garden, into which no one has penetrated; and this proves also that the murderer knocked not at the door, but at the shutter, under which a ray of light was visible. On entering the garden, my man jumped, to avoid a garden-bed; the deeper imprint of the toe proves that. He made a spring of almost two yards with ease; therefore he is nimble—that is to say, young.'

Father Tabaret spoke in a little clear penetrating voice. His eye moved from one to another of his hearers, watching their impressions.

'Is it the hat that surprises you, M. Gévrol?' continued Father Tabaret. 'Just look at the perfect circle traced on the marble of this writing-table, which was a little dusty. Is it because I fixed his height that you are surprised? Be so good as to examine the top of these cupboards, and you will see that the murderer has passed his hands over it. Then he must be taller than I am. And do not say that he climbed on a chair; for in that case he would have been seen, and would not have been obliged to feel. Are you astonished at the umbrella? This lump of earth retains an excellent impression, not only of the point, but also of the round of wood which holds the stuff. Is it the cigar that amazes you? Here is the end of the trabucos, which I picked up among the ashes. Is the end of it bitten? Has it been moistened by saliva? No. Then whoever smoked it made use of a mouth-piece.'

Lecoq with difficulty restrained his enthusiastic admiration; noiselessly he struck his hands together. The justice of the peace was amazed, the judge seemed delighted. As a contrast, Gévrol's face became noticeably longer. As for the brigadier, he was petrified.

'Now,' continued Tabaret, 'lis-



ten attentively. Here is the young man introduced. How he explained his presence at that time I do not know. What is certain is, that he told the Widow Lerouge he had not dined. The worthy woman was delighted, and immediately set about preparing a meal. This meal was not for herself. In the cupboard I have found the remains of her dinner; she had eaten fish; the post-mortem will prove that. Besides, as you see, there is only one glass on the table, and one knife. But who is this young man? Evidently the widow considered him very much above her. In the cupboard there is a tablecloth that is still clean. Did she make use of it? No. For her guest she got out white linen, and her best. She meant this beautiful goblet for him; it was a present, no doubt. And finally, it is evident that she did not commonly make use of this ivory-handled knife.'

'All that is exact,' muttered the judge, 'very exact.'

'The young man is seated, then; he has begun by drinking a glass of wine, while the widow was putting her saucepan on the fire. Then his courage began to fail him; he asked for brandy, and drank about five little glasses full. After an inner conflict of about ten minutes—it must have taken this time to cook the ham and the eggs to this point—the young man rose, approached the widow, who was then bending down and leaning forward, and gave her two blows on the back. She did not die instantly. She half rose, and clutched the murderer's hands. He also retreated, lifted her roughly, and threw her back into the position in which you see her. This short struggle is proved by the attitude of the corpse. Bent down and struck in the back, she would have fallen on her back.

The murderer made use of a sharp fine weapon, which, if I am not much mistaken, was the sharpened end of a fencing-foil, with the button removed. Wiping his weapon on the victim's skirt, he has left us this clue. The victim clutched his hands tightly; but as he had not taken off his gray gloves—'

'Why, that is a regular romance!' exclaimed Gévrol.

'Have you examined the Widow Lerouge's nails, sir? No. Well, go and look at them; you will tell me if I am mistaken. Well, the woman is dead. What does the murderer want? Is it money or valuables? No, no; a hundred times no! What he wants, what he seeks, what he requires, are papers that he knows to be in the victim's possession. To find them he turns over everything; he upsets the cupboards, unfolds the linen, breaks open the writing-table, to which he has not the key, and turns out the mattress.

'At last he finds them. And what do you think he does with these papers? He burns them, not in the fireplace, but in the little stove in the first room. Now his end is accomplished. What will he do? Fly, and carry off all the valuables he can find, to put the search on a wrong track and point to a robbery. Having seized everything, he wraps it in the napkin he was to use for his dinner, and blowing out the light, takes to flight, locks the door outside, and throws the key in a ditch. There you are!'

'M. Tabaret,' said the judge, 'your investigation is excellent, and I am convinced that you are in the right.'

'O,' exclaimed Lecoq, 'is he not splendid, my Papa Bring-to-light!'

'Gigantic!' said Gévrol, ironically overbidding him. 'Only I

think that this worthy young man must have found a parcel, wrapped in a napkin that could be seen from a distance, rather a hindrance.'

'Yes, and he did not carry it a hundred miles,' replied Father Tabaret. 'You may fancy that, to reach the station, he was not fool enough to make use of the tramcar. He went there on foot, by the shortest path along the river. Then, on reaching the Seine, unless he was much stronger than I fancy, his first care was to throw away this traitorous parcel.'

'Do you think so, Papa Bring-to-light?' asked Gévrol.

'I would lay any wager, and the proof is that I have sent three men, under the conduct of a policeman, to search the Seine at the spot nearest here. If they find the parcel I have promised them a reward.'

'Out of your own pocket, you excitable old fellow?'

'Yes, M. Gévrol, out of my own pocket!'

'And yet if this parcel could be found—' muttered the judge.

At these words a policeman entered.

'Here,' said he, bringing a wet napkin containing silver, money, and jewels, 'is what the men have found. They demand 100 francs, which have been promised them.'

Father Tabaret took out of his pocket-book a banknote, which he gave to the policeman.

'Now,' asked he, crushing Gévrol with a proud look, 'what does the judge think?'

'I believe that, thanks to your wonderful penetration, we shall succeed, and—'

He did not finish. The doctor

came to conduct the examination of the victim.

The doctor, having finished his repugnant task, could but confirm the assertions and conjectures of Father Tabaret. Thus he explained in the same way the position of the corpse. In his opinion also there must have been a struggle. Even round the victim's neck he pointed out a hardly perceptible bluish ring, probably produced by extreme pressure of the murderer's hands. Finally, he stated that the Widow Lerouge had eaten about three hours before she was struck.

There only remained to collect some of the proofs, which might serve later on to confound the criminal.

Father Tabaret examined most carefully the dead woman's nails, and with extreme precaution he succeeded in extracting some scraps of kid which had clung there. The largest of these fragments did not measure two millimètres; but the colour could easily be distinguished. He also put aside the piece of skirt on which the murderer had wiped his weapon. This, with the parcel discovered in the Seine, and the several footprints carried off by Tabaret, was all that the murderer had left behind him.

It was nothing; but this nothing was enormous in M. Daburon's eyes, and he was very hopeful. The greatest obstacle to examinations of mysterious crimes is a mistake about the circumstances. If the search takes a wrong direction, it departs further and further from truth the more it is continued. Thanks to Father Tabaret, the judge was almost certain that he was not mistaken.

## A SUN-RAY.

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A SUN-RAY on the dusky floor,  
A solitary speckled gleam,  
Just a sun-ray, nothing more,  
Yet I gaze at it and dream.  
As I sit immured in town,  
Half stifled with the foetid air,  
This sun-ray through my window thrown  
Recalls bright days and hours fair.

I breathe again the pure ozone,  
Blown from the dancing shining sea ;  
I hear sweet Nature's monotone  
Drifting from valley, wood, and lea.  
I see the sheen on heights of snow,  
Bright clustered in the cloudless sky ;  
I feel the strength those only know  
Who rove midst mountain scenery.

Guiltless of heat-conducting hat  
Or many-buttoned cramping coat,  
I wield the fav'rite age-browned bat,  
Or down the river gently float.  
Or lazily on shadowed grass  
I throw myself, with pipe and book ;  
Or many a pleasant hour pass  
In roomy punt, with net and hook.

My fancy wanders far away  
To other days and other scenes ;  
I note not that the wand'ring ray  
Has gone, that darkness intervenes.  
And, when I do, Reality  
Drives all the pleasant dream away ;  
But I resolve that I will be  
Off next week for my holiday.

H. F. A.

## EASTBOURNE.

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If you run down to Eastbourne in the height of its season—and you will now do so direct, without the nuisance of changing carriages at Polegate—you come to the brightest and most festive of all the watering-places of the southern seaboard of England during the summer months. Though an old town, it is the youngest of watering-places, and must be regarded as a dangerous competitor to Brighton on the west and to Hastings and St. Leonards on the east. Whatever may be the comparative claims of these latter watering-places during the other periods of the year, there is no doubt that Eastbourne has become most fashionable—and becomes increasingly so—during the hot months. Fashion has generally some basis to go upon, but it is also to a considerable degree irrational; for, according to my own private opinion, Eastbourne begins to thin just at the time when it ought to fill up more than ever. The climate of the place seems to me especially delicious of all places during the late autumnal and early winter season, when most of the human swallows begin to take their flight. On this subject I shall have to say a few words presently. In the holiday season of the year, all along the south coast, there is no sight that equals the Esplanade of Eastbourne. It is, in fact, a promenade of some six or seven miles in extent, of course making allowance for the different levels, the spaces between which are filled with tamarisk-trees, whose green foliage comes in well between the whiteness of the

cliffs and the stately procession of terraces. Just after church—in the first half of the Sundays after Trinity—the Esplanade is especially crowded. Each Sunday is like Show Sunday at Oxford. All the Eastbourne world then takes its promenade for half an hour or an hour before luncheon or dinner. Sometimes there is hardly room to see a clear yard in front of one, as you pace up and down in the wake of a never-ending line. I find many signs among my acquaintance of the increasing prosperity and repute of the place. The artist goes there; the man of letters, novelist or reviewer, goes there; bride and bridegroom on their honeymoon take up their blissful abode in the neighbourhood; the statesman or man of business rests after his labours or resumes them leisurely again; and the jaded beauty woos back her health and natural roses after the fatigue and excitement of the London season. The fashion of Eastbourne is proved by its crowds, its prestige, the splendour of its shops, the extent of its traffic, the magnificence of its prices. Indeed, the Esplanade is almost a show for the variety and costliness of its exhibition of summer costumes. Eastbourne is easily reached from London; it is on the way to the Continent; it is situated in an immensely interesting country; it has won for itself a special social position. It approximates more than any other southern town, just as Harrogate and Scarborough approximate, to the character of a Continental spa. The Devonshire Park—I

see the Marquis of Hartington is one of the owners and promoters — possesses many of the attractions that are familiar to us at Wiesbaden and Baden-Baden. Here are the lawn-tennis for the afternoon and the concerts for the evening, with a pleasant lounge and promenade beneath the electric light. There is some of the most delicious riding in the world upon the Southern Downs, which, fold upon fold, creep down to the verge of the town; excellent bathing upon the sands; what seems a boundless view across the sea, save that on fine mornings you may catch a glimpse of the shores of France from the tall cliffs of Beachy Head.

Beyond all things else the Esplanade is the glory of Eastbourne. Beyond anything else modern Eastbourne is the Esplanade. Handsome streets open upon it, whose timber gives the idea of foreign boulevards. But the Esplanade is emphatically the promenade of the place. It is a promenade which, even under the most unfavourable circumstances, is never wholly deserted. The glass-screened rows of seats and the waiting-rooms give shelter from the showers and protection to the invalid. So desirable a place of residence has Eastbourne become that there is a large and increasing residential population, which makes it a point of honour to show punctually upon the Esplanade. There is never a time when it is destitute of visitors or of local society. A great deal is done in the way of criticism or of admiration by those who pass and re-pass in front of the sea. It is good when the visitor is taken in hand by the member of some local coterie, who may perhaps whisper a little innocent malice of the hour, or point out how the too rough wind has blown a little of the bloom of

Ninon from the cheek of beauty. There is one class with whom, at all the watering-places, I am always most impressed. This is the class of the invalids who have come to the place for health. They are soon known and noted by certain characteristics. We note the length of the constitutions which they allow themselves, whether they look better or worse, and how far the place may be doing them good. It is very pleasant to watch them freshen up and depart in renewed health and spirits. Those are especially recognised who come season after season, and are known to maintain or extend the favourable ground which they have won. So limited is the surface of society that before long we are sure to know some of their friends, and sometimes come into some acquaintance with themselves.

It is a very natural, and even laudable, ambition of Eastbourne to take rank as a watering-place all the year round. The chief reason why Eastbourne is so deservedly popular in the summer is the bracing quality of the climate. As a rule, the climates of the localities in the south of England are not bracing. Brighton is bracing, but it is shadowless Brighton, in the height of the summer a combination of sun, dust, and wind; and so, despite the bracing air, at this date its perennial season touches zero. We have ourselves worked through all the southern watering-places, from Dover to Penzance, and besides Brighton, and in a degree Folkestone, there is no really bracing watering-place on the south coast except Eastbourne, which, we believe, ranks higher than any other. It is easy to find much lovelier scenery. We prefer Ventnor, Torquay, and the Cornish watering-places in this

respect; but languor and lassitude too often intervene, which are unknown through the invigorating breezes of the Downs and the encompassing sea of Eastbourne.

The place will bear looking into, in all details, and it is to be regretted that so few comparatively examine into details. In all these modern watering-places that which one has mainly to look to is the question of water and drainage. In many a beautiful spot, both at home and abroad, dirt and loveliness are almost interchangeable expressions. It has been a necessary, though unpleasant, duty, in various topographical papers, to point out the drawbacks that exist in this most essential particular. We are glad to report, as the result of our inquiries, most satisfactorily respecting Eastbourne in this matter. The town is supplied with an abundance of cold water under constant pressure. The largest public and private baths on the whole south coast, much surpassing those at Brighton, which ought to be far better, are found in the Devonshire swimming-baths. They are filled and emptied by gravitation direct from the sea. By this arrangement a fresh supply of water is insured every day. In winter the temperature is maintained at 70°. The drainage is carried to Langney Point, nearly three miles distant, and by the adoption of the Egerton-Shone system is kept free from accumulations under every condition of the tide. This is well. When I was in Eastbourne on one occasion, I found a lively discussion raging whether the name of the place ought not to be changed altogether. Southbourne, it was suggested, would be a very good, it being already the name of one of the Eastbourne localities. To English ears there is some-

thing cold and ungenial in the very term 'the East.' It tells us of that blighting assassin wind that has wandered over Asiatic and Russian steppes, and has so often withered our flowers and ruthlessly slaughtered our brightest hopes. We are all chillingly repelled by the very mention of the East. On this account it was suggested that it would be better to change the name of the place. In the opinion of the present writer such a change is unnecessary and uncalled for. While many people would be learning the name of Southbourne, many more would be forgetting the very existence of Eastbourne. We are all accustomed to the anomalies and contradictions of English nomenclature. Moreover there is a great deal of wild unreasoning declamation against the East. The man who thus condemns the East reminds us of Sydney Smith's individual, who spoke disrespectfully of the equator. The name is simply a misnomer; the modern town lies due south.

The question has been much discussed how far Eastbourne is a good winter residence for delicate people. This is an interesting and important subject for the Eastbourne people themselves, and still more for the vast class of invalids in this country. About one-eighth of the entire mortality of England is due to diseases of the chest, and there is no doubt that an immense proportion of these cases is due to entirely preventible causes. A little frank discussion of this subject may not fail to be useful to a number of people who, during the summer months, are settling their plans for the winter. There is no doubt that medical science has within recent years made many of its most remarkable discoveries and achievements in this region of

pathology. The power of diagnosis has been remarkably quickened; therapeutic science has greatly extended its palliatives and remedies; some useful discoveries have been made in tests and curative processes, and phthisis is no longer considered the incurable disease which, once pronounced, was supposed to contain a sentence of irreversible condemnation. The late Dr. William Budd has often discussed this subject with the present writer, and expressed to him a perfect confidence that, when sufficient powers are given, we shall be able to stamp out consumption in the same way that we have stamped out the cattle plague. Professor Tyndall has recently shown, through foreign researches, that tubercular disease is caused by inconceivably small animalcules. When once we can satisfactorily show the cause, we may hope that we are a great way towards abolishing the effect. The remarkable thing is that, despite all that has been effected by science in the treatment of the disease, there is no sensible abatement in the extent of the disease itself. The chief reason is the infinite amount of carelessness and the intense ignorance that exists in respect to the subject. Phthisis is the great national enemy, and the true national policy is to adopt every preventive measure to elude the malady or to check it in its earliest stages.

Now we venture to say that it is as a preventive to this malady, and during its earlier stages, that Eastbourne may be expected to have a salutary and beneficial effect. Of course we do not for a moment assume the responsibility of a medical man; but this is a subject which we have frequently discussed with medical men, and in which we have made researches

of our own. We have heard perfectly disinterested physicians argue very strongly in favour of Eastbourne as a winter residence. The *rationale* of the matter may be susceptible of being explained in a few words. In the first place, the simple remedy of change of scene is one of the most beneficial agents that can be employed. Sir Henry Holland said that if you could not change your house you should change your room, and if you could not change your room you should change your furniture. The most difficult question of all is to settle in what direction your change ought to be. The old idea, for which in many cases there is ever so much to be said, was that there should be a long voyage, say to Australia, or a retreat to some very mild and sheltered climate. A great physician once complained to me that patients went to such places as Hastings or Torquay for change of climate, forgetting that there are half a dozen different climates in such places, and generally choosing the wrong one. Of late years there has been a great deal of unfriendly criticism bestowed on warm sheltered localities. It is argued that the same eastern hills that screen from the wind also shut out the sun, and, moreover, is it a fact that the atmosphere ceases to be made up more or less of the east wind? Do such sheltered places as Torquay and Ventnor, Cannes and Mentone, really deserve all that it was fashionable to say of them in years gone by? Now in answering such an inquiry it is necessary to arbitrate and distinguish, and, in fact, to give both a 'yes' and a 'no.'

We are quite convinced that in such warm localities as those which we have mentioned, a consumptive patient may live in comparative comfort during the win-

ter months, and may have a considerable degree of freedom of movement in the summer. It is, indeed, often wonderful how long a life that has been absolutely despaired of may continue under favourable circumstances of climate and hygiene. But, unless in such extreme cases, the opinion has been growing up that a cold and bracing climate is the best in delicate and incipient cases; that the climates of the south-east of England, such as Eastbourne, are even better than the south-west. I remember meeting a relative, who seemed in the commencement of a consumption, whom the hard Fates, from immovable circumstances, had compelled to spend the winter among the hills of Cumberland. I thought that there was no more help on earth for him; but to my great delight, that winter in the north effectually cured him. I knew a man at Oxford who became a distinguished member of Parliament. Symptoms of consumption showed themselves. Instead of going to the Riviera he went out to Russia, and cured himself by the help of the Ural mountains and of Koumiss milk. Do my readers know *Koumiss* milk?—much too good a thing to be limited to Russia, a most invigorating beverage.

Some time ago there was a great London physician, in full practice, who was looked upon as a kind of oracle in all matters of this kind. His waiting-room was full of people who went to advise with him on the subject. By and by the patients were able to make a prognosis of their case according to the locality to which he sent them. His rule was that if the case was hopeful he sent it to a bracing climate; but if it was hopeless he sent it to a warm relaxing climate. His patients used

to wait with considerable curiosity to see which was the place to which he proposed to relegate them. All medical ideas at this time ran very strongly in favour of the soft southern climate; but experience made the physician gradually modify his views, and give a preference, probably in a majority of cases, to a free, open, bracing climate. All the illustrious physician's prepossessions had been in favour of a warm climate, yet the result of his experience was that he was often led to recommend a cold. At the present moment the question is still unsettled, and as many doctors will recommend the cold climate as the warm. The tendency seems in favour of the cold. It is found that regions with a cold bracing climate are very little acquainted with consumption. The doctors find that sending even advanced patients to such regions is most helpful to them. Many persons now go to the high mountain climate of the Andes with the happiest effect. The Peruvian Government maintain a hospital for consumption 10,000 feet above the sea-level, and with the best results. The same kind of good, in a modified way, is effected by the bracing climate of the east of England. Let us here quote some words from Dr. C. T. Williams's *Lettsomian Lectures on Climate*: 'Do not the facts on which we have been dwelling permit us to infer that in the treatment of consumption a bracing though gusty climate avails more than a mild, still, and somewhat relaxing one? And that instead of seeking for a sedative atmosphere to allay the cough and reduce irritability, we should in most cases select a stimulating one to increase the appetite, and to invigorate the systems of our patients.' He goes on to pro-



nounce that the western end of the British Channel is less beneficial in climate to consumptive patients than the eastern, and speaks of 'the stimulating and bracing influence which is possessed by the less beautiful shores of Sussex, with its breezy downs and colder winter climate.'

Now these remarks especially apply to Eastbourne. If the doctrine is true that the winter climate of an invalid should be of a bracing rather than of a relaxing kind, the necessary conditions are strongly combined in the locality which we are discussing. There is an intense degree of vitality and activity about the place. The health statistics are extremely favourable. The returns of the Registrar-General for last year place the mortality at thirteen in the thousand. This is extremely favourable, the average mortality being twenty-two per thousand. It is not difficult to give reasons for this. If we notice the conformation of Eastbourne it will be seen that, owing to the windings of the coast, the town has a much more considerable amount of seaboard than might be supposed by those who, looking at 'big maps,' have got into the ungeographical way of considering the sea a straight line. The place is, indeed, swept by the sea breezes, and at some parts might even be likened to a big ship at anchor. The ozone and iodine have abundant opportunity of doing their good work. Here the extraordinary extent and fineness of the Esplanade at Eastbourne call for remark. Eastward I regret to see that last winter the sea made considerable ravages, and I am afraid that many thousand pounds must be spent before the works will be adequately renewed. Westward there is a very noble promenade in a measure cut out

of the rock. It is even finer than the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, and, like that famous promenade, it is capable of almost indefinite extension.

Another reason of the healthiness of the place is the minor amount of rainfall. Here the difference between the east and west coast of England is very apparent. At Torquay last year there fell 11.66 inches of rain, at Eastbourne only 7.67. 'Less rainfall means more hours of sunshine and a brighter and more genial air.' Here, too, the rain very soon dries up; we are free from the Sussex clay. Eastbourne has a lower temperature than Torquay, but a very little higher than Bournemouth. Everywhere the place lies open to the sunshine and the breeze. If you go to the further east of the town to the abodes of the fishermen and other labouring poor, where churches and schools and reading-rooms are in full activity, there is everywhere the aspect of cheerfulness and contentment. The exhilarating effect of the brilliant climate is everywhere visible.

The social elements of Eastbourne are varied and interesting, and leisure folk, who can make a skilful use of them, need never find the time hang heavy on their hands. People who come to reside had better bring letters of introduction with them—the wisdom of the principle is obvious, and the principle prevails everywhere—and one good letter is often as good as many. In a longer time, but quite as certainly, nice people will find themselves suited with pleasant neighbours. The hunting about here is excellent, and is carried on with great spirit and vigour. The Devonshire Club ranks high among provincial clubs. Natural science is much represented by her associa-

tions; the local lectures are of unusual excellence, and are attended by unusually good audiences. Like all the best watering-places, it is very much given up to schools. Some gentlemen eminent in science reside in or visit Eastbourne. We may mention Dr. Royston Pigott, to whose scientific work Sir John Lubbock bore witness in his address to the British Association at York, and who has carried the powers of the microscope beyond anything that has been effected by any other European savant. We have heard of various mutual improvement societies in our time, but of none that have better buildings or have carried out their large plans more fairly than the Eastbourne institution of this name.

We have thus brought together certain medical and social aspects of the place, which may help some of our readers towards a safe decision on the important question of residence. We are convinced that the health problems involved deserve a much more careful discussion than they generally receive, and that they possess an intrinsic and popular interest that should make people inquire more for themselves and also avail themselves of the best attainable advice.

Shall we stroll about Eastbourne and its neighbourhood, and speak a little of its history and antiquities, and make a few occasional notes?

The pier is not so bad; but it will not bear comparison with its neighbours of Brighton and Hastings. One of these days I expect they will build a new pier that will outcap them both. Fishing and flirtation are ardently carried on at the pier's head after the normal fashion of all watering-places. There used to be a big bird here, kept by the pier-

master, which I admired hugely; but it was swept away by a storm one gusty night. There is always some fun going on at a part of the lower esplanade, close to the pier end, where, at high water, the sea gives a very thorough splashing to heedless passers-by. One morning I noticed a big wave directly upon me before there was time to advance or retreat. In a second I was enveloped in water from head to foot. That esplanade, as I have said, is an unceasing source of amusement, whither the visitor comes first, oftenest, and last.

As a watering-place Eastbourne is new, but as a town Eastbourne is old. Like the rival watering-place of Bournemouth it takes its name from a *bourne* or stream. The Normans, as our archæological friend, Mr. Parker, found out, had a difficulty in pronouncing the word *bourne*, so they substituted their own word *borne*, which means a boundary, and so yielded sufficient sense. In common parlance the native youth now pronounce the word as if it was that most familiar monosyllable, *Bun*. 'Eastbun,' they cry out along the platform. Let us hope that the Board Schools will amend their pronunciation. The mention of *Borne* is found in Domesday Book, and of *Burne*, some thirty years later, in the *Anglo Saxon Chronicle*. Without becoming antiquaries to such a very serious extent, it will be enough for us if we go back to the Eastbourne of a hundred years ago. It was then a small old-fashioned Sussex town, of which there are so many left in Sussex; and, like so many old towns, would naturally dwell greatly on its past, whereas the Eastbourne of to-day is absorbed in its present and its future. At this very precise date a hundred

years ago, Lady Elizabeth Compton, the daughter and heiress of the seventh Earl of Northampton, married Lord George Augustus Henry Cavendish, who lived fifty years later to become the first Earl of Burlington, and was the grandfather of the present duke.

About the date I have mentioned, in the year 1782, the first Guide-book to 'East-Bourne' appeared. It is dedicated to Prince Edward, and the Princesses Elizabeth and Sophie, who had spent several months in the 'village,' and had been pleased to express 'general satisfaction at the various beautiful prospects and diversified scenes of this healthy and romantic spot.' The 'village' is described as 'small, but snugly situated, being almost surrounded by hills, and is built in the form of a cross.' The big house of the place is Lord George Cavendish's, which is described as a very good brick building, and a comfortable habitation in winter as well as summer, the walls being thick and well sheltered; some remarkably fine tapestry, being the history of Don Quixote, and some tolerably good pictures by Sir P. Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller. The writer records of Lord George that he had made a public road through the hills for the convenience of the inhabitants. At this date, too, there had been a great discovery of Roman remains, as might have been expected from a locality so close to the Roman settlement of Anderida. Indeed, Eastbourne has been sacred in the eyes of antiquaries for its many finds of British, Roman, mediæval, and even Saracenic articles, which are supposed to have been brought here by some Crusaders. There prevailed then, as there prevails now, the custom of Borough-English, by which the youngest son takes the property. A friend of

mine only made the agreeable discovery of this peculiarity the other day, and so came into the possession of property to which he never conceived himself to have any claim.

The Eastbourne of a hundred years ago was quite a smuggling locality. Indeed, the proceedings of the smugglers were conducted with the precision and force, and on the scale, of military proceedings. Within living memory smuggling operations have been conducted with the utmost vigour. Charles Lamb said that he could never realise the iniquity of cheating the Revenue—which was, to him, simply an abstraction—and the Sussex smugglers would claim to be the earliest converts to the enlightened doctrines of Free-trade. Many families in the country might be pointed out—not a few in Sussex—where the foundations of a stately fortune have been laid in smuggling, not unaccompanied by violence and blood. There was one man who built a famous house called 'Corsica Hall' at Seaford in this neighbourhood; but his delinquencies being discovered, he was obliged to flee the country. He gave his place the name from the Corsican wine which he had smuggled. On one occasion a hundred smugglers fired into a party of Dragoons, cut them about with swords, and loaded a hundred horses with contraband goods. On another occasion, no fewer than three hundred smugglers went in a body to land a cargo.

Certain old customs of a very genial kind used to prevail a hundred years ago, though modern Eastbourne has decided that they are more honoured in the breach than in the observance. There was the old custom of Sops and Ale. The senior bachelor of the place was the steward; and when

any honourable matron had increased her family, he used, a fortnight afterwards, to stand with a white wand at the church door, and would proclaim that sops and ale would be ready at such an hour, at such a place. The unfortunate married folk who had no children were placed at a table by themselves. The company broke up early, 'generally very cheerful and good-humoured.' Another curious convivial custom prevailed, one which even got into Chancery. On the first three Sundays in August, one hour before divine service, the 'occupiers' of the great tithes gave a public breakfast at the parsonage to each farmer, and also to the servants, according to the extent of his occupancy. Each man had bread, cheese, bacon, and a quart of beer. 'The master's fare on this occasion is a hot sirloyn of beef, with cold hams and other necessaries, with the like liquor; and this breakfast concludes on the chiming for church.' The Duke of Devonshire, as lord of the manor, pays 20*l.* a year in respect of this custom, for the education of poor children at St. Mary's Schools.

There is an abundant amount of good walking and pleasant scenery in the neighbourhood. The tourist or visitor had better make out a list of all the noteworthy localities, and work through it exhaustively. There is the rail and the driving, and, what I really place before all, the walking. The combination of all three on the same day is a very good combination. Every man must do some walking, either on the eyes or no eyes principle. There is one walk which everybody takes—that is to Old Eastbourne, and on to Beachy Head. On the way the visitor ought to look at the convalescent hospital, one of the finest and best-man-

aged on the south coast, maintained by the congregation of All Saints, Margaret-street. This is a most excellent institution, deserving of every encouragement. Wherever you find a convalescent hospital, there you have a guarantee of the excellence of the climate. Each site has been carefully selected, and has received the sanction of the best scientific advice.

Very picturesque and interesting is old Eastbourne. It was Eastbourne when the new place was unknown, or was merely spoken of, parenthetically, as the Sea Houses. One patriotic Eastbournier determined to revive the old town, so as to crush the new; but he did not succeed in this public-spirited attempt. Four streets here converge to a point. The old church has been finely restored. Just opposite to it is the Lamb Inn, the oldest hostel in the county, where county festivities on rather a large scale used to take place in olden days. Here there is a vaulted crypt in Early English, one of the best bits of archæology in the kingdom. It is supposed that this once formed part of a religious foundation. And so we get on to Beachy Head. At the Head commences the long line of downs that goes on for seventy miles through Sussex and Hampshire. It is not so much of a climb, on a clean track through the grass, or you might go another way on the edge of the cliff, till, by either route, you reach the signal station. A path leads down through Cow Gap, and then along the beach, where you get the best view of the pure white chalky cliffs. Off the cliff grows the samphire, which has brought hope to shipwrecked mariners, when they have climbed the rocks from the devouring sea, and have reached the plant

that assures them that they are beyond high-water mark. Now rest upon the turf, and gather in the beauty and freshness of the scene. But be very careful that neither you nor any little ones trespass into dangerous ways. Indeed, there is hardly any point in England with a more melancholy fame for accidents and shipwrecks than Beachy Head. A considerable number of these during the present century have been chronicled; but there have been many others, even in recent years, which have escaped notice; and in times before count was taken of such calamities there must have been an enormous number. The great danger is the adventuring on the slope above the cliff to a point where it becomes simply impossible for the heedless person to retrace his steps. The coastguard'sman, venturing to the very edge of the cliff, has been carried over it by a sudden blast of wind. Several times drunken men have fallen over the cliff, and have been killed. The same thing has happened in attempts to ascend or descend. Harriers and foxhounds have been known to go over. A good man has written a most striking account of a night which he spent on a ledge of the cliff, unable to get either up or down. If he should happen to fall asleep, he would inevitably slip off his ledge; and he was kept awake all night by the disturbed angry hawks flapping their wings around him. He was only saved next morning by trusting himself to a rope, which was flung out to him, and to which he clung, swaying in mid air, till he was pulled up to the summit of the cliff.

There is so much to be learned in these rambles, especially if the Rambler (*il vagabondo*, the Italians call him) knows something of history, natural history, or geology.

Charles Lamb said that he was dull at Worthing one summer, duller at Brighton another, and dullest at Eastbourne a third. But then Charles Lamb was a humorist and a thorough Cockney, and knew nothing of the three departments of knowledge which we have mentioned. 'Elia' would not have been dull at Eastbourne under the present constitution of things. To enjoy the ramble, you ought to be a member of the Eastbourne Naturalists' Society, or, at all events, to have Mr. Knox's *Ornithological Rambles*. Do not forget to condescend to 'men of low estate;' make the acquaintance of the fishermen and coastguardsmen. I remember a very interesting conversation which I once had with a very intelligent member of the coastguard. I rested pleasantly on the short, crisp, clean-smelling grass, looking on the gorse, which, they say, 'like kissing,' is never out of season, and on the great and wide sea. My friend of the coastguard, telescope in hand, stood by me, sweeping the seas, and talking for an hour or so. He told me that he had a list of all the ships in the offing, and that they kept an eye on any strange sail. There was no smuggling now; but that was on account of the vigilance and effectiveness of the coastguard service. He remembered the time when they used cutlasses and pistols with the smugglers; and if their vigilance was relaxed, there would still be much smuggling of brandy and tobacco. A man must have had ten years' active service before he is promoted to the coastguard. He seemed to have been in all parts of the world, did my coastguardsman, but to have seen marvellously little of the countries he visited. Indeed, many sailors only see

foreign lands from the deck of their ship. His work was pleasant enough this summer-time; but in the long dark winter nights the hurricane is sweeping across the headlands, and the men can hardly pick their dangerous path by the white stones that are strewn along it. You may also make acquaintance with the fishermen, whom you may watch now and then setting their lobster-pots, or fraternise with them, and, following the Apostolic example, spend 'a night and a day on the deep.' As you go along the coast, you will be struck with many resemblances to Normandy, especially in the churches. Notice the humble villages and hamlets nestling at the base of the hills. Poor old Lower admirably hits them off: 'clusters of lonely habitations, some thatched, some tiled, some abutting the street, some standing angularly towards it, all built of flint or boulders. A barn, a stable, a circular pigeon-house centuries old, with all its denizens (direct descendants of the old manorial pigeons who lived here in the time of the Plantagenets), and an antique gable or two peer out among the tall elms.'

Many are the places in this neighbourhood well deserving of a visit. There is Newhaven, where one might follow the tidal river up to Lewes, the ancient capital of the county, which it makes a tiny port. Every Sussex man makes a point of studying the history and antiquities of Lewes. Seaford is an interesting little seaside town, which has made convulsive efforts in its time to become a watering-place. It has returned some celebrated members of Parliament in its time—Sir John Leech, William Pitt, and George Canning. When Seaford was placed in Schedule

A of the Reform Bill, the Lord Seaford of that time turned his back upon the place, which has never flourished since as it did before. It has the honourable distinction of possessing the first convalescent hospital which was ever built. The town still bears the melancholy marks of the great storm that happened seven years ago. Then there is Lullington, one of the tiniest parishes in England, with a single ratepayer, and only a couple of children requiring education under the School Board Act.

Alfriston is, to my mind, one of the most deeply interesting of all these villages. It is remarkably situated in the very midst of the lonely hills. The broad-flowing Cuckmere river almost washes the base of the grand old church. There came, in his old age, a good London clergyman, who had done a wonderful work in the East-end, and by his exertions the church, which threatened to lapse into destruction, has been preserved. The earliest registers kept at any English parish church are supposed to be at Alfriston. The broken cross here is the admiration and despair of the archaeologists. But the great charm is the old Star Inn, which might have been one of Chaucer's hostels, a resort of pilgrims. There are various curious carvings both without and within which have been the subject of most elaborate explanations. The most interesting conventual ruins in the country are those of Michelham Priory, which may be easily reached from either Polegate or Hailsham. The ruins occupy nearly eight acres, and are surrounded by a moat, 'now fringed with underwood and decorated with water-lilies.' They should be studied with the help of such a book as that on *Church and Conventual Arrangement* by

the late Mackenzie Walcott, who held office in this diocese.

Eastbourne, rich in so many respects, is almost destitute of the immediate contiguity of great houses. Two or three may be mentioned, though it is to be understood that such houses are not show houses. One of these is Compton Place, one of the many seats of the Duke of Devonshire. Eastbourne is happy in the circumstance that it has almost grown up under the wing of the Duke of Devonshire. He is the kindest and most considerate of landlords, and has gone to a vast expense in developing and improving the town. When Earl of Burlington he resided here for years until the dukedom of Devonshire fell in. The Duke is certainly the most public-spirited of our great nobles. Every one acquainted with Ireland knows how much he has done for Lismore. In the same way he has sedulously watched over the growth and progress of Eastbourne. The late lamented Lord Frederick Cavendish was well known in the place. He and his brother, Lord Hartington, were brought up here. Another interesting house is Lord Gage's place at Firle, where there is a fine park and some good pictures, but it is not a show house.

The one advice, however, beyond all others which we would give to the Eastbourne visitant is, go and study the castles. Eastbourne is preëminently the neighbourhood of castles. We question if Pembrokeshire itself is richer in castles. The first on the list, and the easiest of access, is Pevensey Castle. The visitor from Eastbourne gets there in a very manageable number of minutes. It is just a short run by the railway, and then a short stroll down a village street. Pevensey might

be called the most historical of all English historical castles. It is certain that William the Conqueror landed here. It is highly probable that Julius Cæsar landed here. Sir George Airey considers that he has proved the point in his little book on the subject. We have here an enclosure within an enclosure. The outer enclosure is Saxon; the inner is mediæval. The castle is a solid page in stone of English history. There is quite a literature connected with it, mainly of archæological controversy respecting the historical details. For most of us, however, life is too short to indulge in the luxury of such controversies. It begins with the controversy whether Pevensey is really the site of the old Roman settlement of Anderida. I advise my readers not to enter into such a controversy, but firmly to hold the doctrine as an article of archæological faith. There are even pretenders of the true Blottom type—the wretch who threw doubts on the authenticity of the discoveries of Mr. Pickwick, who fatuously held that it was some place in Kent. There is here Roman masonry of the most perfect kind, reminding us of what we have seen at Trèves and Nîmes, where, after the lapse of two thousand years, the trowel-mark is still visible on the mortar. Of the Conqueror landing here there is no doubt. That is written plainly enough on the Bayeux tapestry. Once the sea overspread all these wide marshy lands and came up to the walls of the castle. Once the great forest of Andreads-weld far and wide overspread the weald. The Pevensey people once had the curious privilege of drowning their own criminals in their own waters. It is related of a Pevensey jury in quarter sessions assembled that once they found a certain man guilty of stealing a

pair of buckakin breeches. They were horrified when they were told by the judge that this was a capital offence. Whereupon they laid their sapient heads together again and returned a verdict of *manslaughter*.

From Pevensey to Herstmonceux is a direct route through a pleasant country. A very pleasant account of the castle is to be found in the correspondence of the late Baroness Bunsen. The Baron, while he resided as Prussian ambassador at Carlton House-terrace, rented the castle for a summer retreat and for a place where he could leave his children. His wife was delighted with the prospect of Herstmonceux. 'It is as if an angel from heaven was visibly before me, bringing me the assurance of being dealt with according to my heart's desire. My heart had often turned to the coast of Sussex as the part of England most desirable for us. O the delight with which I think of having a garden!' When she got to Herstmonceux Place she was equally pleased with it. 'The house is well furnished throughout, has seventeen bedrooms besides dressing-rooms, and is only four miles from the sea.' She writes to her son expatiating on the delight of 'air, *real air*, to breathe, not a mixture of fog and smoke. . . . The rooms, very cheerful, basking in the sun, with high windows letting in the light. A park, with fine trees, slopes away from the house; and the church stands on the brow of a grassy hill just opposite. . . . Our gardens are delightful, with large trees, planes and chestnuts, a cedar, and an evergreen oak, the largest which I have ever seen in England. A flower-garden and greenhouse are near the house, and at a distance of three miles through the park is a large kitchen-garden walled

in, and belonging to the old Herstmonceux Castle, originally dating from the Conquest, but rebuilt in 1440, a fine and very large fortress, like Raglan Castle, inhabited till eighty years ago, when Mr. Hare's grandfather was persuaded to build the house which we inhabit, and dismantle the castle for materials! much to be lamented for the sake of the castle, which remains an ivy-mantled ruin, likely to outlive many a younger edifice; and for the family, who, by building the house, brought on the need of selling the estate. From our upper windows we see the sea, with Pevensey Bay, where William the Norman landed. There are good roads and paths in all directions. It has pleased Providence to bring us to this place, to the haven where we would be. The winter here has been to us all a time of quiet and health and enjoyment; and for myself I cannot be sufficiently thankful in the hourly consciousness of stillness and undisturbedness, enabling me to get through my day's work as the day comes.' We trust that the experience of many of the winter sojourners to this neighbourhood will be that of this dear and gifted lady, the English-born Baroness Bunsen.

There is, indeed, a whole cluster of literary associations about Herstmonceux. Let the tourist go there, go by way of Pevensey, and back by Hailsham: do it very leisurely, and not mind spending a night on the road. If you wish to steep yourself in the thoughtful literature that almost seems to brood in the quiet atmosphere of the place, take with you some volume of Hare's or Maurice's, and read it quietly, apart from all interruptions. Maurice used to come down here, and Hare married his sister Pris-



cilla. It is interesting to look at the big library where Julius Hare stored up his ten thousand volumes, and that terrace-path which he used to trace, book in hand, looking down upon the hamlet in the hollow. What conflicts of mind were struck out in those woodlands and gardens and on the ranges of the uplands! Hither, too, came Arthur Stanley to commune with minds among whom he found relationships both of kin and kind. Then, at the Limes, nearer to the village, lived the delicate beautiful old lady, the widow of Augustus Hare, who varied her sojourn here with strange transitions. She would drift away into the spirit world, lying in a trance for days together, coming back to life with impressions of vague, ineffable sweetness, and then with wonderful intellectual vigour going away for long spells of Italian travel. In the village itself abode for some months, on his first and only curacy, John Sterling, whose *Remains* are prefaced by a slight biography by his rector, Julius Hare. Hither came Thomas Carlyle, hunting up impressions and *souvenirs* for his bigger *Life*, but failing to carry away as much as he might have done, from an apparently hurried survey of these Sussex localities. The Baron and Baroness Bunsen brought down the talk of books and fashion and high politics to the place, its serenity contrasting strongly with the roar of the big world from which they were drawing a long breath. How Julius Hare loved these Sussex skies! He declared that they were comparable to those of Italy itself. To this day, as I read his tranquil pages, there appear to brood upon them the health, the stillness and repose, the unfathomable spiritual effluence derived from close com-

munion with Nature and the purest types of mind.

It is to be regretted that no writer has arisen to give the witchery of song or tale or personal memorials to Bodiam Castle. Noble as Herstmonceux Castle undoubtedly is—and there is none nobler in the country—there is a still beauty about Bodiam, with its deep full moat, which is unique of its kind. You may have made many journeys from Eastbourne, but this is perhaps the most difficult of access, and will best reward the trouble that is taken. Such appears to have been the opinion of a gentleman who in 1818 produced a poem, rather too obvious an imitation of Scott's *Marmion*, under the title of 'Bodiam Castle.' There are some autobiographical Spenserian stanzas at the end of it which hint at 'a history.' He says in a note: 'The castle is situated on a gentle slope, just above the Rother on the north; the hill rises more abruptly behind it, and, till lately, it was surmounted by much fine timber. Its remains are still magnificent, and the country above it lovely beyond description.' I went to it by way of Robertsbridge, a very pleasant ramble on a path between two streams, and passing an old ecclesiastical edifice now turned into a farmhouse, and very picturesque is the transition. The author of the poem says:

'Seek not the name of him whose wayward  
 Hath found its solace haply in these  
 lines.'

Ah, my poor poet, very few people will be tempted to disobey such a very reasonable and unnecessary request! On a July day, about a quarter of a century ago, Lower read a paper on the Castle, on the spot, to the members of the Sussex Archaeological Society, and, *more suo*, printed an additional

essay in the *Transactions*. I have always thought that a picnic at Bodiam Castle must form one of the most delightful of enjoyments.

But it is not less pleasant to get back to Eastbourne after this or some like expedition in the long charmed twilight, to take one's place in the open drawing-room of the Esplanade, to listen to the plash of the waves, the clash of the music, or to join some social pleasant gathering where the wit and beauty of the metropolis are grafted on the pleasant

local society. Then, as honest Pepys would say, 'home with much content to bed,' wondering whether it might not be worth while to set up one's staff here permanently, or, if one needs to be invigorated after travel and toil, at least to seek either in summer or winter the elixir of these life-giving breezes.

NOTE. Visitors should not fail to provide themselves with the admirable Handbook for the locality which has been prepared by Mr. George F. Chambers, F.R.A.S.

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## TWO ROSES.

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O BRILLIANT, blooming, bright-red rose,  
Whose scented odour heavenward goes,  
I love thy beauty, colour, size,  
Thou sweetest flower beneath the skies !  
But greater far than I love thee  
I love the love who gav'st thee me.

Though she with thee might well commune,  
As thou with her couldst truly vie,  
Thou hast a richness in thy bloom,  
And she has beauty in her eye :  
Her look inspires eternal bliss ;  
Thine breathes forth Nature's loveliness.

Thou art a rose, and so is she ;  
Each blossoms in the bright to-day.  
Pure as thou art may her life be,  
Until it shed its parting ray !  
E'en as at night thy portals close,  
So shall her eyelids find repose.

THOMAS HARDY.

## THE GUIDE'S WOOLING.

*An Alpine Sketch.*

By H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

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AUGUST 187—. Arrived at last, at the hut on the Italian side of the Wiesenhorn. After a long and hard scramble, we have attained a height of 13,524 feet, and can rest for the night, before adventuring the stiff and difficult climb from this rude shelter to the top.

The Wiesenhorn is, as every Alpine reader will know, the grandest and most terrible mountain in the Alps. Isolated from all other mountains, presenting four magnificent sides towards the grand hills around it—each side of the Wiesenhorn is wholly noble and distinct—it stands solitarily in its unmatched glory and terror.

We—that is, the friend of my youth, Herbert Grey, and myself—had done the north side, and wanted to make a pass of the giant hill. For guides we had Hans Bergmann and Max Steiger. Hans is first-rate, and is known to all members of the Alpine Club. Max is younger, but is in training to become a first-class guide. He is a fine, tall, well-built fellow; exceedingly efficient, but remarkably silent. I myself have a talent for taciturnity, but Max beats me.

And now that we have got to the hut, what do we see? Of course, we begin by looking downwards, over the long steep route that we have trodden with so much toil. It is about the hour of sunset, but there is no sun. The light is gray, the stealthy wind is chill. Mists are slowly curling round over the earth that

we have left beneath us. We can see nothing below the Col du Tigre. The great dreary snow-wastes are shrouded over. Yes, the view is limited, and is somewhat cheerless; but, nevertheless, it is sublime. The rock-slopes and stretches are hard, blind, cruel—as Fate. Masses, huge and vast, of bleak rock are sad and awful, seen in the gray and chill of fading daylight. There is a bleak look over all that we can see. The mountain, like a cobra about to strike, raises and curves its deadly head upreared from out a base of thick coil; and this mountain is sullen and blind, ruthless and dangerous. It will have no pity upon you if you cannot conquer it. Conquer, and it will remain impassive. If it conquer you, it will be as impassive over your shattered remains.

We looked long upon our grim surroundings, and then, with an involuntary shudder, we went into the hut.

There the guides had lit a fire, and were preparing dinner. We encouraged them. The objective and the material are a solace against spiritual depression. The rope and the ice-axes stood idly by the rude wooden door. Flames flickered, wood crackled, and Herbert said dreamily that he should not go out again—until the last thing. Soon the mountain meal, such as that is, is ready for us. Stowing away our hats, we sit down round the fire, and the dinner begins.

We were all singularly silent;

the guides, as usual, ate heartily; and we did what we could with the viands. Somehow, the outside gray had shed melancholy into the rough windy hut, and while the meal lasted we were not merry.

But there comes a time in which you forget all that is outside you. Externals cease to influence. 'There is wine still in the cup,' as Moore says; and then—there is tobacco.

With the smoking, the talking begins. Recumbent on the uneven hard floor, the pipes begin to coo and sing their harmonies.

'Hans, you have been here before; tell us about it.'

'Yes, Herr, I have been here before, several times. But there was one time that I remember better than all the others.'

'Hah! had you a lady here, Hans?'

'Yes, Herr, I had. She is now my wife—my Aennchen. It was the third time that human feet crossed this mountain, or ever stood upon its top.'

'Tell us about that, Hans. By the way, did you believe that the top was haunted?'

'No, I didn't; but I thought it might be, because one can't know; and they used then all to say it was.'

'Good; now do go on, Hans, and tell us all about that ascent.'

Hans shifted about uneasily, and drank some wine—the brave fellow was not much used to long efforts of narrative art. He said that he couldn't tell a story continuously, so we promised to interrupt him very often; this prospect soothed and encouraged him, and he began smoking slowly, to gather up the threads of tender memory.

'Max, you remember Aennchen's father? He was a chamois hunter, and was killed in winter—you know, Max?'

'I know,' said Max curtly. He never wasted words; but he, too, wanted to hear the story. He may have heard it before; but then, you see, in such a hut, and at such a time, a tale may, with effect, be twice told.

'I was then just beginning to be a guide,' said Hans, speaking very slowly; 'and I was in love with Aennchen. She was an orphan, all but her mother, who wasn't over-kind to her. Well—never mind that. I took a fancy to try to go over the Wiesenhorn, and I took a fancy to take Aennchen with me.'

A silence—we waited, smoking intently.

'I had a friend, Christian Landsmann, now the well-known guide; you all know him?'

'Yes, yes, Hans, we know Christian well.'

'So I spoke to Christian, and he agreed to go with me. I wanted a good cragsman and a good fellow—Christian was both—to share in such an expedition.'

'Some of your lady-mountaineers, Herr, as you know, go really very well; but not all of them can walk well. Some of them—'

'I know about them,' interrupted my friend, laying great stress upon the personal pronoun. He seemed, for some reason or other, to have a vicious dislike to ladies upon the glacier or on the rock.

'Well,' resumed Hans, 'there was one lady that never would go on any mountain or over any pass without me; and she was fond of climbing. While she was light it was all very well, because I could hoist or haul her up from place to place with one hand; but she got so heavy that I declined to go with her any more. I couldn't, at last, pull her up even with two hands, and it

wasn't safe. Her feet didn't seem to be of much use to her; indeed, very often she hardly touched the mountain with her feet. It was what you call tea-chest work. Still, you know, she did mountains in that way; and she had a pretty long list of ascents accomplished.'

'I fancy that I have seen that list,' observed my friend sardonically; 'or if I haven't seen it, I have heard a good deal about it.'

'Very likely,' returned simple Hans. 'I believe that she told everybody about her walks. But I myself don't, as a rule, care for ladies on the glaciers. I think they are out of place there. I know we guides usually earn the money that we get from them very hardly; they are mostly rather troublesome; but some of them—like that young lady that you took up to the Grands Mulôts—are very nice. However, my Aennchen wasn't at all like any of the ladies that I have ever seen on mountains. You see, it was altogether a different thing. Our Swiss children are used to go always up-hill, and are in what you call training; they are sure-footed, and know how to step. They don't slip; then they can stand fatigue, and, being so used to walking up steep paths, their wind is good. Again, they don't much mind rough weather, and the girls are almost as hardy as the boys; so that, you see, it is different.

'Well, when I proposed to my Aennchen to go with me over the Wiesenhorn, she was a little surprised at first. She knew vaguely that it was a big thing to do, and she thought that she might be in my way. She didn't ever think of danger. You see, she had great confidence in me, and she knew that she could go. She

wasn't afraid of the work or of roughing it, or of the then almost unknown mountain itself; but she thought it unnatural for a Swiss girl like her to go on what she held to be a pleasure trip with me. She thought that such ascents were only fit for *voyageurs* who wanted to enjoy themselves and who could pay guides. It did not seem to her quite natural that a peasant-girl should indulge in the luxury of a climb without a distinct purpose. It looked, too, like mere pleasure, and she was used to work. You see, our women here in the mountains don't have much of what you Herren, that live in great cities like London, call pleasure. Life is harder with us.'

'And yet,' observed Herbert, 'our ladies, that live in cities, find their pleasure in coming here to see your glorious mountains.'

'Ah!' returned the great guide, 'but that is for a change, for a holiday, for another kind of pleasure.'

'Tell me, Hans,' asked Herbert, 'do you Swiss love your mountains—say, as *we* do, now?'

Hans thought a little, and then answered slowly, 'Well, you see, we do love them, in our way. But we always see them. They are a part of our life. We can't well understand life without them. But still I don't think that we see so much in them as you do—you who know poetry, and science, and all that—and who come here for a month or so, for holiday and change. When we are away from the mountains, we feel first how we love them. Swiss who have been away—say to America as emigrants—have told me how a strange longing for the hills of their childhood has come over them, and made them yearn to get back again. You English certainly do love our mountains

quite as much as we do, I think—though in a different way, in a different way.'

Here the great guide made up the fire, and then went out for a moment to look at the night. It was cold in the hut.

'It may be fair to-morrow; though it doesn't look very clear now,' observed Hans, with sententious confidence.

The tobacco-pouch (a large one) was passed round, and pipes were refilled and lit.

'Now, Hans, go on telling us about your brave bride.'

'Yes; she was a brave girl,' said Hans, with a glow in his dark face; 'and she is a brave wife now! Isn't she, Max?'

Max, whose pipe was just beginning to draw, gave a hearty grunt of assent too deep for words; and Hans resumed,

'The Wiesenhorn then wasn't quite what the Wiesenhorn is now—there were no ropes or chains anywhere. Very few people knew the route. I had talked with one of the two guides who had made the ascent; but I had never been on the mountain myself, and I knew that there were very difficult places—dangerous ones, too. You have seen some of them, and you'll see more to-morrow. I thought that if I learned the way to climb such a mountain, just after it had first been climbed, I should get many English Herren to take up; and I thought that if a girl were taken up it would show that the mountain was not too difficult.'

'Bad reasoning, Hans, as regards the English Herren,' remarked Herbert decisively.

'Well, yes, Herr, perhaps so; but I had another object. I was in love, you see; and I was young then. As I was going without an Herr, I wanted to go with *her*; and I wanted to see if my *Schatz*

were as brave as I knew she was—as I knew she was. I thought I could love a wife better who could climb a great hill; and I fancied that I should see if she were good-tempered, and patient, and docile, and kindly, and courageous. It was a kind of trial, and it was a joy.'

I imagine that, if Hans had not been so sunburnt, and if the hut had not been so dark, he would have been seen to blush. The memory of that old climb glowed yet in his heart; and the girl, who had made it with him, was now his wife.

'We shall be poor substitutes for Aennchen,' I said.

'No,' replied Hans, 'not now; that was the time of romance, both for love and for the mountain. Both were new and comparatively untried. Now I like going up with my Herren.'

He paused a moment, and then went on,

'How well I remember that ascent! though it's full a dozen years ago. I think I never had a much pleasanter day. I was very anxious, though, and highly excited. Once or twice I thought of turning back. I was afraid it would be too hard for Aennchen, and I began to feel a responsibility that I never felt before or since. You must know the brave girl who was with me was so very dear to me. However, it was wonderful how well she went. We gave her, of course, all the help we could; but then she made such good use of help. You know what I mean, Herr. Some people can't well be helped on mountains—some ladies especially. If you put their feet on good places for holding, they can't hold at all; and then they have no talent for balancing themselves. Now, Aennchen was very clever. She could step

safely, and hold firmly, and balance herself properly. She was light and active then; and she never had *Schwindel*, she never was dizzy. Her nerves were firm and her health was perfect; and then she was strong. She went at a good pace, and did everything that I told her to do. She didn't very often want a rest; and then she was so cheerful and sweet-tempered! Whenever she looked at me she smiled; but she was too good a mountaineer to talk much while climbing. I have had Herren, sometimes, who *would* talk until they used up their wind and couldn't talk any more. Talk when you stop, and not while you are going, I say; unless, indeed, there be something—some advice or order—that must be said during actual hard work.

'You understand that I was making a *Versuch*, a trial, with my Aennchen, and it was a success, it was. I felt so proud of her; and my comrade, Christian Landsmann, he admired her too, I can assure you. We did not sleep so high up as this hut, but passed the night on a slab of rocks, down there on the *cravate*. I looked at the place as we passed it to-day, and I promise you that I remembered that night. I didn't say anything to you about it, because I did not know then that I was going to tell you about Aennchen. We wrapped her up as warmly as we could, and we managed without rugs. She was tired, and fell asleep almost directly. Christian and I talked together a long time about the climb of the morrow, and then we slept. I ought to tell you that Aennchen would attend to the provisions, and that she tried, in her woman's way, to make us comfortable. We guides and hunters can make coffee, as you know; but she did it better than we

could, and it was so pleasant to have her up there, and to see her move about, and hear her talk. O, she was a dear girl!

'We started early—so soon, indeed, as it was light—for we had an untried and a difficult climb before us; and we had such a dear companion. Christian and I arranged to turn back if we found the work too hard for her; but I own that I thought she would be able to hold her own with us.

'We decided on a route—the one that *we* shall follow to-morrow—and our little party started cheerily.

'We had plenty of rope. At some places I went on ahead, till I had firm hold, and then let down the rope, and Christian made it fast round Aennchen, and then she was pulled up over the bad part. The rocks, as you will see to-morrow, are sometimes very steep, and high, and smooth—no good holding. Occasionally there are ledges, and cracks, and fissures, good enough for me, or for Max there, but not *very* good for every one. Aennchen was never wilful, as some ladies are; never gave us any trouble. She had confidence in us, and had good sense enough to let us help her when we thought that she wanted help. And so we went on and on, always safely, till we got to the foot of the final peak—there is a rope over the place now—and found the last bit very ugly. We hauled Aennchen up, in our way; she never showed a sign of fear, and, at last, we stood upon the summit. We *jödelled* down, that they might hear us in the valley. We had no glass, and could not see so far down; but we heard that several people had seen us as we went up, and had seen a woman on that terrible new peak.

'Aennchen was a little tired,

and she lay down for a short time on the top. I gave her a little brandy and a great kiss, and she soon revived, and was quite delighted to be on the Wiesenhorn with me. The weather was fine and the sun was hot; but there were mists in the valley, and the view over Italy was not good. But Aennchen did not care for that. We were so happy.

'You both of you know the north side? Yes? I thought so. For my part, I consider the descent on that side to be dangerous—more dangerous than this side—and I was a little anxious when we started to go down. I came last. Christian led, and Aennchen was roped between us. She knew that she had to take care, and to look only to her steps. I told her how to go, and she did it very well. Luckily, the mountain was in good order—hope we shall find it as good to-morrow—and we had only one slip.

'Aennchen trod with her heels upon a streak of ice—and slipped. I felt sick, for I knew what such a slip there might lead to, and I loved her so! I stood firm, and called to Christian. He didn't turn round, but stood like a wall. I had seen the slip from the beginning. We both stood the shock, though there was hardly any hold, and in a second my brave active Aennchen had regained her feet, and the danger was over. O, how glad I felt!

'I will show you the place to-morrow. There is a white thin strand of rope fixed close to it, which shows the spot near which another accident—you know which I mean—began. After that one slip we had no other. My *Schatz* had not lost her nerve, and we got safely down. When we reached the *chûlets* the people came out, I can tell you, to see a girl who had come over the Wies-

enhorn with her lover! Aennchen *was* tired, but after a great sleep she was right next day, though a little stiff. A week after that, we were married; and a week after *that*, I took an English Herr over the same mountain. Christian went with me again that time.

'And now, Herren, it is time to go to sleep. We'll have a look at the night, and then turn in. We must be up early to-morrow. Why, it's nearly ten o'clock! Too late; too late! When I was thinking about Aennchen, and telling you about her, I didn't notice the time. I hope that I haven't wearied you?

'No, not at all. Quite otherwise, Hans. We must see Aennchen some day. It was quite a romance, your adventure upon this terrible mountain with the girl that you loved. We shall think of her all the way to-morrow. Your brave Aennchen will lend a deeper interest to the climb.'

Then we went out of the hut. It was cold and dark, but the scene was vast and solemn. There was no moon, but many bright stars looked out and shone upon us. Deep down, in sombre shadow, lay the rock-masses over which we had mounted; high up, in yet more awful mystery, soared the huge rock-mass, which seemed to end only among the stars. A dim mist hid the valley from us. The topmost peak stood out, a heavier darkness, from the night-black sky behind it. There was but little wind; though airy sighs and soft, low, melancholy wails crept round about our high-pitched rocky lair. We stood there for a time in silence. Depths below and heights above; and between the two, on the steep bare mountain-side, four men, feeling very small in all that width and space.



The height, the space, the gloom, the glory of the scene and hour, filled and ennobled our imaginations, as we laid down to rest in the rough hut, perched so high up on the bare brown cliffs of the mighty, the awful Wiesenhorn. Both Herbert and myself knew such scenes and places well, but custom cannot stale the infinite wonder, joy, and awe which fill the soul in such a solemn and solitary hour. You feel alone, alone with Nature in one of her wildest and grandest aspects, as you lie down in that lonely hut, and meditate upon your surroundings. Good-night!

We woke, and went forth into the thin delicate air and fine keen cold of early morning, on the weird colossal mountain. Breakfast over, the rope is fitted in, and we start slowly and silently. Hans leads, then I come, then Herbert, and Max is last. The work before us is serious, and begins directly you leave the hut. It is steep and difficult clambering at once; and there is a good deal of it before you can attain to the frowning crest which seems so far above.

'Think,' said Herbert to me, as we paused for a moment while Hans was selecting the best line of route, 'think that the dear plucky Aennchen has been through this wild work before us!'

Hans caught the name; he always did whenever we uttered it.

'Vorwärts!' he cried. 'Yes, Herren, we stopped just there, on that smooth slab, to give my Aennchen five minutes' rest before we began this bit. Now, take care, mind your footing, and follow where I lead. That's right.' And he began to climb straight up a smooth tough slope of steep rock.

We reached the summit, and

rested where Aennchen had rested before us. We had no brandy and no kiss; but we had champagne and a pipe. We gazed with awe upon the terrible cliffs and ghastly precipices of the Wiesenhorn.

Alas, we had no other view! So much labour was foiled of its great reward! A level, leaden, stagnant mass of cloud surrounded the mountain and spread nearly to the peak. Above, the sky was heavy and was lowering. It was cold, and Hans said that snow was gathering. We disconsolately began the descent. We saw the ugly place at which Aennchen's slip—and the other fatal slip—occurred; and we saw around us, till all was swallowed up in cloud, the sheen and the shade, the dull gleaming and cold glooming of hard heartless rock and of barren snow-patches, as both glared chillingly in shadow and in light.

We reached the dark village of the snowy coronal. We ate at a table, and we slept—and slept well—in beds. Hans found a letter from home. He wanted very much to go there about some farming business, and, as we were going to the Oberland, a visit to his house would not take us much out of our way. We therefore accepted his proposal that we should go home with him and see Aennchen. We only stipulated that she should not be prepared for our coming.

A day or two later we strolled up-hill, over grassy meadows, towards a burnt-sienna house, with a wooden balcony round it, on which hung flax to dry. The roof was covered with large stones to keep it safe in winter. Two or three cows were visible; and the whole place looked comfortable, characteristic, and well-to-do.

We entered. Aennchen was busy at a housewife's work. From behind her gown peeped out two brown-faced, white-headed, sturdy little boys, and then we saw a smaller girl, in a long straight-down peasant child's frock, with a little cap on her head.

No question as to whether Hans were popular as a father. So soon as the dread of the strangers wore off, the children clasped his knees, and were lifted up to hug and kiss him. Aennchen exchanged a hearty kiss with her husband. She was a comely, bright-eyed, active matron, with a look of honest kindness and womanly worth. This family evidently led pure, simple, healthy lives, and were bound together by hearty human affection.

The wife would bring us raspberries and milk. Hans told her who we were, and praised us in a way which won the wife's heart.

'Frau Bergmann, we have just been doing a climb that you once did.'

'Ah!' she looked brightly at us; 'he has told you, has he?'

'O, yes; he has told us. And we admire you very much. The Wiesenhorn is not an easy mountain. Did you find it difficult?'

'Yes; it was difficult. But I had Hans with me, and I trusted

so in him; and he and Christian helped me so well, and took such care of me.'

'It was a plucky thing of you to do, Frau Bergmann.'

'Not so much as you think. We Swiss women are all used to going up-hill. Besides, I was very tired when we got down, and I made one bad slip. Did Hans tell you of that?'

'O, yes. We saw the place, too. Any one might slip there.'

'Hans is such a good guide; is he not? He has saved many a slip, and he is always careful. I know how he took care of me.'

'Have you ever made any more ascents since then, Frau Bergmann?'

'No. Hans hasn't time to take me now. He must earn money as a guide. Besides, there are the children, and there is the house to look after when Hans is away. I have a great deal to do. I don't think I *could* get up the Wiesenhorn now. I'm not so young as I was. Youth is the time in which a woman gets treats like that. A married woman and a mother has her pleasure in her duties.'

As, after much hand-shaking and many good wishes and kindly greetings, we walked away with Hans to climb more mountains, we agreed that it was pleasant to have seen the homely heroine of a great Guide's Wooing.

## VALENTINA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A FRENCH HEIRESS IN HER OWN CHATEAU,'  
'MRS. LANCASTER'S RIVAL,' ETC.

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### CHAPTER V.

#### LUCY.

VALENTINA was not accustomed to have an anxiety of her own, and it made her feel rebellious. She was not sorry to forget it for a few minutes in the anxiety of somebody else, which came before her directly after this talk on the stairs.

Aurélié was sitting at work in her mistress's dressing-room, her face as sharp and stern, and her cap-frills as stiff, as ever. Beside her sat a village girl, Lucy Lane, whose gentle prettiness had attracted Valentina one day when she and Julia were caught in a storm of rain. They took shelter in this girl's home. Valentina talked to her, and heard that her greatest wish was to be a lady's-maid. It happened that Aurélié had been complaining of her sight lately, and this seemed to be the very girl she wanted to help her in her work. Valentina engaged her on the spot, and Lucy Lane would have been quite happy, if it had not been for the disapproval of Miss Linton, who had taught her for years in the Sunday-school, and for another silent sorrow of her own. She was engaged to a young fellow in the village, clever and good, and superior to herself in every way; but he had never been strong, and now he seemed to be passing away with the summer; every one said he could not get well.

Valentina did not know this story till that evening in the end

of August, when she came upstairs and found her maids sitting together in the dressing-room. Aurélié did not like the other servants, and kept herself and Lucy apart from them as much as she could. The girl was not working; she was stooping forward, with her face hidden in her hands, crying as if her heart would break.

'Aurélié!' Valentina exclaimed, as she came into the room. 'What have you done to that poor child to make her cry? You are a cruel old woman!'

She spoke in French. Lucy of course did not understand her. She got up, turning away her face, and trying hard to check her sobs.

'Mademoiselle is unjust, as usual,' said Aurélié. 'I have not made the poor little fool cry. Lucie, stop crying this instant, and tell my lady what it is all about.'

'Is it a long story?' said Valentina.

She did not feel that she had enough sympathy to last more than a minute or two. But Lucy began, and told her tale so sadly and prettily that she could not help listening with interest. The end of it, the saddest part, was that Lucy had been into the village that day and had seen her David, and had heard the doctor's last report, that his one chance for life was to spend the coming winter in the south of France. The doctor had been very kind, and had talked of giving him a

letter to somebody at Mentone, who would look after him there; but how was a penniless young man to get to Mentone, and maintain himself there? He was too ill to do any work, though he might just manage to travel by himself. But of course the whole thing was impossible; and hence Lucy's tears.

'Well, child, don't cry. Crying won't send him to Mentone,' said Lucy's mistress, just touching the red shining cheek with the ends of her fingers.

'Thank you, my lady. Nothing will—nothing that I can do,' sighed Lucy, grateful for the sympathy.

'If I had any money I would give it you; but just now, unfortunately, I have none.'

'O, I never thought of asking you, my lady.'

'It is very nice to be rich,' said Valentina half to herself. 'I suppose David's father is a tenant of Mr. Hartless's, Lucy?'

'Yes,' Lucy said, 'they had lived in Stoneycourt village for generations. The father did not actually work for Mr. Hartless, he was bailiff to one of the farmers; but the squire knew him well.'

'He ought to help his own people,' said Valentina; and then looking at Lucy, she met her wistful eyes with the smile that had won many hearts, that softened even Aurélie, and made this village girl feel inclined to worship her as a patron saint. 'Don't be unhappy,' she said. 'I won't promise anything; but I will see what I can do for you.'

Valentina walked on into the next room, where she walked about, up and down, round and round, for the next half-hour, thinking of her position and her plans. The first was unbearable, that was quite clear; she would not

and could not live any longer on Robert Hartless's grudging charity. The plans were cloudy and uncertain; no one ever found it more difficult than Valentina to arrange the future, or realise it at all.

There were two possibilities which had come into her head while her sister and Mr. Hartless were lecturing her. Neither of them need involve a quarrel with Julia, she supposed; if they did she could not help it. As to Mr. Golding's offered help, her first notion had been that he might be useful as a messenger, a sort of ambassador between her ladyship and those persons with whom she wished to communicate. Now she thought she had better speak for herself; but Mr. Golding might be useful still; he was a good, kind little fellow, and she thought it would be a pity to refuse his friendly help altogether.

When Lady Julia came downstairs before dinner, she found her sister and Mr. Golding in one of the drawing-room windows, talking quite confidentially. Valentina seemed to have recovered her spirits; she talked and laughed all the evening in her usual careless manner. There was such an exaltation in little Golding's face, though he did not speak much, that Lady Julia thought Val must have given him some very decided encouragement.

When the servants had left the dining-room, Valentina suddenly began to talk about her poor little maid Lucy. Robert and Julia listened rather indifferently; Billy Golding earnestly. Valentina played a tune with her fingers on the tablecloth, and looked hard at Robert with a contraction of her pretty brows.

'Do you hear, Robert?' she said. 'Poor David Miller will die if he doesn't go abroad.'

'I hear. Very unfortunate,' answered Mr. Hartless.

'Can't you say anything more?'

'Why, no, Val. What do you expect me to say? He would probably die anyhow. Dr. Fell is rather a muff, I think. He tells the fellow that because he can't cure him, and does not like to say so.'

'O Robert, I thought Dr. Fell was considered so clever!' said Lady Julia.

'Is he? For the country, perhaps.'

'But, Robert,' said Lady Valentina, 'if you were in a consumption, and the doctor ordered you to Mentone, would not you go?'

'What a curious question, Val! Of course he would,' said Lady Julia.

'My lungs are quite sound at present, thank you, Val,' said Mr. Hartless.

'But you would. Mr. Golding, don't you agree with me? Don't you think it is awfully hard that one man should be able to do what is impossible to another? Awfully hard and horribly unjust and odious!'

'Well, don't you see, things are like that,' stammered Billy, with a faint smile.

'Yes,' said Mr. Hartless; 'as Golding says, it is the arrangement of Providence, and therefore must be all right, though it looks hard on the surface to an enthusiastic soul like you.'

'I enthusiastic!' laughed Val rather bitterly. 'How I dislike you when you talk like that, Robert!'

'But what are you driving at all this time?' asked Lady Julia.

Valentina turned her eyes for a moment on her sister, and then looked at her brother-in-law again.

'Robert knows,' she said.

He would not look at her; he did not like Val when she was in a mood like this, and did not care to meet the contempt in her beautiful eyes, though he honestly thought her a most unreasonable and ridiculous girl. One comfort was that she would soon forget all about it; her fancies never lasted long. He glanced at his wife. She got up instantly, and led the way out of the room. As far as he was concerned the subject dropped there. But Lady Julia attacked her sister as soon as the door was shut.

'What do you mean, Val! What makes you talk in this queer way? What are you driving at? I am not so clever as Robert, and I am sure I don't know.'

'There is no use talking about it. But I wish I had some money to give to poor David Miller. He is not a tenant of *mine*; but yet I should like to save his life, for Lucy's sake.'

'Perhaps the doctor is mistaken.'

'I don't believe he is. Who ever could get well here?'

'Of course I understand you now. You think Robert ought to give him money to go to Mentone.'

'I wish he would.'

'Really, my dear Val, you are most dreadfully unreasonable. Why should Robert, of all people, set up for a philanthropist, and spend his money in sending sick people out of the country? Why, the whole neighbourhood would expect him to do the same thing, or to pay their doctors' bills. Such an absurd, extravagant idea; and indeed, Val, you should consider that Robert knows his own affairs best. I really hope you will never suggest anything of the kind again.'

'Certainly I shall not.'

'After all that he has been to you, too—the kindest of brothers—'

'Don't, don't!' cried Val, putting up both her hands. 'I won't listen to you. Change the subject, please—change it this moment!'

Lady Julia stared at her and shrugged her shoulders.

'You had better marry a rich man, my dear,' she said after a pause. 'Then you can found a hospital on the Riviera, and have David Miller for the first patient.'

For Lady Julia stared at her quite a flight of fancy; she laughed at herself, and went on smiling her satisfaction for several minutes.

'Yes, now, there is a mission for you, Val,' she said.

'No; I think I shall sell my diamond cross,' said Valentina.

Lady Julia began to remonstrate, but did not believe she was in earnest, and soon went back comfortably to her former advice: 'Marry a rich man, my dear, and then you can be as charitable and absurd as you please.'

## CHAPTER VI.

### REJECTED.

MRS. MILES was alone at home. She had finished breakfast by nine o'clock, had put on her large garden-hat, in which she looked quite handsome and pleasing, and had gone out with a basket and scissors to gather roses and carnations. The flowers of the wedding-day were faded by this time.

While Mrs. Miles amused herself thus, far away in the garden among the flower-beds, the sound of horses' feet coming up to the house reached her ears and surprised her a little. But she thought it must be somebody come to see Roger on business—

who else could it be at such an hour? And she forgot all about it directly in thinking of her poor son Roger and his infatuation.

The part of the garden where she was lay some distance off, hidden from the house by trees and shrubberies. Presently the butler appeared, coming towards her through the trees. He wore his usual air of philosophic benevolence, and did not seem to see how cruelly his mistress was startled by the name that he announced—'Lady Valentina Wilde.'

Mrs. Miles turned away to put down her basket. Perhaps it was the effort of stooping that brought a sudden flush into her pale face.

'Did Lady Valentina Wilde ask for me, Williams?'

'Yes, ma'am. I told her ladyship I thought you was in the garden—and here she comes,' said Williams, glancing over his shoulder. 'She did seem in something of a hurry.'

Williams disappeared, and Lady Valentina came gliding over the grass. She looked prettier than ever in her riding-habit, and wore a graceful hat with long feathers. Mrs. Miles had to confess that she was an attractive creature; but yet her downright soul was more than ever dissatisfied. Under those pretty airs there was a look, a manner, of unsubstantial dreaminess. Valentina was not like a real solid human being, somehow; she was a spirit, but hardly 'a woman too.' Mrs. Miles, herself a thoroughly satisfactory Englishwoman, felt intensely troubled as she looked at her.

'I am going to ask you a favour—such a very great favour,' said Valentina eagerly. 'You must grant it, please, because I know you are as good and kind as your

son. He would say yes directly—and you are so like him.'

'No, I am not at all like him,' answered Mrs. Miles, shaking her head. 'I am a much harder-hearted person, Lady Valentina.'

'Where is Mr. Miles, then? I will ask him, and then he shall ask you. I am very angry with him, though. I told him to come and see me yesterday, and he did not. Fancy his being so lazy as to stay at home! He is changed—yes, I told him so.'

'He was better employed, if you will excuse my saying so,' said Mrs. Miles. 'He went to London yesterday on business for his mother.'

'And he is not come back yet?'

'No. He will most likely be away a few days.'

'O, he changed his mind, then! I thought he was coming to see me,' said Valentina.

She frowned, and hit her riding-whip sharply two or three times against the stem of a rose-tree. Mrs. Miles looked at her in grave astonishment.

'Ah, pardon me, dear Mrs. Miles,' she said, recovering herself instantly. 'I am forgetting everything. I did not come here so early to talk to you about your son, but about myself. I have a plan to propose to you. Will you listen?'

'Pray go on,' replied Mrs. Miles.

Her manner was certainly not encouraging; but Valentina did not seem to notice that.

'May I have one of those red pinks?' she said. 'O, thank you! What a colour—and how sweet! I thought I might have tried the little chestnut this morning; but as Mr. Miles is not here, I suppose I had better not. My plan! O yes; it is this—will you allow me to come here and live with you?'

'Live with me!' exclaimed Mrs. Miles, so thunderstruck that she could not at once frame an answer.

'I think you would like it,' said Valentina, in a soft pleading tone, and looking at her with those deep, strange, dreamy eyes of hers, in whose glance there was still a sort of uncertainty. What Mrs. Miles thought, with a shudder of pity, was that the poor girl must be mad.

'I will take you into my confidence, and tell you everything,' said Valentina. 'I cannot very well live quite alone, can I? It would not be thought right.'

'Of course not; impossible!' said Mrs. Miles. 'But surely your present arrangement is best—living with your sister?'

'If my sister was my sister, and if her husband was my brother, yes. But they don't want me. They told me so last night. I am not quite rich enough, you see. Mr. Hartless is afraid that my horses may cost him something, I believe—I don't know, I never thought about it before. They told me I must marry a rich man as soon as possible. Was not that rather horrid of them? I can't stay with them, really. That is why I should like to come and live with you. May I? May I come next week? I have two maids and a groom. They will be very good. Mr. Miles remembers my old Aurélie. I will give you all the money I have, and only just keep enough to buy my clothes and pay their wages. Is not that very business-like?' said Valentina, with a little air of triumphant fun. 'Please forgive me; but I know these things have to be mentioned. One can't live in a tree, like the birds, and eat berries. I wish one could. O dear, that reminds

me of something—might I say it, I wonder ?

'Pray do. Say everything that is in your mind,' said Mrs. Miles, with a politeness which sprang from desperation.

'It is only that I am so dreadfully hungry,' said Valentina with a light laugh, after which she blushed a little.

Mrs. Miles had no sense of the humorous, even when, as in this little confession of Valentina's, it touched very nearly on the pathetic. But she was never inhospitable, having far too much conscience for that.

'You must be, indeed. You have had a long ride,' she said gravely. 'I hope you will come in and have some breakfast.'

Valentina thanked her. They walked towards the house together, the elder woman looking stiff and stately, the younger moving with a light springing step, twisting the red carnation in her fingers, looking about like a child with wondering eyes at the trees and the flowers, the birds and butterflies that darted here and there in the sunshine.

'Mr. Miles will come and see me directly he comes home, won't he ?' she said in her soft musical voice. 'I shall be very angry if he does not. We are very, very great friends, you know. Has he told you about our first meeting in Paris ?'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Miles.

'Was it not a wonderful piece of good fortune ?'

'For you—yes.'

'Of course I meant for me,' said Valentina gently. 'He is very different from most people. Don't you think so ? I know all about that, now that I have lived in England. Please tell him that it is his duty to come and see me at once.'

'I am afraid I cannot give him

that message, Lady Valentina,' said Mrs. Miles, with a slight stern smile.

'O, I'm sorry you don't like it. But he means to come very soon, doesn't he ?'

'I don't know, really. He has a great deal to attend to at home just now, after his long absence—a great deal of important business. I think he will not have much time for paying visits.'

'O !'

Mrs. Miles could not make out, from the girl's tone and manner, whether she was angry or quite indifferent. Passing beyond the trees, her eyes fell on a sight which surprised her. Lady Valentina's groom was holding two horses at the door, and a young gentleman, short and fair, with a reddish face, and rather horsey in appearance, was wandering about admiring the flowers. Mrs. Miles recognised her son's college friend, Mr. William Golding, whose looks had certainly deteriorated since his Oxford days.

'Is that Mr. Golding ?' she said.

'Yes,' answered Valentina. 'He is the kindest fellow in the world. Neither I nor my man knew the way here—and it was so far, too—and I did not want the Hartlesses to know anything about it. So Mr. Golding came to take care of me. By the by, before we meet him,' she said, standing still in the shade, and looking straight and innocently in Mrs. Miles's face, 'won't you answer me ? I do want friends so dreadfully, and this would be such a charming place for me to live. I am very independent, I know ; but I would try not to do anything you did not like. Do say yes. Or perhaps you would rather think it over, and write to me this afternoon.'

If Mrs. Miles had been a child-



less woman, it is possible that her heart might have relented towards this strange, pretty, pleading creature, in spite of all her faults and wildness. But the thought of Roger made any softening impossible—and Mr. Golding's escort was to Mrs. Miles the last straw, or rather the extra drop that made her cup of indignation run over. She answered Valentina very gravely and severely indeed.

'No, thank you; there is no occasion for me to think it over. I could not, under any circumstances, receive a stranger into my house—and most certainly not one whose ideas and opinions on every subject are diametrically opposite to my own. A young lady who can allow herself to leave her sister's house secretly, and to ride this distance alone with a young man—I was brought up, and so were my daughters, to think such conduct impossible. Thus you see at once, Lady Valentina, how your views and mine would agree. I do not wish to offend you; I only speak for your good.'

Mrs. Miles stopped short, in terror of a scene, half regretting the words that had made their way almost of their own will. She saw that she had touched Valentina to the quick, and at that moment she remembered her dream. A bright colour came into the girl's face, and her eyes, which had been fixed on Mrs. Miles, were suddenly lifted to the leaves and the blue sky above her head. Then Valentina turned half away, with the slightest movement of shoulders and hands and head, which in a moment changed her dreamy grace into extreme haughtiness, and made Mrs. Miles, right and conscientious as she was, feel both angry and small. She did not show

her feelings, however; but looked dignified, and tried to be sorry for the foolish girl. Valentina made her a foreign inclination, which Mrs. Miles thought absurdly theatrical.

'You were gathering flowers,' said Valentina. 'Do not let me interrupt you. Good-morning.'

She walked quickly away towards the horses. Mr. Golding came to meet her. Mrs. Miles stood still under the trees, more disturbed than she could ever have confessed, and not knowing at all what to do. But when she saw Valentina actually on her horse, and Mr. Golding mounting his, she remembered something, and hurried forward. Billy got down again, and took off his hat as she approached. He had always feared and disliked Roger's mother, and had many times described her as 'a regular prudish old dragon.' Now he looked civil and grave enough.

'Let us go! What are you waiting for?' said Valentina, in an impatient undertone.

'How d'ye do, Mrs. Miles! Beautiful morning,' said Billy, with his usual originality.

'I hope you will both come in and have some breakfast?' said Mrs. Miles earnestly. 'Pray do, Lady Valentina! I had forgotten for the moment.'

'Nothing for me, thank you,' replied Valentina, in a cold voice.

'No, thank you. You are very kind, but we must be getting back,' said the loyal, though starving, Billy.

Valentina's spirited horse was dancing about, impatient to be gone. Mrs. Miles could say no more; she stood by the porch, and let them ride away. She was angry with them, and yet not satisfied with herself; it was true that she must, in any case, have refused the extraordinary request,

but she might have done it in a very different way. What would Roger say, if he knew how she had scolded Lady Valentina, how she had sent her away 'dreadfully hungry'?

'Horrid girl; it serves her right!' said one voice in Mrs. Miles's heart. 'Poor girl; it is the fault of her bringing up,' said another. 'I was much too harsh and hard with her.'

The argument went on for a few minutes, during which Mrs. Miles's eyes were fixed on something red lying in the middle of the gravel drive which Lady Valentina had crossed just before. Presently Mrs. Miles walked up to it, and saw that it was a red carnation. She picked it up, and carried it with her into the garden, under the trees, back to the place where Valentina had come to her. A few pale dead roses were lying there in a little heap. She had cut them off herself that morning. At first she was going to throw the discarded flower on this heap, and leave it there; but, after a moment, she changed her mind, and laid it gently with its dark sweet sisters in her basket.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ACCEPTED.

VALENTINA went scampering along the broad grassy roadside for three or four miles without speaking to her companion. At last, when she slackened her pace a little, he rode up alongside, looking at her rather anxiously.

'May I speak, Lady Val?' he said, in a doubtful tone.

'Certainly.'

'Did that old woman make herself disagreeable to you?'

'Isn't it very funny,' Valentina replied, 'that when people say

anything particularly nasty, they always tell you it is for your good? I endured that yesterday, and again this morning.'

'And I hope you don't mean to endure it again,' said Mr. Golding. 'I should like to tell them what I think of them. What business has Mrs. Miles to talk to you? I think she is the ugliest old woman I ever saw!'

Valentina smiled, and then she sighed, and then suddenly began to tell her devoted cavalier something of the painful position she was in. She told him she had not a friend in the world, that Robert and Julia had been unkind to her—she did not go into their talk at all—that she had been asking Mrs. Miles to give her a home, that Mrs. Miles had refused, and that she was going to ask that nice good girl Mary Linton, the Rector's daughter.

'But you could never live with people like that!' said Billy Golding, having expressed his feelings in a long whistle.

'I could live with any one who would be kind to me, and let me do what I liked.'

'Miss Linton is not so bad as some people,' Billy confessed; 'but, all the same, you would be bored to death. And I bet you, if she says yes, the Rector will say no. He won't want to offend Hartless. People will say all sorts of things if you leave your sister's house to live at the Rectory. Of course, you know best; but I think it is an awfully bad plan. I could tell you of a much better one.'

'What?' said Valentina, in a low indifferent voice.

She had not half listened to what he had been saying; but Billy was encouraged by her quiet manner to make a bold dash for it. Now or never, it seemed to him, though he felt so horribly

nervous that he could hardly sit on horseback.

'There's me, you know,' he said. 'If you would only take me into the bargain, everything I have in the world is yours; and if you want somebody to worship you all your life, and do everything for you, here he is.'

Lady Val looked round at him in astonishment. She had not been thinking at all of this. Poor Billy spoke with all his heart—she knew that very well; and she did not, somehow, feel inclined either to laugh or to ride away from him. Yet she did not know what to say; and, after one glance, she looked at her horse's ears, and rode on silently.

Mr. Golding presently asked her if she was angry with him.

'No,' she answered. 'You are very good. I don't know anybody so kind; but I am sorry you said that, because I don't think I could—'

After this Billy went on talking in a disjointed way. He did not expect much; he thought little of himself, and was not foolish enough to suppose that Lady Valentina could be enthusiastic about him. All he wanted was to be allowed to give up his life to making her happy. He begged and entreated her not to go to Miss Linton, but to take this, the nearest way out of her troubles.

Val was rather touched by all he said. She had always liked him, and trusted him instinctively. But she would not give him any positive answer; and she insisted on paying her visit and making her proposal at the Rectory. When they arrived at the gate—it was about a mile from the great house—she sent Mr. Golding straight home, and went in by herself.

Mary Linton saw all the impossibilities of such an arrange-

ment quite as clearly as Mrs. Miles had done; but she was a kind good girl, and her heart was touched by Lady Valentina's pale weary air, and the sad tones in which she talked of being alone in the world. After a time, Mary went to her father's study, and laid the whole thing before him. She did not speak at all strongly against it, for Valentina's manner to her was very sweet, and she seemed to be paying a high compliment to the quiet old Rectory. Mr. Linton, however, was not at all sentimental. He was probably moved by the ideas that Billy Golding attributed to him. He told Mary it was utter nonsense, and would not do at all.

'She certainly must be a very odd person,' said Mr. Linton, raising his eyebrows.

'I was afraid you would say so,' Mary answered. 'Come and tell her yourself, papa. I don't feel as if I could disappoint her; she is so sad and pretty.'

'I thought you cordially disapproved of the young woman?'

'Poor thing! I am very sorry for her,' said Mary.

Mr. Linton followed her into the drawing-room, where, with a great deal of polite benevolence, he explained to Valentina that her idea was quite impracticable, gravely adding a short sermon on the duty of living peaceably with one's relations. Valentina took it all very quietly. There was, in fact, such a dreaminess about her that Mr. Linton thought she was hardly listening to him, and went back rather offended to his study.

Valentina sat still for a few minutes, gazing at Mary's smooth brown head, clear skin, and honest eyes.

'I wish I could do anything for you,' said Mary kindly. 'Is there nothing but that?'

'O yes,' said Valentina. 'I have been for such a long ride this morning, and, to tell you the truth, I am dying of hunger. Would you give me a piece of bread?'

'O dear, why didn't you say so before! I thought you looked quite faint and pale!' cried Mary, deeply touched, and ringing the bell.

Lady Julia had not felt any anxiety about her sister, to whose wild pranks she was well accustomed. Mr. Golding and Valentina both appeared at luncheon as usual, and told her they had been riding a long way. There did not seem to be anything more to tell.

In the afternoon Billy hung about the house, watching for Valentina. About four o'clock he was standing on the steps under the drawing-room windows, blinking his eyes in the sunshine, and feeling sleepy and hot and uncomfortable, and wondering whether he had better go and have a nap, when he heard a light step hurrying along the room, and Valentina came out to him suddenly. Billy turned round and looked up in her face; he saw that something had happened, and waited for her to tell him what it was.

'You are very generous,' she said; and she smiled at him in a most wonderful way, with a light of rosy colour in her face. 'You have been very noble and kind and generous, and I think you are the best man I know.'

'What do you mean?' said Golding, bewildered. 'O, that—that was nothing. I've been thanked quite enough already.'

Valentina stood still, and looked at him with eyes whose eloquence he hardly dared believe in.

'I have not thanked you before,' she said.

'Lady Val, look here—wasn't it as I told you at the Rectory? And won't you make up your mind that other way—the way I asked you? I know I don't deserve it.'

'I think you deserve anything,' said Valentina. 'But you had better think—I am not very like other girls, and I don't believe you will be happy.'

'Good Heavens, I'll risk that!' Golding exclaimed, still almost incredulous. 'Other girls, indeed! O, come then, come down into the garden and talk about it! Don't stand there, looking so angelic, or I shall lose my senses!'

Later in the afternoon, just four-and-twenty hours from their talk the day before, Lady Valentina came to her sister, and told her that she was engaged to be married to Mr. Golding. She was very quiet about it; but Lady Julia did not feel surprised at that—it would be impossible, of course, to get up any romance about Billy; and Lady Julia's only wonder was that Val should have done anything so sensible.

'Well, dear, I don't think you will regret it,' she said. 'He is really a good fellow; and you will always have your own way. Robert will be glad, I am sure.'

'Yes, I thought you and Robert would be glad,' said Valentina; 'but he is more than a good fellow, let me tell you. He has done a most beautiful thing, which no other man I know would have been capable of. He has given Lucy a hundred pounds for David Miller, to send him to Mentone.'

Valentina looked lovely and triumphant as she announced her lover's generosity. Julia did certainly look surprised, but, after the first moment, she smiled a little.

'O, of course,' she said. 'He heard you talking about it last night at dinner. Well, yes, Val, I should not have given Billy Golding credit for so much—'

Lady Julia stopped and hesitated; she was at a loss for a word, the one which first occurred to her being likely to disenchant Valentina.

'I think generosity is the rarest and most glorious virtue under the sun,' Valentina said, in a low voice. 'You may give him credit for that, and for a great deal besides, if you please.'

'I shall be very glad, dear Val,' said Lady Julia. 'Where is he? I should like to congratulate him.'

While his old college chum was sitting crowned and victorious, and hardly able to understand his own wonderful good luck, Roger Miles, with a troubled and anxious heart, was attending to his mother's business in London. By going off to this the day after the wedding, and putting off for a few days his visit to Stoneycourt, he had in his own mind made a sort of compromise with his mother. At any rate, she would not have the right to say that he was selfishly inconsiderate of her, or that he showed any absurd impatience.

But when he came home, and heard his mother's account of that early visit from Valentina, he was half inclined to regret his own good behaviour. Mrs. Miles softened it off as much as she could, but had to confess that Valentina seemed hurt and offended by the denial of her wish. Roger looked very gloomy; he was heartily sorry that this had happened during his absence, for he knew his mother well enough to imagine what her manner might have been. The fact of Mr. Golding's escort did not impress him much, though Mrs. Miles dwelt upon it a good

deal. He thought poor Billy was very harmless, and was only glad that Frank Hartless had not been Valentina's companion. He told his mother rather coldly that his intentions were only strengthened by all he heard. He would not promise even to wait a little. How could he, in Valentina's unhappy and unsettled state?

Mrs. Miles tried arguments, entreaties, almost commands; but Roger was firmly resolved, and the end of it was not a quarrel between them. Roger's dog-cart was at the door, and at the last moment he followed her into her room.

'Am I going without your good wishes, mother?' he said.

Mrs. Miles stood and gazed at him; her fine dark eyes were full of tears.

'No, Roger,' she said, 'I can't give up my son so easily. I will try and do my duty; if it is a hard one, I must only try the more.'

'You won't be able to help loving her, so gentle, charming—'

'There, my boy, don't say any more. Go, if you must. God bless you!'

She kissed him, and he ran down-stairs. She heard the quick trot, and the wheels rolling fast away; and went about her usual occupations, wondering whether people felt like her when their hearts were broken.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### TOO LATE.

THE 1st of September was past. Roger, sitting in the small drawing-room at Stoneycourt, opposite to Lady Julia Hartless, heard from her that her sister was gone out with the sportsmen. She was tired herself, having taken a long walk the day before. She sat

looking the picture of worldly content, with her black eyes fixed on Roger. He was rather red; his thick dark hair fell over his forehead, and he had an air of gravity which was almost sullenness. Personally, Lady Julia could not imagine herself taking any interest in him. She had not disliked him at his dance the other night, and she had been amused by the things Valentina had said about him. She had suspected that he and Valentina seriously liked each other; but in that case his appearance at Stoneycourt would hardly have been put off so long, and Valentina had arranged her affairs, on the whole, more sensibly. Still, Lady Julia thought she would sound Mr. Miles a little, for his devotion to her sister the other night had been noticed by everybody.

'I shall hope to call on Mrs. Miles next week,' she said. 'We have so many people here, and the shooting and all that. I fancied my husband had asked you to our first shooting-party.'

'He was good enough to say something about it,' said Roger; 'but it was left uncertain, I think, and I was obliged to go to town. I only came back last night. You don't care for walking with the guns, then, Lady Julia?'

'Not much. I am not such a very good walker, for one thing.'

'I am not surprised, though. It is difficult to imagine a lady's liking it at all.'

'O, indeed! You did not encourage that sort of thing in your sisters?'

'I never had to discourage it,' said Roger. 'We are old-fashioned people. Is Frank Hartless here still? I suppose he is out with the others.'

'No; Frank left us two or three days ago. Your other friend is here—Mr. Golding.'

'O, yes.'

Lady Julia thought he was amazingly dull. As an experiment, she began to talk of her sister Valentina. She remarked on the strangeness of the meeting in Paris; sighed a little over Valentina's extraordinary bringing-up; tried with all her powers—which were not great—to draw him out on the subject. He was imperturbably grave. Yet she had his full attention, and there was a light in his eyes as he listened to her. Being aware of this, she concluded that he was angry at Valentina's going out with the sportsmen, and thought that was indeed a piece of high-flown nonsense in a young man of these days. Old-fashioned! he was a regular Puritan. Lady Julia knew herself to be the most proper person in the universe, and thought that no one but a Pharisee could go beyond herself and her husband so far as to disapprove what they saw no harm in.

She mistook Roger's feelings. As she talked rather affectionately of Valentina, he was reflecting that she must be a humbug. This was the woman whose sister could not live with her, and came to ask his mother for a home. Of course he would rather have found Valentina in the house, and he hated the fashion of women mixing themselves up in the sports of men; but yet he knew well that his wild fairy must not be judged by the ordinary rules of women. To please him, she would give up everything of that kind—he felt secure of that; and in thinking of the future, lost several of Lady Julia's sentences.

'There they are!' he exclaimed, with sudden animation. His eye had caught some groups of people far down in the park, coming across from a belt of wood, and slowly making their way near

to the house. He sprang up and went to the window.

Lady Julia joined him there.

'Yes,' she said; 'they are coming in to luncheon. They have been in the fields beyond the woods over there; and it is just as convenient for them to come in, being so near. It is only the climb up the hill, and they don't mind that. Valentina was running races up it with some of them yesterday. She is such a child. You will stay and see them, Mr. Miles, of course. She thought you would have paid your very old friend a visit before this.'

Lady Julia spoke half laughing; but the next moment she felt a twinge of regret; for she met the bright look in Roger's eyes, and heard something in his voice as he answered her, far beyond ordinary politeness.

'Thank you, I shall be very glad to stay. I must explain to Lady Valentina—it was only necessity that took me away, and I have been impatient enough to find myself here, I can assure you.'

Lady Julia saw at once that it was her duty to tell him everything. She was sorry for him in her way, but felt sure that it could not have gone very deep, and that, even if the news upset him at first, he would have plenty of time to compose himself before the others came in. There was something so flighty and ridiculous about the friendship, as they called it, between him and Valentina; the whole thing was so incomprehensible in a solid young man like this—that Lady Julia thought a good dose of fact was the wholesomest and kindest thing she could give him. Valentina, she believed, would have been quite capable of flirting with him atrociously, putting him in a fool's paradise, and giving Mr.

Golding a taste of purgatory, before she let him know that her fate was decided.

'My sister will be very glad to have your good wishes,' said Lady Julia, standing by Roger in the window, and looking calmly in his face. 'But I don't suppose you have heard the news about her, have you?'

'No, indeed. What news?' said Roger.

He did not at once guess the truth. People are not always prepared for the worst thing that can happen to them. They think it almost outside the rank of possible events.

'Her engagement to our friend—your old friend, too—Mr. Golding,' said Lady Julia.

Roger only betrayed himself by a sudden paleness, most unnatural to him. He laid his hand against the window-frame, and was quite silent for a minute or two.

Lady Julia was a little alarmed, and expected an outburst of something—rage, grief, disappointment—for his change of colour told her that her news had gone straight to the natural home of such things. But she need not have been afraid.

'Only just settled, I suppose?' he said, with a slight addition of gruffness to his manner, never very soft or smooth.

'Within the last day or two.'

'You are pleased, I hope?'

'O, very much! Though you are so slightly acquainted with Valentina, you know she has peculiarities. And William Golding—Billy, as you have all been rude enough to call him—I fancy he is one of the best-tempered men in the world. Yes, I really hope it is a happy arrangement.'

'Ah, you are right—Billy no longer. She has—he is distinguished enough now, certainly.'

'Excuse me one moment,' said

Lady Julia. 'I hear them coming in. I will be back directly.'

She went mercifully out of the room. There was really something of pure benevolence in the action. She was not a bad woman at heart, and she had a little feeling of sympathy with Roger, brought out by her admiration for his self-control, and by her gratitude to him for sparing her a scene. He had not shown the smallest wish to confide in her, which a more selfish man might have done under the circumstances; and she was thankful to him for that, too.

Roger stood where she had left him, leaning his arm and head against the window. He was able to think quite clearly and quietly, and it seemed to him that he understood it all.

She was unhappy here—he did not come to her—and she had taken what seemed to be the nearest way out of her troubles. Perhaps too it was the nearest way of escape from Frank Hartless—well, certainly it was better that she should marry Golding than *him*. She was a child, a sweet, strange, uneducated, incomprehensible child, without a creature to understand her, to give her the love and the tender care she wanted. And he, Roger Miles, the man she trusted and called her friend, who had loved her with all his heart ever since she looked up in his face for the first time that evening in the Elysian Fields, who *knew* he could have made her happy—he had been fool enough to go off to London and bury himself in lawyers' offices, instead of hurrying to make sure of his lost treasure when he had found it.

Some sacred old words about a man's leaving his father and mother, and cleaving to his wife, came sadly into Roger's mind as

he thought about all these things. He had fancied he was doing so right when, to please his mother in her grief and disappointment, he had put off his visit to Stoney-court. Now he believed he had been wrong and cowardly, and felt as if he could never forgive himself. He resolved that Valentina should never know what his hopes had been, so that, without any consciousness, she might still look on him as a loyal old friend. Only his mother knew, and she would be only too glad to be silent. He did not think he had betrayed himself to Lady Julia. If she had guessed anything—women's eyes were sharp, Roger thought—she surely would not be so odious as to tell her sister.

And yet with all this moralising Roger did not know or realise what had happened to him, till he heard the door of the room open gently, and, turning round, expecting to see Lady Julia, saw Valentina standing there.

She looked lovely, for exercise and excitement had brought a little colour into her face. For once, too, she was grave and gentle, and almost shy, and her eyes seemed to be asking Roger questions—was he changed? what did he think of her?

Roger trembled from head to foot, and knew what a terrible task he had set himself. He thought for a moment that it would be better never to see her again, to forget her if he could; and then he felt fiercely angry with the girl who could give herself away so carelessly. Then he forgot himself altogether, as he wished and intended to do.

'So you are come at last, Mr. Miles!' said Valentina, giving him her hand, which he scarcely dared to touch. 'I thought you had forgotten all about me.'

'I have been unfortunate,' said



Roger. 'I felt myself obliged to go to town. I hope you are very well, and—Lady Julia Hartless has just been telling me some news about you.'

'Yes!' she said, brightening up a little. 'I had such an opinion of you, that I do believe I should have asked your advice, if you had been here. I don't say that I should have taken it. But you forgot me, and went to London, and I thought you were very unkind.'

'Don't reproach me!' said Roger, very low.

'O no, I won't do anything so tiresome. He says that you and he were college friends. Then you know how good he is, don't you?'

'Yes,' said Roger absently. 'Is it true? Are you happy? are you satisfied?'

'Those are such great words. Why do you look so grave? I want you to be my nice old friend still. You must remember Paris. Do you think I shall forget it when I am married? Not at all. I have hundreds of faults, mon-sieur, but I am not ungrateful.'

'That is a bargain!' said Roger; and took her hand again, and squeezed it so hard this time that she lifted her brows and made a little exclamation. 'I beg your pardon,' he said, releasing it. 'But that is a bargain. I am always to be your old friend. Are you happy, then, Mdlle. Valentine? One tells the truth to one's friends, remember.'

'And do they ask impertinent questions?' she said, with a laugh. But she looked up at Roger, and met such solemn eyes that the fun vanished out of her face, and, shrugging her shoulders slightly, she went on, 'Yes, I am going to be very happy, because I am going to do just exactly what I like all day long. *Voyons!* You may ask me again this day three

years, and I will tell you all about it.'

At this moment Billy Golding came into the room, looking fair and amiable, and almost picturesque, in his shooting clothes. He stared rather at this *tête-à-tête*. Valentina turned to him with a smile.

'Here you are!' she said. 'My old friend Mr. Miles is anxious about me, so you may talk to him and comfort him a little.'

Billy looked nervous, especially as Valentina glided out of the room, and he was left alone with the man whom he had thought a dangerous rival. Roger, however, did not seem at all inclined to fight him.

'I congratulate you,' he said, shaking hands with him.

'On what I don't deserve, eh?' said Billy.

'I don't know,' said Roger.

He walked once or twice up and down the room, while his old friend stood with his hands in his pockets, looking at him.

Presently Roger asked a few questions in a rather authoritative way, which were meekly answered. The marriage was to take place that autumn, Billy supposed; the sooner the better. He imagined they would live in London; there was not so much fun anywhere else. Perhaps Paris part of the year.

The luncheon-bell began to ring. Roger stood still and stared for a moment at Mr. Golding, who looked pinker and younger than ever, and did not much like the inspection. But he was a kind little fellow, and did not wish to be cross to poor old Miles; he had eyes enough to see that the news of his engagement had cut rather deep.

'That's luncheon!' he remarked, to break the embarrassing silence and change the current

of Roger's thoughts. 'You are staying for it?'

'I! no! Is it! Good gracious, no!'

Roger turned round and caught up his hat.

'Good-bye, old fellow,' he said, and rushed out of the room.

He met Lady Julia as he strode across the hall, but did not see her, and did not hear what she said to him.

'What an odd creature Mr. Miles is!' she said to Billy, meeting him directly afterwards.

'Poor old beggar! you mustn't mind him. He was always a rough customer, more or less,' answered Billy, with a mysterious air.

Strolling about in his shrubberies that evening, Roger came to the conclusion that this sort of thing would not do, and that his best course was to avoid Stoney-court altogether for the present. He believed that he should soon be quite stoical, and able to meet Valentina with the even pulse of disinterested friendship.

He had told his mother, and she had behaved with forbearing generosity. If the news was a relief to her, she did not say so. With quite unusual tenderness she had laid her hand on Roger's head, saying gravely in a low voice: 'You must bear it as well as you can, my boy.'

## CHAPTER IX.

MRS. TALBOYS.

ROBERT HARTLESS and his wife were away from Stoneycourt a great deal, and Lady Valentina, who was married to William Golding in London in the autumn of that year, not caring much for the place or her relations, never once revisited it during the next eighteen months. In that time

Roger Miles never saw her once, and his mother would have been glad to believe that he had forgotten her. But Mrs. Miles was not a woman who deceived herself, and she knew only too well that her son's thoughts were not in the daily life that he lived with her. Host, landlord, magistrate, sportsman—the outward Roger did his work well in all these characters. He continued to be a good son to his mother, a good brother to Fanny and John Tomlinson, a dutiful writer of letters to Jane Tristram in India. He was a quiet, dry-mannered, rather indifferent young man. Nobody was surprised at his turning out this sort of person; his mother's manners had never been conciliating, and he was considered very like her. Nobody knew, as she did, what had carried away all Roger's life and enthusiasm, so that he had no longer any heart to put into any of his doings. The only person in the neighbourhood who suspected the truth was Mary Linton, and she said nothing. Roger would have been very much surprised to hear that his mother was aware of any deficiency in him. He certainly thought, if he understood anybody, it was his mother. She appeared quite satisfied with him, and it never occurred to him that she understood him at least as well as he did her.

So a year went by, and half another year following it, and brought a lovely April, with dazzling sunshine on the light gold green of young leaves that shone with the last shower.

Roger determined to go up to town and see the Boat-race. He had not been present at any race since he left college; first, because he was abroad, and then, last year, he had been haunted by the dread of meeting Valentina.

Mrs. Miles did all she could to persuade him to go; she could not bear to see him shutting himself out from the general amusements of young men.

He went up in the middle of the week, and stayed at an hotel where he met two or three old college friends. The rich aunt of one of these had invited him to see the race from the garden of her villa, which had a good view up and down the river, and had also told him to bring any friends he liked with him. He had already asked those in the hotel, and he now asked Roger Miles. Roger was at first inclined to refuse, but feeling that he was misanthropic, he changed his mind and said he would come.

On Friday night he went with two of his old friends to the theatre. The play helped him to forget himself; he enjoyed it thoroughly, and reflected that a course of plays might not be a bad thing to help him back into his right senses. When it was over a shower of rain was falling, and people were waiting crowded in the vestibule for their carriages. The three young men were making their way slowly towards the door, when one of Roger's companions touched him on the arm, and whispered, 'Look there!'

Roger raised his eyes and looked. About three yards from him a group of four or five men were surrounding a lady with a dark head and a pale face, her throat and shoulders wrapped in a fluffy mass of white fur.

'The Snow Queen!' whispered Roger's friend. 'And doesn't she look awfully miserable!'

'I know her,' said Roger; and he walked up to her, almost shouldering aside one or two of her companions, who stared indignantly at this stern intruder.

But the lady received him with

a bright smile, and a sudden pink tinge of pleasure in her white tired face.

'*Encore une fois!*' she said. 'Where did you spring from? And where have you been all this time? Down in your old country?'

'In my old country, yes,' Roger answered. 'And you have not forgotten me? It is very good of you.'

'Yes, very. But you and I have always been people with good memories.'

'How d'ye do, Miles?' said another voice; and Roger saw that one of the men he had so unceremoniously pushed was Billy Golding.

'Very glad to see you,' said Roger, with the heartiest honesty, as he wrung Billy's hand.

Then there was Frank Hartless, standing by with an amused grin on his ugly face. The others were strangers to Roger, but as Billy was there, he did not care who they might be.

He stood by Valentina, and looked at her, and talked to her for three or four minutes. After the first he did not think her at all changed, except that her expression was older—some of the childishness was gone—and that she looked shadowy and weary. They talked like other people; a few words about the play, and then the Boat-race to-morrow.

'Mrs. Arthur Talboys has asked us to go and see it from her garden,' said Lady Valentina.

'Cape Villa!' exclaimed Roger.

'Are you going there too?'

'Yes, I am going with Harry West—her nephew, you know. You remember him, Golding?'

Billy remembered him very well. Harry was beckoned through the crowd, and introduced to Lady Valentina, whose carriage came immediately afterwards.

She took Roger's arm and went out with him.

'Good-night,' she said. '*A demain!* Ah, Mr. Miles, I said that to you once before, and you disappointed me. Don't behave in that way again.'

'No,' said Roger. 'I shall be wise this time.'

As he turned away he sighed and moralised. 'When one has everything to lose, one behaves like a fool. When one has nothing, it seems tremendously easy and natural to be a wise man.'

Then he gave a kind thought to Billy, who he now remembered was muffled up, and looked like a ghost. Then he allowed Harry West to ask him a dozen questions about the 'Snow Queen,' as he called her, and answered them with tolerable good-humour.

Mrs. Talboys had a sort of spring fête in her garden, which was raised above the river on white terraces, with trees coming into leaf and flower. There were also statues, for she was a patron of the arts, and there was a large fountain playing in the middle of the lawn. The long front of her house was sheltered by a verandah, and this, the lawn, and the terraces by the river, with the side walks of the garden for a strolling change, were covered, not crowded, with people.

Mrs. Talboys was a rich widow, with sons and nephews, who frequented her villa and brought their friends there. Most of those young men had two attractions that day—the Boat-race, and Lady Valentina Golding.

Dressed entirely in dark blue, she sat in a low chair on the upper terrace, and her admirers thronged round her. Her husband lingered for some time in the verandah, talking to the lady of the house. He seemed half

afraid of the open air, though the sun was shining, and there was a soft south wind.

Other ladies made remarks on that strange young beauty, his wife. Roger heard some of these as he walked about with Harry West, whose home was in Lancashire, and who knew hardly any of his aunt's guests. Roger did not feel inclined to present himself to Lady Valentina, who seemed contented with her surroundings. He felt he could not laugh and joke with them all; he would be a spectre at that feast of youth, spoiling their fun and certainly not enjoying himself.

'I'll wait and talk to her by and by,' he thought; and meantime he was disturbed by the scraps of conversation that reached him now and then. Presently Harry found an acquaintance who carried him off, and Roger strolled up to the steps of the verandah, where Mrs. Talboys had just done with Mr. Golding, and was coming down alone. She was a frank outspoken woman, with an agreeable face. Roger had taken a fancy to her at once.

'I suppose you don't know many people here,' she said to him, 'except the Goldings? Harry told me they were old friends of yours.'

'I was at college with Golding,' said Roger. 'We went abroad together.'

'Ah, that makes people intimate. And did you know his wife before they were married?'

'Yes. I met her in Paris some years ago.'

'She must have been a child.'

'She was then. But I knew her too in my own neighbourhood. Her sister married a man down there.'

'O yes—Lady Julia Hartless. That is why Mr. Hartless, the barrister, is always with the Gold-

ings, I suppose. Do you know, I am very sorry for Mr. Golding.'

'Why, Mrs. Talboys?' said Roger, looking at her.

His hostess felt herself called seriously to account by this grave earnest young man. She did not feel inclined to disgust him by trifling with him.

'Come this way,' she said; and they walked across the lawn together.

'You are really an old friend, are you? Attached to them both?'

'Sincerely.'

'Then shall I tell you what people have called Lady Valentina Golding, in speaking of her to me?'

'Fast, and a flirt, if I may guess,' said Roger, smiling. 'I have heard those things myself.'

'You don't agree?' said Mrs. Talboys.

'Nor do you, I imagine, or you would not ask her here.'

Mrs. Talboys smiled in her turn.

'You are not so wrong there, certainly. My conscience does not accuse me of encouraging that sort of thing more than I can help. No; the people who call her "fast" do not quite understand her, do they? But let me tell you that she is a most extraordinary person. I must use the word "wild"—not in a bad sense, you know. She is wild to the farthest extent of wildness. She does things which nobody else could do; her freaks and pranks are beyond description. I am afraid women avoid her, rather; they are afraid of her. And seriously, you know, speaking without prejudice, for I like her myself, a woman who is much liked by men and much disliked by women is seldom really very nice. Now, you see, I am trying to excuse the things that are said of

her. I am sorry for the poor thing, for I don't believe she is happy, though you would say she had every earthly advantage. Her marriage I don't quite understand. They certainly are an ill-matched couple. I suppose she had no money. Was that it?'

'Something of that sort,' said Roger. 'Golding is a good fellow, though,' he added hesitatingly.

His soul revolted against asking whether they were unhappy together.

'An excellent fellow, but as weak as water,' said Mrs. Talboys. 'She ought to have married a man with a character. I am more sorry for him than for her. Another kind of woman would have made him so much happier; but he would not agree with me, for he worships her. I never saw such devotion; he spoils her completely. Ever since they married, as far as I know, it has been one torrent of gaiety; when there is nothing going on in town, Paris, or Germany, or something. Last autumn they went to Scotland, and marched over the hills and lived in a hut, and were savage for a little while. She shoots, you know, and fishes, but she never can bear to see the creatures afterwards. In fact, she is the oddest mixture. To me there is something in her face so exquisitely refined. Sometimes I have seen her look quite heavenly, and yet you can't get a serious word out of her. But poor Mr. Golding! he is like a faithful dog, he flies here and there at her slightest sign, obeys her like a slave. I don't know what she will do without him.'

Roger had been listening with a deep interest that had something in it both of pleasure and pain. Here was a woman who really seemed almost to understand Va-

Valentina. Her last words surprised him a little.

'Do without him!' he repeated.

'Don't you know?' said Mrs. Talboys, 'that is what gives it all such a painful interest.'

'No, I don't know. What! is he ill? He looks rather miserable.'

'I am afraid he is dying. I believe Sir William Gull thinks him very ill indeed, but the poor fellow won't allow his wife to be told. A great mistake, I think.'

'Look out, Mrs. Talboys, here they come!' cried some young fellow hurrying past.

'Come, Mr. Miles, we must not miss them,' said the hostess, as she went hastily away towards the river.

Roger did not follow her. He walked back to the verandah, where poor Billy Golding was leaning against a pillar, trying to look cheerful and amused.

'They won't believe me, but this is the best view,' he said, as Roger came up to him. 'There they go; Dark Blue ahead, four lengths, wouldn't you say? We shall be all right.'

The boats flew by with their attendant crowd. Billy was quite roused, and began reminding Roger how he had once nearly been cox; only missed it by a few pounds.

'I'm light enough now,' he said.

'What have you been doing to yourself?' said Roger.

His old friend began at once to confide in him. He told tales of himself fully and innocently, as in college days, when all his troubles used to go straight to old Miles. When Miles knew the worst, Billy always felt he had got rid of responsibility, and had arrived at a manly understanding with the world in general.

He was a good deal changed from the rosy delicate boy, the

rawest of freshmen, whom Roger Miles, a year older, had taken under his protection from the first. But there was still a certain frankness and boyishness about him; and now that Miles seemed to be really friendly to him, to have forgiven him for standing in his light, he was ready and glad to be on the old terms again. He took Roger's arm, and strolled with him down some of the quietest and shadiest paths of Mrs. Talboys' garden. Presently, at the end of one of the narrow alleys, arched with young-leaved rose-trees and honeysuckle, they saw Lady Valentina coming to meet them alone.

'There she is!' said Mr. Golding. 'Mind now, not a word to her!'

'Why not? Your wife ought to know everything.'

'I will not have her told,' replied Billy rather sharply. 'Her pleasure shall not be spoilt for me. Do you hear?'

'I hear.'

'Mr. Miles,' said Valentina, meeting them, 'I think you are the most disagreeable man I ever knew. You were coming here to-day to meet me, not to sneak away with my husband. If you behave in this way again, I shall decline to know you.'

'I am sorry if I have done wrong,' said Roger; 'but I thought you were well entertained.'

'Entertained!' she said, with a little laugh, which would not have flattered the gentlemen who had been doing their best to entertain her. 'What is that? I have been bored, and it would have amused me to see you, just because you are not like the others. But I know your wicked pride: if you are not sure of being worshipped you keep away. We are going to Stoneycourt in Easter-week. I suppose you will not

do us the honour of calling there?'

'I shall certainly call,' said Roger. 'If you don't choose to receive me, I shall be well punished for all my sins.'

She looked at him, half laughing, lifting her eyebrows in a sort of pretty surprise.

'Do you hear, Bill?' she said to her husband. 'Your friend Mr. Miles is angry, I believe.'

'Perhaps he is not so well used to your chaff as I am,' said Mr. Golding, with a feeble smile.

'Then he is too stupid, and he knows it. Look here, my dear friends, I am tired to death of this garden. I have been very much bored all day. I want to go away at once, Bill—*entends-tu?*'

'All right. I'll order the carriage.'

'We are driving tandem; will you come with us?' said Lady Val to Roger. 'We brought Frank Hartless; but he was not nice, and I told him I should not take him back. He is as tiresome as ever sometimes, do you know. He does not like me to drive tandem; but I think it is such good fun, and I never asked his opinion. Do make haste, Bill; find one of the servants. We shall have to wait for hours.'

The obedient Golding hurried on. His wife and Roger followed more slowly.

'What do you think about it—tandem, I mean?' said Valentina.

'My opinion does not matter,' said Roger, smiling. 'Golding's is the one, and *that* is evidently in your favour.'

'Ah! Don't preach. Answer my question.'

'What do I think about tandem? I am always honest with you, am I not?'

'With everybody, I hope.'

'Well, no; I don't like it for

ladies. You have probably guessed that already.'

'Why not?'

'Because it is dangerous, and it doesn't look, somehow, feminine.'

'I like it, so neither of those things matters. I will bet you a dozen pairs of gloves, Mr. Miles, that I drive you safe along these crowded roads, and land you alive in Eaton-square, where you will dine with us to-day.'

Roger lifted his hat in acknowledgment.

'All right,' he said, 'and thank you. I don't often pay compliments; but I would rather be killed by you than kept alive by some people; and you can send the gloves to my executors, you know.'

'What were you and my husband talking about when I met you just now?'

'Old times partly. We used to be great friends.'

'Yes; I hope you will be again. I don't know what we have been doing all this time; it seems like a dream. Life is a dream—everything is a dream. It passes and flies away: one thing goes after another. I rather think I mean to go abroad next autumn. Will you come with us?'

'There is nothing in the world I should like better.'

'Ah, you are a good man; and though you are so quiet yourself, you can understand high spirits in other people. One must enjoy life while one has it. There is no time to think. I can't think—I never could. But it would be easier if I saw you sometimes. I feel, do you know, that he and I will both die young. I hope I shall die first. Do you think him looking very thin?'

'He is a good deal thinner,' said Roger rather gravely. He longed to tell her not to think so well of him—a good man! Ah,

Valentina, if you knew! But he felt it was safer and better taste to let himself alone. 'He gives one the idea of wanting rest and quiet, if I may say so.'

'Well, he can sleep all day at Stoneycourt, if he feels stupid. Country air will do him good. I hate Stoneycourt, do you know. It is horrible to have such duties. But I don't want to cut Julia altogether; and there are the races, so it won't be quite so dull.'

'Going abroad will do him more good than anything,' said Roger. 'If I were you I would go abroad for the winter.'

'I don't know. I shall want to come home and skate. We shall see. At any rate, we will go in the autumn. Don't let me forget that. And you will come with us?'

'Thank you.'

'I must have you. We can't go alone, and I am resolved that I will not have Frank Hartless. He bores me; he is always looking after me.'

They walked across the lawn, where they met Mrs. Talboys with a group of people. She seemed a good deal surprised at their going, and still more at Lady Valentina's having captured Mr. Miles. Roger felt that her quick glance had something like warning in it, but reflected that Mrs. Talboys did not know the circumstances, and went away with an easy conscience.

Dark Blue had won, but the news had failed to rouse any enthusiasm in Roger, though he thought that colour the most becoming in the world.

(To be continued.)

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## ELIANA.

(With Portrait of Charles Lamb.)

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ONE of the most graceful and accomplished of American critics—the late Henry Reed—in his charming essay on ‘English Sonnets,’ says: ‘In closing my enumeration of the capabilities of the sonnet, there is one other purpose to which it was equal. It could express the feelings of Charles Lamb. Why of Charles Lamb more than any one else? Reader, if you ask that question, you have not yet learned the dear mystery of those two monosyllables—“*Charles Lamb*.”’ The love for Elia and his essays is and must always be a ‘dear mystery,’ the key to which is to be found only in the hearts of those whose sympathy with him is a thing inexplicable to the exoteric mind. It is a precious bond of union among the esoteric few—a touchstone of appreciation for all that is most subtle, refined, and delicate in humour. For Charles Lamb is ‘caviare to the general’—the Philistine understandeth him not. To the matter-of-fact man there seems a plentiful lack of solid information in his essays; to the serious person there is a deplorable irrelevancy in his style, and a suspicion of irreverence in his jests. But for all that, the gentle Elia hath been assigned, and will for ever hold, a high place in English literature as the representative of a form of humour—peculiar, unique, but of a rare and exquisite flavour—a humour which has assumed a deeper interest, and commands a higher admiration,

now that we know the terrible memories and sorrows of his days,

‘The troubles strange,  
Many and strange, that hung about his  
life,’

and his heroic self-devotion to his afflicted sister. There is not, in all English literature, a story at once so tragic, so pathetic, and so noble as that of Charles and Mary Lamb. Never were sister and brother bound together by ties of truer and tenderer affection. He gave up his whole life, sacrificed a romantic attachment, and cheerfully took upon his shoulders a fearful weight of responsibility—all for her. And she repaid him with all the wealth of her large and loving heart. No kindlier or more lovable pair ever walked this earth than these two—who between them make one figure, as quaint as it is touching, among their literary contemporaries. It was a sweet companionship, lightened with gleams of playfulness, which made them forget the awful tragedy which had bound up their two lives inseparably. Let us for a moment lift the curtain, and offer the reader a glimpse of them in their daily converse. ‘Nothing,’ says the author of *Pencilings by the Way*, describing an interview with Charles and Mary Lamb—‘nothing could be more delightful than the kindness and affection between the brother and the sister, though Lamb was continually taking advantage of her deafness to mystify her, with the most singular gravity, upon every

topic that was started. "Poor Mary," said he, "she hears all of an epigram but the point!" "What are you saying of me, Charles?" she asked. "Mr. Willis," said he, raising his voice, "adores *your* 'Confessions of a Drunkard' very much, and I was saying it was no merit of yours that you understood the subject." We had been speaking of this admirable essay (which is his own) half an hour before. The same writer thus describes the personal appearance of the two: 'Enter a gentleman in black small-clothes and gaiters, short and very slight in his person, his head set on his shoulders with a thoughtful forward bent, his hair just sprinkled with gray, a beautiful deep-set eye, aquiline nose, and a very indescribable mouth. Whether it expressed most humour or feeling, good-nature or a kind of whimsical peevishness, or twenty other things which passed over it by turns, I cannot in the least be certain. His sister, whose literary reputation is associated very closely with her brother's, and who, as the original of "Bridget Elia," is a kind of object for literary affection, came in after him. She is a small bent figure, evidently a victim to ill-health, and hears with difficulty. Her face has been, I should think, a fine and handsome one; and her gray eye is still full of intelligence and fire.'

Without doubt, many of the quaintest conceits and most delicious fancies of Elia were inspired by the 'faithful Bridget;' and her name, therefore, deserves to be immortalised with his. The story of their lives is too familiar to all who know anything of English literature to need retelling here. "We shall be content to freshen the reader's memory with a few choice flowers culled from

the rich garden of the Elia essays, and some of the quaint jests which fell so opportunely from his lips. Charles Lamb was not what is usually called a wit—a sayer of good things. It was only in certain moods, and among certain companions, that he donned the cap and bells. 'Lamb's jests,' says Barry Cornwall, 'were never the mere outflowings of animal spirits, but were exercises of the mind.' They do not tickle us into laughter, but they move us to that gentle smiling which is the most pleasurable sensation a reader can enjoy. A Londoner to the heart's core was Charles Lamb; indeed there are but two others who can compare with him in his love of Cockaigne and the charm which he has thrown around it, and they are Samuel Johnson and Charles Dickens. But he who lies buried in the quiet churchyard of Edmonton, whither in pious pilgrimage we fared but yesterday to lay our humble tribute at the simple shrine, stands greatest of the three in the wisdom and tenderness and grace that make the perfect humorist.

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#### ANECDOTES OF CHARLES LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB'S PUNS.—Puns I have not made many (nor punned much) since the date of my last. One I cannot help telling. A constable in Salisbury Cathedral was telling me that eight people dined at the top of the spire of the cathedral; upon which I remarked that they must be very *sharp set*. But in general I cultivate the reasoning part of my mind more than the imaginative. I am stuffed out with eating turkey for dinner, and another turkey for supper yesterday (Turkey in Eu

rope and Turkey in Asia), that I can't jog on. It is New Year here. That is, it was New Year half a year back, when I was writing this. Nothing puzzles me more than time and space; and yet nothing puzzles me less, for I never think about them. The Persian Ambassador is the principal thing talked of now. I sent some people to see him worship the sun on Primrose Hill at half-past six in the morning, 28th of November; but he did not come, which made me think the old fire-worshippers are a sect almost extinct in Persia. The Persian Ambassador's name is Shaw Ali Merzan, and common people call him Shaw! Nonsense!



CHARLES LAMB'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. — This — the briefest, and perhaps the wittiest and most truthful, autobiography in the language — was published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, a few months after its author's death, with the following preface or introduction from the pen of some unknown admirer of Elia:

'We have been favoured, by the kindness of Mr. Upcott, with the following sketch, written in one of his manuscript collections by Charles Lamb. It will be read with deep interest by all, but with the deepest interest by those who had the honour and the happiness of knowing the writer. It is so singularly characteristic that we can scarcely persuade ourselves we do not hear it, as we read, spoken from his living lips.'

'Charles Lamb, born in the Inner Temple 10th of January 1775; educated in Christ's Hospital; afterwards a clerk in the Accountants Office, East India House; pensioned off from that service 1825, after thirty-three

years' service; is now a gentleman at large; can remember few specialities in his life worth noting, except that he once caught a swallow flying (*teste sua manu*). Below the middle stature; cast of face slightly Jewish, with no Judaic tinge in his complexional religion; stammers abominably, and is therefore more apt to discharge his occasional conversation in a quaint aphorism or a poor quibble than in set and edifying speeches; has consequently been libelled as a person always aiming at wit, which, as he told a dull fellow who charged him with it, is at least as good as aiming at dulness. A small eater, but not drinker; confesses a partiality for the production of the juniper-berry; was a fierce smoker of tobacco, but may be resembled to a volcano burnt out, emitting only now and then a casual puff. Has been guilty of obtruding on the public a tale in prose called "*Rosamond Gray*," a dramatic sketch named "*John Woodvil*," a farewell "*Ode to Tobacco*," with sundry other poems and light prose matter, collected in two slight crown octavos, and pompously christened his works, though, in fact, they were his recreations. His true works may be found on the shelves of Leadenhall-street, filling some hundred folios. He is also the true Elia, whose essays are extant in a little volume published a year or two since, and rather better known from that name without a meaning than from anything he has done, or can hope to do, in his own name. He was also the first to draw public attention to the old English dramatists in a work called *Specimens of English Dramatic Writers who lived about the Time of Shakespeare*. In short, all his merits and demerits to set forth would take to the end of Mr.



CHARLES LAMB.

See "Elton."



Upcott's book, and then not be told truly.'

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**CHARLES LAMB AND THE COMPTROLLER OF STAMPS.**—Haydon, in his autobiography and journals, relates a droll story of a dinner which he gave in his painting-room to Wordsworth, Lamb, Keats, and Ritchie the traveller. Wordsworth was in fine cue. Lamb got exceedingly mirthful and exquisitely witty; and his fun, in the midst of Wordsworth's solemn intonations of oratory, was like the sarcasm and wit of the fool in the intervals of Lear's passion. Lamb soon got delightfully merry. 'Now,' said Lamb, 'you old Lake poet, you rascally poet, why do you call Voltaire dull?' The party all defended Wordsworth, and affirmed there was a state of mind when Voltaire could be dull. 'Well,' said Lamb, 'here's Voltaire, the Messiah of the French nation, and a very proper one too!' It was delightful to see the good-humour of Wordsworth in giving in to all these frolics.

In the morning of this most delightful day, a gentleman, a perfect stranger, had called on Haydon. He said he knew his friends had an enthusiasm for Wordsworth, and begged an introduction. He added he was a comptroller of stamps, and often had correspondence with Wordsworth. Haydon thought it a liberty, but at last consented; and when the party retired to tea they found the Comptroller. In introducing him to Wordsworth, Haydon forgot to say who he was.

After a little time the man of stamps looked down, looked up, and said to Wordsworth, 'Don't you think, sir, Milton was a great genius?' Keats looked at Haydon, Wordsworth looked at the

Comptroller. Lamb, who was dozing by the fire, turned round and said, 'Pray, sir, did you say Milton was a great genius?' 'No, sir, I asked Mr. Wordsworth if he were not.' 'O!' said Lamb, 'then you are a silly fellow.' 'Charles, my dear Charles!' said Wordsworth; but Lamb, perfectly innocent of the confusion he had created, was off again by the fire. After an awful pause, the Comptroller asked, 'Don't you think Newton was a great genius?' Haydon could not stand it any longer. Keats put his head into books. Wordsworth seemed asking himself, 'Who is this?' Lamb got up, and, taking a candle, said, 'Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?' He then turned his back upon the poor Comptroller, and at every question chanted,

'Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John  
 Went to his bed with his breeches on.'

The man in office, finding Wordsworth did not know who he was, said, 'I have had the honour of some correspondence with you, Mr. Wordsworth.' 'With me, sir? I don't remember.' 'Don't you, sir? I am Comptroller of Stamps.' While they were waiting for Wordsworth's reply, Lamb sang out,

"Hey, diddle, diddle,  
 The cat and the fiddle,"

Do let me have another look at the gentleman's organs.' Keats and Haydon hurried Lamb into the painting-room. They went back. The Comptroller was at first irreconcilable; they soothed him—they asked him to supper. He stayed, though his dignity was sorely affected. However, being a good-natured man, they parted in good-humour, and no ill-effects followed.

When Martin Burney on one occasion was earnestly and learnedly explaining the properties and uses of three kinds of acid, Lamb, with one of his whimsical looks and the inevitable stutter, sure premonition of a pun, interrupted him with, 'Well, Martin, after all, you know, the best acid of all is assiduity.'

One night the conversation at Talfourd's house turned on the witnesses against Queen Caroline, especially Majocchi; when Lamb, in one of his paradoxical moods, said he should like to see them, and that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to invite the lot of them to supper. 'Why,' exclaimed Talfourd, 'you don't mean to say you would sit with them?' 'Yes,' retorted Lamb, 'I would sit with anything but a hen or a tailor.'

When on his way to the Tower with his friend Jameson one day, Lamb passed through Billingsgate, and witnessed a quarrel and a fight between two fishwomen, one of whom, taking up a knife, cut off her antagonist's thumb. 'Ha!' said Lamb, looking about him as if he had only just recognised the place, 'this is evidently Fair-lop Fair.'

#### SCRAPS FROM THE ESSAYS OF ELIA.

THE TWO RACES OF MEN.—The human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races—the *men who borrow*, and the *men who lend*. To these two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, 'Par-

thians, and Medes, and Elamites,' flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or the other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to designate as the *great race*, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded. 'He shall serve his brethren.' There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean and suspicious; contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manners of the other.

Observe who have been the greatest borrowers in all ages—Alcibiades, Falstaff, Sir Richard Steele, our late incomparable Brinsley—what a family likeness in all four!

What a careless even deportment hath your borrower! what rosy gills! what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest—taking no more thought than lilies! What contempt for money—accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*! or, rather, what a noble simplification of language (beyond Tooke), resolving these supposed opposites into one clear intelligible pronoun adjective! What near approaches doth he make to the primitive *community*—to the extent of one half of the principle, at least!

He is the true taxer who 'calletth all the world up to be taxed;' and the distance is as vast between him, and *one of us*, as subsisted between the Augustan Majesty and the poorest obolar Jew that paid it tribute pittance at Jerusalem! His exactions, too, have such a cheerful voluntary air! So far removed from your sour parochial or State gatherers—those unknown varlets who carry their want of welcome in their

faces! He cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas, or his feast of Holy Michael. He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant look to your purse, which, to that gentle warmth, expands her silken leaves as naturally as the cloak of the traveller, for which sun and wind contended! He is the true Proportic, which never ebbeth! The sea which taketh handsomely at each man's hands! In vain the victim, whom he delighteth to honour, struggles with destiny; he is in the net. Lend, therefore, cheerfully, O man ordained to lend, that thou lose not in the end, with thy worldly penny, the reversion promised. Combine not preposterously in thine own person the penalties of Lazarus and of Dives; but when thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it smilingly, as it were, half-way. Come, a handsome sacrifice! See how light *he* makes of it! Strain not courtesies with a noble enemy.

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 MRS. BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST.—'A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game.' This was the celebrated wish of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game of whist. She was none of your lukewarmgamesters, your half-and-half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game and lose another; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no; and will desire an adversary, who has slipped a wrong card, to take it up and play another. These

insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her whole heart and soul, and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took and gave no concessions. She hated favours. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary, without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight—cut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her cards) 'like a dancer.' She sate bolt upright, and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that hearts was her favourite suit.

I never in my life—and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it—saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play; or snuff a candle in the middle of a game; or ring for a servant till it was fairly over. She never introduced, or connived at, miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards; and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been, with difficulty, persuaded to take a hand; and who, in his excess of candour, declared that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she



wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do—and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards over a book.



Boys are capital fellows in their own way, among their mates; but they are unwholesome companions for grown persons. The restraint is felt no less on the one side than on the other. Even a child, that ‘plaything for an hour,’ tires *always*. The noises of children, playing their own fancies, as I now hearken to them by fits, sporting on the green before my window, while I am engaged in these grave speculations at my neat suburban retreat at Shackwell—the distance made more sweet—inexpressibly take from the labour of my task. It is like writing to music. They seem to modulate my periods. They ought, at least, to do so; for in the voice of that tender age there is a kind of poetry, far unlike the harsh prose accents of man’s conversation. I should but spoil their sport, and diminish my own sympathy for them, by mingling in their pastime.



Why are we never quite at our ease in the presence of a school-master? Because we are conscious that he is not quite at his ease in ours. He is awkward and out of place in the society of his equals; he comes, like Gulliver, from among his little people, and he cannot fit the stature of his understanding to yours; he cannot meet you on the square. He wants a point given him, like an indifferent whist-player. He is so used to teaching that he wants to be teaching *you*. One of these professors, upon my complaining that these little sketches of mine were anything but methodical, and that I

was unable to make them otherwise, kindly offered to instruct me in the method by which the young gentlemen in *his* seminary were taught to compose English themes. The jests of a school-master are coarse or thin. They do not *tell* out of school. He is under the restraint of a formal or didactic hypocrisy in company, as a clergyman is under a moral one. He can no more let his intellect loose in society than the other can his inclinations. He is forlorn among his coevals; his juniors cannot be his friends.



I was travelling in a stage-coach with three male Quakers, buttoned up in the straitest nonconformity of their sect. We stopped to bait at Andover, where a meal, partly tea-apparatus, partly supper, was set before us. My friends confined themselves to the tea-table; I, in my way, took supper. When the landlady brought in the bill the eldest of my companions discovered that she had charged for both meals. This was resisted. Mine hostess was very clamorous and positive. Some mild arguments were used on the part of the Quakers, for which the heated mind of the good lady seemed by no means a fit recipient. The guard came in with his usual peremptory notice. The Quakers pulled out their money and formally tendered it—so much for tea; I, in humble imitation, tendering mine for the supper I had taken. She would not relax in her demand. So they all three quietly put up their silver, as did myself, and quietly marched out of the room, the eldest and gravest going first, with myself closing up the rear, who, I thought, could not do better than follow the example of such grave and warrantable personages. We got in; the steps went up; the coach drove

off. The murmurs of mine hostess, not very indistinctly or ambiguously pronounced, became after a time inaudible. And now my conscience, which the whimsical scene had for a time suspended, beginning to give some twitches, I waited, in the hope that some justification would be offered by these serious persons for the seeming injustice of their conduct. To my great surprise, not a syllable was dropped on the subject. They sat as mute as at a meeting. At length the eldest of them broke silence, by inquiring of his next neighbour, 'Hast thee heard how indigos go at the India House?' and the question acted as a soporific on my moral feeling as far as Exeter.

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Her (Bridget's) education in youth was not much attended to, and she happily missed all that train of female garniture which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might be diminished by it; but I can answer for it that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

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It was incredible what repute for talents Salt enjoyed by the mere trick of gravity. He was a shy man—a child might pose him in a minute—indolent and procrastinating to the last degree. Yet men would give him credit for vast application, in spite of himself. He was not to be trusted with himself with impunity. He never dressed for a dinner-party

but he forgot his sword—they wore swords then—or some other necessary part of his equipage. Lovell had his eye upon him on all these occasions, and ordinarily gave him his cue. If there was anything which he could speak unseasonably he was sure to do it. He was to dine at a relative's of the unfortunate Miss Blandy on the day of her execution; and Lovell, who had a wary foresight of his probable hallucinations, before he set out schooled him, with great anxiety, not in any possible manner to allude to her story that day. Salt promised faithfully to observe the injunction. He had not been seated in the parlour—where the company was expecting the dinnersummons—four minutes when, a pause in the conversation ensuing, he got up, looked out of window, and pulling down his ruffles, an ordinary motion with him, observed, 'it was a gloomy day,' and added, 'Miss Blandy must be hanged by this time, I suppose.'

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I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts: a grace before Milton, a grace before Shakespeare, a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the 'Fairy Queen'?

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I have often smiled at a conceit of the late Lord C. It seems that, travelling somewhere about Geneva, he came to some pretty green spot or nook, where a willow, or something, hung so fantastically and invitingly over a stream—was it ?—or a rock ?—no matter; but the stillness and the repose, after a weary journey,

'tis likely, so took his fancy that he could imagine no place so proper, in the event of his death, to lay his bones in. This was all very natural and excusable as a sentiment, and shows his character in a very pleasing light. But when, from a passing sentiment, it came to be an act; and when, by a positive testamentary disposal, his remains were carried all that way from England; who was there, some desperate sentimentalists excepted, that did not ask the question, Why could not his lordship have found a spot as solitary, a nook as romantic, a tree as green and pendent, with a stream as emblematic to his purpose, in Surrey, in Dorset, or in Devon? Conceive the sentiment boarded up, freighted, entered at the Custom House (startling the tide-waiters with the novelty), hoisted into a ship. Conceive it pawed about and handled between the rude jests of tarpaulin ruffians—a thing of its delicate texture—the salt bilge wetting it till it became as vapid as a damaged lustring. Suppose it in material danger (mariners have some superstition about sentiments) of being tossed over in a fresh gale to some propitiatory shark (spirit of St. Gothard, save us from a quietus so foreign to the deviser's purpose!); but it has happily evaded a fishy consummation. Trace it, then, to its lucky landing—at Lyons, shall we say? I have not the map before me—jostled upon four men's shoulders, baiting at this town, stopping to refresh at t'other village, waiting a passport here, a license there; the sanction of the magistracy in this district, the concurrence of the ecclesiastics in that canton, till at length it arrives at its destination, tired out and jaded, from a brisk sentiment into a feature of silly pride or tawdry

senseless affectation. How few sentiments, my dear F., I am afraid, we can set down, in the sailors' phrase, as quite seaworthy.

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A pun hath a hearty kind of present ear-kissing smack with it; you can no more transmit it in its pristine flavour than you can send a kiss. Have you not tried, in some instances, to palm off a yesterday's pun upon a gentleman—and has it answered? Not but it was new to his hearing, but it did not seem to come new from you. It did not hitch in. It was like picking up at a village ale-house a two-days-old newspaper. You have not seen it before, but you resent the stale thing as an affront. This kind of merchandise, above all, requires a quick return. A pun and its recognitory laugh must be co-instantaneous. The one is the brisk lightning, the other the fierce thunder. A moment's interval, and the link is snapped. A pun is reflected from a friend's face as from a mirror. Who would consult his sweet vision, if the polished surface were two or three minutes (not to speak of twelve months, my dear F.) in giving back its copy?

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Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple—in that of the lady particularly it tells you that her lot is disposed of in this world; that *you* can have no hopes of her. It is true I have none, nor wishes either, perhaps; but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.

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But what I have spoken of hitherto is nothing to the airs which these creatures give themselves when they come, as they generally

do, to have children. When I consider how little of a rarity children are, that every street and blind alley swarms with them, that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance, that there are few marriages that are not blest with at least one of these bargains, how often they turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, &c., I cannot for my life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phoenixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext. But when they are so common—



I do not know a pleasure more affecting than to range at will over the deserted apartments of some fine old family mansion. The traces of extinct grandeur admit of a better passion than envy; and contemplations on the great and good, whom we fancy in succession to have been its inhabitants, weave for us illusions incompatible with the bustle of modern occupancy, and vanities of foolish present aristocracy. The same difference of feeling, I think, attends us between entering an empty and a crowded church. In the latter it is chance but some human frailty—an act of inattention on the part of some of the auditory—or a trait of affectation, or, worse, vainglory, on that of the preacher, puts us by our best thoughts, disharmonising the place and the occasion. But wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness?—go alone on some weekday, borrowing the keys of good Master Sexton, traverse the cool aisles of some country church: think of the piety that has knelt there; the congregations, old and young, that have found con-

solation there; the meek pastor; the docile parishioner. With no disturbing emotions, no cross conflicting comparisons, drink in the tranquillity of the place, till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that kneel and weep around thee.



A poor relation is the most irrelevant thing in Nature—a piece of impertinent correspondency; an odious approximation; a haunting conscience; a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noon-tide of our prosperity; an unwelcome remembrancer; a perpetually recurring mortification; a drain on your purse, a more intolerable dun on your pride; a drawback upon success; a rebuke to your rising; a stain in your blood; a blot on your escutcheon; a rent in your garment; a death's-head at your banquet; Agathocles' pot; a Mor-decai in your gate, a Lazarus at your door, a lion in your path; a frog in your chamber; a fly in your ointment; a mote in your eye; a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends; the one thing not needful; the hail in harvest; the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.



If there be a regal solitude, it is a sick-bed. How the patient lords it there! what caprices he acts without control! how king-like he sways his pillow—tumbling and tossing, and shifting and lowering, and thumping and flattening, and moulding it to the ever-varying requisitions of his throbbing temples!

He changes sides oftener than a politician. Now he lies full length, then half length, obliquely, transversely, head and feet quite across the bed; and none accuses him of tergiversation. Within the four curtains he is absolute. They are his *mare clausum*.

How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's self to himself! He is his own exclusive object. Supreme selfishness is inculcated upon him as his only duty. 'Tis the two Tables of the Law to him. He has nothing to think of but how to get well. What passes out of doors or within them, so he hear not the jarring of them, affects him not.

To be sick is to enjoy monarchical prerogatives. Compare the silent tread and quiet ministry almost by the eye only, with which he is served, with the careless demeanour, the uncereemonious goings in and out (slapping of doors, or leaving them open), of the very same attendants, when he is getting a little better; and you will confess that from the bed of sickness (throne let me rather call it) to the elbow-chair of convalescence is a fall from dignity amounting to a deposition.

How convalescence shrinks a man back to his pristine stature! Where is now the space which he occupied so lately, in his own, in the family's eye?

The scene of his regalities, his sick-room, which was his presence-chamber, where he lay and acted his despotic fancies—how is it reduced to a common bedroom! The trimness of the very bed has something petty and unmeaning about it. It is *made* every day. How unlike that wavy, many-furrowed, oceanic surface which it presented so short a time since, when to *make* it was a service not to be thought of at oftener than three or four day revolutions, when the patient was, with great pain and grief, to be lifted for a little while out of it, to submit to the encroachments of unwelcome neatness and decencies which his shaken frame deprecated; then to be lifted into it again for an-

other three or four days' respite, to flounder it out of shape again, while every fresh furrow was an historical record of some shifting posture, some uneasy turning, some seeking for a little ease; and the shrunken skin scarce told a truer story than the crumpled coverlid!

In those days every morning paper, as an essential retainer to its establishment, kept an author who was bound to furnish daily a quantum of witty paragraphs. Sixpence a joke—and it was thought pretty high too—was Dan Stuart's settled remuneration in these cases. The chat of the day, scandal—but, above all, dress—furnished the material. The length of no paragraph was to exceed seven lines. Shorter they might be, but they must be poignant.

A fashion of flesh, or rather pink-coloured, hose for the ladies—luckily coming up at the juncture when we were on our probation for the place of chief jester to S.'s paper—established our reputation in that line. We were pronounced a 'capital hand.' O, the conceits which we varied upon *red*, in all its prismatic differences—from the trite and obvious flower of Cytherea, to the flaming costume of the lady that has her sitting upon 'manywaters'! Then there was the collateral topic of ankles. What an occasion to a truly chaste writer, like ourself, of touching that nice brink, and yet never tumbling over it, of a seemingly ever approximating something 'not quite proper;' while like a skilful postmaster, balancing betwixt decors and their opposites, he keeps the line, from which a hair's-breadth deviation is destruction; hovering in the confines of light and darkness, or where 'both

seem either;’ a hazy uncertain delicacy; Autolyous-like in the play, still putting off his expectant auditory with ‘Whoop, do me no harm, good man!’ But, above all, that conceit arried us most at that time, and still tickles our midriff to remember, where, allusively to the flight of Astræa—*ultima Cœlestium terras reliquit*—we pronounced, in reference to the stockings still, that *Modesty taking her final leave of mortals, her last blush was visible in her ascent to the heavens by the tract of the glowing instep*. This might be called the crowning conceit, and was esteemed tolerable writing in those days.

I know there is a proverb, ‘Love me, love my dog:’ that is not always so very practicable, particularly if the dog be set upon you to tease you or snap at you in sport. But a dog, or a lesser thing, any inanimate substance—as a keepsake, a watch or a ring, a tree, or the place where we last parted when my friend went away upon a long absence—I can make shift to love, because I love him, and anything that reminds me of him; provided it be in its nature indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue fancy can give it. But children have a real character and an essential being of themselves: they are amiable or unamiable *per se*; I must love or hate them as I see cause for either in their qualities. A child’s nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly. They stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do. O, but you will say, sure it is an attractive age—there is something in the tender years of infancy that of itself charms us! That is the very reason why

I am more nice about them. I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in Nature—not even excepting the delicate creatures which bear them; but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be the prettiest of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory; but a violet should look and smell the daintiest. I was always rather squeamish in my women and children.

#### ELIA’S TABLE-TALK.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth and have it found out by accident.

Men marry for fortune, and sometimes to please their fancy; but, much oftener than is suspected, they consider what the world will say of it; how such a woman in their friends’ eyes will look at the head of a table. Hence we see so many insipid beauties made wives of, that could not have struck the particular fancy of any man that had any fancy at all. These I call *furniture wives*; as many buy *furniture pictures*, because they suit this or that niche in their dining-parlours.

Your universally cried-up beauties are the very last choice which a man of taste would make. What pleases all cannot have that individual charm which makes this or that countenance engaging to you, and to you only, perhaps you know not why.

Absurd images are sometimes irresistible. I will mention two. An elephant in a coach-office gravely coming to have his trunk booked. A mermaid over a fish-kettle cooking her own tail.

No one ever saw Mrs. Conrady without pronouncing her to be the plainest woman that he ever met with in the course of his life. The first time that you are indulged with a sight of her face is an era in your existence everafter. You are glad to have seen it—like Stonehenge. No one can pretend to forget it. No one ever apologised to her for meeting her in the street on such a day and not knowing her; the pretext would be too bare. Nobody can mistake her for another. Nobody can say of her, ‘I think I have seen that face somewhere, but I cannot call to mind where.’ You must remember that in such a parlour it first struck you—like a bust. You wondered where the owner of the house had picked it up. You wondered more when it began to move its lips—so mildly, too! No one ever thought of asking her to sit for her picture. Locketts are for remembrance; and it would be clearly superfluous to hang an image at your heart which, once seen, can never be out of it.

The innocent prattle of his children takes out the sting of a man’s poverty. But the children of the very poor do not prattle. It is none of the least frightful features in that condition that there is no childishness in its dwellings. Poor people, said a sensible old nurse to us once, do not bring up their children; they drag them up.

We love to read, talk, sit silent, eat, drink, sleep, by candlelight. Candles are everybody’s sun and moon. This is our peculiar and household planet. Wanting it, what savage unsocial nights must our ancestors have spent, winter-

ing in caves and unilluminated fastnesses! They must have lain about and grumbled at one another in the dark. What repartees could have passed, when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbour’s cheek, to be sure that he understood it! This accounts for the seriousness of the elder poetry. It has a sombre cast (try Hesiod or Ossian), derived from the tradition of those unlanterned nights. Jokes came in with candles.

I am going to stand godfather. I don’t like the business; I cannot muster up decorum for these occasions. I shall certainly disgrace the font. I was at Hazlitt’s marriage, and had like to have been turned out several times during the ceremony. Anything awful makes me laugh. I misbehaved once at a funeral. Yet I can read about these ceremonies with pious and proper feelings. The realities of life only seem the mockeries.

You must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Clap an extinguisher on your irony if you are unhappily blest with a vein of it. Remember, you are upon your oath. I have a print of a graceful female after Leonardo da Vinci, which I was showing off to Mr—. After he had examined it minutely, I ventured to ask him how he liked *My Beauty* (a foolish name it goes by among my friends), when he very gravely assured me that ‘he had considerable respect for my character and talents’ (so he was pleased to say), ‘but had not given himself much thought about the degree of my personal pretensions.’

## ANECDOTE CORNER.

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS BY E. S. DELAMERE—HENRY S. LEIGH—  
MRS. J. H. RIDDELL—WILLMOTT DIXON—BYRON WEBBER—CHARLES  
HERVEY—THE AUTHOR OF 'LADY BEAUTY'—THE ANECDOTE  
HUNTER—THE EDITOR—AND OTHERS.

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### *Another Cluster of Original Anecdotes.*

#### THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.

EVERYBODY who is old enough must remember the Mathews and Vestris management at the Lyceum—those palmy days of *King Charming* and *The Island of Jewels*. Madame was an unrivalled manageress, and poor Charles was never unconnected with bankruptcy for more than six months at a time. One of the best actors in their company was the late Frank Matthews. Now it happened, on a certain evening, that the lively, though luckless, Charles, crossing the stage between the acts, met a diminutive youth carrying a pewter pot—the myrmidon, in fact, of an adjoining tavern. 'Where are you going, my man?' 'Please it's for Mr. Frank Matthews,' was the inconsequential reply. 'Very good; I'll take it up to his dressing-room, and save you the trouble.' Arriving at Frank's room, the deputy potboy, counterfeiting a childish treble, announced the refreshment. 'All right, my boy,' replied a cheery voice; 'leave it at the door.' 'But, if you please,' continued the impostor, 'my master says I mustn't go away without the money.' At this answer the wily Frank began to scent a practical joke, and also—by a kind of inspiration—scented the author of it. 'If that's the case, my boy,' was his meek reply to the insult,

'you had better take it away. It's evidently intended for Mr. Charles Mathews!'

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*Apropos* of Charles Mathews, the writer of the present paragraph, whose name is, of course, inviolable, remembers trying to pay him a graceful compliment. 'My friend Mr. Douglas Thompson,' said I, 'the well-known professor of elocution, tells me that he believes you could play the part of Hamlet better than any actor on the English stage.' 'Give my compliments,' returned the ungrateful comedian, 'to your friend Mr. Douglas Thompson, the well-known professor of elocution, and inform him that I shall endeavour to retain his good opinion by never attempting the character in question.'

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*The Fast Coach* was first produced at the Olympic, when that theatre was under the management of the elder Farren, and Compton had the control of the farce department. Mr. Soutar, the author, received the sum of five pounds for the run of the piece, which, for those days of frequent changes in the bill, was considerable. Subsequently the author of *The Fast Coach* showed Compton another farce, which the latter was pleased to accept at once on behalf of the management. 'Send it in, my boy



**A** MORE glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this—that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.—TILLOTSON.

and it will be all right, I'll take care of that; and you shall have four pounds for it.' 'Four pounds, shall I?' replied Mr. Soutar; 'and I had five pounds for the other. Well, if I go on at this rate, I shall soon enjoy the privilege of writing for the Olympic Theatre for nothing.'

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One of the most amusing illustrations of an actor's determination to 'make a part' out of nothing, with an eye to his friends in front, was supplied by an inferior histrian named Bates, who appeared many years ago at the Bristol Theatre. A tragedy was the opening performance of the season, in which Holland (one of the managers) did the king at the head of his army, and Bates was condemned to a pitiful messenger who gave him notice of the enemy's approach. This character comprehended but one entrance and five lines of diction; but these five lines were precious, and Bates, having a throat like a speaking-trumpet, rushed on at rehearsal, and thundered them forth, taking at the time a stage-effective, but rather indecorous, sweep of the boards from the fourth wing to the floats. 'Mr. Bates!' said Holland, with a stare of surprise, 'you surely don't intend to deliver that message in that manner at night?' 'Yes, but I do, Mr. Holland!' 'You are too loud, sir.' 'Loud, sir! not at all, sir; I'm only energetic. I've got a benefit to make as well as you, Mr. Holland.'

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After one of the theatrical performances at Windsor Castle, which were got up at the instance of the late Prince Consort, the

company repaired in a body to the park, to dance in the moonlight round Herne's oak. They danced and sang in the presence possibly of the spirit of Shakespeare, and altogether had what the Americans would call 'a good time.' Next morning they discovered that *they had danced round the wrong tree!*

#### DANCING MUTES.

In Sheffield there died some time since a wealthy merchant, who left behind him an enormous fortune and a penurious widow. In the will directions were given for a very pompous funeral, and, in fulfilment of this injunction, two first-quality mutes, with the reddest of noses and the blackest of suits, were solemnly placed on either side of the door. The weather was bleak December, and an east wind, salted with sleet, was driving up the streets. The mutes stood until they were nearly frozen, and at last one of them timidly rang the bell and asked for something to drink. The servant informed him that it was against the rules of the house to give drink without 'missus's' express orders; upon which the mute, representing that himself and comrade were at the point of death, begged the maid to convey the request to the widow. The maid humanely complied, and went to her mistress, saying, 'Please, ma'am, the mutes, ma'am, are very cold, and want something to drink.' 'Something to drink!' exclaimed the widow, lifting up her hands; 'at such a time, too! They shall not have a drop. Tell them from me that if they are cold they can dance about.'

A. M.

THE art of pleasing consists in being pleased. To be amiable is to be satisfied with one's self and others. Good-humour is essential to pleasantry.—HAZLITT.

### *Dramatic Criticism in America.*

' | SARAH BERNHARDT: HER DRESSES—HER 'CLINGING' TALENT.

MR. William Winter, or Mr. 'Willie' Winter—for he answers to both names—is the 'boss' dramatic critic of America, or, rather, the 'boss' writer of stuff which is accepted on the other side of the Atlantic as dramatic criticism. As a gusher he is unrivalled. Always hectic, sometimes hysterical, and at intervals raving mad—in print—his performances are, in their way, unique. When Sarah Bernhardt and her dresses made a tour of the United States, there was no critic more constant in his allegiance to the great creature (and the artists who had attired her) than 'Willie.' He raved about her 'ductile adaptation'; 'soft radiance of shining eyes'; 'wooing sweetness of a dulcet persuasive voice'; 'enticing charm of ingenious ways'; 'flash and clangour of conflicting passions'; 'lava-like temperament of a strange exotic genius'; 'sleepless, alert, vigilant, for ever consuming itself, for ever potent to light in human hearts the spark of aspiration that redeems the commonness of the mortal world.' It is a mercy there was not more of the 'lava-like' Bernhardt. Had she been of average bulk, 'Willie' would have

required supplements wherein to 'pour out his full heart.'



In Kentucky and Massachusetts, however, two critics rose to the occasion, in a manner that probably gave the champion gusher of New York City 'pause.' The Kentucky critic declared that in the art of clinging she 'could give lessons to a woodbine.' 'She has more ways of clinging to a man than the stage ever saw before she appeared, either with one or both arms. She caught the much-enduring Sartorys around the neck, the waist, by his left arm, by his right arm, by his head. She wound herself about him. When she gave him a respite, it was to fly at the furniture.'



The Boston critic was reminded of Coleridge's 'Christabel,' and, of course, of an American heroine of classic fiction. The moment he saw her he thought of Dr. Holmes's Elsie Vennor. The curves of her lithe body, the poise of her head, as if about to strike, and the subtle mysterious gleam of her eyes recalled all Holmes had written of Elsie.

### *Origin of the 'Porterhouse' Steak.*

PORTERHOUSE steaks, the fashionable rival of rump and 'point' steaks at West-end restaurants, were 'discovered' in America more than half a century ago, although *gourmands* (and *gourmets*) had eaten them in Europe, especially in the Channel Islands, long before. They were first cut

in New York about the year 1814, in the old Fly Market in that city. A certain individual named Morrison kept a porterhouse hard by, and bought his meat of Thomas Gibbons, a butcher in the market. Becoming accidentally acquainted with the excellent qualities of steak cut from the small end of the sir-

THE well-meaning man is one of those weak-moralled men to whom the meaning of to do a thing means nothing. He promises with ninety parts out of a hundred of his whole heart ; but there is always a stock of cold at the core that transubstantiates the whole resolve into a lie.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

loin, which was then only used for roasting, he fell into a way of buying them, and no other, for his famous porterhouse. And so Mr. Gibbons every morning ordered the porterhouse steaks to be cut,

and in due time the cut itself came to be known all through Fly Market as 'porterhouse,' and eventually through all the markets in the country.

### Literary Puzzles.

LITERARY puzzles, now the fashion, are not exactly a novelty. An advocate, named Marchant, took it into his head to write a long love-letter, from which the vowel *a* should be excluded. It exists, printed, but absurd.

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In 1816, one Ronden outdid the love-letter by composing *La Pièce sans A*, which was acted (but only up to the commencement of the last scene) at the Théâtre des Variétés, drawing a crowded house to witness the first performance of this dramatic cripple. The curtain rose. Duval entered from one side of the stage, and Mengozzi from the other. The first words uttered by the latter personage were 'Ah, monsieur! vous voilà!' at which the whole audience burst into a roar of laughter. It was a curious beginning for 'A Piece without an A.' Luckily, Mengozzi was within earshot of the prompter, and corrected his mistake with 'Eh, monsieur! vous voici!'

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A more successfully-solved puzzle is related by M. Oscar Comettant, in his *Le Danemark tel qu'il est*—'Denmark as it is.' The favourite actress at the time of his visit was Madame Heiberg, who could charm the public by a word, a gesture, and even by silence. At times, she made herself under-

stood without uttering a syllable or making a movement. In such cases, mute immobility was transmuted into eloquence, and the whole scene was filled with her presence. In consequence of this gift, an enterprising dramatist wrote for her a piece entitled *No*. During the first half of the piece, she had only this one word to pronounce, and she pronounced it nineteen times. But such was the marvellous suppleness of her voice and physiognomy, that she made the simple monosyllable 'No' a vehicle for the most diverse expressions of meaning. Those nineteen Noes conveyed nineteen different thoughts, each one perfectly characterised by the clever artist's mode of utterance.

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This same Madame Heiberg is, or was, the widow of the eminent writer whose name she bears. Before becoming acquainted with her future husband, she was engaged to a man quite unsuited to her, and principally remarkable for his excessive avarice. One fine spring day, the gentleman hired a carriage by the hour, to take them for a drive in the Park near Copenhagen. Thinking, perhaps, that his money, like time, was flying quickly, he sat sulky all the while, without saying a word. At last, the young lady, resenting the affront, broke

**A**LWAYS say a kind word if you can, if only that it may come in, perhaps, with singular opportuneness, entering some mournful man's darkened room like a beautiful firefly, whose happy circumvolutions he cannot but watch, forgetting his many troubles.—ARTHUR HELPS.

silence, at the same time opening both the carriage-doors. 'The best we can do, sir, is to make an end of it at once. You will get out on that side, while I get out on this. Adieu!' 'Who, then,' he asked, 'has to pay for the carriage?'

At the beginning of the present century, a trick was played on a learned antiquary, by a student who pretended to have found, on the heights of Montmartre, an ancient stone bearing the inscription: C.E. . . . S.T.I. . . . C.I. L.E.C. . . . H.E.M. . . . I.N.D. . . . E.S.A.N. . . . E.S. . . . Many members of the Académie des Inscriptions were said to have been caught by it. The more they cudgelled their brains, the further they wandered from the interpretation thereof. Whereas, the letters,

read straight on, would have told them that 'C'est ici le chemin des ânes.' 'T.H. . . . I.S.I.S.T.H. . . . E.P.A.T. . . . H.F.O.R.D. . . . O.N.K. . . . E.Y.S.' . . . 'This is the path for donkeys.'

When Voltaire brought out his tragedy of *Orestes*, the pit tickets were marked, nobody knew why, with the initial letters of Horace's verse—*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit Utile Dulci*; 'He has carried every point who combines the Useful with the Pleasant;' O. T. P. Q. M. U. D.—exactly as they were inscribed on the drop-curtain of the theatre. Contemporary wits interpreted the mystery by, *Oreste, tragédie pitoyable que Monsieur Voltaire donne*; '*Orestes*, a pitiable tragedy given by Monsieur Voltaire.'

### Scottish Anecdotes.

A FREE KIRK elder, apparently coming from the parish church, was met by the late Dr. Norman Macleod, who at once said to him, 'Well, Mr. Mackay, I am glad to see that you have been at the church.' 'Not I,' indignantly replied the elder; 'not I, indeed, Dr. Macleod; I nae been to no sic Erastian a place! And forbye that, wha wad be seen gaun tae a kirk that carries a lie on its face?' This was an allusion to the church clock, which had been long out of repair, was stopped, and therefore only told the time correctly twice within the twenty-four hours. Dr. Norman said nothing for a while, and the two walked steadily on, when suddenly the minister of the barony observed, 'I never noticed

till just now, Mr. Mackay, what a fine head of hair you have for one of your years.' 'I'm surprised at ye, doctor,' said the other; 'I aye thoct ye had kent that for the last five-and-twenty years I hae worn a wig.' 'O,' protested Dr. Norman Macleod, 'I never suspected that a man of your piety and uprightness would for a quarter of a century carry a lie on your head.'

The late Rev. Dr. Gillan of Inchinnan, a venerable minister of the Scotch Church, had a dry and ready humour. Among the many stories told of him I have not seen the following: Dr. Gillan had a numerous progeny; and on one occasion, when he had gone to a country parish to preach for a

LITERATURE is full of coincidences, which some love to believe plagiarisms. There are thoughts always abroad in the air, which it takes more wit to avoid than to hit upon.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

friend, conversation at the tea-table in the 'manse' turned on the subject of the doctor's family. 'What a singular thing, doctor,' remarked the hostess, 'that all your sons should come first, and the rest of the family be made up of girls!' 'Not at all, ma'am, not at all,' rejoined the sturdy old clergyman; "'my 'prentice han' I tried on man, and syne I made the lasses, O!'"



An old Scottish dame, rather too fond of 'the mountain dew,' was one day 'unco' drouthie, and without funds wherewith to provide 'a drappie.' She thought there was a chance of getting it on credit from a public-house near; so, summoning her little granddaughter, she said, 'Lassie, gang round

to Donald MacCallum and bring me a gill. Tell him I'll pay him i' the morning.' Back came the damsel with a refusal. Donald declined to part with his whisky without cash. Eager and irritated, the old woman cast about for some means of 'raising the wind,' and her eye fell upon the family Bible. 'Here, lassie,' she said, 'gie him this, and tell him to keep it until I bring the siller.' Off went the little messenger, who soon returned, however, bearing the Bible. Donald was obdurate. 'He says he maun hae the bawbees first, granny.' With an angry snort the old grandmother threw up her arms and exclaimed, 'Losh, did onybody ever hear the like o' that! The man will neither tak my word nor the Word o' God for a gill o' whuskey!'

### *The Psychology of Kissing.*

THE bard who rapturously exclaimed, 'One kiss more, sweet, soft as the' *et cætera*, knew very little about it. In these days the analysis of the kiss is subtler than it was wont to be. Moreover, have we not 'unkissed kisses'? In America the newspaper reporters or fine-art critics have carried their investigations into the psychology of the kiss to an extent which neither Swinburne nor the bard of 'The Sunflower and Lily' have yet reached. Speaking of the Abbot kiss, a Western reporter says there is something about it which stimulates investigation. Another declares that it has breadth, but no depth, and a third detects a sectarian flavour in it. A fourth insists that it is 'cut bias.' 'There was,'

says another judge of osculation, 'the Platonic kiss of Kellogg, who used to fling them like icicles with her finger-tips, and, as Sher. Campbell once said, there were chilblains in them.' 'Then there was the Presbyterian kiss of Ada Dias, who used to plant it on Montague's left ear or on the back of his neck, and always created an impression in the gallery that she had bit him; and the Lotta bubble, which always sounded like the pulling of a cork, and seemed to be a number of linked kisses effervescing; and the Corinthian kiss of Wainwright—a severe affair, somewhat motherly, and, when dropped upon a stock-actor, always frightened him a little bit; and the Carey kiss—ah! the romantic

**S**TEAL! To be sure they will, and, egad! serve your best thoughts as gipsies do stolen children—disfigure them to make them pass for their own!—RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Carey kiss, that never began anywhere and never ended—that ran down the back and tingled in the arms and legs, and made the hair stand on end, and was accompanied with laughter, whose echoes were

undying; and the cavernous Soldene kiss, that oped its ponderous and marble jaws, with a report like the bursting of an indiarubber balloon!

### *Never Content!*

THERE was a tout, or horse-watcher (to use the politer epithet), a Jew, who very early one morning picked up a roll of bank-notes on Newmarket Heath. The unconsidered trifles had been dropped near 'the ring on the flat' the afternoon before. 'What have you got there, Mo?' exclaimed a brother tout; 'lucky as usual.'

'Lucky, you call it?' grumbled the man in reply, rapidly turning over the notes, the expression of his face becoming more discontented as he examined figure after figure in each corner of the pieces of paper. 'Lucky! s'welp me! Lucky it is! All fivers—not a — tanner among 'em!'

### *A Special Correspondent in 'the Wrong Box.'*

A FRENCH newspaper special correspondent was invited to a concert, given by the Copenhagen Philharmonic Society, and assigned a place in the box reserved by the Administration. Between the parts, wishing to go out, instead of turning to the left he followed a corridor to the right, and suddenly found himself in the midst of five or six ladies of most aristocratic appearance, and evidently belonging to the very highest society. With the ladies was a gentleman of rare distinction. Naturally, the intruder raised his hat; the ladies and the gentleman bowed slightly to acknowledge the salutation. Then, believing himself in a public place, the correspondent replaced his hat; at which the ladies' countenances manifested a slight surprise, while the gentleman's lips curled with a good-natured smile. On finding the door opposite to that by which he had entered

locked, the wanderer had to return to his place as he came, after another salute. The grand air and unmistakable nobility of those personages struck him. Moreover, on resuming his seat, he thought he must have seen their photographs somewhere. 'Who, if you please,' he inquired of the person sitting beside him, 'are the distinguished-looking party in the side-box opposite?' 'The gentleman, Monsieur, is Christian IX., King of Denmark, and the ladies belong to the royal family.' While the correspondent's face was being suffused with blushes, he could distinctly hear the King inquire of a chamberlain, at the same time discreetly pointing him out, 'Who is that Monsieur?' 'Sire, his name is Oscar Comettant. He was sent here by the French journal *Le Siècle* to follow the operations of the [Schleswig-Holstein] war.' 'Very good,' said Christian

THE history of any private family, however humble, could it be fully related for five or six generations, would illustrate the state and progress of society better than the most elaborate dissertation.—SOUTHEY.

IX., directing his attention to the performance, which then recommenced. Poor M. Comettant, confused and annoyed at his awkward misadventure in having resumed his hat in the presence of royal ladies, whom the highest destinies awaited, and of a reigning sovereign now the father of the King of Greece, the Empress of Russia,

and the Princess of Wales, tormented himself to know whether he ought to offer humble apologies, or what. He did the best thing one can do after getting into a mess—i.e. nothing. This was the only time he ever saw King Christian IX., and he confesses that he is not proud of it.

### *A Queer Sentence.*

'THE age has grown so picked' one only chances now and then on a provincial mayor, alderman, or town councillor, who, upon the bench or in the council chamber, makes a laughing-stock of himself and of his office. The descendants of Dogberry are few and far between. It seems like 'centuries ago' that the mayor of a South Durham borough, in replying, on a great occasion, to the toast of the evening, namely his own health and

that of the members of the corporation, of which he was the distinguished head, exclaimed, with visible emotion, 'Well, all I can say, gentlemen, is, we goes it like bricks!' Dogberry is not dead; and yet, not so very long ago, at a borough by no means remote from that just mentioned, the worthy chief magistrate sentenced a prisoner to be imprisoned for a term of *six calendar weeks*!

### *A Neat Denial.*

A FACETIOUS journalist, wishing to 'take a rise' out of Léon Gozlan, inserted the following paragraph among the odds and ends of his paper: 'M. Léon Gozlan was at one time a sailor, and while serving on board a brig not only caused the crew to mutiny, but also killed the captain.' In the very next number of the journal appeared a letter, addressed to the editor by

the author of the *Notaire de Chantilly*. It ran thus: 'Monsieur,—You say that I have been a sailor, which is quite true; that I caused the crew of a brig to mutiny, and then killed the captain, which is also perfectly correct. But you forget to add a detail which may particularly interest your readers; after killing the captain, *I ate him*!—LÉON GOZLAN.'

### *Hanging Considered as one of the Fine Arts.*

'THE most skilful hangman this city (New York) ever contained is George W. Isaacs, who for many years held the office of Deputy-Sheriff, and was noted for the neatness of his gallows method.' So,

in all gravity, wrote a journalistic admirer of the American Marwood. Until the lives of our illustrious hangmen are written our knowledge of the peculiarities of the fraternity must, of necessity, re-

SOME one asked Sir Walter Raleigh, of whom it was said he 'could toil terribly,' 'How do you accomplish so much, and in so short a time?' 'When I have anything to do,' he replied, 'I go and do it.'

main scant. The late lamented Mr. Calcraft was understood to be an enthusiastic cultivator of geraniums. What Mr. Askerne's hobbies were, other than getting into debt (he was taken, at his own request, from the debtors' side, in York Castle, to hang the prisoner Dove), is not generally known. Neither are we acquainted with the habits and customs, apart from those which testified to his huge enjoyment of every kind of 'gallops method,' of the remarkable agricultural gentleman named Evans, who, on Mr. Calcraft's death, applied for the geranium-

grower's berth. Mr. George W. Isaacs, of New York City, obviously belongs to the order of humorous hangmen. Not quite so unctuously comic as the round little fellow in *Quentin Durward*, nor so grim as the brute in *Barnaby Rudge*, but, nevertheless, a humorist. 'Isaacs was in early life a sailor, and, in this manner, learned how to handle a rope. He preferred a cord of Italian hemp, such as they use when heaving the lead; and, in his opinion, no rope should be used twice, as, to quote his words, "*one stretch takes the life out of it.*"' No doubt.

### *Two Sharp Cuts.*

DEATH threw his dart at H—don's heart;

But how was he astounded,

When from the part, as with a dart,

The weapon quick rebounded!

'Ho, ho!' says Death, and drew his breath,

'My slaught'ring arm you mock it;

But here's a blow shall lay you low';

And smote him through the pocket.



### SATIRICAL EPITAPH ON BISHOP BONNER.

If Heaven be pleased when sinners cease to sin,

If Hell be pleased when sinners enter in,

If Earth be pleased whene'er it lose a knave,

Then all are pleased, for Bonner's in his grave.

### *Ladies' Pastimes.*

Nor long since an eminent German traveller described the fashionable English ladies of the present day as intolerably dull, prudish, and uninteresting, without a spark of natural gaiety or fun. Such a complaint from a stolid Teuton seems strange, and without doubt is founded upon very mistaken

notions of English social life. Possibly this carping critic mistakes boisterousness for gaiety, and forwardness for fun. He is an age too late. He should have been able to visit England in the last century, and then he would perhaps have found that the humours of a London season were more in



A TRAVELLER solicits an order, and receives for reply : ' I have no order to give but that you will put on your hat and walk ! ' He obeys, and shortly after returns : ' Well, sir,' said he, ' I trust your former order was executed to your satisfaction. Can I do nothing else for you ? ' His wit and good-humour succeeded.

accordance with his views of liveliness. Here are some pictures which would probably delight him. ' We have a young lady here,' writes Gay, ' that is very particular in her desires. I have known some young ladies who, if ever they prayed, would ask for some equipage or title, a husband or matadores. But this lady, who is but seventeen, and has 30,000*l.* to her fortune, places all her wishes on a pot of good ale ! When her friends, for the sake of her shape and complexion, would dissuade her from it, she answers with the truest sincerity ~~that~~ by the loss of shape and complexion she could only lose a husband, whereas ale is her passion.' What an acquisition that lady would have been to Hans Breitman's famous ' barty,' and how she would have made the ' lager beer ' vanish !



Here is another picture of maids-of-honour and their diversions in the season, among them beautiful, jolly Mary Bellenden, represented by her contemporaries as ' the most perfect creature ever known.' Pope introduces us to a whole bevy of them in a pleasant letter. ' I went,' he says, ' by water to Hampton Court, and met the Prince, with all his ladies, on horseback, coming from hunting. Mrs. Bellenden and Mrs. Lepell took me into protection, contrary to the laws against harbouring Papists, and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better—an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. Howard. We all agreed that the life of a maid-

of-honour was of all things the most miserable, and wished that all women who envied it had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham of a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark on the forehead from an uneasy hat—all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for hunters. As soon as they wipe off the heat of the day they must simmer an hour and catch cold in the princess's apartment; from thence to ~~dinner~~ with what appetite they may; and after that till midnight work, walk, or think—which way they please. Miss Lepell walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and met no creature of any quality but the King, who gave audience to the Vice-Chamberlain all alone under the garden-wall.'



But they could play at high jinks sometimes, and they were somewhat hoydenish in their manners, as the following anecdote, humorously told by Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, will prove :

' There has been,' he writes, ' a great *fracas* at Kensington. One of the meadames (George II.'s daughters) pulled the chair from under Countess Delorme at cards, who, being provoked that her monarch was diverted at her disgrace, with the malice of a hobby-horse gave him just such another fall. But alas ! the monarch, like Louis XIV., is mortal in the part that touched the ground, and was

**A**N atheist is but a mad ridiculous derider of piety; but a hypocrite makes a sober jest of God and religion; he finds it easier to be upon his knees than to rise to a good action; like an impudent debtor, who goes every day to talk familiarly to his creditor, without ever paying what he owes. —  
POPE.

so hurt and so angry that the Countess is disgraced, and her German rival (Lady Yarmouth) remains in the sole and quiet possession of her royal master's favour.

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The following challenge, issued by Lady Butterfield, proves too that the women of 'the teacup days of patch and hoop' could hold their own at masculine sports: 'This is to give notice to all my honoured masters and ladies, and the rest of my loving friends, that my Lady Butterfield gives a challenge to ride a horse, to leap a horse, or run on foot, or hollow, with any woman in England seven years younger, but not a day older, *because I won't undervalue myself*, being now seventy-four years of age. My feast will be the last Wednesday of this month, April, when there will be good entertainment for that day and all the year after, in Wanstead, in Essex.' This cartel of defiance to the sex was issued annually; but we have never heard that there was any Amazon who picked up the gauntlet. It was before the time of 'Mrs.'

Thornton, who rode for thousands of guineas and hogsheads of claret at Doncaster and York, and beat even the 'crack' jockey Frank Buckle himself; otherwise Lady Butterfield might have found a foewoman worthy of her steel in the mistress of the eccentric owner of Thornton Royal.

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But the ladies of that time must have been singularly simple and unaffected in their tastes, and free-and-easy in their manners. When Beau Fielding, a mighty fine gentleman, was courting the lady whom he married, he treated her and her companion at his lodgings to a supper from the tavern, and after supper they sent out for a fiddler—three of them. 'Fancy the three,' says Thackeray, 'in a great wainscoted room in Covent Garden or Soho, lighted by two or three candles in silver sconces, some grapes, and a bottle of Florence wine on the table, and the honest fiddler playing old tunes in quaint minor keys, as the beau takes out one lady after the other and solemnly dances with her!'

### *Rough upon Mr. Gladstone.*

WHEN Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the member for Galway, was honoured with a reception at 'the hub of the universe,' Mr. Wendell Phillips delivered a tar-barrel speech, which emotional Irish-Americans, writing home to their friends, pronounced 'thrilling.' His cue was to smite Gladstone, and verily he smote him hip and thigh. Addressing a somewhat shanarocky audience, the great Wendell felt, no doubt, that

a touch or two of Sir Boyle Roche was expected from him, and, behold! those touches were bestowed. This was one: 'I don't believe,' said he, 'there is a drop of Liberal blood in all of Mr. Gladstone's body. (Cheers.) From the crown of his head to the sole of his feet *there isn't a drop of blood that looks forward—not one; every one looks backward.* (Loud cheers.)'

THE last best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindest soil, is tenderness towards the bad, forbearance towards the unbearingly, warmth of heart towards the cold, philanthropy towards the misanthropic.—JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

### *To a Friend Studying German.*

Vill'st du learn de Deutsche  
Sprache?

Denn set it on your card,  
Dat all the nouns have shenders,  
Und de shenders all are hard.  
Dere ish also dings called pro-  
noms,

Vitch it's shoost ash vell to  
know;  
Boot ach! de verbs or time-  
words—

Dey'll work you bitter woe.

Vill'st du learn de Deutsche  
Sprache?

Den you allatag moost go  
To sinfonies, sonatas,  
Or an oratorio.  
Vhen you dinks you knows 'pout  
musik

More ash any other man,  
Be sure de soul of Deutschland  
Into your soul ish ran.

Vill'st du learn de Deutsche  
Sprache?

Du moost eat apout a peck  
A week of stinging sauerkraut,  
Und sefen pfounds of speck,  
Mit Gott knows vot in vinegar,  
Und deuce knows vot in rum:  
Dish ish de only cerdain way  
To make de accents coom.

Vill'st du learn de Deutsche  
Sprache?

Brepere dein soul to shtand  
Soosh sendences ash ne'er vas  
heardt

In any oder land.  
Till du canst make parentheses  
Intwisted—ohne zahl—  
Dann wirst du erst Deutschfertig  
seyn,  
For a language ideal.

Vill'st du learn de Deutsche  
Sprache?

Du must mitout an fear  
Trink efery tay an gallon dry  
Of foamins' Sherman bier.  
Und de more you trinks, pe certain,  
More Deutsch you'll surely pe;  
For Gambrianus ish de Emperor  
Of de whole of Germany.

Vill'st du learn de Deutsche  
Sprache?

Be sholly, brav, and tren,  
For dat veller is kein Deutscher  
Who ish not a sholly poy.  
Find out vot means Gemüthlich-  
keit,  
Und do it mitout fail,  
In Sang and Klang dein Leben-  
lang,  
A brick—ganz kreuzfidél.

Vill'st du learn de Deutsche  
Sprache?

If a shendleman du art,  
Denn shtrike right indo Deutsch-  
land,  
Und get a schveetes heart.  
From Schwabenland or Sachsen,  
Where now dis writer pees;  
Und de bretty girls all wachsen  
Shoost like aepples on de drees.

Boot if thou bee'st a laty,  
Denn, on de oder hand,  
Take a blonde moustachioed lofer  
In de vine green Sherman land.  
Und if you shoost kit married  
(Vood mit vood soon makes a  
vire),

You'll learn to sprechen Deutsch,  
mein kind,  
Ash fast ash you tesire.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

PLEASURES of high flavour, like pine-apples, have the misfortune that, like pine-apples, they make the gums bleed.—JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

Cultivate not only the cornfields of your mind, but the pleasure-grounds also.—ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

### *Things New and Old.*

HERE is an anecdote of the late George Miller (Royal Academy gold medallist), illustrative of the operations of the Council of the R.A., in relation to one of his contributions to the Exhibition. He sent a bust in clay; it was rejected. The following year he submitted the same bust to the Council; it was accepted. The third year, having nothing else on hand, his sole contribution was the original bust, in clay, *which was exhibited!*

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‘What do you call it?’ exclaimed a butcher, who knew his business and nothing more, to a highly-cultured well-read brother of the cleaver. ‘Antediluvian,’ replied the other. ‘And what d’ye mean by antediluvian?’ ‘A person born before the Flood was an antediluvian,’ rejoined the butcher of culture, with an air of superiority. ‘Was he, now?’ replied his interlocutor, with a sly twinkle in his eye, ‘was he? But you’ll never persuade me that they were *all* antediluvians that were born then. Come, now!’

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A young American sculptor, who died recently, left behind him an unfinished statue called ‘Absent-mindedness.’ In reference to the sad circumstance a Philadelphia journal remarks that ‘absence of mind is suggested by a great many

statues that are standing about in American cities.’

—\*—  
It was the not uncommon characteristic of two famous wits who belonged to the *Punch* set that they said the good thing which rose to their lips, without in the least considering who might be wounded thereby. The wit of one, however, was peculiarly waspish. On one occasion ‘at the club’ he was, with very questionable taste, railing against the Roman Catholic religion, and sneering at its professors. At length his friend lost all patience with him, and protested. ‘Come, now, don’t be unjust. For my part, I feel such a great respect for some of the members of that ancient Church, I have a good mind to become a Roman myself.’ ‘Do,’ replied the wasp, preparing for a personal sting, in which a portrait will be recognised, ‘do; and, if you take my advice, *you will begin with your nose.*’

—\*—  
While Cockburn was at the Bar he defended a prisoner who, in spite of all his efforts, was sentenced to be hanged on the 17th of the next month. The convict, after his condemnation, reproached his counsel with having failed to get justice done him. ‘Never mind that,’ said Cockburn. ‘Have a little patience, and justice will be done you on the 17th.’

## A SHOWER-SONG.

### I.

My heart was light and whole  
aboard—  
As I sculled swift by Hurley ford  
The rain began to patter—  
But when I saw in Hurley Lock  
That Naiad in a gingham frock,  
'Twas quite another matter!  
The banks are soft with mud and  
slosh,  
And shiny is each mackintosh,  
Each hat and coat well soaked :  
My spirits droop, and as I scan  
That Beauty in a trim randan,  
I fear my heart is broken!  
She hath a graceful little head,  
Her lips are ripe and round and  
red,  
Her teeth are short and pearly ;  
And on a rosy sun-kist cheek  
Her dimples play at hide-and-  
seek,  
Within the lock at Hurley !

### II.

I strive to make a mental note,  
The while she lounges in her boat  
Beneath the big umbrella.  
I wonder if they call her Nell,  
Or Beatrice, or Isabel,  
Or Violet, or Stella?  
Is she engaged to Stroke or Bow?  
I would they could assure me  
now  
She loves to flirt with others !  
Will stalwart Sculls e'er claim her  
hand ?  
How gladly would I understand  
Her Crew are naught but bro-  
thers !  
Her hat with lilies is bedight,  
Her voice is low, her laugh is  
light,  
Her figure slight and girly.  
How cheerfully I'd take a trip,  
With such a Pilot for my ship,  
And sail away from Hurley !

### III.

I wonder if her heart is true ?  
I know her eyes are peerless blue,  
Long lashes downward sweeping ;  
A snow-white ruff around her throat,  
Beneath her pouting petticoat  
A little foot out-peeping.  
O, is she wooed and is she won,  
Or is she very fond of fun ?  
I make a thousand guesses !  
A sweet young face, so full of hope,  
A dainty hand on tiller-rope,  
And raindrops in her tresses.  
Three tiny rosebuds lightly rest  
Within the haven of her breast—  
Her locks are short and curly.  
The sun is gone ! Down comes the rain !  
I leave my heart cleft well in twain  
Within the Lock at Hurley !

J. ASHBY-STERRY.





SELLING OUR PICTURE

# LONDON SOCIETY.

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SEPTEMBER 1882.

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BOB AND I—'ARCADES AMBO.'

A Story of London Bohemia.

IN TWO PARTS:—PART I.

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'Bob, old boy!' I say, opening my door, and putting my head out. But no answer.

'Bob!' I say again, coming out on to the landing, 'are you out or in?' But no Bob responds; so I cross the landing, and rattle at his door.

Before I open Bob's door, I may as well tell you a little about ourselves. We are painters. That is, Bob is a painter, I am an Artist: subtle distinction. We have a high standing in our profession; that is, we occupy the top floor of a house in Newman-street, where we pursue, with but moderate hope of catching up to, our respective callings. Said top floor consists of a couple of sky-parlours, each with a sloping roof, lighted, not very generously, by a dingy skylight, which form our respective studios, workrooms, living-rooms, or what you will, and are termed the But and the Ben. As I hail from the Land o' Cakes, the Ben falls to my share, and Bob occupies the But. Between the two attics, and parallel with the landing, are a narrow room with a top light, containing a couple of beds and washstands, and very little else, where we

sleep, and a small lumber or box room. And there you have our diggings, our tenement, our castle.

The approach to the castle is defended by a rickety wooden wicket at the foot of our flight of stairs, on which, when funds are low and duns troublesome—and this, I may remark by way of parenthesis, is of pretty general occurrence with Bob and me—we are wont to affix certain notices of '*Abwesenheit*,' as we used to call it in Munich, such as 'Gone away: back in a fortnight;' 'Out of town for three months: leave messages with housekeeper;' and the like. It is to be regretted that the respectable tradesmen for whom these affirmations are designed often prove very *Didymuses* in the matter of our assertions, and either surmount the wicket, scale our fortress, and proceed to batter at our trembling doors, or else calmly sit down at our gates to await our arrival, or establish a blockade, in nowise affected by the announcement which stares them in the face that we have 'Gone to Alsatia for an indefinite period.'

Bob and I are great chums; we have been friends for I don't



know how long—ever since we were at Uppingham together. We live together, eat together, wander together, and scarcely ever disagree. And this is the more remarkable as I am a Scotchman, while Bob is a thorough Irishman, 'of the ould Milesian blood, sir, and plenty of it,' as he informs me now and again. I don't get on particularly well with most men—they rub me against the grain, somehow; and Bob has a marvellous faculty for spying out the entrance to a quarrel, too, but he and I are always on good terms with one another. And yet we are both painters, and admittedly difficult to get on with. Perhaps one reason is that we do not feel the slightest envy or jealousy of each other. Each of us firmly believes that he is, artistically speaking, by far the better man of the two, and it is not likely either of us can feel any envy of one whom he knows to stand on a far lower rung of the long ladder of art than himself. My regard for Bob is strong; but it cannot blind me to the fact that the poor fellow, though he reach the years of Methuselah, will never make a painter; and Bob, I daresay, on his side, is infinitely prouder of those wretched pot-boilers of his, for which he will get thirty or forty shillings from old Moses in Cheap-side, and of his ability to turn them out as fast as that worthy Hebrew will submit to receive them, than of being the creator of such sublime conceptions as line the walls of my workroom, and, I regret to say, linger there until the very rats are weary of sniffing at them, because an obtuse and pig-headed public cannot appreciate them, and even old Moses fights shy of becoming a purchaser.

In short, Bob is practical, I am poetical; he is actual, I am

idealistic. Bob's ambition is to make ten guineas a week, instead of two; my desires are towards the realisation—on canvas—of the Sublime Ideal in my brain. Bob lives by pot-boilers at fifteen shillings a square foot; I subsist on the contemplation of a glorious Art—and an allowance from my maiden aunt.

On this particular day in question I have been out on an errand, and have returned a few minutes ago. To say truth, my errand has not been a very pleasant one, and requires a little explanation. My allowance from the maiden aunt aforesaid, paid quarterly, fell due ten days before, and was duly handed to me on my presenting myself at the office of Messrs. Latham & Oldbury, Bedford-row, which, I may observe, I do punctually at ten o'clock on the morning of each too infrequent quarter-day. Would there were eight of them in the year! I walked home, jingling the eight golden sovereigns together; and, noticing in a tailor's shop a ready-made overcoat of peculiarly attractive hue and shape, I stepped in and had it tried on. It fitted me perfectly—I have a natty figure—and I told the man to send it home; the cash would be paid him on delivery. I should still have five golden providences left, I thought, and by diligent economy it would last us nearly a month. But man proposes, Heaven disposes. On my arrival at our diggings I found our long-suffering butcher—worthy man! (how he had scented the gold, goodness knows)—sitting at our gate. He told such a piteous tale of a sick wife and crying children that my bowels of compassion were moved, and, in the simplicity of my heart, I parted with five of my shining providences, forgetting all about the newly-bought coat already on its way from the

tailor's. 'Never mind,' I thought, 'there are still three of ye left; with patience and economy all may yet be well. These five pounds invested with the butcher in the sacred cause of charity will of a surety, like the talents of the wise servant, bring us credit for ten. I have done a good deed, and not injured our finances.' Thus I reasoned, forgetting the miscreant with the coat, whose foot was already in the street; and, depositing the three sovereigns in the tobacco-box which holds our capital, when we have any, I went out again, cheery and light of heart.

In my absence, in comes Bob, and, close at his heels, the tailor's apprentice, who deposits the parcel and presents his bill. Bob's reply is ready.

'How much? Three pounds? Mr. Macpherson is out; better call again.'

'Gentleman said the money would be paid on delivery,' says the miscreant, clawing the parcel again, and looking suspiciously at my poor chum.

Bob, not expecting to find anything, mechanically takes up the tobacco-box. It gives out a jingling sound. He opens it; the three sovereigns are there. Surely I have left them, then, for the tailor? A moment's fatal indecision, and he parts with the last of our providences.

In due course I return, and tell Bob how I had given five pounds to the poor old butcher. Bob stares and says,

'Why, I heard the beggar talking away with the housekeeper as I came up, and laughing at a great rate. I do believe the devil has been giving you blarney.'

I start. It may be so; the butcher is a wily man. I resolve to make instant inquiries of the housekeeper.

'Anyhow, we have three left.' Bob stares again.

'What! did you get more than the eight?'

'No; but there are three in the box there.'

'Whew! I paid them away just now for the coat you ordered.'

'What!'

'The coat; there it is.'

I fall back on a chair. I had totally forgotten the wretched coat. I gaze at my unfortunate chum with lack-lustre eye, and exclaim,

'Bob, we're ruined!'

To which he replies,

'Faith, and so we are, if it comes to that; but what the devil ye went and spent three pounds on a coat for, I can't conceive!'

'Why did you give him the money? I groan in reply. 'O Bob, do we, do we ever pay our tailor?'

'He said he was to be paid on delivery, and there were the three pounds in the 'baccy-box. How was I to know?'

'Well, it's done now,' I say at last; 'and we must make the best of it. We have still our credit with the butcher to fall back on, and they may take back the coat. It mayn't be so bad after all.'

But it is. We learn from the housekeeper—before whom the wretch had gloated over the success of his fraud—that the villain has played upon us. He has no wife, is responsible for no children, and his tale of misery was a complete hoax. As for expecting credit at his hands, he laughed in Bob's face when he showed it at the shop, and declared that our account was now in such a satisfactory condition that he would prefer not to alter it. In our distress we descended to even lower depths. I carried the cause of

the wretched coat, back to the tailor; but that purseproud tradesman absolutely refused to receive it, and added some impertinent remarks about 'a gentleman as is a gentleman don't want to bring a coat back, he should think,' which it was beneath my dignity to notice.

We threw up our hands in despair. Money there was none; quarter-day was—O, how many!—nearly thirteen weeks away, and we were at our wits' end. Bob was almost beside himself. He had so loaded Moses up with pot-boilers, that the long-suffering Israelite absolutely refused to look at his canvas for a month to come. He could do nothing. He had no maiden aunt.

In the bitterness of despair, I resolved to sacrifice one of my cherished pictures. I took down my noble theme, 'The Apotheosis of Helen,' from the wall, and hurried away to Moses. He should have it for twenty pounds, I said, although it cost me a pang to part with it. The benighted Jew looked sadly upon it for a few breathless seconds, and then remarked drily that it would be dear at twenty pence. A bigoted brute! I shuddered, snatched up my treasure, and fled from the contamination of his presence.

But something must be done. Rent was overdue, the landlord's mien was threatening, and where was the money to come from? There was nothing for it. To preserve our Lares and Penates, our household gods—in other words, to save our furniture from the broker's man—our jewelry must go. Bob's watch and mine were doomed. We drew lots, with a woful feeling that it was like the gasping survivors on a water-logged ship drawing lots for each other's lives; and Bob's watch fell first. He wended his way—alas!

we knew the road but too well—to where three golden balls overhung a grimy door, and returned minus his watch, but plus those little discs of precious metal that were to stand between us and starvation. We were saved, but only for a time. The little heap of half-crowns and shillings in the tobacco-box grew smaller by degrees, and not beautifully less; and again the sacrifice had to be made.

This time it was my turn. I crept shamefacedly to the dingy door, fastened myself into one of the darkened pens, and laid my watch and chain (a present from my aunt; poor soul, she little thought to what base uses they would come) sorrowfully and silently on the counter.

The minion of fortune, in the shape of a sleek, well-fed, paid-by-the-week pawnbroker's assistant, took it up.

'How much?' he asked—the usual shibboleth.

'Ten pounds,' I replied meekly.

He grinned; the vampire grinned!

'Well, that's good! Give you four.'

Four! It was heartrending.

'You can't mean that,' I said; 'they are worth at least thirty.'

'Can't help that; it's take it or leave it here,' replied the minion.

I bowed my head; I would not bandy words with him.

'Very well,' I said resignedly. 'Give me the four.'

'Got a penny?' was his next question.

No; I had not got a penny. I stammered something about having 'left my purse at home;' and so great was my abasement that I reddened at his sneer of palpable disbelief. However, he said nothing, and handed me three pounds, nineteen shillings, and

eleven pence, with an oblong piece of yellow cardboard, setting forth that I had pawned with Dives & Lazarus, 8 Purgatory-place, one gold watch and chain, for the sum of four pounds, no shillings, and no pence.

And this is the errand from which I have now returned. Bob's door proves refractory. I open it with my key and go in. Bob has evidently made himself scarce. Hat, coat, and stick are absent; so I light a pipe, and sit down to wait for his return.

Waiting is dreary work. I soon get tired of it, and cast about for something to do. In default of any better occupation I take to staring at one of Bob's pot-boilers, now on the easel.

It is a picture of a clearing in the American backwoods. The jagged stumps are scattered here and there; a long pine, stripped of its branches, lies in the foreground; and at the back rise the tall brown stems of the forest primeval. It is a good speaking subject, and if it were Bob's own idea I should have hopes of him; but it is not. Always on the look-out for 'subjects,' as a reporter for 'items,' he had stumbled upon a dog-eared book of travels, full of coloured illustrations, at a second-hand bookstall, marked 'Only two-and-six,' and carried it home in triumph. From the illustrations of this precious volume he filched subjects for seven pictures, of which six were now in the hands of the much-tried Moses; but when, in his despair, he rushed off to Cheapside with this one, the seventh, new and unvarnished, in his hand, the exasperated Hebrew declared he 'wouldn't have another of those blessed views: he wasn't going to start a panorama.' So the discarded picture was returned to the easel.

As I look at it lazily, thinking partly of it, partly of the *res angusta domi*, and partly on things in general, it occurs to me that it has been altered. Yes; Bob has certainly taken it in hand again. A few fresh touches have been given here and there to the painting itself; and the figure of a sturdy backwoodsman, seated, axe in hand, on a fallen pine-stem, has been sketched out on paper, and is evidently intended to be introduced into the clearing. A thought strikes me; I will paint in the backwoodsman, and Bob on his return shall find his idea carried out.

No sooner thought than begun. I seize a palette, rummage out a fairly clean brush or two, and squeeze out the colours I need. But just as I have fixed myself comfortably on the stool, and am about to give the first touch, my arms are seized from behind and pinned to my sides, while a well-known voice, in a rich Milesian brogue, calls out,

'Villain, spare that tree! Touch not a single stump, or, by the holy poker, I'll brain ye with the mahlstick!'

It is Bob. I drop the brush and release myself. Bob looks down at me, smiling, mirthful. I wonder where he has borrowed that jovial air, for, to my knowledge, when I saw him in the morning, he was in anything but a merry mood.

'Well, Bob, my boy, you seem exceeding merry over something. Have you any of your mirth to spare for me?'

Bob's smile becomes more jovial still.

'What's the use of always being melancholy?' he says. 'Care killed a cat.'

'It will never kill you, that's certain; you don't give it a chance.'

Bob grins, but makes no reply,

and I feel certain he has some good news. Looking at him, my eyes fall upon his hat. I start.

'Do my eyes deceive me, or is that old hat new?'

Bob smiles inscrutably.

'Faith! it's time it was. I've known it long enough to get tired of it.' This in a very jaunty manner.

My eyes, travelling downward, light upon his waistcoat. The next moment, with a cry of astonishment, I stagger off the stool, and point frantically at his vest. In the centre of it gleams a chain of gold.

'Bob, what is this?' I cry. 'What has happened?'

For all answer Bob puts his finger and thumb into his waistcoat-pocket, and produces therefrom a coin, which he places before his left eye after the manner of an eyeglass, and which I discern to be a sovereign.

'Ye gods!' I say; 'how is this thus? How come ye by these goods? Is that your chain? Is your watch at the end of it? Is that a sovereign, or is it all—bogus?'

Bob grins and replies,

'Be these bogus? Whereupon he puts his hands into his trouser-pockets, and, withdrawing from each a folded paper, displays to my wondering gaze two new, crisp, crackling five-pound notes. These he lays on a stool, and looks at me.

'What d'ye say to that, Sandy, my boy?'

'Robert Daly,' I reply sternly, 'how come you by these moneys?'

But Bob is still tardy of speech.

'Have you eased a luckless citizen of his purse; or have you emptied the till of that thrice-accursed butcher?'

Bob looks at me with a mysterious triumph. He is determined to make the most of the situation. At that moment a heavy tread is

heard on the stairs. The crisis is at hand; Nemesis is near.

'Wretched youth! I cry melodramatically, 'I hear the step of the "pursuer." Confess your horrid crime! Confess at once (it is your only chance of safety), and I'll help you through the skylight ere the minister of justice shall arrive.'

'Bosh!' says Bob undauntedly; 'it's the minister of the cookshop.' And he opens the door to admit the satellite of the spit, who lays a tray of steaming proviant on the table and departs.

'And now, my boy,' continues he, as if nothing had happened, 'let's walk into the victuals, for, by the powers, I'm as hungry as a friar in Lent.'

'Never,' I reply sternly. 'Tempter, avaunt! Not until I know the truth will I taste of your ill-gotten food. How come you by your watch, this money, and, above all, how come you by this dinner? Speak, I conjure you, by the ghosts of all the Barmecides?'

'Faith, Sandy,' says Bob at last, sitting down and beginning to attack the mutton, 'it's not such a terrible matter as that. I've been spoiling an Amalekite; I've sold a picture.'

'Sold a picture! Which? I cry in astonishment.

'The one on the easel, to be sure. But sit down, man; the meat's getting cold. We'll punish the provisions first, and discourse afterwards.'

And not until he had made a clean sweep of his mutton, vegetables, pudding, and cheese, and washed it all down with plentiful potations of half-and-half, would Bob say another word on the subject of his suddenly-acquired wealth.

When the feast was over, the tray placed outside the door, and the pipes lighted, Bob took up a

commanding position with his back against the mantelshelf, and began.

ROBERT DALY—HIS STORY.

I was sitting there on the stool, after you went out to visit your uncle, you know, looking at the picture. It seemed to me a trifle brown, as it were; and I just thought I'd put a little moss on the shady side of one of the trees, to see how it looked, for it was precious dull and deadlike as it was, and you know I'm partial to green. So I took up a brush and laid on a bit of colour, and was leaning back to enjoy the effect, when I heard a voice behind me say,

'I guess ye're wrong there, sir.'

I turned round, and saw a man standing behind me. The rummiest chap you ever set eyes on. A brown-faced, long-jawed old fellow, with a chin-beard, and a topper on his head a dozen sizes too big for him. He had an unlighted cigar in his mouth; he was churning it round and round, and his hands were stuck in his breeches-pockets. I stared at him, he stared at me; he was a queer specimen.

'How did you come here?' I said, when I had waited for him to be off, and saw no signs of it.

'Up the stairs,' replied the specimen, 'how in thunder else?'

Cool, wasn't it?

'By the powers, you're a cool hand; perhaps you'll go down the stairs now,' said I.

'Guess I will when I've got along, but not before. Where's the housekeeper?'

'How should I know?'

'Why, ain't this where she stops?'

'No; she lives down-stairs, in the basement.'

'Underground, I guess you

mean; poor critter. Well, I've got a parcel for her from her sister in Chicago, and I thought I'd bring it around myself.' What the devil was that to me? What the deuce did I care about the housekeeper, or the sister in Chicago, or the parcel, or the Yankee that carried it? Why on earth didn't he hook it?

'Well, now, what are you?' says this extraordinary creature. Pretty calm, eh, Sandy?

'I'm a painter.'

'Ah, I've never seen a painter, as I know of, exceptin' the house-decoratin' chaps; I guess you're a cut above them, eh?' Did you ever hear impudence to beat that? But I kept cool, my boy.

'Really, sir, I must ask you to be kind enough to pay your visit to the housekeeper, whom you will find in the basement, and not to me.'

'I guess you want me to quit,' says this specimen of thickskinnedness. 'When I'm done, I'll slide. What's that ye're painting? A clearin'?'

'Yes, it is a clearing.'

'Out West?'

'Yes, it is "out West," as you call it,' and I looked at the illustration in my book. 'A Forest-Clearing in the Far West.' The specimen cocked his hat on one side and looked at it—positively looked at it and smiled. 'Pon my soul, Sandy, I felt my dander rising.'

'It's not so durned bad, after all,' he said slowly, turning his cigar round in his mouth between whiles. 'Them trees are like, and that stump's true to Natur'; but what under the sun are ye puttin' in there? What's that green patch on the side of that pine there?'

'Moss,' I said laconically. The beggar's very impudence began to tickle me again.

'I guessed so,' he replied, smiling all up one side of his face, and nearly shutting his left eye. 'Well, young man, if you want to sell that pictur', don't you bring it along when there's an American around.'

'Why?' I asked, staring at him. He stretched out his finger at my unfortunate little patch of green.

'When you set eyes on a clump o' moss growin' up the shady side of a Western pine,' said the confounded chap, with that abominable one-sided smile of his, 'you may hitch yourself by the neck to a lamp-post. Paint it out again, young man, if you can; the rest of the pictur's well enough.'

Will you believe me, Sandy, I felt so precious riled with the abominable old chap, that I came pretty near flinging the whole concern at his head. I jumped up from my stool, and cried out,

'You may think it good fun, sir, to come into a gentleman's private apartment, and insult him to his face, but I think it d—d impertinent. I'll trouble you to walk out. The door's open.'

The old chap looked at me as cool as ever.

'Bubblin' up, bubblin' up, ain't it?' he said, staring me straight in the face, till I felt as though I could knock him over. 'What kinder countryman are you? Whe're ye from?'

'I am an Irishman,' I replied, as mad as I could be; and I beg you—' But the old beggar went on,

'I guessed so. They make 'em like that out there. I'm an American, sir.'

'I thought so. They make them like that out there, too.' The old chap smiled.

'Ye're pretty smart,' he said approvingly. 'Keep to the track, and ye'll get on. And now, my

lad, we've had our say, you can put up your shooter. Come now, put it there!' and he stretched out a mighty expanse of palm towards me. I felt too wild with him to take it. 'Come now,' said he, 'don't get in a fume. Put your smoke out. I take it all back.'

He was so confoundedly cool about it, and as there seemed to be no chance of getting him out of the room till I had shaken hands with him, I put my hand in his. He gave me such a squeeze that, without joking, I heard my bones scrunch.\* I sat down to get over it, while he peered about the room in the calmest way. At last he said, when he saw I had recovered,

'About that pictur' now. D'ye make 'em to sell?'

'Of course I make them to sell,' I replied, still squeezing my damaged hand.

'What d'ye want for it?'

I stared at him. I had never looked on him in the light of a possible patron. As you know, Sandy, I've never seen the face of one yet. I knew I'd never get more than two-five, or perhaps two-ten, out of old Moses; but I thought I'd ask him for ten; he might give me half.

'Ten pounds,' I said.

'Ten pounds—fifty dollars. Well, I've seen smaller things than that fetch a bigger price. Do you throw in a frame?'

'Well,' I said, trembling with expectation, 'a frame might be thrown in; not an expensive one, though.' He looked at it a moment longer, and then said,

'Look here, young man, tell you what I'll do. You paint me in, sitting on that stump, and put a good gilt frame around, and I'll give you seventy-five dollars—fifteen pounds—for your pictur'.'

\* Bob is given to enlarging.—A: M.

By Jingo, Sandy, I nearly embraced the old boy on the spot. I tried all I could to look as though I didn't care a rap about his money, as if I could get that much for it anywhere; but it wasn't much good trying, I can tell you. He seemed not to notice my excitement, and went on:

'Yes, sir, I'll give you fifteen pounds. Here's your money. And he laid three five-pounders on the table. I pretended—it was precious difficult, I can tell you—not to want to take them.

'I'd rather you'd pay me when it's done,' I said.

'Would you? Well, I guess I'd rather close the bargain now. Stephen C. Capen—Old Steeve—don't go back on his word. No, sir. Take up your money.'

I didn't hesitate any longer, and with trembling fingers crumpled the charming crisp bits of paper into my breast-pocket.

'Well, that's squared,' he said next. 'And now you've got to put me in, right away.'

I explained to him that I couldn't put him in 'right away,' as he called it, but I made a sketch of him on a piece of paper, and he was highly pleased.

'Give me a navy-blue shirt, tuck my trousers into my boots, put an axe in my hand, and there I am. And now I'll slide. I'll be back in the afternoon, just to see how you're gettin' on. Keep movin'. Good-day, sir. By the way, what's your name?'

'Robert Daly, at your service.'

'Well, good-day, Mr. Daly. Glad to know you.' And he was gone.

'And now, my boy,' cried Bob, as he finished his story, flourishing the notes in the air, 'here we are, set up for a month at least. Go and get your ticker out.' And he leaned against the mantelshelf

and surveyed me with an air of placid triumph, as if the selling of a picture were a matter of everyday occurrence with him. As for me, I was not quite convinced.

'Bob,' I said, 'have you any objection to let me see one of these notes?'

'Not the least taste of it, my boy. Here they are, both of them. It'll do your heart good. Faith, I pulled them out as soon as the old chap's back was turned, and handled them myself, just to get the feel of them like. They're beauties—straight from the bank, I'll stake. I've tried them in all my pockets, but I think they feel best in the trousers. It's a delicious and a rare treat, Sandy, and so I'm making the most of it.'

Indeed, it was on record that Bob, who was notoriously even more impecunious than myself, and was supposed never to have possessed a Bank-of-England note in his life, had on one occasion seen a 'tenner' in a friend's hand, and had promptly requested him to 'hand it over a jiff' that he might 'taste the feel of it.'

I took the notes and examined them carefully. They were certainly genuine.

'They're darlings, ain't they?' cried Bob, enthusiastically executing a *pas seul* in the middle of the room. 'O, you needn't look at them as if you didn't know them; they're all right. I asked old Jenks at the corner—the frame-maker, you know—he'll vouch for them.'

'Bob,' I said finally, and with decision, 'your Amalekite is a prize indeed.'

'Isn't he? We'll spoil him together, my boy. Wait till he comes back, and you shall have a go at him.' So saying he returned to his easel, and began working in the sturdy backwoodsman.



I had listened with mixed feelings to Bob's relation. Although I felt considerable satisfaction at the thought that our monetary dilemma was got over for the present, yet I was not wholly pleased at the way in which it had been overcome. Do not misunderstand me; I was not jealous of my friend's good fortune. Still, it had always been a somewhat soothing reflection with me that 'poor Bob,' as I styled him in my thoughts, had never succeeded in selling a picture (except to old Moses, who doesn't count), and, in fact, had never received a single offer for one. And I felt pretty sure that so long as my aspirations after a Sublime Ideal, and my studies, which really, as compared with poor Bob's pot-boilers, were *GRANDS OF ART*, lay neglected and unpurchased in the adjacent attic, my worthy but mediocre friend would never succeed in establishing a *clientèle* of his own. Indeed, I had the advantage of him there. I had sold a picture; and from that height always looked down upon poor plodding Bob as an ill-starred wretch, doomed to the Sisyphus task of manufacturing pot-boilers to the end of his days, while I should be ascending the heights of fame and opulence, and my genius should at last be recognised as it deserved. But now the charm was broken—my sweet consolation was taken from me. Bob now stood on an equal footing with myself: he had sold a picture too. I did not grudge him his luck—O no; but I would just as soon it had fallen to my share; nay, sooner, for I knew that in that case it would have descended on the worthier of the two.

So I puffed away at my pipe, feeling not altogether satisfied with things as they were, while

Bob worked on energetically at his backwoodsman.

After sitting in silence, thinking these thoughts, and chewing the cud of a fancy in which, on the whole, the bitter predominated over the sweet for some considerable time, while the indefatigable Bob was pegging away at his canvas, I said,

'Bob, old boy, do you think this Amalekite really has the wherewithal?'

'A regular gold-mine, I bet,' said Bob, without turning his head. 'You shall have a touch at him when he comes back. It'll be grand fun. You ought to make him buy your Helen. Wait till he puts in an appearance, and then I'll lay it on thick, you'll see. It'll be like this: "Allow me, sir, to have the pleasure of presenting to you my friend and fellow-conspirator"—No, that won't do. What the devil is the word?'

'Fellow-artist, you mean.'

'Yes, fellow-artist—"my friend and fellow-artist, Mr. Alexander Macpherson, who will have the greatest pleasure in life in making the acquaintance of so worthy an Amalekite as yourself, and in easing your pocket-book of a few more of these flimsies. My friend Mr. Macpherson; Mr. Stephen C. Capen—Old Steeve."'

'Proud to make your acquaintance, sir,' said a voice in the doorway.

We both turned, and there, still with an unlighted cigar in his mouth, stood Mr. Stephen C. Capen—Old Steeve himself!

It was impossible to discover from his brown weather-beaten face, at that moment utterly expressionless, whether he had heard the whole of Bob's address or not. If he had, he showed no signs of having done so. He held out his immense area of palm, and I

placed my hand on it in great confusion. But the handshake brought me to myself. It was a grasp with a meaning in it.

While I sat down, like Bob on a former occasion, to get over it, his new-found patron went and stood behind him, watching him at his work. After I had recovered I had time to observe him.

He was indeed a strange object to meet, clothed in decent black and with a silk hat on his head, in the streets of London. But I could well imagine that 'out West' he would cut a very different figure. He was literally all bone and muscle. There was not an ounce of superabundant flesh upon him. He was very tall, fully six feet, and broad in proportion. His shoulders were so square and bony that his black coat seemed to hang down perpendicularly from their extremities; his arms were long, with great large-jointed hands. His skin was tanned a brownish-yellow; his hair was gray and sparse; a narrow beard, called, I believe, a 'goatee,' extended from his chin. His lips were thin; his mouth was firmly closed. It looked as if its owner were a sharp shrewd fellow, but there was a twist at each end that might indicate a capacity for humour. So I thought as I sat looking at him, while he stood behind Bob, watching him at his work. He still sucked the end of his everlasting cigar.

'Won't you have a light?' I asked, striking a match.

'No, thank ye; I'll smoke this cool,' he replied, turning to me. 'Are you a painter too?'

'I am an Artist,' I said, with, I trust, a certain degree of dignity.

'O—er—jes' so,' he replied slowly, as if he were trying to work out the difference between

the two titles, and I noticed that one-sided smile which Bob had found so provoking hovering about his mouth. 'So you're an artist. And what sort of art do you work at?'

I was a little provoked, if the truth must be confessed, and did not reply; but Bob spoke for me.

'You should just see one of his things, Mr. Capen,' he cried enthusiastically. 'They're splendid: worth any money. Sandy's a genius.'

'What do you call any money?' went on this untiring questioner, passing the matter of my possession of genius entirely over.

'O, far more than mine are,' replies Bob, speaking generally. 'He once sold a picture for fifty pounds.'

'That so?' says Mr. Capen, turning to me, and looking at me with more interest than he had hitherto betrayed.

I nod, but make no reply. To say truth, the reminiscence of that picture is not a happy one. It was my first commission, and the only one I have ever received. It came from my maiden aunt already spoken of, Miss Barbara Pringle, and was nothing less than an order for a portrait of that venerable lady. I executed the commission to the best of my ability, and sent it to her; but it did not give satisfaction. I had, I confess, a little exceeded my instructions. Finding that Miss Barbara Pringle in the prosaic flesh, seated on a high-backed chair, and clothed in a black-silk gown of marvellous stiffness, was not a subject in which I, as a student of Art, and a striver after the realisation of a Sublime Ideal, could possibly take any interest, or be expected to treat *con amore*, I allowed myself a little artistic license, and depicted my revered relative as Atè, a character for which, having

a hooked nose of considerable fierceness and a projecting chin, I consider her excellently fitted. I was extremely pleased with my treatment of the subject, and forwarded it in due course to Dundee, where my aged relative resides, with a light heart, having even gone so far as to furnish it with a handsome gold frame—twenty-seven-and-six at Jenks's. I may observe that the fifty pounds had been paid beforehand.

But, to my dismay, the unfortunate picture proved a very apple of discord between my aunt and me. The old lady was positively furious about it. At first she was minded to affect that it was merely 'a fancy sketch,' and not a likeness of herself at all; but my baleful star had fated me to give to the face of the strife-stirring daughter of Jupiter such an undeniable, although by no means flattering, resemblance to that of Miss Barbara that it was in vain for her to try and pass it off as 'a classical sketch by my nephew.' A brother-in-law of hers, a Dundee lawyer, and a coarse vulgar man, who has as great a dislike for me and my works as I have a contempt for him and his, and to whom, unfortunately for me, she showed the picture, characterised it as an impertinent caricature of my worthy relative; and further, as I heard from a 'kind friend,' stigmatised my painting as 'a d—d indecent daub.' Atè, I confess, was not too much clothed.

That sealed the fate of my picture, and with it all the hopes I had formed on my aunt's favour. The unfortunate painting was consigned to the store-closet, where, with its back to the wall, it awaits the day—may it be distant!—when a new owner of Craigie House shall at last accord it a place among the family can-

vas. From that time I date the cessation of these pleasant little letters, and still more pleasant little cheques, which used to arrive so opportunely from the North. In their stead, I have to content me with a quarterly visit to Messrs. Latham & Oldbury, of Bedford-row, and a pitiful dole received from the hands of a supercilious lawyer's clerk.

I trust that if ever these pages chance to meet the eye of Miss Barbara Pringle, my respected, nay, revered, relative will at once acquit me of any intention to insult her, even in thought. Perhaps then the pleasant little letters and the pleasant little cheques may be resumed.

As matters stand, however, it may be imagined that I am not too lavish of words upon the subject of my fifty-pound picture.

But our Amalekite, as we call him, is evidently impressed. It seems as though he had previously thought me incapable of earning fifty pence, much less fifty pounds. It is true I am somewhat small in stature, my hair is of a sandy tint, and my face is—well, not classical; but I carry myself with a grace, as every one must allow, and eke out the scantiness of limb with which Nature has endowed me with tall-heeled boots, Spanish socks, and decided erectness of figure.

He looks at me as though he wondered what I did with the fifty pounds when I got them, and whether it was very long ago. I do not propose to enlighten him on either of these points, should he ask me; he is quite capable of doing so.

'Was it a big one?' he says at last.

'No, not very; about thirty-two by twenty-four, I think.'

This as indifferently as I can say it, as if the turning out of

fifty-pound pictures were a matter of almost weekly occurrence with me ; and as if I were not wearing a coat considerably the worse for wear, and a pair of 'continuations' on which Time has already laid his unrelenting finger.

Mr. Capen says nothing, but looks at me ; and I notice that he has a very piercing gray eye.

'You've got one just finished now, haven't you, old boy?' puts in the faithful Bob.

'Yes, one ; finished it two days ago,' I reply nonchalantly.

Stephen C. Capen is certainly interested.

'Is it sold yet, old boy?' pursues the unblushing Robert Daly.

'No, not this one,' is my answer, delivered apparently to the ceiling, while I expel the smoke from my mouth, and watch the spirals floating slowly upward. 'I haven't sent it out yet ;' as if I never, no, never kept a picture on hand more than a few days at the outside.

And yet I know, and Bob knows, and I have dim suspicion that the keen-eyed Amalekite seated on our table, and swinging his legs to and fro as he listens to our 'blarney,' knows too, that my walls are covered with an array of dust-gathering 'studies' for which that Hebrew sceptic, old Moses, refuses to give me even the cost of paint and canvas.

'You might as well bring it over, eh?' says Bob, after pausing long enough to let my last reply produce the proper impression on our intended victim. 'You would like to see it, wouldn't you?' he continues, turning to his patron.

'Yes ; I should like to see it,' replies he slowly.

Again that curious, one-sided, inward smile. He seems to be able to see a joke where no one else would think of looking for one.

'Well, I'll go and bring it, if you really want to see it,' I say lazily, as if the occasion demanded of me to make a sacrifice for politeness' sake, but that, personally, I should prefer staying where I was.

'Is it far? I'll go around with you, if you like,' says Mr. Capen.

'O no,' I reply hurriedly ; 'my workroom is just on the other side of the landing,' and I make haste out of the room. But as I close the door I again detect that abominable, uncalled-for smile.

I come back with the picture. Bob hurries the 'Forest Clearing' out of the way, and I place my 'study' on the easel with a conscious pride. For a time nothing is spoken. Old Steeve looks at the picture, and Bob and I look at Old Steeve.

It seems as if he finds the subject a little perplexing ; for he looks at it with his head first on one side, then on another, while the corners of his mouth go up and down.

'What d'ye call this? D'ye give it a name?' he says at last, looking at me.

'It is "The Apotheosis of Helen,"' replies Bob promptly, in my stead.

'Pothy whose's?'

'No, no ; "The Apo-the-o-sis of Helen"—Helen added to the number of the gods.'

'O, she's being made a god, is she? Shouldn't have guessed it. I suppose that was a long time ago?'

'Yes ; thousands of years.'

'And why do you make her a god? What has she done? Was she a good woman?'

'She betrayed two husbands, and caused the death of thousands of brave men. She brought ruin on all who loved her,' says Bob grimly.

'That so? She seems to

been pretty bad ; and why is she made a god ?

'A goddess,' suggests Bob.

'Jes' so—a goddess ; why do you make her a goddess ?'

'Because of her great beauty.'

'Her what ?'

'Her great beauty ; do you not see it ? She was the most beautiful of women,' says Bob gravely.

Mr. Capen turns again to the picture, and looks steadily at the deified Helen. Again that odious smile. After looking at it some time, he evidently concludes not to say anything more on the subject of Helen's beauty. He tries another tack.

'It's a small pictur',' he says, looking at me.

'Yes, it is a small picture,' I reply cheerily, as if that were a decided point in its favour. Perhaps he thinks so too ; for he turns away from me and looks at it again.

'Don't they never wear more clothes than that ?' he says, to Bob this time.

'No, not usually,' replies that youth, smiling.

'Well, strikes me they must feel rather awkward when a stranger happens to drop in.'

'O no ; it was the custom then, and, you know, habit is second nature.'

'More natur' than habit here, I guess,' replies Mr. Capen with a slight smile, the first I have ever seen on both sides of his face at once. We both laugh, as in duty bound. We feel we must humour our victim. Mr. Capen looks on while we laugh, perfectly serious.

'And what's the price of this pictur' ?' he says, when we have done laughing.

'Thirty pounds,' I reply jauntily ; but Bob starts so violently that he tumbles off his stool.

Our visitor says nothing ; but he looks at me in a way which makes me feel I am not any taller than I should like to be, and then at the picture again.

'It's very small,' he says meditatively ; 'taint more'n half as big as the clearin' there.'

'Pictures are not sold by the yard,' I reply loftily. 'If you were to buy one of Meissonier's cavalry sketches, you would get a much smaller painting than this at a hundred times the price.'

'Mebbe so,' he says quietly ; 'I ain't a judge of pictur's, I allow that. I guess most folks can lay over me there. But say, is that your lowest figure ?'

Bob, who has been almost paralysed for the last two minutes at my coolness in comparing myself with Meissonier, recovers sufficiently to write twenty on a piece of paper which he holds up behind the back of our victim. But I am firm.

'Sir, I paint from a love of Art, and not from a desire for gain. I do not offer you my picture—I simply name the price which it commands ; it is for you to take it if you choose. I may add, I am not dependent on my art. I have—er—an income of my own.'

I take out my handkerchief with a flourish, and apply it to my nose with a certain grace. Unseen by me, a yellow piece of cardboard falls from my pocket, and flutters to the ground. Mr. Capen picks it up and reads :

'Pawned with Dives & Lazarus, 8 Purgatory-place, one gold watch and chain.'

Horror ! it is my pawn-ticket ! I dart forward, my cheeks burning.

'How dare you, sir ? I demand my property !'

He hands it to me silently, and looks coolly at me, while with quivering fingers I restore the

wretched yellow card to my pocket. Then he says quietly,

'I guess that's rather thin about your independent income; bit of bunkum, eh? But I guess it's all right; all in the fair way of trade. And now, about this pictur'? I can't say I'm real sweet on it; it don't quite suit me; 'taint just what I'd like to put up in my parlour at home. But I guess it's the right thing, and a good pictur', eh, Mr. Daly?'

'It's a splendid picture,' says Bob promptly, covering my confusion.

'And you think it ain't dear at a hundred and fifty dollars.'

'O no, not at all,' replies my faithful and unblushing friend.

'Well, I guess you ought to know—you're in the line; and I suppose you're an impartial witness—you ain't biassed?'

'O no; not in the least,' replies the brazen Bob.

'Well, you mean well, anyway.' Then turning to me, 'Now, sir, look here. If I buy this paintin' of you at your figyure, what'll ye think I am?'

I stammered out some inaudible reply, but Bob came to the rescue.

'What will we think you are? Faith, a splendid patron, a judge of art, and the prince of connoisseurs.'

'Just haul in your rope, young man, and let me get 'longside. The prince of what?'

'Of connoisseurs.'

'Where's that?'

'O, connoisseurs mean people who know; men who are judges.'

'Why, you said that before; you said I would be a judge of art. Don't that 'come-twisted word mean any more than the other?'

'No; just about the same.'

'Well, the other'll do for me to push along with, I guess. Well,

sir, so that's what you'd think, or rather, what you'd say. If I was in your boots, d'ye know what I'd think?'

'No; what?'

'That I was a blamed fool.'

Perfect silence. As for Bob and me, our eyes instinctively seek the floor.

'A blamed dunderheaded old fool,' continued Mr. Capen dryly, finding apparently a certain pleasure in criticising himself thus severely, 'to be let in by a couple of young chaps who don't know as much life as his old boot, and let them palaver him out of a hundred and fifty dollars because they tell him he's a judge of art and a—what's the 'come-twisted name?—a konnysoor. Yes, a Konnysoor.' This last with biting sarcasm. 'Yes, sir, that's what I should think; and I guess it's what I'd say too.'

And looking at the determined jaw of Stephen C. Capen—Old Steeve—I had very little doubt but that he *would* say it.

'No, sir; if I buy this paintin' of yours, I don't buy it because I'm a judge of art, settin' up a pictur' gallery, and I want to git hold of somethin' good in the paintin' line. I buy it—well, I buy it 'cause I want *to*, not 'cause I want *it*. And now there's your money, sir, and I guess you'd better throw in a frame. I'll be back in the mornin'.'

He laid the three ten-pound notes on the table, and was off before we could recover, I from my shame and embarrassment, Bob from his astonishment. At last, when the descending tread of our eccentric patron no longer echoed on the stair, I turned to Bob, and we looked at each other in mute surprise.

'What do you make of this, Bob?'

'Faith, it beats me, Sandy. A

chap who goes about like that with his pocket full of bank-notes, makes you look like a fool, and then gives you all you ask ! What the devil is he, anyway ?

‘Do you think we ought to take his money, Bob ?’

‘Do I think, is it ?’ cried Bob, pouncing on the notes, and clapping them into the tobacco-box. ‘I tell ye what, Sandy, my boy : if the old chap can’t take care of his money, it’s just as well he should give it to those that can.’

‘I don’t think we took him in much. I don’t think he’s a fool.

‘A fool ? No, it’s we that looked like that. Never mind ; we’re on the right side of the hedge now, and we’ll keep there till quarter-day, please the pigs.’

‘I say, Bob, what do you think of him ?’

‘I think he’s a regular Briton,’ cries Bob.

‘A what ? What do you say ?’

‘I say bless him ! for a queer, unvarnished, uncivilised, open-handed old jewel of an Amalekite.’

‘American.’

‘No : Amalekite.’

*(To be continued.)*

## AH, WILD SWAN !

‘AH, wild swan, winging southward, I would fly with you to-night,  
Southward, ever swiftly southward, through the autumn gray twilight.  
You will leave these downs and gullies and the white cliffs far behind,  
Sailing on above the waters in the music of the wind.

And the seamen on their highway looking up will see you fly  
Like a shadow moving slowly o’er the moon-illuminated sky ;

Day and night and all things changing,—sunny skies and overcast,  
Till the cloud-engirdled mountains and the snowy peaks are passed.

We should near the lands of laughter, and the vines and olive-trees ;  
Watch the little sails at sundown sparkle out on summer seas :

Day and night and ever flying, till we reached the wonderland,  
And the seaward branching river and the desert ways of sand ;

Saw beneath us, standing lonely, that grave bird that never sings,  
Like a solemn sentry guarding by the giant graves of kings.

And I think it would be sunset when our journeying was done,  
And the silver of your plumage would be crimsoned in the sun ;

In a pleasant land of palm-trees, where the lotus lilies grow,  
And the fruits of many flood-tides by the river borders blow.

There forgetting and forgotten, and not any one to hear,  
I would sing to you that sing not all the winter of the year.’

Brighter burn the stars and colder, twilight deepens into night,  
Moans the wind among the willows, and the swans fade out of sight.

RENNELL RODD.

## OUR COOKING-CLASSES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A TRIP WITH ST. SIMON'S CHOIR.'

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I HAD always looked upon the small cathedral town in which it was my lot to reside as the very type of stagnation. Talk of the backwoods of America or the wilds of Africa! I think it quite possible that we might have found the settlers there ahead of us in certain respects. Indeed, there were those among us who went so far as to date their letters a century back, in the belief that, as regarded civilisation, we were at least a hundred years behind the rest of the world.

But, of course, these slanderers were completely in the minority; for, with a few solitary exceptions, the inhabitants thought their town was, for its size, as far advanced as any city in the three kingdoms—perhaps even in the world.

To what height of conceit will not ignorance mount! I do not mean my readers to suppose that we were altogether destitute of the changes which the recurring seasons bring; though even in that respect I think our weather was always worse than was to be met with in any other part of England. Mud in winter and dust in summer were some of the very smallest evils with which we had to contend. Dull days seemed to be heaped upon us in larger measure than upon our neighbours. Spring always appeared to come later and autumn to leave earlier in our poor town than they did anywhere else. And as for our Novembers—no word in the English language can

describe them! London fogs are mere child's play to our Novembers! The snow, too, was never known to retain its purity for a longer period than during its immediate transit from heaven to earth. As soon as it reached the ground it became contaminated by the black particles always waiting to welcome it; and for the remainder of its stay it lay about the streets, bordering each side of the road with black uncomfortable-looking heaps. No one ever thought of removing them before Nature herself provided for their disposal by sending a thaw that by degrees converted the black snow into water. Through it the horses and luckless foot-passengers waded, until at last it was carried away by the friendly gutter.

Nor were we quite free from the unavoidable changes Time brings in his train to all the world alike, whether they will or not. People lived and people died; babies were born, grew up, and married; young people grew old, and old people grew older still, and at last suddenly disappeared from the scene.

Strangers now and then visited the cathedral, or came to pass a few days in one of the houses in its vicinity. But they always went away greatly impressed by the striking resemblance the town bore to one of the antiquated tombstones in the cathedral-yard, its inscription almost obliterated by the accumulated moss of centuries.



But in the process of time it came to pass that the wife of one of the minor canons went to visit her brother, who lived in a large and highly civilised town in Nottinghamshire. When she returned she seemed to be afflicted with some ophthalmic disease, causing her to see all things in darker hues than they had worn previous to her departure. The streets were certainly narrower, and the shops more insignificant-looking than when she left. Time alone could be expected to work improvements in these particulars; but there was one reformation which she was determined to introduce, or perish in the attempt.

In the large civilised town in Nottinghamshire they were having a course of lectures upon cookery. Why should not we have the same thing in Smallborough? True, our little town always had been a long way behind other towns; but that was no reason why it should always continue to be so. The canons who periodically gave grand dinner-parties joyfully hailed the idea of cooking-classes, in the hope of finding new dainties wherewith to delight the pampered palates of their guests. The housewives of limited means beheld already, through the medium of the cooking-classes, the golden era dawning for them, when the penny should go as far as the shilling; when fault-finding husbands, ill-tempered children, and impertinent servants should become things of the past. The daughters who had just come home from school, and found the little cathedral city a remarkably quiet place, decided that the cooking-classes would nicely fill up some of the long dull hours which now hung so heavily upon their hands. And those ladies of a certain age—called young by courtesy—who

were conscious they were quickly losing whatever charms they had once possessed, eagerly snatched at the lessons as giving them one more chance of retrieving their fortunes in the matrimonial market. In fact, the whole town was shaken from top to toe, and figuratively pricked up its ears at the good times that were coming.

The Minor Canon's wife went up ten per cent in society; the chief ladies in the town put their heads together, and there were long talks and consultations and committee meetings. As a natural consequence, a good deal of confusion and mismanagement was the result. I have noticed generally that this is the case when ladies attempt to organise anything without a masculine element being taken into the council. I will, however, do those two colleges the justice to say that none of these ladies had graduated at Girton or Nuneham Hall. Of course, if they had, we may be certain the results would have been very different!

Mrs. Meddleum would hear of no one but the lady-cook who had given the course of lectures in the large town in Nottinghamshire; the Bishop's wife wished for some one else; and the Dean's wife had heard of a third professional who quite eclipsed the other two, having come out at South Kensington with double honours. Indeed, she knew it was whispered in aristocratic circles that she had lately invented a very superior pudding, that had entirely superseded all other puddings at the royal tables, and was very highly esteemed by her Majesty's *chef de cuisine*. So the whole town was kept on thorns for a week or two while these worthy ladies settled their differences.

It turned out on inquiry that

the lady who had invented the pudding patronised by Royalty did not sufficiently appreciate the merits of our little city to condescend so far as to pay it a visit. The professional, whom the Bishop's wife recommended, had her card of engagements more than full; or else, of course, it would have afforded her real pleasure to come down and enlighten us. So it ended in the Minor Canon's wife getting her own way after all. The commander-in-chief having been appointed, the next thing was to find a room that would combine all that the ladies on the committee individually and collectively contended for. And this was no easy matter.

At last it was announced that a long room situated at one end of the town had been engaged for the purpose. It had served in a good many public capacities, and might fairly be said to be of a very liberal turn of mind. For twice in the week it was used for an auction mart, one night for religious services of an undenominational character, and the very next for a snug little subscription dance, besides doing duty as a polling-booth at election times. In fact it was a sort of Jack-of-all trades.

The very day after the professional cook had hoisted her colours on its roof, a select little circle of ladies—of whom I had the honour to be one—was seated there to receive our first instructions in the tremendous mysteries of that wonderful culinary art that was to convert this nineteenth century into the long-desired Golden Age, and our insignificant little town into a modern Arcadia. Under such favourable auspices the long train of evils attending upon ill-cooked viands would soon, we hoped, be among the things of the past.

A long table, reaching from one wall to the other, had been placed across the further end of the room. Upon this was drawn up, ready for immediate action, an imposing array of shining pots and pans, plates and spoons, with all their near and distant relations in the culinary department. They were of every shape, size, and description, and were headed by a distinguished-looking tin coffee-pot, that, to my knowledge, was never employed in any other capacity the whole time we attended the cooking-classes. So that we were led to conclude it was retained in that conspicuous position for the express purpose of imparting an *éclat* to its humbler surroundings. In a word, a sort of domestic Mr. Turveydrop!

It is quite possible that the professional cook, hearing how unenlightened the cathedral city was, may have fancied that the ladies would even need to be taught the rudimentary art of making a cup of coffee! Indeed, she hinted at including it in her instructions, but Mrs. Meddlesum scouted the very suggestion as an insult to the understanding. Therefore the subject was never alluded to again.

Behind the long table stood the important functionary herself—the professional lady-cook fresh from the large and highly-civilised town in Nottinghamshire. She was attired in all the latest improvements and additions with which Art defeats and disguises the designs of Nature. In fact, nothing but the smallest possible portion of that good old-fashioned dame's handiwork had been allowed to remain unimpaired. Nothing but her toes touched the ground,—a tacit confession that Art has not yet triumphed over Nature completely. For there is

still that one small corner of the human frame under the dominion of barbarism. Her hands and face were almost concealed under a covering of powder and rouge, a few tufts of hair—Nature's original gift—fringed her forehead, but these shone with a golden lustre that was not original, while the remainder of her elaborate *coiffure* had doubtless been lately imported from France or Germany. Her very eyes bore traces of the advancing foot of civilisation, dazzling her beholders with an unnatural light, and what was meant to be a killing erection of white muslin and lace completed Mdlle. de Vanille's head-gear.

On seeing all this we began to realise how far behind the times we were in Smallborough, for we were actually benighted enough to wear our own complexions and walk on our own feet! Her tasty apron and sleeves excited the jealousy of all the ladies present, and a murmur of admiration ran round the circle as we all resolved to copy without delay this charming pattern.

'Really, it makes cooking look quite attractive,' remarked Mrs. Meddlesum to the Dean's wife. 'No doubt it is what they all wear in the school of cookery at South Kensington.'

The cooking staff consisted of a bright-eyed, intelligent-looking girl, who we were informed was the kitchen-maid. Quite a model in her clean and neat attire for all kitchen-maids to the end of time! Her apron and cap resembled those worn by her mistress; but in her case Nature, strange to say, had been left in peace. A practical, outspoken lady near me even dared to remark to her neighbour that she admired the healthy rosy complexion of the maid more than the artificial colouring of the mis-

tress. But of course this calumny on art and fashion was rejected with the ignominy it deserved. There was also a very untidy, dogged-looking scullery-maid hired to do the drudgery and run errands who rejoiced in the fanciful name of Rosa. I grieve to confess it, but this girl was a native of our little city, to which, I fear, she was no credit.

The audience was not by any means so large as might have been expected, considering the importance of the occasion and the ferment the town had been in for the last few weeks. But then, as I said before, ladies, not graduates at any University, had taken the matter into their own hands. We all know what to expect when that is the case! Every one in the town and for miles round knew that cooking-classes were to be held, but no one knew when the first lecture was to be given. So only those favoured few who had by some means become possessed of the information straggled in. The Bishop's wife turned round reproachfully upon the Dean's wife; the Dean's wife in her turn shifted the blame on to the Minor Canon's wife; the Minor Canon's wife excused herself by saying it was the business of the secretary to see that notices were posted over the town, and the secretary said she had received no orders to that effect.

In fact, each lady having expected the other to undertake this task, the result was that it was performed by none.

In the Nottinghamshire town Mdlle. de Vanille had been always accustomed to address crowded rooms; therefore the contrast was striking. Indeed, there was the least possible *soupeçon* of the fact discernible in her tones, as she proceeded to deliver her first

demonstration lecture in the prettiest half-foreign accents, at the same time displaying a double row of the most distracting pearls that ever graced the show-rooms of dental decorators. She would commence, she said, by showing us how to make croquettes in the latest Paris fashion, if the Bishop's wife was quite agreeable. That lady had no objection. Of course croquettes were no strangers at the palace table, but I verily believe she was as ignorant of the mysteries of their composition as we might suppose the man in the moon to be. Some of us, I venture to assert, never knew that such things existed, and had very indistinct notions about the kingdom to which they belonged.

Two dozen note-books and the same number of pencils were instantly produced, and for the next few minutes there was a good deal of scratching on our part as we wrote down the elaborate recipe, and a good deal of fiddle-faddling with flour and water, and the most delicate morsels of chopped-up meat and herbs, on the part of Mademoiselle. This was followed by an intricate process involving a good deal of rolling out and wrapping up and shaking in crumbs, the concoction being finally well tossed up and down in that modern invention—never seen in our parts before—a frying-basket! This latter circumstance reminded me strongly of my Rugby brother's description of the blanket-tossing to which he was subjected on the night of his arrival at that far-famed hall of learning. Then a dainty little dish was handed round for all the ladies to taste, and lips were smacked together with evident relish, while all joined in pronouncing the contents 'Capital! Excellent! Could not possibly be nicer!'

Mrs. Meddlesum observed that cooking was quite an elegant occupation,—everything was made to appear so pretty and tasteful. Certainly nothing could possibly better have served to set off Mademoiselle's dainty little enamelled hands, laden as they were with glittering diamond rings. As we all went our separate ways when the lesson was ended, two dozen tongues were loud in praise of the whole culinary proceedings.

Some of the elderly young ladies had been so much delighted with the effect of the rouge and powder that an order was instantly sent up to a well-known house in London for a large supply of these fashionable toilette accessories. For several days after we noticed a considerable increase in the colour on these ladies' cheeks, and some curious streaks of a foreign nature were also visible among their locks. In all probability this example would have been largely followed, only it got bruited abroad that some of the young men in the town had the deplorable taste to prefer beauty unadorned. After which the powder and rouge soon died a natural death.

When two days had elapsed we again repaired to the cooking-room, each with our basket on our arm, containing the materials with which we were to reproduce Mademoiselle's instructions. There was a grand turn-out of the contents of baskets, and a donning of aprons and sleeves. But then, as the operating-table would not admit of more than twelve cooks at a time, a few unfortunate ladies who had walked in from the country, laden with their working apparatus, had to tramp back again. This was due to the excellent management of the ladies' committee! Had the professional possessed the patience of an angel

she would still have required the heads and hands of Briareus in order to satisfy us all. For at the same moment the twelve would-be cooks were worrying her with 'Shall I do this?' 'Is this right?' or begging her in piteous accents to 'Come to me now, Mdlle. de Vanille!'

For we knew about as much of the science of cooking as an oyster does of the theory of gravitation. I should even be sorry to be compelled to state upon my oath that there were not some among us to whom the question, How the apples got into the dumpling, was still an unsolved enigma. Some had never handled a rolling-pin before, and they used it precisely as if it had been a heavy garden-roller. Consequently their crust was rolled into something about as hard as an asphalt road. Others deluged their flour with water, and succeeded, indeed, in making paste, but not pastry. Poor Mademoiselle heaved a deep sigh as she watched these infantile attempts at cookery, prepared, no doubt, to carry to the next town upon her list a graphic account of the most stupid pupils she had ever met. But, like Pandora's box, at the bottom of all these evils it was refreshing to find two hopeful young ladies who promised fair to be her rivals some day. They were about to leave the singular for the plural number, and were therefore especially interested in anything connected with housekeeping.

Of my own performance I will not say much. I had handled a rolling-pin before, so my pastry was something between the asphalt road and the liquid concoction. The rest of us went down the scale in the different degrees of merit, and a very dejected-looking row of *croquettes* was the result of our combined efforts. Some

were out at elbow, others down at the heel, others had only a patch-work covering of crumbs, and all had 'amateur' written upon them in unmistakable characters. But we partial judges thought our productions were rather to be commended than otherwise. 'Not at all bad for a first trial,' 'Rome was not built in a day,' were the encouraging encomiums we received from our friends.

And so the cooking fever and Mdlle. de Vanille raged with unabated fury. Nothing was talked about throughout the town, from the palace to the artisan's dwelling—for the humbler classes were also permitted to share in the general privileges—but the last new *entremets*, or the last method of dressing onions. Indeed the cooking-classes were worth their weight in gold. For they were an unfailing topic at all the dull dinner-parties—as it happened just then unfortunately to be Lent these were carried on rather *sub rosa*—until those who thought more of the feast of reason than the pleasures of the palate were quite scandalised. There was now no longer any need for the Canon's wife to stare helplessly about the room, as was her wont, when she went to pay her afternoon calls and there happened to be an unusual dearth of news, or squeeze the tips of her fingers in the hope of squeezing some inspiration out of them, for here was a topic, all cut and dried, lying ready to her hand. And even Mr. Dumble, who never had been known in his whole life, and he was going on to fifty, to make a single remark without manifesting a painful amount of labour and thought beforehand, actually asked me, without any apparent trouble, when I had the misfortune to sit next him at dinner, if I was attending the cooking-classes. He

even went so far as to volunteer a remark or two upon them. After this triumph what might not be looked for from the cooking-classes?

No wonder that the Canon in residence was heard to pronounce *Mdlle. de Vanille* a benefactor to mankind, a 'gastronomic regenerator,' or that some one else should propose to open a public subscription for the purpose of erecting a statue to her honour in the market-place. No wonder, I say, after such results as I have recorded above, that the professional cook was petted and fêted all round. The Bishop's wife asked her to dinner; the Dean's wife invited her to luncheon; the Canon's wife got up a breakfast-party solely in her honour, at which some of her last inventions in the matter of breakfast-dishes were brought out; while Mrs. Meddlesum entertained her at afternoon tea whenever *Mademoiselle's* professional duties would permit. Some of the professional men's wives invited her out also in a quiet way; but we always understood that she had some prior engagement at the palace or the deanery, and so was obliged to disappoint these lesser lights.

At all events she could not charge our little town with a want of hospitality in addition to all its other crimes. The accumulation must, I fear, have become prodigious at last, for every lecture brought to light some fresh delinquency. I have not the smallest doubt *Mademoiselle* looked upon us as still wandering, like Hector's unquiet ghost, in the shades of Cimmerian darkness. It was her constant cry that she could not find what she wanted in our town, though she had always been able to procure it in every other she had visited. The gas-stove would not bake properly,

so her crust was spoilt; the flour was indifferent, the butter rancid; the vegetables were poor and frost-bitten, and the meat was unpar-donably coarse. Then there was a plaintive appeal to the Bishop's wife to know what was to be done in these emergencies. The Bishop's wife consulted with the Dean's wife, and the Dean's wife looked in despair at Mrs. Meddlesum, who said that, of course, *Mademoiselle* must have what she wanted, even if they had to send to the large town in Nottinghamshire for it.

During the next few lessons the attendance increased considerably, until at last the room was crowded. Then, indeed, *Mademoiselle* was in her glory! There was always a struggle to see who could reach the model kitchen first. Half an hour before the time little flocks of human pelicans, stretching out their necks to their utmost extent, were to be seen hurrying along with pinions spread—something between flying and genuine walking. Then woe to the unfortunates who invaded places in the front row which did not by right belong to them! They were sure to receive their full share of black looks and cold shoulders. While her dishes were baking or boiling, preparatory to being served up, *Mademoiselle* took the opportunity to entertain her audience with accounts of the grand houses at which she had stopped, and the aristocratic connections she had formed. A fresh titled name was brought out every day, until the list was finished; then, like the lark at Cook Robin's wedding,

'When she came unto the end  
Then she began again.'

But, of course, it was an immeasurable advantage for us in our benighted town to learn, from one who had actually seen them,

the dishes that adorned the tables of the grand and great. And we noticed that the Bishop's wife was always most careful in transferring these to her note-book, though she seldom took the same trouble with any of the other recipes. Mdlle. de Vanille had also an endless string of anecdotes concerning the different military stations at which she had held cooking-classes; wherein she made it appear that the young officers' wives had considerably less than the average amount of feminine shrewdness. Now and then some bold house-keeper would startle all her fellows by presuming to question the wisdom or correctness of some act of the professional's. But that lady instantly extinguished her by saying, 'We always did it so at South Kensington.' Which, of course, was unanswerable. Thereupon all the other ladies indulged in exultant glances at the downcast plaintiff.

But by far the best time of all was when the dishes came round to be tasted. To see the eagerness with which the dainty morsels were devoured by the hungry audience, and the extreme satisfaction with which they smacked their lips afterwards, one would think they must have been starving for a fortnight. I can compare it to nothing so much as the feeding time at the Zoological Gardens. It was enough to make the grand old Athenian philosopher turn in his grave. But this privilege was only extended to the select few who sat in the front rows. Those who had the misfortune to be in the back seats must have left the room as hungry as they entered it. Unless, indeed, which for their sakes we may hope was the case, the loss of one sense was compensated for by the acuteness of another, and the increased sense of smell made

up for the non-gratification of the sense of taste. Were I to attempt to enumerate all the wonderful dishes that Mdlle. de Vanille showed us how to concoct, I might as well at once begin to write a new dictionary of cookery. She was quite an adept in the art of consuming eggs, eight in one pudding being considered moderate, and fifty in a day nothing out of the way. So that, by the time she left, the country for miles round was completely cleared of eggs. And she herself confessed that she was almost ashamed to look a hen in the face, which under the circumstances was not surprising.

All those housewives who did not already possess poultry now saw how necessary it would be to commence keeping hens at once. There was even a talk of Small-borough, on its own account, opening a trade with France in that commodity. The transformation which beasts, birds, fishes, and creeping things underwent, as soon as they were handed over to the delicate manipulations of the professional, was so great that I am certain their nearest relatives would not have known them again. But then, as we are all aware, Nature is quite out of date now, and the sooner she is buried completely from our sight the better. Art has been trampled upon and kept from her rightful throne too long already!

As the old song says,

'The rose may cease to blow,  
'The eagle turn a dove,  
The streams may cease to flow,'

ere I shall cease to remember with fond regret the delicious jellies, the tempting blanc-manges, the irreproachable fillets, the soufflés, the fricassées, the puddings patronised by Royalty, the 'spread-eagle,' to which Mademoiselle assured us she always kissed her

hand on finding it at table, and, above all, the irresistible gravies flavoured with the world-renowned Yankee - tickle. Only to see *Mademoiselle* preparing these delicacies made one's mouth water, and so great was the eagerness to taste them that it caused quite a scuffle among the ravenous front rows. Expressions of intense relish from the more fortunate ones ensued; but black looks of disappointment from the hungry wretches at the back. Though lost to sight and taste, these dishes are yet, and ever will be, to memory dear.

There were just a few of the old school, who, thinking, with the ancient ballad, that Britons are infallible so long as they are fed upon beef, complained bitterly that their daughters had not been taught to roast a joint or cook a mutton chop. Those housekeepers, too, who had so eagerly hailed the advent of the cooking-classes as a sure precursor of the time when the penny should go as far as the shilling, now lamented in doleful strains that, instead of diminishing, their weekly bills had lately increased to an alarming extent.

But then what did that signify, when our little benighted cathedral city had risen from its ashes of ignorance and barbarism, and now stood up in the full daylight of civilisation and culinary knowledge, promising some day to equal, if not surpass, the celebrated town in Nottinghamshire itself?

The public statue has not yet been erected to *Mdlle. de Vanille* in the market-place. But it is an undeniable fact that the number of weddings which took place in the first eight months succeeding the cooking-classes was quite unprecedented in the annals of the town, in every instance the bride being one of the successful pupils at the model kitchen. So that *Mdlle. de Vanille* might exclaim, with the immortal Horace,

'I have erected a monument more enduring than bronze.'

But the most remarkable of all is that one of the elderly 'young ladies' is just about to comfort the remaining days of a double-dyed old bachelor; and every one says it is entirely owing to her having learnt how to make a faultless Indian curry.

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## RELATIONSHIPS.

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WHETHER the word 'relationship' is a real genuine English word, worthy of a place in dictionaries, or only to be ranked among the mongrel terms which have cropped up in recent times, is a question which we shall leave to the tender mercies of philologists. We have a strong suspicion that Dr. Johnson would have abhorred a noun with two tails, such as the affixes *-tion* and *-ship* might be designated. But whether this is so or not, we believe that the thing meant by the word is well understood, and that nobody would suppose for a moment that anything else was intended by it than—but how can we define it? Let us be guilty of a *petitio principii*, and say *blood-relationship*.

We said just now that the meaning of 'relationship' was well understood. It is, however, a part of the object of this paper to point out that very confused notions prevail with regard to various degrees of relationship, and that there is a good deal in connection with this subject which may be classed under the heading of 'things not generally known.'

One of the curious pieces of affectation which young people often 'go in for' in these days is the pretence that they 'don't understand relationships,' and don't know how So-and-so is related to them: 'Some sort of a cousin, don't you know; but I haven't the remotest notion what.' We have never taken the trouble to analyse the state of mind of which this kind of nonsense is a frequent symptom; but we incline to the belief that it proceeds from a com-

mon habit of 'hedging,' of being on the safe side, in fact. If the person to whom you confess you are related turns out to be commonplace, it is as well that your relationship should be supposed to be very distant. If, on the other hand, you find that some *kudos* attaches to you for being related to him, why, then, you can tax your memory a little further, and say you believe he is your 'first cousin.' In either case, it is safest to be vague and ambiguous on the subject while you are only feeling your ground.

That there are, however, minds so constituted as to be unable to understand any degrees of relationship beyond the family circle of father, mother, brothers, and sisters, we can gather some evidence from our own experience. Never shall we forget the attempts made by a party of collegians, many years ago, to explain to a lady at a supper-table the old puzzle, 'If Dick's father is John's son, what relation is Dick to John?' She really tried her best, but utterly failed to grasp the problem. Much assistance was offered in the shape of a decanter and a wine-glass, to represent 'Dick' and 'John'; and the lady's voice might have been heard, amid all the din and clatter, exclaiming seriously, and in a tone of remonstrance, 'Do you mean to tell me that that wine-glass is the grandfather of that decanter?' But it was all in vain. The attempt to convince the good lady had to be abandoned. The intricate mathematical investigation was beyond her powers.

There are also persons who have never given their minds to problems of this kind, and to whom anything outside of their own narrow experience presents a difficulty. We knew a case of ignorance about relationships, or, more strictly, about family names, which sounds almost incredible. A young fellow of eighteen, or thereabouts, who was by no means a fool, and whom we will call Smith, was invited to dinner by his aunt, a childless widow—say Mrs. Jones—at her lodgings in London. Now Smith had previously only known his aunt at his home down in the country, and had always known her as ‘aunt Susan’; and it had never yet occurred to him to consider whether she was maid, wife, or widow. Having, however, never heard, as far as he knew, of any husband of ‘aunt Susan,’ and knowing that she was his father’s sister, he said to the servant who opened the door at Mrs. Jones’s lodgings,

‘Does Miss Smith lodge here?’

‘No, sir,’ replied the girl; ‘no-body of that name.’

‘But she does,’ replied young Smith; ‘she’s my aunt, and she told me she lodged here,’ &c.

How it ended we do not recollect; but there is no doubt that a

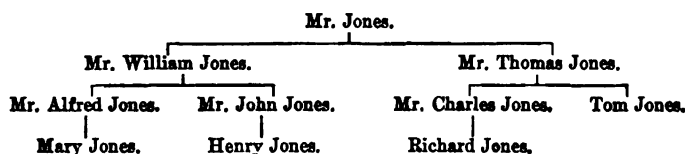
certain amount of suspicion must have attached to the excellent Mrs. Jones, in the eyes of her landlady, as a person with an *alias*.

‘It’s all very well to call herself a married lady,’ that virtuous female may have said; ‘but here’s her own nephew—if he *is* her nephew (?)—calling her “Miss Smith,” and all! I don’t like the looks of it at all!’

We can also well imagine that the nephew came in for a wiggling from his elderly relative, and never made the same mistake again.

The number of people who understand the terms ‘first cousin,’ ‘second cousin,’ ‘first cousin once removed,’ &c., is very small. Probably many of those who read these lines imagine that a ‘first cousin once removed’ is the same as a ‘second cousin;’ and still more carry on the transactions of life under a mistaken notion that if ‘Mary’ is ‘first cousin once removed’ to, say, ‘Tom’ (as a little dash of romance may then be imagined), then Tom is also ‘first cousin once removed’ to Mary. Let us hasten to dispel these illusions.

Suppose we illustrate our remarks by a fictitious little pedigree :



Now here it may be necessary to explain, as we fear many persons ‘don’t understand pedigrees’ (except, perhaps, those of race-horses, in which knowledge many of our gilded youth would be unwilling to appear deficient, though not ashamed of ignorance concerning human genealogies), the original Mr. Jones is supposed to

have had two sons, Messrs. William and Thomas Jones. Of these two brothers, William was the father of Alfred and John; and Thomas was the father of Charles and Tom. Mary is the daughter of Alfred; Henry is the son of John, and Richard is the son of Charles. It will not need any extraordinary acumen to dis-

cover that Alfred, John, Charles, and Tom are all grandsons of the original Mr. Jones; and that Mary, Henry, and Richard are his great-grandchildren. Those who have taken in thus much may, by a further stretch of intellect, comprehend that Alfred and John are first cousins to Charles and Tom, the father of the former pair of brothers being brother to the father of the latter pair. But now comes the difficulty. What is the 'relationship' between our old friends 'Tom' and 'Mary'? Tom is first cousin to Mary's father, Alfred. What relation is Mary herself to Tom? Some persons say 'second cousin'; but this is a mistake: she is his 'first cousin once removed'—a relationship which may be defined as that of 'the child of a first cousin.' Thus, to take an instance from our Royal Family, the Queen's children and the Duke of Cumberland are 'first cousins once removed' to the Duke of Cambridge, being children of his Royal Highness's first cousins.

This relationship, existing as it does between two persons in different 'generations,' i.e. not descended by an equal number of steps from the common ancestor, is not a *mutual* relationship, like 'brother' or 'first cousin.' In other words, if Alfred is brother to John, John is brother to Alfred; if Alfred is first cousin to Charles, Charles is first cousin to Alfred: because these are in the same 'generation'; therefore these relationships—'brother' and 'first cousin'—are 'mutual.' But 'uncle' and 'nephew' are not mutual relationships; for if Alfred is uncle to Henry, Henry is *not* 'uncle' to Alfred; and if Richard is nephew to Tom, Tom is *not* 'nephew' to Richard. And 'first cousin once removed' is a relationship like 'nephew.' If Mary and Henry are 'first cousins

once removed' to Charles, it does not follow that Charles is 'first cousin once removed' to them. He is often *called* so, but quite as erroneously as an uncle would be called his nephew's 'nephew.' The curious fact remains that, for the converse of the relationship 'first cousin once removed,' i.e. for a 'parent's first cousin,' there is no name of universal acceptance. If Mary and Henry in our Jones pedigree are children, and Mr. Charles Jones, their father's first cousin, is an intimate and attached relative, whose visit brings with it toys and lollipops, it is not improbable that he 'gets' (as Northerners say) 'uncle Charles' from his little cousin Mary. Otherwise, it may be, he is known to her as 'cousin Charles.' The only name for his relationship to her, of which we know, is that of 'Welsh uncle'—a name of limited usage, but as good, probably, as any other convenient term which could be devised.

It has been shown that a first cousin's child is called a 'first cousin once removed.' On the same principle, a first cousin's grandchild is called a 'first cousin twice removed,' and *his* (or *her*) child would be a 'first cousin three times removed;' and so on, the number of 'removes' showing by how many generations the two persons who are so related differ. On the same principle that a great-grandchild is rare, i.e. a person *lineally* removed by three generations, a first cousin three times removed is, speaking generally, somewhat rare, but far more common, doubtless, than a great-grandchild, because the former means the great-grandchild of a person's first cousin, who may be much older than the person himself. Indeed it is quite conceivable that a man should live to see

his first cousin five times removed ; for he might easily have a first cousin fifty or sixty years older than himself, and live to see that cousin's descendants of the fifth generation.

As there is no name for a parent's first cousin, so also there is none for a grandparent's first cousin ; but if the term 'Welsh uncle' should ever be generally adopted for the former, the latter might, by analogy, be called a Welsh granduncle (or grand Welsh uncle): thus if Mary Jones, in our pedigree, marries and has children, they will be first cousins twice removed to Tom, and he will be their Welsh granduncle.

And now we may pass on to second cousins. 'Second cousins' are persons whose nearest common ancestor is great-grandparent to each—in other words, if two persons are first cousins, the children of the one are second cousins to the children of the other. Thus, among the Joneses, Mary and Henry are second cousins to Richard ; or, in the Royal Family, the Duke of Cumberland is second cousin to the Prince of Wales. And it will follow, by analogy, that your second cousin's child is your second cousin once removed ; your second cousin's grandchild, your second cousin twice removed ; and so on. And it is needless to remark that there is no term for the converse to these relationships. Thus Henry Jones's children would be second cousins once removed to Richard ; but there is no term except 'father's second cousin' to express *his* relationship to *them*.

From what has been said, it will naturally follow that 'third cousins' are persons whose nearest common ancestor is a great-great-grandparent, or, in other words, persons who are the children of two persons who are second cousins to each

other. Likewise, the children of two 'third cousins' are 'fourth cousins,' and so on.

In fact, using algebraical symbols, we may say that a person's  $m^{\text{th}}$  cousin  $n$  times removed is one who is lineally descended from the nearest common ancestor by  $n$  more generations than the former, the former himself being  $m+1$  generations below that ancestor.

Thus, for example, your fifth cousin twice removed is eighth in descent from your sixth ancestor (counting your parent as first ancestor, your grandparent as second, and so on).

But our readers will fear we are for reducing 'relationship' to one of the exact sciences if we have any more to say about the algebraical  $m$  and  $n$  (no relations these to the M. and N. of the Catechism). Lest, however, they should be inclined to think lightly of this subject, let them remember what tremendous consequences have resulted from even distant relationship, and how all-important it has been in countless instances to preserve family records, by means of which claims to great wealth and high rank have been established. It is all very well to smile at the claim to a fifth cousinship several times removed ; but if the heir presumptive knows that no nearer cousins—no relatives of any kind, removed or not removed—stand between him and the chieftainship of his family, who shall blame him for having studied the intricacies of relationship ? It has not seldom happened that a very distant cousin has thus succeeded to 'the title and estates.' There was an instance of this in the great house of Stanley, about a century and a half ago. When James, the tenth Earl of Derby, died in 1736, it was necessary to go back some two hundred and fifty years, in order to establish

the claim of his heir, Sir Edward Stanley; and, in fact, this eleventh Earl was sixth cousin to the tenth. And it is somewhat remarkable that, although the present Lord Derby is the fifteenth Earl, yet he is not descended lineally from any of the first ten earls, except, of course, the first, the Constable of England, who died in 1504.

Another curious instance of keeping the claims of distant relationship in remembrance occurs in the history of the Dukedom of Somerset. This dukedom was conferred in 1547 upon the Protector, Sir Edward Seymour, with this peculiar limitation: that the heirs of his *second* marriage should succeed; and failing them, his heirs by his *first* wife. For several generations the dukedom remained in the second family; and it may have seemed to many a righteous retribution that, in 1750, when the seventh Duke died, there was no heir to succeed, except among the descendants of the Protector's first wife. The head of that branch, therefore, Sir Edward Seymour, sixth baronet (for the first Duke's grandson had been made a baronet), became eighth Duke of Somerset, being fifth cousin once removed to the seventh Duke.

But perhaps the most remarkable example in modern times of the advantage of proving one's heirship through distant relationship is the case of the Earldom of Devon. Sir Edward Courtenay was created Earl of Devon in 1485; and his great-grandson Edward, after sundry attainders, was created Earl of Devon in 1553 by his 'Welsh aunt,' Queen Mary, with remainder to 'heirs male general.' Now this Earl died in 1566, aged thirty-nine, and unmarried; and as there were no Courtenays left who were at all nearly related to him, the earldom was supposed to be extinct, and

was not claimed. More than two centuries and a half afterwards, however, in 1831, it was proved to the satisfaction of the House of Lords that William, third Viscount Courtenay, was entitled to the Earldom of Devon, as heir general of the Earl created by Queen Mary, to whom his relationship was that of sixth cousin nine times removed! The nearest common ancestor, Hugh de Courtenay, second Earl of Devon, of a former creation, had died in 1377, nearly two hundred years before the first Earl of the present creation. Thus it was decided that the earldom, during the 265 years of non-claim, had been, not extinct, but dormant; and seven of the Courtenays who lived and died in that interval are reckoned now as rightful Earls of Devon. It is somewhat curious that one of these, viz. William Courtenay, was created a baronet in 1644 (when he appears to have been only sixteen), but is stated in the genealogical records to have 'disdained the title.' Can this have resulted from a belief that he had a right to a much higher title?

The complications of relationship which result from certain kinds of 'mixed' marriages are confusing enough; and we have plenty of sympathy for those who regard them as things which 'no feller can understand.' There are, indeed, people to be met with, who will assure you that there is some way—they can't exactly remember what—by which a man may become 'his own grandfather, don't you know?' 'O yes,' they tell you confidently, 'they have seen it proved, and they know it's all right!' In all seriousness, however, cases may quite conceivably occur of an uncle and nephew, say, marrying 'respectively' (as is said in publication of banns, and which no

doubt is taken for 'respectably' by many of the humbler sort) a niece and aunt: for, as everybody knows, a niece may be older than her aunt, or, at any rate, they may both be 'marriageable' at the same time. Figure, then, to yourselves, gentle readers, and if of a genealogical frame of mind illustrate by a pedigree, the relationships that might ensue. Suppose, let us say, Mr. James Brown marries Miss Eliza White, and they have a son Charles; while young William Brown, a nephew of James, marries Miss Jane White, the young aunt of Eliza (a *maternal* aunt would be more likely, but the same surname is easier to follow). In due time we will suppose the young William Browns are blessed with a daughter, to whom they (for in the matter of giving of the name, as well as in all serious responsibility, the parents are undoubtedly the real godparents) give the name of Mary. Now examine the relationships. Mr. James Brown is great-uncle to Mary, but his wife is her first-cousin! Charles is Welsh uncle to Mary, and also Welsh nephew. So that in this case, contrary to what was said above, the relationship of 'first cousin once removed' is mutual.

Some of the newspapers pointed out, at the time of their engagement, the complications which would arise by the recent marriage of the Duke of Westminster. The brother of the new Duchess is married to the Duke's daughter, so that his grace is father-in-law to his own brother-in-law. If there should be issue to both marriages, the one young family will have their aunt for a step-grandmother, and the other will be uncles and aunts to their own first cousins!

But such complications as these

are by no means rare. We know a gentleman who has two sons-in-law; and one of these is father-in-law to the other. And we have heard of another whose two wives had previously been the widows of a father and son. It constitutes quite a problem to discover how such marriages were possible and legal, as they undoubtedly were.

The *rationale* of the Table of Kindred and Affinity is, we believe, little understood. It proceeds from the scriptural principle that persons may not marry each other if they are related by less than four 'degrees of relationship;' by which expression is meant the natural unit of relationship—that between parent and child. Thus a niece is a man's *parents' child's child*:—i.e. the relationship is one of *three* degrees; therefore a man may not marry his niece. But a first cousin is a man's *parents' parents' child's child*, i.e. the relationship is one of *four* degrees; and therefore a man *may* marry his first cousin and anyone still more remotely related to him.

It may be seen from this that it would be unlawful for a man to marry his great-granddaughter, she being only three degrees of relationship distant from him. This prohibition is not mentioned in the table, doubtless from the virtual impossibility of such a case arising. But if we could conceive it possible that a man should desire to lead his young *great-great-granddaughter* to the altar, he would, at any rate, have the law on his side, for she would be as distantly related to him as a first cousin. Some of our readers may recollect a story of Edgar Allan Poe's, wherein a man discovers that the lady to whom he is engaged is his great-great-grandmother. The relation-

ship would not have invalidated the marriage.

Relationships, of course, figure largely in novels. In the old romances it may almost be said that everybody turned out in the end to be everybody else's grandmother! One would suppose that every kind of discovered relationship had been already utilised to form a striking incident in novels. And yet we venture to say that the following 'notion' has hitherto been overlooked by inventors of plots, to whom we freely offer it.

Imagine the bride and bridegroom, after innumerable trials and obstacles of every kind, to be at last at the altar, and the marriage service begun. The officiating bishop (we will suppose the contracting parties to be of such noble birth that it takes a bishop to unite them) asks whether any one can allege any impediment now, 'or else for ever hold his peace.' To the dismay of the wedding-party, an old woman (the evil genius, or fairy not invited to the christening) comes forward and explains—what she alone has known—the mystery in which the birth of the bride's mother, long since dead, was involved. Documents are produced which prove, to the satisfaction (or rather dissatisfaction) of all present, that the bride's maternal grandmother was the bridegroom's half-sister, nearly fifty years older

than himself; 'and, therefore,' concludes the malicious old bel-dame, 'as a man cannot marry his niece, the marriage is unlawful!' Great sensation, of course, ensues; but the bishop, who is well up in the Table of Kindred, &c., quietly remarks, 'A man may not marry his niece, but he *may* marry his *great-niece*,' and accordingly proceeds with the service, to the discomfiture of the ancient hag and the joy of everybody else.

Such a marriage, indeed, would be quite lawful, for the relationship, it will be observed, is one of *four* degrees, and, accordingly, it is not one of the 'forbidden degrees.' Should such a marriage be followed, as most marriages are, by progeny, we should have the curious result that children would have their own mother for a 'Welsh niece,' and would be first cousins to their grandmother, and first cousins twice removed to themselves!

A marriage in high life actually took place, a few years ago, in which the bridegroom was first cousin twice removed to the bride. Her ladyship, therefore, became daughter-in-law to her own Welsh nephew; and when a son and heir appeared upon the scene, he figured as second cousin to one grandfather, and as great-great-great-nephew to the other, who was less than sixty years of age!

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## VALENTINA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A FRENCH HEIRESS IN HER OWN CHATEAU,'  
'MRS. LANCASTER'S RIVAL,' ETC.

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### CHAPTER X.

#### A TRUANT.

WILLIAM GOLDING had at one time been something of a racing-man, though more because his friends urged it on him than because he cared for it himself. Soon after he married, his wife had insisted on his selling his horses; and it had not cost him any pain to give up his connection with the Turf altogether.

It was one of Lady Valentina's inconsistencies, as people thought them. A very little experience of races had been enough for her. They did not amuse her much; she did not like the people she saw there. Her idea of fun, as connected with horses, was a gallop across country, or driving herself in some eccentric fashion. She was quite fearless, and enjoyed an adventure with a touch of danger or mischief in it.

Her sister Julia, on the contrary, liked what she thought civilised amusements, among which she counted the Midshire races in the middle of April, and the ball at the county town that belonged to them. She filled her house for the occasion, and agreed with her husband that this would be a good opportunity for asking Valentina and Golding. It looked odd that they should never come to Stoneycourt. Val's eccentricities would not matter so much when there was plenty to do, and her beautiful face and dress would ornament the party.

Lady Julia collected her guests from all quarters. She asked Roger Miles to stay three nights, coming in time to dine on the first day, going with them to the races on the next two days, and to the ball on the last evening. Mrs. Miles, with her hearty dislike and disapproval of Stoneycourt and all its clan, hoped Roger would refuse; but was disappointed, and could not say much. It was, after all, so natural that a young man should enter into the gaieties of his own neighbourhood.

Roger drove up to Stoneycourt about seven o'clock, when the sun was setting. The place looked very fine, standing lit up on its hill, belted with fir-trees that showed grandly dark against the evening sky. Outside the gates he met old Starr, the coachman, who was rather lame from rheumatism, and came marching along with the help of a stick. Starr made a sign to Mr. Miles, who pulled up and spoke to him.

'You haven't seen my boy anywhere about in the hedges, have you, sir? That there Dick, that grandson of mine, as is always in mischief?'

'No; I have seen no signs of him. Have you lost him?'

'He took himself off three hours ago. And you haven't by chance seen my Lady Valentina?'

'What, is she lost too?'

'There was inquiries made about her,' said Starr cautiously. 'I didn't tell 'em what I guessed; but she was down at our house this



very morning, talking to Dick about nests, and looking at his eggs, as he's got a regular fine collection of; and I shouldn't be, so to say, surprised if it's bird's-nesting along with Dick the young lady's after. At least, sir, there is things as would scare me worse.'

'Yes, I should think so. Very harmless; and I have no doubt Dick will bring the lady back safe,' said Roger. 'Are you going with us to-morrow, Starr?'

'To be sure, sir; leastways, if this here worret don't bring on the rheumatics.'

Roger drove on to the house, rather amused in his mind. He was glad that Lady Valentina had not lost her childish tastes, her love of liberty, and going out in the fields. He agreed with old Starr that she and Dick were probably bird's-nesting together.

He saw no one till nearly dinner-time. Then, as he came out of his room into the lighted gallery, he met Valentina coming slowly along. She was rather dishevelled; her hair was rough, and on her dress there were stains of green, brown, and yellow. She looked flushed and naughty, too, very like a truant child; but as she looked up and saw Roger smiling, her eyes began to smile too, with mischievous sweetness.

'I am so tired,' she said. 'What do you think I have been doing?'

'Bird's-nesting?' suggested Roger.

She spread out a pair of brown little hands to cover the stains. The hands themselves just then were not like those of a fine lady.

'I never did it before,' she said; 'and it is such glorious fun! What lucky things boys are! Had you a collection of eggs when you were a boy?'

'Yes, a splendid one. I've got them now—a cabinet full. You

can look them over some day, and take any you like. I have outgrown that interest,' said Roger benevolently.

'Ah, you *blasé* creature! No, thank you. I don't steal from other people. I am going to collect mine myself, with my friend Dick Starr's help. He knows them all; he is a genius, that boy! To-morrow he and I are going to drive in a pony-cart to a place ten or eleven miles off, where there are nests of waterfowl. He thinks we may find a kingfisher's nest. Did you ever find one?'

'Yes; there is always one in the river-bank at home. But is not to-morrow the Midborough Cup-day? forgive my suggesting it.'

Valentina exclaimed pettishly, and stamped her foot,

'Those detestable races! I won't go to them! I promised Dick, and I shall go with him.'

'Some people will be disappointed,' said Roger quietly.

'Well, at any rate, keep my secret, will you? Say nothing about the eggs or the cart, because Dick might get into a scrape. I saw Julia just now. She was so shocked at the sight of me; and I told her I had been climbing trees.'

'Wasn't it true?'

'How rude you are, Mr. Miles! I shall never tell you anything again. Here is Aurélie coming to look for me. Well, Aurélie, are you in despair?'

'Does milady know that the dinner-bell will ring in five minutes?'

'I'm coming,' said Valentina.

She waved her hand with a smile to Roger, and went along the gallery, singing to herself two lines of an old French song that those who lived with her knew very well:

'Je n'ai pas de cœur, et je m'en soucie guère!  
Si j'avais de cœur, je ne saurais qu'en faire!'

The words struck Roger, and, as he ran down-stairs, he caught himself thinking that they might be true.

There were a good many people staying in the house, nearly all of them strangers to Roger. He did not join much in the talk at dinner, which was mostly made up of stories of the Turf and the betting-ring. Lady Julia and several of her friends laughed very much at these stories, and everybody confessed, with deprecating smiles, that there was a great deal of rascality mixed up in these things. Lady Valentina listened with an air of disgust which gave Roger some pleasure.

After dinner he had a long talk with Golding, who seemed only too happy to be in his old friend's company again, and to chat away with him unreservedly. When they went into the drawing-room, Billy did not seem inclined to part with him; he made his way to a remote sofa, and he and Roger sat down in the two round corners of it. They had not been there long, when Lady Valentina came up to them.

'Give me your place,' she said to her husband. 'I want to stay here.'

'Take mine,' said Roger, springing up before Billy had time to make a languid movement.

She smiled, and let herself sink down rather wearily into the soft cushioned corner. Roger stood against the wall close to her shoulder. She fanned herself, and sighed once or twice impatiently before any of them spoke.

'What's the matter, Val?' said her husband. 'Anything happened to vex you?'

'Everything. I dislike all these people. These women have been

tormenting me, because I said I would not go to the horrid races to-morrow. Julia said she would talk to me by and by. What does she mean?'

'To persuade you, I suppose,' said Billy. 'She thinks it would be rather hard on them all; wouldn't it, Miles?'

'Nonsense!' said Lady Val. 'What difference could I make to any of them? No one would miss me, except, perhaps, you and Mr. Miles.'

'My dear girl, you don't expect me to go without you? I shall be too glad to escape.'

'That is all right, then. And Mr. Miles?'

She looked up smiling. Roger felt himself obliged to answer that he feared he was bound to go.

'Lady Julia asked me, you see,' he said.

'She asked me,' said Valentina. 'Am I bound?'

'You are bound to please yourself, and nobody else,' said Billy Golding. 'Won't you find the day rather long, though, with nothing to do?'

'O, I shall amuse myself.'

She was soon tired of her place on the sofa, and got up and walked away. Her husband stayed contentedly where he was. Roger Miles was staring at a picture, and wishing to-morrow at the bottom of the sea, and keeping time with his fingers to a lively swinging march that some one was playing on the distant piano, when Frank Hartless came and flung himself down in Valentina's corner.

Frank was generally thought a very agreeable man. Everybody liked him; he was a universal knowledge box, and had an enviable power of adapting himself to circumstances. Still, he had been unlucky in one way, for no fewer than three charming women had

refused him, before that affair of Valentina, in which he had startled his brother and sister by behaving so like a fool. Robert was disappointed in Frank, who had borne the character of a cheerful philosopher, and had sprung up like a blade of grass after the crushing of his former refusals. But even in this case a few months had been enough to restore him to his usual spirits. He had been able to meet Lady Valentina Golding with a smiling face, and, on the strength of their connection and his friendship with her husband, had soon reëstablished an intimacy which she was too indifferent to discourage. He was always finding fault with her about something, always being snubbed in return, and always proving irrefragable. At the same time, he made it no secret that he thought her perfect, and told everybody that her faults alone would make her fifty times more attractive than other women.

'Look here, Billy,' said Frank, 'Julia is most awfully cut up. Your wife declares she won't go to-morrow. It spoils the whole thing, I suppose you know. I have been begging and praying without avail. What new fancy is it?'

'It's *her* fancy; she does not choose to go. Do you expect any more explanation?'

'Come, but this is a little too much, you know—overturning people's arrangements like this; it won't do at all. If prayers are no use, I really think just for once you should put your foot down. My brother and Julia are awfully disgusted. Tell her it's a case in which she really must give in.'

Roger looked round with a slight smile.

'What are you laughing at?' said Frank rather sharply.

'Nothing,' said Roger, who did not at all choose to discuss Lady Valentina's whims with this third party.

'Do you hear, Billy?' Frank went on. 'She can't think that she has no duties to her relations or to society. It—it— What earthly reason can she have for refusing to go to-morrow?'

'My wife is the best judge of her own reasons and her own wishes,' answered Billy—'if it's my wife that you mean by "she."'

'Yes, I know what they are,' said Frank, unabashed. 'She may have changed them by to-morrow morning; and I hope she will, or else we shall have a scene. Julia is very serious, I can tell you. She won't take the spoiling of her party with any meekness at all.'

Roger strolled away, with some additional respect for Billy, who seemed capable of standing up for his wife, though hardly of silencing Frank Hartless; that would have been too much to expect of him.

It was very stormy weather at Stoneycourt the next morning. For once the placid-tempered Lady Julia was thoroughly put out, and perhaps that was not wonderful. Neither Lady Valentina nor her husband appeared at breakfast; soon after which the great four-in-hand drag came to the door, and everybody was prepared to start for Midborough. Roger Miles was standing near the foot of the stairs at the library-door, when Frank Hartless came up and asked him whether the Goldings were going.

'You are as wise as I am,' said Roger. 'I have not seen either of them since last night.'

'Lady Julia spoke her mind last night—I don't know with what effect,' said Frank, smiling,

and lowering his voice ; for Lady Julia at that moment came hurriedly along the hall.

'Frank, will you oblige me by asking William Golding whether he and Val are going with us or not? The servants can tell me nothing. They talk some nonsense about Val not being in the house.'

Frank nodded and sprang upstairs. Lady Julia was flushed, and her dress, which was pink, did not become her well. Roger had not known before that she could look so cross and be so fussy, but he was candid and reasonable enough to be sorry for her. The whole thing seemed a dismal bore to him, now that Valentina preferred bird's-nesting. About that he did not think it was his duty to say a word. He went to the door and admired the horses, who were stamping and shaking their harness, impatient to be off. Then he was aware that Frank had come down-stairs, bringing Billy Golding with him, and that Lady Julia was holding a short conversation with these two at the foot of the stairs.

'Well, we certainly can't wait till she is found,' was her conclusion. 'You should never let her out of your sight, William ; she is far too strange to go about alone. You can send the servants to look for her if you like. Of course, none of our party can stay behind. She has hidden herself somewhere, no doubt, on purpose to annoy us.'

Mr. Hartless now came forward and joined them.

'Are you all ready? What are we waiting for?'

'Val has run away,' said Lady Julia shortly.

There were several servants standing near, and Roger felt so angry with her that he could hardly restrain himself.

'Do you suppose she is far off?' said Robert Hartless to Billy.

'Most likely not; but I don't know where she is. From what Aurélie says, she must have gone out early.'

'An odd proceeding,' said Mr. Hartless. 'I suppose you won't come with us, then?'

'No.'

'We had better start; the horses have been there quite long enough. Is every one ready?'

Roger slipped round at the back of the group and joined Billy, who was looking nervous, helpless, and unhappy. He stretched out his hand with an eager movement, and laid hold of Roger's arm.

'Stay with me, old fellow,' he said, in a half-whisper.

Roger nodded. He overtook Lady Julia with two steps, and asked her to excuse him. Golding seemed unwell and anxious, he said, and he hardly thought he ought to be left alone.

'O, certainly! Will he want anybody else?' said Lady Julia, with a haughty rudeness of manner which astonished Roger.

He went back to Billy, who stood leaning against the balusters, changing colour from red to white painfully. He took the poor fellow by the arm and led him into the library, and there they waited till the four-in-hand had driven off, and the house had begun to be quiet again.

Billy had thrown himself almost face downwards on a sofa. Presently Roger spoke to him, and when he looked up, saw, with some consternation, that he was in tears. He asked him kindly—perhaps with a slight mixture of manly contempt—whether he was anxious about Lady Valentina.

'I don't know,' said Billy. 'Poor darling! I knew she would not go, and Julia was so savage

to her last night. Val and I decided that we would go away to-morrow. Not to-day, because she had something to do, she said, and she couldn't give it up because Julia was grumpy. Whether she's gone to see poor people, or what it is, I don't know. She's always awfully generous to beggars. I wonder where she is, though? Do you think she will come in soon?

The poor fellow seemed so weak in mind and body that Roger thought he had better not mention the scheme for driving ten miles and collecting waterfowl's eggs. The best plan would be to go off himself and look for her, and bring her back again.

'Look here, Billy, old boy, you are tired out,' he said, in his kindest manner. 'The best thing you can do is to lie down and go to sleep. I'll go out and look for Lady Valentina, and I won't come back without her, I promise you that.'

'Ah—thanks! I thought you would pull us out of it,' said Billy, with a grateful confidence, which somehow added to Roger's weight of sadness.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE MILL.

LADY VALENTINA thought the first hours of that day among the most amusing and unusual she had ever spent. After the early cup of coffee which Aurélie always provided, she went out, down the long gardens to a corner of the stable-yard, where Dick Starr joined her directly. He was a bright-eyed lad of fourteen, with a curly head and an adventurous spirit. In the lane that ran up at the back of the stables the rough pony and little wooden cart were waiting, tied to a post. In

the cart there was a basket containing bread and cheese, for it had occurred to Dick that he and his companion might be hungry in the course of their drive. He doubted whether a lady could eat either bread or cheese; but he had no chance of providing anything better, guessing that if he took his grandmother into his confidence, the whole plan would be spoilt.

They rattled off at a great pace down the sandy stony lane. The sun was shining, and all the young nut-trees and willows were coming into leaf: the primrose-studded banks were strewn over with fallen catkins. Lambs peeped through the hedges and raced away. Birds twittered cheerfully, and every now and then Master Dick stopped his pony and climbed to some tempting nest, to the intense excitement of his companion. The few country people they met in those lonely lanes stared wonderingly at the pair. Valentina's shady hat and shepherd's plaid shawl did not in any way disguise her ladyship. She was laughing and gay, forgetting everything but the present moment, wild after eggs, asking Dick a thousand questions, taking the reins from him and making the pony skim over the ground at a pace which even alarmed him a little, boy as he was. But he was her willing slave, and though he felt his superior wisdom as to nests and their owners, and spoke with authority on these subjects, he bowed down before the ruling spirit in everything else.

It was a delicious drive. To have had her own way in spite of Julia's cross words, to have escaped from the races and all their vulgar noise into this freedom of sweet spring country full of life and song, gave Valentina a feeling of quite triumphant happiness.

At last, ten miles from Stoney-court, they came to the river, a shallow splashing stream which flowed by woods and rushes and flowery meadows, and then made wild little rapids of itself down the stony side of a moor. Dick took his pony to a cottage near by, advising Lady Valentina to wait for him by the river, as they were an 'ignorant lot' up there. She sat on the bank and waited as he advised, gazing at the white and blue sky-reflections in the water, which flowed past her so fast, making a little bubbling chatter of its own all the time. Once she nearly tumbled in, trying to reach a pretty white flower that drifted by. Presently Dick came back, and the nest-hunting began. Its results were a little disappointing. The kingfisher was evidently a tradition; no dwelling of white fish-bones was to be found under either bank. Dick waded about bare-foot, and Val felt half inclined to do the same, but could not quite make up her mind to it. She thought the water was hardly warm enough, and she also disliked the looks of two or three water-rats which came under her notice as she sat on the bank.

There were results, however, for Dick Starr knew where to look for his prizes. The wagtail gave him two little greeny-gray eggs from her nest in the hollowed root of a tree that hung over the water; the sedge-warbler paid her tribute from her little home in a bramble-bush close by; the moorhen scudded away from her reedy nest among the willow-stems, and Dick splashed in triumphantly. He had had his orders from her ladyship to take no more than two eggs from any nest, and, though the idea seemed to him almost laughable, he did as he was told. He was very well amused, shouting out news of his successes to

her as she sat on the bank or wandered up and down.

After about an hour had been spent in this way, she suddenly found out that she was tired and hungry, and that all this was tiresome and stupid. She called out instantly to her companion, 'Dick! come out of the water. I don't want any more eggs now.' Dick came obediently. He was hungry too. He brought his basket, and shyly suggested some bread and cheese, but Lady Valentina at once decided that she could not eat that.

'It would choke me,' she said. 'I wish I had remembered that one can't live without food. Is there no place here where I could get some milk, for instance?'

'Well, my lady—there's Cradock's.'

'What's that?'

'The mill.'

'O, I like mills. Come along. Where is it?'

'Half a mile down stream,' said Dick rather doubtfully. 'But I'm afraid of the miller. He caught me fishing up here the other day, and he said if he caught me again I should get a thrashing. I don't know as I dare go, all wet like this. You can't miss the way. Keep straight along by the river.'

'O, certainly not! I don't mean to be deserted in that way, my good Dick. Don't be afraid. I won't let the miller thrash you.'

Dick looked at her as if he suspected that taming the miller might even be beyond her powers. Lady Val smiled reassuringly, standing there in the sunshine among the daisies.

'Come,' she said; and she walked away down the bank with such a decided air that Dick felt himself obliged to follow her.

He wondered, though he was not given to any reflection, whe-

ther there was another lady like her in the world. Judging from those he had seen during the fourteen years of his life at Stoney-court, he thought not. Then fears of the miller came to trouble him again. She might forget to speak for him—though he adored her, he felt that she was flighty and changeable—and Dick was a prudent lad, who did not need two warnings to beware of a thrashing. He walked after her with his basket, stopping now and then to investigate bushes. Once when he had lingered behind he saw that she had stopped too. They had crossed the moor and come into the low ground, where the meadow hedgerows with their bright young leaves came down to the water's edge, and every now and then one tree among the others was breaking out into white blossom. Here another stream, a quiet and full one, fell into theirs, which lost its lively dancing character, and flowed on strong and steady and deep through the rich grass-land. Just below the meeting of the streams Lady Valentina stood still and waited till her guide came up to her.

'Look, here is a boat,' she said.

Dick smiled and shook his head. 'Ay,' he said—'it's Cradock's punt.'

'Punt! what is that?'

'It's them boats without sculls,' answered Dick, with a broader smile.

Lady Valentina also smiled, and shook her head slightly.

'I don't understand your language, my friend,' she said. 'How does that boat go along?'

'You pushes it with a pole. That's punting.'

'All right. Pull it in to the bank. We may as well punt a little. You shall punt me down to the mill.'

But Dick was obstinate. He

shook his head again violently, and gave her ladyship to understand that he dared not touch the boat, much less get into it, much less unfasten it. 'Mr. Cradock's mighty particular about his punt,' said Dick. 'No, I daren't lay a finger on it.'

'You an English boy, and always saying "I daren't!"' said Valentina, in accents of scorn. 'You told me yesterday that you were afraid of nothing. Pull that boat in to the bank. I do not mean to walk any further. Do you hear?'

Dick still hesitated. Lady Valentina made an exclamation in French, which startled him. Her eyes looked impatient, and a flush came into her cheeks. To his horror she made a spring, alighting in the very middle of the punt, which was swaying on the stream, rather more than a yard from the bank.

'Now, Dick,' she said, 'do not follow my example, but pull the boat in, get in, like a good boy, and punt me down to the mill. You are my boy, not Mr. Cradock's; and if he scolds you, you can tell him so. But he won't scold you.'

'All right, ma'am. Catch hold of the basket,' said Dick resignedly.

Cradock the miller was standing in a floury coat at his mill-door when he saw his punt coming down the stream. He watched its progress in astonished silence, being hardly able to believe that Dick Starr's insolence could carry him so far.

The miller's man came and looked over his shoulder.

'Who's that boy?' said Mr. Cradock.

'It's young Starr, master, and he's punting of a young woman.'

'He'll get a hiding for that, unless it is our Lucy,' said the

millar, after a moment's consideration.

'It ain't her,' said his man.

'Very well; hold your tongue.'

The two men stood and waited without another word. Dick brought the boat up a few yards from them, and silently helped Lady Valentina out. He saw that there was a stick in the miller's hand, and determined to run off at once, if there was the smallest threat of using it on him. Her ladyship must get home as she could. Valentina, unconscious of these thoughts in the boy's mind, walked quietly along to meet the miller.

'Are you Mr. Cradock?' she said to him.

'Yes, ma'am,' he answered, touching his hat.

'You'd better say "my lady," Mr. Cradock,' observed Dick, in the background. He was following his patroness closely, and the respect with which the miller answered her gave him a feeling of safety, which expressed itself in impertinence. However, he drew upon himself a rebuke which he cared for even more than Mr. Cradock's stick.

'You must not be rude, Dick,' said Lady Valentina, turning round. 'I hope you will forgive us, Mr. Cradock, for using your boat—punt, I mean. It was not this boy's doing. He came with me by my orders. I could not walk any further, and I could not punt myself. It is not quite so nice and easy as rowing, is it? We have done no harm, I hope?'

'None whatever, ma'am, as I can see,' answered old Cradock, looking at her kindly and wondering. 'If you're tired, won't you please to walk in? The missus will be glad to see you.'

His honest soul was filled with wonder as to who this mysterious lady could possibly be.

Valentina smiled her sweetest, and walked beside him to his house-door, close by. Dick saw that his misdeeds were forgotten, and began cracking jokes with the miller's man.

'The missus is your wife, I suppose,' said Valentina gently, as she followed the miller into a large spotless kitchen. 'Would she be so kind as to give me a little milk to drink?'

'To be sure,' said Mr. Cradock.

He took the strange visitor into a small low parlour beyond the kitchen, with a long latticed window looking out on some pear-trees all in bloom. The chimneypiece was almost as high as the ceiling, and on it stood a row of china figures in romantic dress, sailor-boys with blue jackets and broad-brimmed hats, ladies with curls and flowered gowns. The fireplace was lined with blue Scripture tiles, the walls were papered with blue, there was a blue-checked cloth on the table, and the chairs were covered with old blue chintz. Into this room came a tall, slight, bending woman, with a pale nervous face, an odd contrast to the fat rosy miller, though she smiled as benevolently as he did. They stood side by side, and looked at Valentina, who, as she saw the puzzled kindness in their eyes, began to wish she could live always far from the world in a little blue room like this, with two good old people to take care of her.

'I believe I am not mistaken,' said Mrs. Cradock, in a low formal voice. 'We have the honour to receive my Lady Valentina Golding.'

'Yes. How did you know me?' said Val, smiling at her.

'The missus is very sharp,' said Cradock. 'She says to me, "A beautiful young lady come with Dick Starr," says she. "Well,



who can that be but our Lady Valentina? There's no one else at Stoneycourt as answers to *that* description," says she; and it seemed to me that she was about right there," said the miller, with a bow. 'And proud we are to receive your ladyship under our roof, and the best we have is at your service.'

Valentina was a little surprised at all these compliments.

'I am sure you are both very kind,' she said. 'You have heard of me, then—because I have been at Stoneycourt so little, and certainly I have never seen you before.'

'Yes, my lady, we have heard of you,' said Mrs. Cradock, her voice trembling a little, and her eyes filling with tears. 'David Miller's uncle and aunt have reason to be thankful to your ladyship, and to your worthy husband, Mr. Golding, who must be a most generous gentleman.'

'David Miller!' repeated Valentina. 'O, Lucy's husband—Mentone! I remember. And he is much stronger, is he not? But don't thank me, Mrs. Cradock. It was not me at all; it was my husband, as you say, and he was very glad to do it. Is David your nephew?'

'He is, my lady—my poor brother's son.'

'Her name was Miller before she married me,' said Cradock. 'She was Miller by name, your ladyship, and now she's Miller by nature; and she can't make up her mind which it's best to be.'

Mrs. Cradock tapped her husband's arm reprovingly; she thought he was forgetting himself. She begged Valentina to sit down, and quickly brought a glass of creamy milk from her dairy. The miller, after assuring his guest once or twice that she was very welcome, went back to

his mill. Mrs. Cradock seemed to have many duties to attend to, but she walked in and out of the parlour, where Valentina rested herself in a large blue armchair.

The truant had no objection to satisfying her hostess's curiosity. She told her how she had slipped away, and come bird's-nesting with Dick Starr; and confessed that she did not particularly look forward to the long drive back again. Mrs. Cradock, in one of her absences, gave Dick Starr his dinner, and sent him to fetch his pony-cart, and make the best of his way home to Stoneycourt, to tell the people there to send a carriage for Lady Valentina. She might have resented this move if she had known of it; but at present she thought the miller's wife a perfectly dear old woman. To sit there with weary limbs resting, and a sweet air blowing across spring flowers, the object of so much admiration and sympathy and gratitude, of the last of which she could not feel it wrong to take her share—for certainly, that evening, she would have given Lucy the money if she could—was altogether pleasant to this poor tired girl. She did not dislike to hear Billy praised, either, knowing how well he deserved it; and Mrs. Cradock's hearty sympathising grief, when she heard that he was not strong, had a ring of something very fresh and strange about it. Mrs. Cradock, like Roger Miles, seemed to expect her to care deeply about the variations in Billy's health, and to make her arrangements fit in with them.

'O, he will soon get better! I think he is never very strong,' she said.

'Ah, poor thing, he's the object of hopes and prayers enough, I make no doubt!' said Mrs. Cradock.

To which Valentina gave no direct answer.

She sat there, talking half dreamily, forgetting how the time passed, forgetting everything but her own tiredness, and the kind old face opposite, till she was startled by the entrance of a snowy table-cloth, followed by a roast chicken and other preparations for dinner.

'Now, if your ladyship will move to the table, and condescend to let me wait on you,' said Mrs. Cradock rather shyly, when her little red-cheeked maid had left the room.

'And are not you going to have any dinner?' said Valentina. 'But you are too kind to me, really.'

'The master and me, we usually dine in the kitchen,' Mrs. Cradock replied. 'We shall see to that afterwards; there's no hurry.'

'O, indeed!' said Val, leaning back still, and smiling as she looked up. 'But if I have any dinner here at all, I shall have it with you. You will let me come into the kitchen. Mrs. Cradock, what do you think I am made off?'

'A very different sort of china from us, my dear. Please to sit down.'

Lady Val laughed at this. 'Did not Lucy tell you that I always have my own way?' she said. 'You really must listen to reason. I could not sit down here and eat by myself, like a queen in history. Dreadful idea! Let me come into the kitchen; let me carry these things in myself, I like to be useful.'

She got up and seized a plate, which Mrs. Cradock instantly took from her. She could be positive too, as her husband knew very well, and nothing would induce her to listen to Valentina's coming into the kitchen. This

conflict of wills ended in a compromise. Two more places were set at the parlour-table, and the good miller and his wife sat down to dinner with their guest. She was very much amused by the whole thing, and enjoyed it like a child in a story-book. Mr. and Mrs. Cradock were peacefully happy, though grieved to the heart at the little she would eat.

The miller had put on his Sunday coat to entertain this distinguished stranger. After dinner Valentina, who was beginning to find the parlour stuffy, made him go out with her and show her the mill and the garden. She patted the great savage dog in the yard, who gave her his paw and licked her hand; she put her head into the stable where the mill horses were. She peered with interest into the hollow of the mill-wheel, and asked Mr. Cradock what would become of her if she fell down there. She came out from among the flour-sacks, slightly powdered with flour, and asking all sorts of silly childish questions, and went on into the green garden, where the sun was shining, and the broad borders under the fruit-trees were beginning to be gay with various funny old flowers. She pulled off a twig of pear-blossom and twisted it in her hat; and then she suddenly became tired of the straight garden-walks, of her own company and Mr. Cradock's, and began to wonder in her own mind where Dick was and where his cart was, and whether the drive home would quite shake her to pieces.

'D'ye see that summer-house, my lady?' said the miller, honestly believing, as such people do, in her interest in all his family concerns, and much encouraged by it. 'I put that up with my own hands. There I sit and

smoke my pipe on summer evenings, and the missus brings her work. And 'twas in that very summer-house that our nephew Davy did a good bit of his courting of Lucy Lane. Those two—why, they were fond of each other from children, and that's how I like to see it.'

'O, yes,' said Valentina rather absently, and she yawned. 'I thought I heard somebody coming. It was you!'

Mr. Cradock felt himself silenced, he could not tell how, and wondered vainly afterwards whether he had said anything to displease her ladyship.

'Good-morning! I thought you were at Midborough,' she was saying playfully to a tall dark young man, who suddenly came striding out of the house and joined them.

She was evidently pleased to see him: she brightened up and smiled, giving him her hand in a careless friendly way. 'How on earth did you know I was here?' she said.

'Never mind—I tracked you,' said Roger. 'And now, won't you come back with me? I have a dog-cart here.'

'O, certainly! Where is Mrs. Cradock? I must say good-bye, and thank her. You don't know how kind she has been.'

At this moment Mrs. Cradock also appeared in the doorway. She fixed her eyes earnestly on Roger, and began to make him a speech, to the effect that she had been thanking her ladyship from her heart for all her goodness to David and Lucy, but now Mr. Golding must let her thank him too for his great generosity; and also might she remark that she trusted from his looks that his usual health and strength would not be long returning to him? The faces of her three listeners

changed oddly as she spoke. Mr. Cradock, in spite of a steady faith in his wife's wisdom, could not help shaking his head, and looking doubtful and foolish.

Roger flushed crimson, and looked terribly annoyed. Valentina also coloured, but she laughed, and going up to Mrs. Cradock took both her hands in hers.

'This is not my husband, Mrs. Cradock,' she said. 'I will bring him to see you some day, perhaps. This is Mr. Miles, a great friend of ours. I am going back with him, so good-bye; and a thousand thanks.'

Poor Mrs. Cradock was so covered with confusion that she could not preside over their departure with any dignity. Her husband tried afterwards to console her, but she would not be consoled. She did not like the ways of fine folks, she said. How was she to know, when that gentleman asked for Lady Valentina Golding as if she belonged to him!

'You might have warned me, anyhow,' she said to Mr. Cradock.

'Well, I wasn't so sure myself, just at first,' he said. 'My lady has that free-and-easy way of her own.'

'Poor angel! Don't you go speaking against her. It just breaks my heart to think of her,' said Mrs. Cradock tearfully.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE END OF THE ADVENTURE.

IN sad days afterwards, when Roger Miles sometimes indulged himself in looking back to what he perversely chose to consider the brightest part of his life, he especially liked to remember that afternoon, and that cross-country

drive with Valentina from Cradock's mill towards Stoneycourt. She was so good that afternoon; like a lady in the time of chivalry, she seemed to justify her knight's devotion. Roger would at any time, in defence of her goodness and beauty, have held the lists against all comers; but now and then, as to-day, he felt how right he was, and secretly dedicated himself once more. She was tired, and gentle, and charitable; she leaned back in her place beside him, and did not show the smallest wish to take the reins. She told him all her adventures, praised the old miller and his wife, and did not laugh at the idea of her husband being anxious about her. She was so amiable that Roger began to hope she would not carry out her threat of going away to-morrow.

'How sweet the fields are!' she said, 'and what a dear little cool air!' She pulled off her gloves, and held up her hands against the wind. 'Do you see that lark, and those shadows on the corn? and what curly children!' She smiled and nodded to some small cottagers at their gate. 'How good people ought to be who live in cottages down here!'

'I am afraid it does not necessarily go beyond "ought to be,"' said Roger.

'So people say, but I don't believe it. They must be. What is there to make them bad? The sky and the wind and the trees must all make them good. If they lived quite in the open air, they must be perfectly good, as the larks and the rabbits are.'

'But the gipsies are not, so I fear your logic won't stand,' said Roger, smiling.

'I know nothing about logic. I am only saying the truth. Your gipsies are exceptional people, and exceptions prove the rule.

Julia has often told me that. My rule is that, if I lived in a white thatched cottage on the side of that green hill, with the clouds always chasing each other over that field of corn before my eyes, I should be quite happy and contented, and therefore, of course, quite good. And if I lived in the open air, and slept under a tree, I should be better still—in mind, but perhaps not in body, because one is spoilt by one's bringing up, and I might catch cold.'

'Why don't you set yourselves up in the country, then? Golding would like it too.'

'No; he would be bored. He likes towns. And don't you know how I am made? I should be bored, too, in a week. I shall never, never find the place where I could live on peacefully. And yet I believe every soul has a home somewhere in the universe.'

'No doubt,' said Roger, as she paused and looked at him.

He thought he knew what she meant, but was not sure till she spoke again.

'Some of them don't find it in this life, do they?'

Roger mused over the talk afterwards, and wondered what the continuation of it would have been. He grieved, too, that he was not an enthusiastic or an eloquent person, instead of being one of those unexpressive natures which retire into themselves in the presence of anything deep and mysterious. Then he might have made more of the few minutes he had. As it was, he could not remember making any but perfectly flat and stupid answers to Valentina's suggestions and wonderings. One thing that she said came to him long afterwards with a great new light upon it.

'Tell me—are you afraid of dying?'

'I never think about it,' said Roger. 'I don't suppose it will be worse than—things one endures in life. Are you afraid of it?'

'Yes, I think so—terribly.'

That was where the talk ended. They were turning out of a lane into the high-road. Roger, perhaps, was 'driving a little carelessly, and the swerving of his horse only just saved them from running into Lady Julia's carriage and ponies, driven by a stable-boy with Frank Hartless sitting beside him. These people pulled hurriedly back into the road, and Roger stopped. He was surprised at the disagreeable expression on Frank's face.

'O, the lost one is found, I see. Well, all right—I might have stayed at Midborough.'

'You don't mean that you came back to look for me? What a pity!' said Valentina.

'In consideration of that, won't you change your place, and take these reins? Miles won't trust you with his cob, it seems.'

'No, thank you, I don't care to drive. I have had driving enough to-day. Go on, please,' said Valentina to Roger.

'You won't?' cried Frank. 'Do! I want particularly to talk to you.'

'Perhaps I may listen by and by; but I don't promise,' she answered; and Roger drove on.

The pony-carriage followed them home. Her talk with Roger was silenced; the troubles of the world seemed to have met them in the shape of Frank Hartless and those ponies. Just before they reached Stoneycourt she said, 'Mr. Miles, do you know that we are going away to-morrow morning, and that I hope never to see this place again?'

'I am very sorry,' said Roger.

'You ought to be glad. I mean to go to town first for a few weeks, and then I don't know where.'

'I suppose it depends on how *Golding is*,' Roger suggested.

'O, he will be better soon. We shall go abroad—we three.' Perhaps in June. Will you be ready in June?'

'I shall be ready at any time; you have only to summon me.'

'Do you know,' she said, after a moment, 'I think it would be a good thing if you were to come to town with us to-morrow. Would you like that? I am sure Bill would be glad, and so should I. You are so respectable; you give one a nice feeling of safety.'

Roger laughed; but he coloured too, not being quite sure whether he enjoyed this character.

'You are very good, and so is he. I should be heartily glad to be of use to you in any way. But I can't go with you to-morrow. I am bound to stay for the ball.'

'The ball is sure to be stupid,' said Valentina. 'However, please yourself. I daresay you are right, and it is not fair of me to tempt Julia's people away.'

When they arrived she went up-stairs at once, and Frank, having no opportunity of speaking to her, followed Roger into the library. He was rather out of temper, having left the races to oblige Lady Julia, who was anxious about her sister. Just as he came in Dick Starr had arrived from the mill, and Frank had at once ordered the only available carriage, and driven off to fetch Valentina. He thought there were few things more irritating than to be forestalled as he had been.

'How mad she is!' he said to Roger. 'Her mother was quite cracked, you know, and really I sometimes think—My man told

me some nonsense about their going away to-morrow. Have you heard anything of it? That was what I wanted to ask her about, if she would have got into the pony-carriage. What on earth has she been doing all day?

'Bird's-nesting, and visiting the old Cradocks at the mill,' said Roger.

'She is fearfully spoilt. The way she treats Billy is disgraceful; but as he seems to like it, there is nothing more to be said. The fact is, she has never been tamed. Everybody wants breaking in—some more, some less—she decidedly more. But about to-morrow?'

'She tells me they are going to-morrow morning. I said I was sorry to hear it.'

'Sorry! so am I, for I know what it means. It means a final split between her and these people. However, it won't be. I won't have it. There are limits even to your audacity, my lady!' muttered Frank, as he walked about the room.

Roger had taken up a newspaper, and he smiled rather grimly behind it as he overheard these mutterings. He felt strongly inclined to take Frank by the collar and shake him, and ask what business it was of his; but he subdued these instincts, as a civilised Englishman must, and reminded himself that he could do Lady Valentina no service by starting up openly as her champion now. Not now; but if ever the time came that she really wanted him—then, O Valentina, what a reserve of strength there was for you in the heart and arm of your faithful servant Roger Miles!

All that evening the only proper course for Roger seemed to be to keep himself in the background. Nobody appealed to him, and he felt that he had no right to inter-

fere, even as a peacemaker: he could do no good. Lady Julia and her husband came back cross and tired from the races, and were met by William Golding with the news that he and his wife were obliged to go to town the next day. He spoke as mildly and as civilly as he could; but he might as well have been blustering and insolent, for any notice that Lady Julia took of him.

She glanced at her husband, who was looking thoroughly disgusted, rang the bell, and sent for her sister in a most peremptory way. Finding that Valentina did not obey this summons, she went herself to look for her, and came back half an hour afterwards, pale, haughty, and offended. She did not observe that Frank and Roger had come into the library, but walked straight up to Billy Golding, who was sitting by the table.

'I am sorry our friendship is to end,' she said. 'But you will do me the justice to confess that it is not *my* fault. I shall not be able to meet Valentina again.'

'I am sorry,' said Billy, standing up. 'As to whose fault it is, we need not enter into that question. When people don't suit each other, it is best that they shouldn't meet.'

He left the room, and neither he nor his wife appeared again that evening.

Very early in the morning Roger saw them off for the first train.

Valentina was silent and sad: she was not woman of the world enough to quarrel with her sister with a perfectly light heart. Mr. Golding was more cheerful, though he looked like a ghost.

'*A bientôt!*' said Valentina to Roger, with one of her quick fleeting smiles. 'How glad we shall all be to get out of this horrid old country!'

'Yes, won't it be jolly!' said Billy, as he shook hands with his old friend. 'We count on you, Miles, remember. You and I have travelled together before now.'

'One thing more,' said Valentina, and leaning out of the carriage she put a sovereign in Roger's hand. 'Will you give this to Dick Starr, and tell him he may have the eggs? I have left them all behind.'

To Roger no day had ever been so long and wearisome as this one spent at the Midborough races, no ball so deadly stupid as that to which he had to go in Lady Julia's train in the evening.

He had one comfort—he danced with Mary Linton, and told her something in confidence of these untoward events. She, excellent girl, actually took Valentina's part, and observed that great allowance ought to be made for any one so charming and so strange. As to her refusing to go to the races, Mary was hearty in her fellow-

feeling there. The talk with this reasonable, clear-sighted woman quite refreshed Roger.

One person's behaviour rather puzzled him, though really he did not think it worth musing over. This was Frank Hartless, who, after his fury last night, seemed to have cooled down in the most astonishing manner, and did not even mention the name of Golding all day. Roger concluded that he could not screw himself up to the quarrelling pitch, and yet preferred to be at peace with his brother and sister. They, it was plain, had been roused to serious anger with the wild young pair who had left them.

Mrs. Miles, when she heard the story, remarked that it was no wonder: what could be more indecorous than Lady Valentina's conduct? With her poor blinded Roger she held her peace, being thankful for the departure of these bad friends of his, and little guessing the blow that was to fall by and by.

*(To be continued.)*

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## HALF-HOURS WITH SOME FAMOUS AMBASSADORS.

### VIII.

#### LORD MALMESBURY AND QUEEN CAROLINE.

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THE first Earl of Malmesbury had the infelicitous honour of negotiating the most ill-fated marriage chronicled in the royal annals of England. Although little more than half a century has passed since the country rang with the name and the wrongs of Queen Caroline, we can form no idea of the rancorous bitterness which this celebrated case excited, her assailants and defenders being as violent in their partisanship as were the denouncers and the supporters of the Tichborne Claimant at a later period. In Queen Caroline's case, however, the sympathies of the great body of the population were undoubtedly with her Majesty. While not without her follies, she was deeply wronged; and 'the first gentleman of Europe,' George IV., who prided himself upon his high breeding and courtly manners, so utterly ignored even the rudiments of courtesy in his treatment of his consort, that she was driven back, as it were, into the arms of the populace.

Had not the orders of George III. to Lord Malmesbury, with regard to his mission to Brunswick, been of an absolutely imperative character, his lordship would have incurred much responsibility in concluding the marriage negotiations. As it is, after a careful reading of all the evidence in the case, we cannot but think that he should have made some representation of the great incompatibility of disposition which he evidently felt to exist between the

Prince Regent and his intended bride.

Before recounting that very strange and melancholy story, we shall briefly sketch the history of the well-known diplomatist, who in the course of his career conducted several very important missions. James Harris, afterwards Lord Malmesbury, was born at Salisbury on the 21st of April 1746, being descended from a Mr. Harris who, two centuries before, was living upon his own estate in Wiltshire. The Earl's father was a great scholar; but he also had a bent for politics, and was for many years a member of the House of Commons. On taking his seat, John Townshend asked who he was; and, being told that he had written on grammar and harmony, he observed, 'Why does he come here, where he will hear neither?' He had a great passion for music, and Handel left him all his operas in manuscript. The son was greatly indebted to his father for his start and success in life, and ever acknowledged the obligation. In youth he appears to have had much courage and boldness. It is related that, as his mother was walking with some friends in the Close at Salisbury, she descried a person climbing up the spire of the cathedral; and having obtained a glass the better to observe so perilous a feat, immediately dropped it with the exclamation, 'Good Heavens! it is James.' The astonished lady had identified



her only son upon the apex of the tallest steeple in Great Britain!

Young Harris was educated at Winchester and Oxford. Leaving the University at the beginning of the Long Vacation, 1765, he passed nearly the whole of the next thirty-five years on the Continent. After considerable continental study and travel, in the autumn of 1767 Mr. Harris, through Lord Shelburne's interest, was appointed Secretary of Embassy at the Court of Madrid. Soon afterwards he effected a settlement of the Falkland Islands difficulty; and, his diplomatic reputation being now established, at the early age of twenty-four he was appointed to the important post of Minister at Berlin. For four years he remained at the Court of Frederick, and it was during this period that the infamous dismemberment of Poland took place. In 1776 Mr. Harris returned to England, and married the second daughter of Sir George Cornwall. In the year following he was sent as Minister to the Court of the Empress Catherine II., at ~~the~~ Petersburg. His position here was one of great difficulty, in consequence of the hatred of Frederick towards England on the one hand, and the duplicity of the northern Messalina on the other. He seemed to have conducted himself with energy and spirit, nevertheless; and his conduct having been approved by several successive British Governments, he received from the King the Order of the Bath in 1780.

But in 1782 his health broke down, and he returned to England, when Mr. Fox offered him the choice of a mission to Spain or the Hague. He accepted the latter. Sir James Harris had been in Parliament since 1770, and was a supporter of the Whigs; but when the Tories came into

office in 1784, Mr. Pitt renewed the offer of the appointment at the Hague. After consultation with the Whig leaders, Sir J. Harris accepted it, and reached the Hague in December with the rank of Minister, but with an ambassador's appointments. His official emoluments had hitherto been so inadequate that, when he left Russia, he had diminished his private fortune by 20,000*l.* At the Hague he rendered conspicuous and important services. His grandson observes that, 'having saved the Stadtholder and Holland from the apparent certainty of exile and French subjection by the great plan he formed, and eventually brought to bear, he effected a treaty between England and Holland, and England and Prussia, and was made ambassador at the Hague, and created Baron Malmesbury in 1788, receiving from his Prussian Majesty leave to add the Prussian Eagle to his arms and the royal liveries; and from the Stadtholder his motto, *Je maintiendrai*.'

In 1788 Sir James Harris voted against Pitt on the Regency Bill, and, in 1793, broke away with the Duke of Portland, Burke, and others, from his old chief, when Fox proposed to acknowledge the French Republic. Missions to Berlin and Brunswick followed; and in 1796 and 1797 he went to Paris and Lisle, to attempt to negotiate a peace with the French Republic. The Directory, however, did not dare to conclude a peace. This mission of Lord Malmesbury's was attacked as a sham one by many English politicians, while its *bond-fide* character was as strongly upheld by others. In the year 1800 the diplomatist was created an Earl and Viscount Fitzharris; but about this time he was attacked with deafness to such a degree as

to render him unfit to be employed again on any foreign service of importance. He consequently declined all the offers made to him by Ministers; and from this period until the end of his life he passed his time between London and Park Place, his seat near Henley. He received with pleasure his old friends; and amongst the new men he greatly admired the talents of Canning, Lord Granville, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. George Ellis. He also had the honour of frequently receiving as guests, after Napoleon's occupation of Holland, the exiled Stadtholder and the heroic Princess of Orange. Lord Malmesbury died in the seventy-fifth year of his age, on the 20th of November 1820, and was buried in Salisbury Cathedral.

His lordship is stated to have possessed, in the prosecution of any plan, much perseverance and fearlessness of responsibility; and, in transacting affairs, a knowledge of human nature which gave him great command over the minds of others. Talleyrand spoke of him as one of the most skilful Ministers of his time; but we ought also to add that Mirabeau vigorously denounced him as one who was determined to push his own fortunes at any hazard.

It was in November 1794 that Lord Malmesbury received the commands of George III. to demand the Princess Caroline of Brunswick for the Prince of Wales. These commands were communicated directly by the sovereign himself; and no discretionary power was allowed to the ambassador to give advice or information to his Majesty or the Government on the principal subject of the mission. Lord Malmesbury therefore confined himself strictly to the execution of his mission, doing what he could in private to prepare his

eccentric charge for her high elevation. He first met her on the 28th of November, when he was invited to dine with the Duchess of Brunswick; and he thus records his impressions: 'The Princess Caroline (Princess of Wales) much embarrassed on my first being presented to her; pretty face, not expressive of softness; her figure not graceful; fine eyes; good hand; tolerable teeth, but going; fair hair, and light eyebrows; good bust—short, with what the French call *des épaules impertinentes*. Vastly happy with her future expectations. The Duchess, full of nothing else, talks incessantly.' The Duchess was the eldest sister of George III., so that the future bride and bridegroom were cousins.

The Duke of Brunswick was well aware of the difficulties attending the proposed union; and in an interview with Lord Malmesbury said he was perfectly aware of the character of the Prince and of the inconveniences that would result, almost with equal ill-effect, either from his liking the Princess too much or too little. Of his daughter he said, 'Elle n'est pas bête, mais elle n'a pas de jugement.' He requested the ambassador to recommend to her discretion not to ask questions, and, above all, not to be free in giving opinions of persons and things aloud. He also desired him to advise her never to show any jealousy of the Prince; and that if he had any *gotts* not to notice them. All this was further supported by a court lady named Mdlle. Hertzfeldt, who said it was necessary to be very strict with the Princess Caroline; that she was not clever, or ill-disposed, but of a temper easily wrought on, and she had no tact. In accordance with this counsel, Lord Malmesbury recom-

mended the Princess perfect silence on all subjects for six months after her arrival in England.

His lordship afterwards expanded this advice to the Princess, as will be seen from this piquant extract from his diary: 'She asked me about Lady —, appeared to suppose her an *intrigante*, but not to know of any partiality or connection between her and the Prince. I said, in regard to Lady —, she and all her other ladies would frame their conduct towards her by hers towards them; that I humbly advised that this should not be familiar or too easy, but that it might be affable without forgetting she was Princess of Wales; that she should never listen to them whenever they attempted anything like a *com-mérage*, and never allow them to appear to influence her opinion by theirs. She said she wished to be popular, and was afraid I recommended too much reserve; that probably I thought her too prone *à se livrer*. I made a bow. She said, "Tell me freely." I said I did; that it was an amiable quality, but one which could not in her high situation be given way to without great risk; that, as to popularity, it never was attained by familiarity; that it could only belong to respect, and was to be acquired by a just mixture of dignity and affability. I quoted the Queen as a model in this respect. The Princess said she was afraid of the Queen; she was sure she would be jealous of her and do her harm. I replied that for this reason it was of the last consequence to be attentive towards her, to be always on her guard, and never to fail in any exterior mark of respect towards her, or to let drop an inconsiderate word before her. She took all this in good part. She said, of her own accord, "I am determined never to appear

jealous. I know the Prince is *léger*, and am prepared on this point." I said I did not believe she would have any occasion to exercise this very wise resolution, which I commended highly; and entreated her, if she saw any symptoms of a *goutt* in the Prince, or if any of the women about her should, from the love of fishing in troubled waters, endeavour to excite a jealousy in her mind, on no account to allow it to manifest itself; that reproaches and sourness never reclaimed anybody; that they only served as an advantageous contrast to the contrary qualities in the rival; and that the surest way of recovering a tottering affection was softness, enduring, and caresses; that I knew enough of the Prince to be quite sure he could not withstand such a conduct, while a contrary one would *probably* make him disagreeable and peevish, and certainly force him to be false and dissembling.' There is something very degrading in the fact that a young Princess should be called upon to receive advice how to manage a royal rake.

Under date of Jan. 5, 1795, Lord Malmesbury writes: 'Princess Caroline very *gauche* at cards; speaks without thinking; gets too easy; calls the ladies (she never saw before), "Mon cœur, ma chère, ma petite." I notice this, and reprove it strongly. The Princess, for the first time, disposed to take it amiss; I do not pretend to observe it. Duchess wants to return to Brunswick, and leave us to go on by ourselves; this I oppose, and suppose it impossible. "If I am taken," says she, "I am sure the King will be angry." "He will be very sorry," I reply; "but your Royal Highness must not leave your daughter till she is in the hands of her attendants." She argues; but I will not give way,

and *she* does.' On summing up the Princess's character on another occasion, he said: 'It came out to my mind to be that she has quick parts without a sound or distinguishing understanding; that she has a ready conception, but no judgment; caught by the first impression, led by the first impulse, turned away by appearances or *enjouement*, loving to talk, and prone to confide and make missish friendships that last twenty-four hours; some natural, but no acquired morality, and no strong innate notions of its value and necessity; warm feelings, and nothing to counterbalance them; great good-humour, and much good-nature; no appearance of caprice; rather quick and *vive*, but not a grain of rancour. From her habits, and from the life she was allowed and compelled to live, forced to dissemble; fond of gossiping, and this strengthened greatly by the example of her good mother, who is all curiosity and inquisitiveness, and who has no notion of not gratifying this desire at any price. In short, the Princess in the hands of a steady and sensible man would probably turn out well; but, where it is likely she will find faults perfectly analogous to her own, she will fail. She has no governing powers, although her mind is *physically* strong. She has her father's courage, but it is to her (as to him) of no avail. *He* wants mental decision; *she*, character and tact.'

There is no doubt that Lord Malmesbury did not mince matters in his conversations with the Princess. Sometimes she was surprised by his candour and frankness, and felt inclined to resent the somewhat harsh tone his advice assumed; but it shows that she must have possessed a substratum of principle to be able to

resist making these remonstrances, and to feel that the ambassador was in the right. She said, at the close of one interview, that she hoped the Prince would allow her to see Lord Malmesbury in England, since she never expected any one would give her such good and such free advice; and, added she, 'I confess I could not hear it from any one but you.'

There are some very curious entries in his lordship's diary respecting the Princess's toilette. Take this, for example: 'Feb. 18. Argument with the Princess about her toilette. She piques herself on dressing quick; I disapprove this. She maintains her point; I, however, desire Madame Busche to explain to her that the Prince is very delicate, and that he expects a long and very careful *toilette de propriété*, of which she has no idea. On the contrary, she neglects it sadly, and is offensive from this neglect. Madame Busche executes her commission well; and the Princess comes out the next day well washed all over!' The inference from this is not very creditable to the salubrious notions of a prince.

The next extract is even more free and outspoken still: 'March 6. I had two conversations with the Princess Caroline—one on the toilette, on cleanliness, and on delicacy of speaking. On these points I endeavoured, as far as was possible for a *man*, to inculcate the necessity of great and nice attention to every part of dress—as well as to what was hid as to what was seen (I knew she wore coarse petticoats, coarse shifts, and thread stockings; and these never well washed or changed often enough). I observed that a long toilette was necessary, and gave her no credit for boasting that hers was a short

one. What I could not say myself on this point I got said through women: through Madame Busche, and afterwards through Mrs. Harcourt. It is remarkable how amazingly on this point her education has been neglected, and how much her mother, although an Englishwoman, was inattentive to it. My other conversation was on the Princess's speaking slightly of the Duchess being peevish towards her, and often laughing at her, or about her. On this point I talked very seriously indeed: said that nothing was so extremely improper, so radically wrong; that it was impossible, if she reflected a moment, that she should not be sorry for everything of the kind which escaped, and I assured her it was the more improper from the tender affection the Duchess had for her. The Princess felt all this, and it made a temporary impression; but in this, as on all other subjects, I have had but too many opportunities to observe that her heart is very, *very* light, insusceptible of strong or lasting feelings. In some respects this may make her happier—but certainly not better. I, however, must say that, on the idea being suggested to her by her father that I should remain on business in Germany, and not be allowed to attend her to England, she was most extremely afflicted, even to tears, and spoke to me with a kindness and feeling I was highly gratified to find in her. Both she and the Duchess made very handsome presents on leaving Hanover. I supplied the Princess with 800 Fredericks d'or for this purpose, and took her receipt for them.'

Early in April the Princess and her attendants arrived in the Thames. On the 5th, as she passed Woolwich, the whole band

of the royal regiment of artillery played 'God save the King,' and the military cheered the standard; it was the first burst of loyalty her Royal Highness had heard on English ground, and it drew from her tears of joy. Landing at Greenwich, the Princess proceeded thence, amidst eager and admiring crowds, to the Palace of St. James's, which she reached between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Great preparations had been made for her reception.

There can be no doubt that the Prince Regent was strangely discomposed and disconcerted at the first interview with his royal *fiancée*. But the account of the introduction shall be given in Lord Malmesbury's own words: 'I at once notified the arrival to the King and Prince of Wales; the latter came immediately. I, according to the established etiquette, introduced (no one else being in the room) the Princess Caroline to him. She very properly, in consequence of my saying to her it was the right mode of proceeding, attempted to kneel to him. He raised her (gracefully enough) and embraced her, said barely one word, turned round, retired to a distant part of the apartment, and calling me to him, said, "Harris, I am not well. Get me a glass of brandy." I said: "Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?" Upon which he, much out of humour, said with an oath, "No; I will go directly to the Queen;" and away he went. The Princess, left during this short moment alone, was in a state of astonishment; and, on my joining her, said, "Mon Dieu! est-ce que le Prince est toujours comme cela? Je le trouve très gros, et nullement aussi beau que son portrait." I said his Royal Highness was naturally a good deal affected and flurried at this

first interview ; but she certainly would find him different at dinner. She was disposed to further criticisms on this occasion, which would have embarrassed me very much to answer, if luckily the King had not ordered me to attend him.'

This must have been a *mauvais quart d'heure* all round ; but it did not end here. The Princess's behaviour at dinner was flippant, rattling, and affecting raillery and wit. She threw out vulgar hints about Lady —, who was present ; and the latter, although she said nothing, lost nothing of what went forward. This unfortunate dinner completely fixed the Prince's dislike ; and the Princess subsequently, in private, made no attempt to overcome this prejudice.

The marriage took place in due course, and what a marriage ! Had such things occurred in any other rank of life, the bridegroom would have been scouted from society. The heir to the British Crown became intoxicated shortly after the wedding ceremony ; and, falling into the grate of his bedroom, was allowed to remain there a great part of the night ! This fact we have upon indisputable authority. About three weeks after the 'happy' union his Royal Highness decided to pluck a crow with Lord Malmesbury, who had had so much to do with the marriage negotiations. The Princess having behaved very lightly and even improperly at dinner on one occasion, the Prince took the ambassador into his closet, and asked him how he liked that sort of manners. His lordship could not conceal his disapprobation of them, but repeated the Duke of Brunswick's injunction that it was necessary to keep a tight hand over his daughter ; for if she was not strictly kept, she

would, from high spirits and little thought, certainly emancipate too much. The Prince replied : 'I see it but too plainly ; but why, Harris, did you not tell me so before, or write to me from Brunswick ?' Lord Malmesbury made the best answer he could, pointing out that the Duke's warning did not affect either the moral character or conduct of the Princess ; and that he conceived it only right to notice it to his Royal Highness on a proper occasion, such as the present. As to writing from Brunswick, he begged the Prince to remember that he was not sent on a discretionary commission, but with the most positive commands to ask the Princess Caroline in marriage, and nothing more. His instructions from the King were as limited as they were imperative. While the Regent acknowledged the force of this reasoning, the matter obviously rankled in his mind. Lord Malmesbury himself, when the marriage had been solemnised, prophesied evil from the connection, and lamented very much having taken even a passive share in bringing it about.

The most extraordinary glimpses we get of the unhappy married life of the Princess Caroline are to be found in the diary kept by Lady Charlotte Bury, and published anonymously in 1838. This diary has furnished the chief material for all the works which have been written upon the times of George IV. On one occasion, says the writer, she dined at Kensington, when 'the Princess gave a long detailed account of her marriage, and the circumstances which brought it about. "I, you know, was the victim of Mammon ; the Prince of Wales's debts must be paid, and poor little I's person was the pretence. Parliament would vote supplies

for the Heir Apparent's marriage ; the King would help his little help. A Protestant princess must be found : they fixed upon the Prince's cousin. To tell you God's truth" (a favourite expression), "I always hated it ; but to oblige my father—anything. But the first moment I saw my *futur* and Lady Jersey together, I knew how it all was, and I said to myself, 'O very well !' I took my *partie*—and so it would have been if— But, O mine God !" she added, throwing up her head, "I could be the slave of a man I love ; but to one whom I loved not, and who did not love me—impossible—*c'est autre chose*.

"One of the civil things his Royal Highness did just at first was to find fault with my shoes ; and as I was very young and lively in those days, I told him to make me a better pair, and bring them to me. I brought letters from all the princes and princesses to him from all the petty Courts, and I tossed them to him, and said, 'There, that's to prove I'm not an impostor !'" On another occasion, referring to her wretched marriage-day, the Princess said : "Judge what it was to have a drunken husband on one's wedding-day, and one who passed the greatest part of his bridal-night under the grate, where he fell, and where I left him. If anybody say to me at dismoment, Will you pass your life over again or be killed ? I would choose death ; for, you know, a little sooner or later we must all die ; but to live a life of wretchedness twice over— O mine God, no !"

There is no doubt that the Princess was deeply, grievously wronged. The Prince made no attempt to disguise the nature of his connection with Lady Jersey. He took every opportunity, it is said, of wounding the Princess

by showing her that Lady Jersey was her rival. 'The ornaments with which he had decked his wife's arms, he took from her and gave to his mistress, who wore them in her presence. He ridiculed her person, and suffered Lady Jersey to do so in the most open and offensive manner. And finally he wrote to her Royal Highness that he intended never to consider her as his wife—not even though such a misfortune should befall him as the death of his only child.' The letter in which he made this determination known is a curious specimen of royal correspondence.

There are many well-authenticated stories respecting the Princess, showing that she was surprisingly indiscreet, and gave room for much scandal, although nothing worse could be alleged against her. Once she was determined upon going to a masquerade ; and, not content with partaking of the sport in the usual manner, she resolved upon doing the thing in the most ridiculous way possible. She made two of her ladies privy to her scheme ; and the programme of the revel was that her Royal Highness should go down a back staircase with one of her ladies, while the cavaliers waited at a private door which led into the street, and then the *parti-quarré* was to proceed on foot to the Albany, where more ladies met her Royal Highness, and where the change of dress was to be made. All this actually took place, and Lady — afterwards stated that she was never so frightened in her life as when she found herself at the bottom of Oxford-street at twelve at night on her cavalier's arm, and seeing her Royal Highness rolling on before her. It was a sensation between laughing and crying that she could never forget.

The idea that the Princess might be recognised, and of course mobbed, and then the subsequent consequences, which would have been so fatal to her Royal Highness, were all so distressing to her that the party of pleasure was one of real pain to her. This mad prank, however, passed off without discovery, and certainly without any impropriety, whatever, except that which existed in the folly of the thing itself. But it was similar imprudences to this which were so fatal to the Princess's reputation, and, as Lady Charlotte Bury remarks, 'Le jeu ne valoit pas la chandelle.' The Princess was foolish, moreover, in rejecting the friendship of those persons of distinction who were excellent in character and stood high in the popular estimation; while her antipathy to the Queen was something altogether phenomenal.

When she went abroad the same eccentric conduct manifested itself. A lady, writing from Geneva, under date October 1814, thus described a singular scene: 'The Princess only remained here from Monday till Thursday. I felt in that short space of time how very ill it would have agreed with me to have remained longer in her society. As to her mode of proceeding (as I am really her friend), it distressed me greatly. She was dressed, or rather undressed, most injudiciously. The natives were, as she would have expressed it, "all over shock." The suite who travel with her declare openly they fear they shall not be able to go on with her: not so much from wrong doings as from ridiculous ones. When the party were at Berne, the *ci-devant* Empress Marie Louise was there, and invited the whole party to dinner. Accordingly they went, and were received

in great state. Gold plate, bearing the imperial arms, and everything *de suite* covered the board. To sum up the whole of that extraordinary meeting, the Princess and Marie Louise sang a duet together! That was an event of the nineteenth century worthy of being recorded. I wonder what Marie Louise thought of the Princess's singing! She must have been astonished.' During the troubles in Naples, the Princess persisted in going to that city, despite the admonitions of the English Premier, Lord Liverpool. She went to an expense of ten thousand pounds, most of which was thrown away. While at Naples the Princess was watched by spies employed by the Regent. 'Monk' Lewis, who saw much of her about this time, advances his testimony to the many estimable qualities which the Princess possessed, and which he considered far outweighed her follies.

'When she went abroad,' wrote a contemporary, 'she dropped the grand historical character of an injured Queen; and she became, in truth, to use your appellation for her, a Mrs. Thompson, parted from Mr. Thompson, and going in search of amusement. Never was there such a falling off in poetry. The old French King was very glad her Royal Highness did not visit his capital. Of course he could not have shown her any civility; and I am certain none of the English heroes would have taken notice of her. The Genevese have a kindly feeling for the Princess, though they always call her "cette pauvre dame! Elle est fort singulière." Meanwhile her royal husband was very unpopular in England. On one occasion, when he went to church to receive the Sacrament, he was hissed and groaned at, both going



and returning. He was afraid of going in state through the streets as he should have done, but went in his private carriage through the park. But the mob found him out, and clung to the carriage wheels, hissing loudly, and the church—the Chapel Royal—was surrounded by soldiers, who would not even let in a peer's son. The Prince himself was held responsible for all this.

An English lady residing at Florence sent home some very strange and unsatisfactory tidings of the Princess. She said that at a small place called Borgo St. Domino, three days' journey from Florence, she was surprised to come up with a whole rabble rout belonging to the Princess of Wales. 'This consisted of twenty-four persons in all—six carriages and a baggage wagon. I saw no face that I knew; many Italians and strange-looking persons of various nations; one fat woman. I heard there was one other female, but did not see her; some said it was the Princess herself; but I do not believe it was. There were seven piebald horses, and two little cream-coloured ponies, that I well remember to have seen at Milan; and two very fine horses that drew a chariot, which was entirely covered up. On passing one of the servants who had a better appearance than the rest, and seemed one of the principal persons, I inquired after her Royal Highness's health, and expressed myself happy to hear she was well, but asked no other questions whatever. My servants told me that some of these persons declared they were going to join their mistress at Pisa, others said they were going to the sea coast to embark for America, others that her Royal Highness was at Rome; but they all differed in their statements, and were evidently a low set of

people. Many of the women were dressed up like itinerant show-players, and altogether looked quite unfit to be her attendants. I did not see any person that I *mistook* for a gentleman; but my maids told me that they saw several men dressed in uniforms and swords, who looked like pages. I cannot tell you how strange it seemed to me to fall in with all this motley crew.' The Italians here referred to were the notorious Bergami and his relatives. Bergami was of very humble extraction. The Princess took him into her service in an inferior position; but gradually he rose to be her chamberlain, and was allowed to dine at her table. His sister, a professed Countess Oldi, was also introduced to the Princess, and the two acquired great influence over her. The Princess's relations with Bergami caused great scandal; and although they were not criminal they were of a far too familiar character for one in the position of the Princess. Much, of course, was heard of Bergami in the memorable trial of the Queen, which took place some years later.

In January 1816 a scene occurred in London which showed the unpopularity of the consort of George III. Writing on the 8d instant, Lady Charlotte Bury says: 'The Prince Regent left town last night. He has been so much hissed by the mob, he is quite disgusted; and the old Queen also, in going to her last Drawing-room, was hissed and reviled; and the people asked her what she had done with the Princess Charlotte. They stopped her chair, and she put down the glass, and said, "I am seventy-two years of age. I have been fifty-two years Queen of England, and I never was hissed by a mob before." So they let her pass on without further molestation. The Regent sent

several aides-de-camp to attend her Majesty. She would not permit them to do so, but desired them to go back to Carlton House. They replied they could not, for that they were ordered by the Prince to see her Majesty safe to Buckingham House. She said, "You have left Carlton House at his orders: return there at mine, or I will leave my chair and go home on foot;" so they left her. If half the stories told of the Prince of Wales's treatment of his wife be true, there is no room left to wonder at his unpopularity. It is asserted as a fact, amongst other incidents, that on the evening previous to the Princess's departure from England, the Regent had a party, and made merry on the joyful occasion. He even proposed a toast, 'To the Princess of Wales, — her, and may she never return to England!' This and other similar pleasantries have received an attempted explanation to the effect that the Prince was so frequently excited by drink that he did not know quite what he was saying.

But on the Continent the Princess was foolishly engaged in playing into the hands of her enemies. Here is another picture of her unwise proceedings: 'There was a *fête champêtre* at the Villa d'Este a short time ago, of which I daresay you have heard all the particulars: Mrs. Thompson (the Princess) must have looked divine as a Druidical priestess, which was the character "we" assumed; and Le Comte Alexander Hector von der Otto figured charmingly as a god, to whom all the priests and priestesses did homage. Wilkin was the victim offered to his Druidical majesty. The Count Alexander generally wears the insignia of the most holy order of St. Caroline, which consists of a cross and a heart tied together

with a true lover's knot, and the English royal motto encircling the badge, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" How far these words are applicable to the case I cannot say; far be it from me not to take them in the sense they are intended to convey. "We" go constantly on the Lake in "our" barge, and are serenaded, and are, as "we" say, very happy; but of that I have my doubts. To be serious, I am truly sorry for Mrs. Thompson, whose "kingdom is departed from her" as surely as that I am at this moment agreeably occupied in writing to you. She has never heard once from her brother, Prince Leopold, since her daughter's death. The manner in which she is treated is shameful; but, alas, they have so much to say against her in excuse for their detestable conduct that one cannot cry them shame.'

The Prince of Wales made several attempts to come to some kind of arrangement with his wife; and it was in reference to one of these proposals that a gentleman behind the scenes thus amusingly wrote: 'I heard, by a side-wind report, that the plan fixed upon by Mr. Thompson for the maintenance of the peace and quiet of the Thompson kingdom, not to mention his own domestic felicity, was to propose to Mrs. Thompson, when the elder Thompson (George III.) dies, and that he is succeeded by Thompson junior, to accept a large income, and never set foot on Thompson ground. I do not think Mrs. T. will submit to these conditions. There is a deal of spirit in the latter, which will revolt at such terms, and we shall see grand doings yet, I promise you. "The Great Mogul" trembles in his slippers, I know, and is most anxious to retain Liverpool & Co. in office, because they have sworn to fight against Mrs.

Thompson. They are a rascally set, and quite equal to obeying Mr. Thompson's most unreasonable commands. I hear Mrs. Thompson's health is not so good as it used to be. Willikin revolts frequently, and hates the Count Hector von der Otto, so that there are disturbances in "Paradise," as Alexandrina denominates the Villa d'Esta. I have sometimes wished I could disguise myself, and obtain an entrance into this Eden, to have the fun of seeing how these primæval personages pass their time.'

In the year 1820 matters came to a crisis. Many years before, the Princess had been acquitted of the charges brought against her; but when, on the death of George III., she returned to England, in order to assert her rights, the new King and his Ministers were driven to some definite course of action. Queen Caroline declined a compromise suggested by the House of Commons on the motion of Mr. Wilberforce, and measures were now originated in the House of Lords. A Bill for the degradation of her Majesty was introduced, but it met with much animadversion in the country. In spite of all the royal influence, in spite of the case which Ministers made out, and which gave them a majority of nine in the House of Lords on the third reading, in spite also of the aid which they received from the coöperation of some of the ablest members of the Opposition, the Government were forced to yield to the general clamour and to abandon their measure. It was hopeless to expect that the Bill could be got through the Commons. The failure of the Bill was hailed as a triumph by the friends of the Queen. Addresses of congratulation poured in upon her, and resolutions were passed at various meetings,

condemning the Ministers, and recommending their removal. They were, however, maintained in their offices by the chagrined and highly incensed King.

As one who was a spectator at the trial of Queen Caroline remarked, no guilty person could have had the audacity to challenge examination into her conduct in the manner she did; and the result of that famous and infamous trial was the greatest triumph a woman accused of such a breach of virtue ever attained. Consider, too, how she was treated. Every indignity was shown her by the King; and no residence, or any of the common decencies of life, were provided for her, much less those suitable to one who, by birth and by marriage, claimed alliance with the British Crown. The sovereign revealed a malicious spirit in all the petty persecutions of her, to which he was a consenting party, up to the very time of her death. Taking into account all the powerful forces arrayed against her, it is really astonishing that she should not have been utterly crushed. But for the result that actually took place she was largely indebted to her courageous and eloquent advocate, Brougham. Being destitute of all influence, and her daughter, too, being dead, the support and sympathy shown by the people at large was a noble proof that the English after all are a disinterested race, and not afraid upon occasion to espouse the cause of the weak against the strong.

Lord Malmesbury received an order from the House of Lords to attend the Queen's trial, unless incapacitated by age or infirmity. His lordship replied that, unfortunately, he had both to allege. He was in his seventy-fifth year, and for the last two or three years had been a confirmed invalid, and

was entirely unable to perform any of the duties belonging to his situation. It was fortunate for Lord Malmesbury that he could allege such valid excuses for non-attendance; for his examination at the trial would not have proved a pleasant ordeal.

Once more did the unfortunate Queen appear in public. This was at the coronation of her husband, George IV. She made an abortive but pathetic attempt to take part in the show. She wrote to the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, directing him to prepare a place for her at the ceremony, and she also wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury, demanding to be crowned at a later date; but nothing came of these communications. On the coronation-day she begged for admission from door to door at the Abbey, but was obliged to retire repulsed from them all. After many indignities at various places, her Majesty at length got to one door of the Abbey accompanied by Lord Hood. His lordship desired admission for the Queen; but the doorkeepers ranged themselves across the entrance, and requested to see the tickets. Then followed a memorable scene, which, as it is unparalleled in English history, we shall reproduce.

LORD HOOD. I present you your Queen. Surely it is not necessary for her to have a ticket.

DOORKEEPER. Our orders are to admit no person without a peer's ticket.

LORD HOOD. This is your Queen. She is entitled to admission without such a form.

The Queen here smiled, but said in an agitated voice, 'Yes, I am your Queen; will you admit me?'

DOORKEEPER. My orders are specific, and I feel myself bound to obey them.

Here the Queen laughed, or seemed to do so.

LORD HOOD. I have a ticket.

DOORKEEPER. Then, my lord, we will let you pass on producing it.

Here his lordship showed a ticket.

DOORKEEPER. This will let one person pass; but no more.

LORD HOOD. Will your Majesty go in alone?

The Queen hesitated.

LORD HOOD. Am I to understand that you refuse her Majesty admission?

DOORKEEPER. We only act in conformity with our order.

Her Majesty again seemed to laugh.

LORD HOOD. Then you refuse the Queen admission? Will your Majesty enter without your ladies?

Her Majesty declined, and Lord Hood conducted her back to her carriage. Shakespeare himself never imagined such a scene as this, or one so pregnant with deep and melancholy interest.

In less than a month after this painful episode the Queen was dead. She died at Hammersmith on the 7th of August 1821, in her fifty-third year. Her illness was very sudden, and for some time she was ignorant of her danger. But when she became aware of it she called to some of her attendants, and said, 'I forgive all my enemies; I owe no one any ill-will, although they have killed me at last;' or words to that effect. It is recorded that, on the morning of her death, a boat passed down the river, filled with some of those religious sectarians who had taken peculiar interest in her fate. They were praying for her, and singing hymns as they rowed by Brandenburgh House; and at the same moment a mighty rush of wind blew open all the doors and win-

dows of the Queen's apartment, just as the breath was leaving her body. It impressed those who were present with a sense of awe, and added to the solemnity of the scene.

The Queen's death, which excited compassion in almost all hearts, appears to have had no such effect upon George IV. He carried his bitterness beyond her grave. The arrangements for the funeral were inadequate and disgraceful. It was in vain that Viscountess Hood appealed again and again to the Earl of Liverpool to give to the obsequies a more satisfactory character. He replied that he was only acting under orders; and it was well known whose these orders were. By her will the Queen had directed that her body should, three days after her death, be carried, without being opened, to Brunswick for interment; and that the inscription upon her coffin should be,

'Here lies Caroline of Brunswick, the injured Queen of England.' The English Government forbade the execution of the latter part of this injunction. Yet even in the course of the journey to the sea-coast there was almost a scuffle over the dead body in a church! The executors during the night affixed to the lid of the coffin a plate inscribed with the sentence directed in the Queen's will; but this was displaced by the authorities, after a strong protest from the former gentlemen.

At length the remains of the suffering and misguided Queen were laid to rest at Hanover. Her eventful and blighted existence is a forcible commentary upon the truth that the path of great and royal personages is frequently a path of thorns. Down to the latest generation the story of Queen Caroline will remain one of the most tragic in our history.

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THE SORT OF PEOPLE THAT ONE MEETS AT  
DANCES.

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THE DÉBUTANTE,

Who thinks the world all roses,  
Who loves at sight the first man who proposes;  
Believes that each admirer is sincere,  
And cannot bear that men at love should sneer.

THE NEAT YOUNG MAN,

With high well-starched collar,  
And expectations! Ready cash, a dollar;  
Who dances like a well-made dance-machine,  
And wears a most depressed indifferent mien.

THE KNOWING GIRL,

Who's waltzed through several seasons,  
Not married yet! But then she has her reasons.  
Who's always dressed with *chic* that makes girls jealous;  
To please her partners this one is most zealous.

THE MAN OF YEARS,

No longer pleased with folly,  
Who thinks that dancing's good, but supper's jolly;  
Prefers to spend his time in conversation,  
With perhaps, to sweeten it, the least flirtation.

THE CLEVER GIRL,

Who's great on education,  
Whose talk is lofty and of long duration;  
Who scorns frivolity, neglects her clothing,  
Love's Women's Rights, and looks on men with loathing.

THE NERVOUS MAN,

Who stands up in a corner,  
The very image of a new Jack Horner;  
The sort of man who asks (whilst shyly glancing  
At his fair partner), 'Are you fond of dancing?'

THE PRETTY GIRL,

Of whom men ask, 'Who is she?'  
And women murmur that she's far too gushy;  
Of whom few guess, who meet her winsome glances,  
She has a heart, a thing apart—from dances.

**THE TAME YOUNG MAN,**

Who talks about the weather,  
And hopes your step and his go well together;  
Agrees to every single word you utter,  
Can't dance a bit, and then begins to stutter.

**THE ANXIOUS GIRL,**

'Not been out much before,'  
But very willing to go out much more;  
Who, when she's asked to dance, looks very grateful,  
Likes grown-up men, and thinks that boys are hateful.

**THE FLIRTING MAN,**

Who falls in attitudes,  
Talks to each girl of love—in platitudes;  
Looks ling'ring looks which seem to breathe devotion,  
And doesn't feel, himself, the least emotion.

**THE FAST YOUNG MAN,**

Who drops in for an hour,  
Who generally wears some large white flower;  
Who quotes from comic songs, and smells of smoking,  
And has a great propensity for joking.

**THE CHAPERON,**

Who sits with smile so weary,  
To her a dance must be a thing right dreary;  
Who beams upon young men with lots of money:  
For poor young men her looks are not so sunny.

**THE GENERAL CROWD.**

The average man and maiden,  
With never too much brain or beauty laden;  
But he will see, who at these lines once glances,  
The sort of people that one meets at dances.

F. A. S.

## HOW QUEDGLINGTON WAS SENT DOWN.

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CHARLEY QUEDGLINGTON was in a thoughtful mood. This was an unusual thing with him. As a general rule he didn't think; but the most rackets and mischievous of debt-incurring, don-baiting undergraduates have their moments of thought, though they may studiously conceal them. And Charley's thoughts, this sunny May morning, as he glanced into the blazing hot quadrangle, waiting until it should be time to partake of Gordon's luncheon, were not very pleasant. 'If your name comes before us again,' the Dean had said grimly, with his sternest aspect—and the old gentleman, the jolliest of talkative hosts at dinner, could be very grim and stern about twelve o'clock in the day—if your name comes before us again, Mr. Quedglington, we shall have no alternative but to send you down for a considerable period. You are never out of trouble, either in college or in the city. This is the last time you will be warned, sir. Consider yourself gated after six for the rest of the term.'

'And, by Jove, I believe the old gentleman means it!' ruminated Charley, stretching his legs upon the window-seat, and puffing his cigarette smoke into the recesses of the sheltering sun-blind. 'As sure as Fate, I shall get into a row before the end of the term, though it is only a fortnight off. There is Cummings's wine tonight; and they'll go and draw the bursar afterwards, and then the fat will be in the fire; for whether I am there or safe in bed,

the porters will swear to Mr. Quedglington—small blame to them!' And he laughed with a keen appreciation of his own bad eminence. 'Umph! it's all very well; but if it comes to rustication, won't the governor be savage? He's a jolly old boy, and he'll swallow the bills with hardly a grimace; but this affair wouldn't be quite a coating of sugar to help them on their way.'

Charley's forebodings were not without a more than usual share of probability. There was not much chance of the most popular and reckless of St. Aldate's men keeping out of a row for the remaining weeks of the summer term. The dons had been very long-suffering with him. There was so much good in him at bottom, the great luminary said in confidence after dinner, and the lesser lights agreed with him. He looked so young; a dark-complexioned handsome fellow, hardly as old as his years, and with but the faintest symptoms of a moustache, to which only his scout knew how much care and time were devoted. He appeared quiet enough, and not very strong. Appearances, however, are deceitful; and Charley was not long in impressing his set with his utterly thoughtless, reckless gaiety, which yet had not a grain of real evil at the bottom of it. His father, the Archdeacon of Loamford, was a rich man, and a famous pillar of the Church. Charley would be well enough off some day; so that the mere getting into debt would hurt no one very much. But the



Archdeacon had passed through his college career without a reproach, and was a great preacher, of note elsewhere than in ecclesiastical circles. It would be a terrible thing if the son of such a man should be put to open shame, and sent down like the son of any godless earl or weak-minded bishop.

'Hullo, Charley!' cried a jovial young voice from the quad below, at this point of his meditations; 'you'll breakfast with me to-morrow! The best train for Watlingbury is at 12.30.'

'I'm not coming,' answered Charley rather shortly.

'You're not coming?' cried his interrogator. 'What is up now? But wait a moment, and I'll be with you.'

And up the echoing wooden staircase, so shady and cool in comparison with the blaze and sunshine outside, came Cummings, three steps at a time, and dashed into Charley's room.

'What is up now?' he repeated.

'The Dean has sent for me, and says he'll send me down if my name goes up again this term.'

'Pheugh! that is bad. It would not suit your book with the governor, would it, Charley? But he has said the same often before.'

'He means it this time; and he has gated me after six for a fortnight.'

'Gordon, what do you think is the latest?' cried Cummings, leaning out of the window, and accosting a man in a many-coloured coat who was leaning out of a ground-floor window not far off. 'Quedglington has been sent for, and gated until the end of term. He says he won't come to Watlingbury to-morrow.'

'Gammon! I'll come up and draw the badger. What is a gating?'

Gordon should have known, for, Charley excepted, no one at St. Aldate's had more experience of it. Watlingbury races were strictly forbidden to the undergraduates of the University; and even the somewhat lax rules of St. Aldate's were upon this point strict as those of more learned colleges. The arrival of the trains from Watlingbury, at any rate of those late in the day, was attended by a proctor and bulldog, to see if any of his flock had been astray; while a watch was also kept upon the roads which led from the city in that direction.

'Look here!' cried the tempter, clad for the occasion in the flame-coloured blazon of the Honourable Richard Gordon, 'if we get back by the four-o'clock train we shall see all the best of the fun, escape the proctors, who will not be on the look-out until the six-o'clock train, and save Charley's gate.'

'It's all very well for you fellows to risk it, but I can't afford to be sent down.'

'Pooh! not a chance of your being sent down! It ain't like you to funk. What a capital time we had there last year! And my cousin has a horse running, and we can get the tip from him.'

'Are you sure that there is a four-o'clock train?'

'Certain. Come, that is a good fellow.'

'Then, by Jove, I will!' cried Charley.

And as no promises are so well kept as those which please ourselves, he kept his word to the letter. He was too young to find the pleasure turn to dust and ashes. He thoroughly enjoyed his afternoon on Watlingbury race-course; and for once the tip, wonderful to relate, was the straight one, and the affair went off capitally.

'My boy,' said Gordon, taking

him a little aside about a quarter to four, 'you have just time to catch your train. We'll risk it; but if you are not a fool you'll be off.'

'I'm not going!' cried Charley recklessly.

'Then you *are* a fool,' answered the other; 'take my advice, and go.'

It was such a rare thing for Gordon to give advice of this kind, that our hero took it as that of a good angel, who, instead of the suggestive flame-coloured blazon of yesterday, had assumed, with much appropriateness, a fashionable frock-coat of Quaker-like gray. Quedglington reached the station just in time to tumble into a first-class carriage already pretty full. Many of its occupants looked as if the tickets in their pockets might be of any hue save white, which was, and is, the colour of first-class tickets upon the Watlingbury branch line. Charley looked them over with the superciliousness of St. Aldate's, and came to the conclusion that, if undergraduates at all, they hailed from some college more than a Sabbath-day's journey from the centre of university life.

They had lunched well, and were loud and noisy, as was Charley sometimes; but, somehow, their loudness and noisiness were not like the same things at St. Aldate's, and Quedglington regarded them with much the same disapproval that filled the Dean of St. Aldate's when brought face to face with his, Charley's, vagaries.

His gaze settled at last on a face in the far corner which, under the circumstances, caused him some surprise. It was so decidedly out of place. It was that of a rather pretty girl, with a fair-haired graceful little head, set off by a small gray hat. It was a face formed to be either gravely

sweet or coquettishly smiling; but now it was a frightened piteous little face. The sudden irruption of the noisy and excited crew into her carriage was evidently not to her liking; but as she was sitting at the end farthest from the platform, it was no easy matter to extricate herself. 'She's a governess, and a very pretty one,' thought Charley. 'Certainly she is travelling first-class, so she must be a Newnham or Girton girl. They get a lot of money. She is too plainly dressed to be a swell. I wish I had some sisters who wanted a governess.'

It was not Quedglington only whose attention she attracted. The young men, their bets settled, turned towards her more of their regards than was polite or pleasant. From this they advanced to making eulogistic remarks upon her appearance to one another, and generally to talking at her in a way that made Quedglington's face hot with anger. By the time the train stopped at the junction, Charley was on the point of interfering. The young lady rose, however, and, taking up her cloak, stood prepared to leave the carriage. Her tormentors made way for her not an inch, but sat with their knees meeting across the passage.

'Would you be kind enough to let me pass?' she said bravely, in quite a steady voice. But they were heated with excitement and the wine they had taken at luncheon. Charley had come to the conclusion by this time that they were not 'Varsity men at all, and we will hope and trust that he was right. At any rate, they sat still.

'I think,' said one, with mock politeness, 'that the ticket you showed at Watlingbury was for our destination. We do not change here.'

'And we really cannot spare so pretty a face. We are hoping to have the pleasure of seeing you home.'

So the girl was in fact a prisoner: the noise upon the platform made it impossible for her to get help from thence. Her eyes wandered round the flushed faces, and rested upon Charley's, flushed too, but from a different cause. She saw that he was not of the others.

'Don't let us have any of this rot!' he said quietly. 'Let this lady pass, if you please.'

They all turned upon him, as he rose and with some roughness pushed two or three of them aside. The girl just touched his hand, stepped lightly past them, and was out of the carriage in a moment before they could recover from their surprise.

'Confound you! What business is it of yours?' cried one, standing up and catching hold of his collar. Charley did not answer him in words; his blood was up, and, as the other maintained his hold, he struck him between the eyes with all his strength and some little science. The man fell back among his fellows, and all rose up and hit out at Charley rather wildly, who warded off a blow or two, and then stepped lightly backwards on to the platform to avoid others. He was only just in time: before they could follow him the train began to move; a porter, who, in the hubbub of the station, had seen nothing of it, slammed the door; and the last that Charley, standing upon the platform, saw of his opponents, was a group of angry faces framed in the quickly-moving window.

He turned round with a little laugh of triumph, and saw his damsel, so lately in distress, standing at his elbow. She was much

the more self-possessed of the two now.

'Thank you so much,' she said prettily; 'it was foolish of me to be afraid; but they really were rude, were they not? I am afraid now that I have caused you to be left behind; it does not matter much to me, but it may to you.'

'Not a bit,' answered he, with a vivacious mendacity which impressed her greatly. Yet he was not unmindful that now he could not get back to college until after six o'clock, and would certainly be reported for breaking his gate, even if his visit to Watlingbury escaped detection, and he did not, upon his arrival at the station, fall into the hands of the proctor, as was most probable. 'They were awful brutes, were they not? I am very glad I was there to be of some assistance to you.'

'And I cordially share in that feeling,' she said, with a laugh of pleasure at the thought of the blow he had struck. 'I am going to see some friends who live here; but I hope I may have some further opportunity of thanking you. I am greatly obliged to your bravery.' She looked brightly up into Charley's face, held out a little gloved hand, and was gone; quite conscious, however, that the young fellow's eyes were fixed upon her as she passed out of the station, and, probably, not ill-pleased by the fact.

She was gone, and he was left to kick his heels for a couple of hours in a dreary station, and get what amusement he could out of the refreshment-room and the bookstall. In time the next train came, and he rejoined his astonished party.

'Your name and college, sir, if you please?'

'Quedglington, St. Aldate's.' The proctor had known quite well

both his name and college, but preferred to go through the old formula. So a fine was the least to be expected as the result of the Watlingbury trip, in addition to the penalty to be paid for the broken gate, of the nature of which there could be little doubt, after the Dean's solemn warning. And, therefore, when his scout, on calling him next morning, said that the Dean requested the pleasure of his company at twelve o'clock, Charley felt that he might as well tell Bunn to begin packing his things. A breakfast with Gordon, however, cheered him up a little, but the momentary gaiety sank down again at the door of the Dean's house. 'What will the governor say?' he groaned. When he was ushered in, he saw no sign of relenting in the Dean's face.

'You were not in college yesterday, Mr. Quedglington, by the time at which, for you, the gate closes. I am also informed that you returned from Watlingbury by a train arriving after that time. The doings at Watlingbury were disgraceful, sir, as I have good reason to know. I cannot imagine you have anything to urge.' Charley regarded the third button of the diaconal waistcoat with a stoical calmness. 'After the solemn warning we gave you only two days ago, I think I am exercising some leniency in merely sending you down until the end of this term. You will go down to-day. Good-morning.'

Quedglington of St. Aldate's was not the man to plead, even if he could think of anything to say, in mitigation of sentence. He turned to leave with a silent bow, when the further door of the library was opened, and a voice he knew exclaimed,

'I beg your pardon, uncle; I thought you were alone.'

Charley looked up in astonishment. It was his friend of the train.

'Good gracious!' said she, recognising him at once, and coming in; 'I am so glad you are a St. Aldate's man. Uncle, this is the gentleman who interfered on my behalf yesterday, and missed his train through his kindness. Perhaps you will thank him for me.'

'It was not anything at all!' murmured Charley.

'This is very remarkable,' said the Dean, in the accents of Domine Sampson. 'If this is so, I have to thank you for doing, not only my niece, but myself, a great service.'

'It is so!' cried Miss Gertrude pettishly.

'Indeed, indeed! Then it is very remarkable. This is my niece Gertrude, Mr. Quedglington; I am greatly obliged to you, greatly. Will you be kind enough to run away, Gertrude, and we will talk about it again?'

In a few minutes they were alone again.

'So that was how you missed your train?' asked the Head.

Charley nodded.

'Well, I am greatly obliged to you. You are an honour to the college—in some respects. But of course I can make no alteration upon this account. You had no business going to Watlingbury, or returning from it. So I must say good-morning.'

Even Charley thought the Dean was treating him a little cavalierly, but he was not one to make much of his services. He made for the door.

'Ah, yes,' said the Dean, when his hand was already upon it; 'do you know my brother Sir Richard? No, I think not. He has asked me to send him a rod or two, to make up his party. My wife and niece are going to his

place in the North to-night. Perhaps, Mr. Quedglington, you would escort them, and stay until the end of the term, when your home engagements fall in. Would it suit you?

'I shall be delighted, sir,' stammered Charley, the vision of Miss Gertrude pettishly stamping the floor with the smallest foot the male imagination can conceive before his eyes.

'Very well; you had better dine here early, as they go by the eight-o'clock train. Your letters could be forwarded from here,' added the Dean, with a slight cough, 'and then, perhaps, you

need not trouble your people with your change of places! You go down to-night, then. Good-morning.'

That was how Charley Quedglington was sent down. Some people are inclined to insinuate that it was all a plan of Mrs. Dean's, and a very successful plan too. But that, we know, is all nonsense. One thing about it is certain—that, to this day, the venerable archdeacon is totally ignorant, and so are his intimate friends, that his son ever incurred the disgrace of being sent down from St. Aldate's.

J. STANLEY.

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## THE LOG OF THE WANDEROO.

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### I.

#### THE ANCHOR'S WEIGHED.

'If there be any happiness to be found in the service, I believe I am bound to have a taste of it this time.' That is what I said to myself as I stood leaning over the bulwarks, and gazing shorewards, on the morning *after* the day on which I had joined the Wanderoo. I have italicised the word '*after*,' and I will presently explain my reasons for doing so. I had no very special object in gazing shorewards. I wasn't married, and had, therefore, no weeping wife to leave behind me; and I wasn't in love, at least not much more than sailors usually are. To be sure, there was bewitching Barbara B., and saucy-eyed Adeline C., and the dear girls I was wont to waltz with at the nightly hop, and poor Carry L., the gentle wee actress, who said—but there, never mind what she said; hadn't I got to sail in three days' time? and wouldn't they all forget me in three weeks at furthest? Of course they would. No; I gazed shorewards simply from habit. I was born on shore; and besides, it was a lovely morning. We were lying inside the Plymouth breakwater. The water between us and the shore was all a-ripple with a westerly breeze, and all a-sparkle with the May sunshine. Boats were passing to and fro, and, quite regardless of their presence, big shells were being hurtled over them at the target beyond. There would be just one puff of white smoke from the wall of the fort on the right, then the roar of the

gun, then the dull thud near the target; if a shell or if a shot, you could mark its further progress by the flecks of foam it raised as it went ricocheting away and away and away, till it sank at last in the depths of the sea.

In yonder, slightly to the left, is a stone fort, bristling with guns. It hugs the foreshore, crouching in under the green hills, like a tiger about to spring on its prey. Pity the enemy's ship those deadly guns are ever brought to bear upon. Beyond are the bonny wooded braes of Mount Edgecumbe; but all the rough lines of the hills and forts and distant steeples are rounded off and softened by a dreamy haze, partly mist and partly smoke, that the sun will make short work with as soon as he gets over the fore-yard.

I had met my new messmates on the previous evening for the first time in life, just about half an hour before we sat down to dinner. We were pretty nearly all strangers to each other. Some of us might have met before, but no two of us had ever been shipmates. We naturally, therefore, tried to do the pleasant one to the other, and not for a single moment during dinner nor dessert, nor while smoking together afterwards under the screen, did conversation flag. And we had not parted for the night without discovering that everybody knew somebody that somebody else knew, and that everybody had been somewhere in the world where somebody else had been.

'When I was in the old Dock-emshort,' somebody would begin.

'What!' somebody else would cry, 'were you in the old Dock-emashort?'

'Yes,' the reply would be. 'Man alive, yes! And didn't we have such jolly times of it too!'

'Why, I was lying in Simon's Bay at the very time, in the old Sneezer.'

'Ha, ha, ha! How funny, to be sure! Did you know McDermot? Joined just before I was invalided.'

'Yes; used to meet him at the Queen's Hotel. Many a rattling good game of billiards we had.'

'And old Tommy Millikin?'

'Yes, little Tommy Millikin. I knew him well.'

'And Captain Cruncher?'

'Yes. He would have gone home, I suppose, soon after you.'

'Pon my word, I must come round the table and shake hands with you!'

And thus, and thus, and thus we had rattled on, and the evening passed away so quickly that, when the quartermaster came to say that the warrant-officers wanted another hour's lights, we could hardly believe it was four bells in the first watch.

But at two bells, while we were all at full blast under the smoking screen, our marine officer strid-les over a gun, and myself leaning on the breech of it, talking to him—

'Gentlemen' (our paymaster, whose name was Pumpkin, and who was just as round and plump as a pumpkin, and who later on in the commission got to be called Squash; though, so good was he with foil or fist, if he had not been the best-natured little fellow that ever wore Queen's livery, he might have squashed any one in the mess)—'gentlemen, suppose we return to the ward-room. I got a present of a jar of jolly nice Scotch whisky when I was up in Glas-

gow. What do you all say to a wee nip by way of a night-cap?'

'Hurrah!' That is what we had all said.

We had waxed even more friendly after that, and all felt in fine form, and it would have made the heart of the veriest old curmudgeon warm to have listened to some of the songs that were sung or the yarns spun, before we had wished each other good-night and retired to our respective cabins.

Now, my messmates had all appeared to be the finest fellows in the world the night before; and when I met them at breakfast on the morning *after*, though quieter in manner, they seemed, one and all, gentlemen every inch.

Hence the soliloquy with which I commence my opening chapter. And whoever does me the honour to read this narrative of mine will discover that throughout the whole commission I never had occasion to alter my opinion. Yes, the old Wanderoo was a happy ship. But, heigho! we did not all return to England. Death and sickness thinned us a bit; and during the cruise more than one new face appeared at the festive board; of whom more anon. But how different was the Wanderoo from some of the hells afloat\* that I shall have occasion to speak of, where it is nag, nag all day in the mess; where everybody is at daggers drawn with everybody else; where the captain growls at and bullies his officers, and the latter too often lose temper with the men; and where much swearing is accomplished both fore and aft, deep, if not always loud!

Every man in our mess had his idiosyncrasy, his hobby, his whims, his 'fads,' and his faults.

\* The name given to the ships in the service where discord prevails.

I do not wish, for a single moment, to set up the Wanderoo as a paragon of virtue; but, in justice to my messmates, I must say that, as a rule, we studied each other, and whenever any one lost temper, and threw down the glove, so to speak, everybody else laughed or chaffed him into good-humour again.

I'll tell you wherein I think lay the secret, or at least a portion of the secret, of the general jollity that reigned paramount in our ship: our captain made himself loved or liked by all told. I'm not going to tell you his real name, because he is still in the service; so I will call him Captain Sherwood, a cognomen you will not find in the *Navy List*.

Next morning, when I went on deck before breakfast, I found the signalman very busy with the bunting; and, on going below, I was not surprised to learn that orders had been received to get ready to proceed to sea with all possible despatch.

There is always a deal of decision about your Admiralty orders and despatches. My Lords Commissioners do not brook any shilly-shallying. When your appointment comes to you at breakfast some fine morning—you are probably spending your leave with Laird McMore, in the wilds of Kommerhashindoo—it reads that 'you are herewith appointed to H.M.S. Fiddle-de-dee, and that you are to repair on board that ship *forthwith*,' &c.; but you take 'forthwith' to mean 'fortnight,' and go quietly on shooting with old McMore for two weeks longer before you join the Fiddle-de-dee. If ever the submarine tunnel is bored, and the admiral in command of the Channel Squadron receives orders some day to plug the English end of it *forthwith*—whether or not he succeeds in locking the

stable-door before the steed is stolen is beside the mark.

But we—the Wanderoo—were all ready to proceed to sea at a moment's notice. The stores were all on board, and all leave was stopped. The stores were not all stowed, though, albeit the donkey-engine had been puffing and rattling ever since three in the morning. Still, we could finish striking down things as we steamed down Channel; our condition was not one of chaos.

Yet the day wore away and evening drew on, and the din of the donkey-engine was stilled at last, and decks were tidied and ropes coiled; but still no orders came off. We growled a little; for the day was balmy and bright, and we might have spent it very enjoyably strolling on the Hoe or gathering primroses in the woods of Mount Edgecumbe, with Maggie by our side.

'And I've seen as much,' said Paymaster Pumpkin, at dinner—'I've seen as much as we lie here for another week.'

We had all seen as much.

Before I left my cabin on the succeeding morning I could tell, from the quick, jerky, uncertain motion of the ship, that it was blowing, and that outside the bar there must be a bit of a sea on. While we were all at breakfast, meting out ample justice to the fried soles, the ham and eggs, the cold beef, the pig's cheek, and the pigeon-pie, young Watson, the midshipman, or rather midship-midge, of the watch, entered and saluted.

'If you please, Mr. Watkins, the captain wishes to speak to you.'

Watkins was our navigating lieutenant.

'What ever is in the wind now, I wonder?' some one remarked.



'We are off, I suppose,' said another.

'Nonsense!' said Pumpkin.

Presently all doubts were dispelled; for back came Watkins, laughing.

'Why,' cried the paymaster, trying to read the navigator's face, 'you don't mean to say we've got to slip?'

'But I do, though,' was the reply. 'There's a signal to say we can go if the captain doesn't think the weather too bad. Ha! ha! ha! Why, that's enough for Captain Sherwood; he'd go now if it were to blow fire and brimstone.'

'Well, anyhow,' said Pumpkin, 'anything is better than lying here, and not being able to go on shore.'

'That it is,' cried our marine officer. 'I had a keek through the signalman's glass yesterday afternoon, and I declare to you, I saw Miss Knight—my Miss Knight, mind you—walking arm-in-arm on the Hoe with Tom Hughes, that long cousin of hers. O, if I could only get on shore, I'd cousin him, I'd Hughes him!'

'I'm afraid,' said Pumpkin, with a smile at his own wit, 'I'm afraid you'd Hughes him very badly.'

Watkins paused in the act of helping himself to a slice of the pig's ear.

'O,' he said, trying to look serious, 'a pun, Pumpkin, a pun, sir, and the commission hardly commenced!'

I ran on deck to look at the weather, just pausing a second on the main or fighting deck to glance at a Fitzroy barometer. The mercury was low and concave.

I could hear the wind before my head was on a level with the quarter-deck. It was blowing up Channel, and blowing big guns

too, not to say Woolwich Infants. It was making harp-strings of our wire-rigging, and 'howthering' through it with the roar of a cataract after a 'spate.' It was trying to twist our very royal masts; but they refused to yield, although the vessel herself jerked angrily about, and pulled viciously at her moorings, as if longing to be free. There were occasional blinks of sunshine between the squalls, and occasional glimpses of a blue sky; but the clouds were banked along the horizon to windward, like rocks of quartz on top, but black and threatening beneath.

Dark smoke was escaping from the funnel, cut flat off ere it could rise an inch above it, and rapidly swirled away to leeward.

I knew very well we were going to have a rough day of it, followed, in all probability, by a dirty night. The prospect was not a pleasing one; for sailors like to leave their native land in fine weather, though rolling home is rather agreeable than otherwise.

Two hours after, it was blowing about half a gale of wind—what most landsmen would call a hurricane; but two hours after, nevertheless, the *Wanderoo* was steaming seawards past the breakwater, right in the teeth of it. Captain Sherwood was too good a sailor to be daunted by a puff of wind.

The *Wanderoo* looked as though she meant to behave splendidly. She met the seas half-way, seemed in fact to leap at them, over them, and into them; the foam went feathering up as high as the funnel, and the white spray fell in bucketfuls on the quarter-deck. Heavy as the seas undoubtedly were that she had to contend with, there was no sensation under our feet as we walked up and down that her way was stopped for a single moment, nor did she

shake or shiver like an old clothes-basket, nor ship tons of solid green water as some lubberly tubs would have done under like circumstances. O, no; the Wanderoo was a grand little craft; solid, and yet elastic; proud and defiant, yet answering to a touch; a veritable heart of oak. We knew all this before we were two hours on board, and felt, in consequence, light-hearted and merry, and so did the men; for some time before dinner, when I had occasion to go forward to the sick bay, although the night was closing in around us in darkness and storm, yet high over the roaring of the wind, high over the rushing noise of breaking waves, I could hear our good fellows singing, as sailors only sing when they are pleased with a ship.

'Fiddles,\* gentlemen, fiddles?' I exclaimed, glancing over the table as I entered the ward-room.

'Yes, fiddles, doctor, fiddles,' was Pumpkin's reply; 'and better have fiddles than have your soup in your lap, and your lower extremities parboiled.'

'Ay,' added Smarte, our first lieutenant; 'and in some ships, fiddles and all, we wouldn't have such peace to dine, I can tell you.'

Mr. Pumpkin, paymaster, was not only a very fat little man, but he was always a very good-natured one. This we soon found out; at the same time he fully maintained the dignity that the three gold stripes on each sleeve conferred upon him. This we also found out, for he could 'let out' on 'us youngsters, as he chose to call every one under thirty, if we happened to chaff him too hard.

The Wanderoo was what is called a composite gun-vessel; our armament was five guns; our

\* The cross-pieces of wood placed on the dining-table at sea to steady the delf.

rate of speed fourteen knots an hour when we wanted to take it out of her. We sailed under sealed orders, and it was not until we were fairly at sea that we had any notion of where we were going. To our joy we found we were on special service, and that although our first cruising-ground would be the Eastern Coast of Africa, yet before the commission was over we were likely to see service in many lands.

Pumpkin was the man to break the news to us. He knew always everything before any one else, not even excepting Smarte, our first lieutenant, who, by the way, was not only Smarte by name, but precious smart by nature. Before we were a week at sea we found out that Pumpkin was a big gun, and quite a character in his way. And before a week was over we had all shaken down, as sailors call it, and there was not a man, fore or aft, from the captain to the cabin-boy, that did not consider himself part and parcel of her Britannic Majesty's good ship Wanderoo.

## II.

### THE BLACK MEN'S BALL, AND WHAT IT LED TO.

LUNCHEON or 'tiffin,' as we called it, was always a free-and-easy sort of a meal on board the Wanderoo. Dyspepsia was a thing practically unknown in our mess. If ever the cassowary suffered from that complaint, so did we. And a little before one o'clock more than one of us began to feel hungry—hungry with a healthy hunger, not born of beer or nips of Highland whisky—a hunger that we weren't ashamed to own to. Even Paymaster Pumpkin would rub his hands as he

walked briskly up and down the ward-room floor, and

'Positively, gentlemen,' he would say, 'I'm beginning to feel peckish. Ah, here comes the steward to lay the cloth. Now then, young Sawbones'—this was the irreverent way he chose to address the writer—'clear away those papers. And you, Mr. Soldier, away with your painting; no more sketching or scribbling either till after luncheon.'

I daresay that a good deal of the schoolboy sticks to men in after life. Anyhow, no sooner was the cloth laid than everybody suddenly got as lively as bees on swarming-day. Books were pitched on one side, and conversation waxed animated in the extreme; and when, at last, the servants marched into the mess-room, trencher-laden, there was a general chorus of—

'Hurrah! Now then, boys, sit in!'

Nobody needed an invitation. There was a general scramble for chairs, and we seemed to settle around that table as swiftly as swallows in a bed of osiers.

But tiffin was not only a free-and-easy meal, it was likewise the business meal. If a general invitation had been sent to the officers of the ship for a ball or a dinner, it was decided at tiffin who were to go and who were to stop at home. If we were to give a hop on board, the distinctive merits of vinous refreshment or a high tea were discussed at the luncheon-table; if we were to challenge the Bombay Plungers to a cricket-match, or the Madagascar Water Rats to a boat-race, or the Portuguese Pee-shooters to a rifle-match, it was decided, during the progress of the midday meal, when and where the great events should come off; to say nothing of all general mess arrangements

and such tiny matters as who were going on shore for the afternoon, and what was to be done when we went there, *et cetera*, *et cetera*.

'That Irish stew is delicious,' said Pumpkin one day, passing his plate to the servant for another load. 'Delicious! I really begin to feel better already. Penny, bring me a glass of Vermouth. Gentlemen, what do you think is the news from the office this morning?'

It should be stated that the admiral of the station had sailed only the day before. He was one of those officers who was said to have a zeal for the service. At all events, he never paid us a visit without issuing an order of some kind.

'Tell us,' some of us cried, while the remainder listened, all attention.

'Guess,' said Pumpkin.

'Ashleigh has been promoted?'

'Wanderoo ordered home?'

'Sawbones to be translated?'

'Ne'er a one of you is right,' said Pumpkin. 'Come, I won't keep you in tig-tire. I'll tell you. We are going to have a new messmate.'

'A new messmate?'

'Yes,' continued the paymaster. 'O, don't be surprised; he is only an additional, only a supernumerary, only lent to us—and he is only a soldier.'

After digesting this long string of 'onlies,' we felt relieved; for we did think, for a time, that some one of us was to be ordered home to make a vacancy.

'Only a soldier, is he?' said our captain of marines. 'Thank you, Pumpkin. But where is he going to sleep? I daresay you'll give him your cabin, Pumpkin, and take to a hammock.'

The idea of little fat Paymaster Pumpkin, with his round, round

face, and his bald billiard-ball of a head, swinging in a hammock, made us all laugh.

'Nothing of the sort, Captain Stanley,' replied the wee man, somewhat loftily. 'He is more in your line than in mine.'

'O, but, paymaster,' said the marine officer soothingly, 'you must dispose of him decently, you know, come! Have the captain to build a cabin for him on the main-deck.'

'A likely thing, indeed!' said the first lieutenant, putting in his oar, 'and spoil the look of the whole main-deck! Not if I'm consulted on the matter.'

'Besides,' added Pumpkin, refusing to be mollified, 'I said he was *only* a soldier, and, I may add, he is only a griffin. Lieutenant Crook—by your leave, Royal Marine Light Infantry—hardly knows the colour of deep water, and hasn't been a dog's watch in the service. Cabin? No; a hammock and a screen-berth on the main-deck—that'll be Crook's form.'

'And,' said the first lieutenant, 'I'll see that that screen-berth is taken down every morning before seven bells.'

'You've made up your mind, then, to be down upon poor Crook?' said Stanley.

'Down on poor Crook!' repeated Smarte; 'not a bit of it; only I do look upon the man as a mere innovation. What do we want more marine officers for, I wonder?'

'Well, gentlemen,' said Pumpkin, 'as he is a mere supernumerary, of course we'll charge him a shilling more a day for his mess.'

This was put to a division, and the ayes had it.

Pumpkin had a quick ear for the jingle of coin—a lively lookout for 'bawbees.' All for the

good of the mess, of course; but still some of the motions he brought forward and carried at the tiffin-hour the younger members of the mess thought a trifle hard. For instance, if any one happened to break a glass, he was put down 'six to one for skylarking.' O, but you ought to have heard the laughing and shouting round the table that day when Pumpkin himself accidentally smashed a tumbler—the first that had been broken since his order became law.

'Six to one,' was the cry, 'six to one, six to one for skylarking! Down with it, steward!'

'But, gentlemen, gentlemen!' Pumpkin had protested; but it was all in vain. Out came the steward's tablets, and it was duly chronicled, 'Paymaster Pumpkin, six tumblers—six to one for skylarking.'

Lieutenant Crook, R.M.L.I., arrived in good time. He landed at Zanzibar from the admiral's tender—a saucy morsel of a gun-boat that was everlastingly on the move, doing all the dirty work for the big ship, and catching slavers right and left; the prize-money that accrued from such service being duly shared with the admiral, captain, officers, and crew of the flag-ship, which was hard, to say the least of it, on the fighting tender.

One would have thought that young Crook, the griffin, the innovation, the man with such a string of 'onlies' round his neck, ought to have felt a very humble individual indeed. But he did nothing of the sort. He was the most cool and self-possessed individual ever I came across in the service.

Good-looking was Crook withal, *ætat* 25; fair hair and moustache, and a delicate pink-and-white complexion. He was every inch

a soldier. The reader must kindly understand me to mean that there wasn't an inch of the sailor about him. He ordered the servants about as if he had been in an hotel; he made a kind of a spoiled child of his own particular servant, and didn't keep him in his place; he called the steward 'waiter,' his screen-berth his 'bedroom;' he talked of going 'up-stairs;' and, in fact, exhibited the utmost indifference to nautical phraseology and the customs of the service. He called the first lieutenant 'old fellow' before he had been three hours in the mess; he 'dugged' Pumpkin in the small ribs on the evening of the second day; and on the Sunday forenoon he was positively seen walking arm-in-arm with the captain himself on terms of as much familiarity as if he'd been his own father. He was really an innovation; but his smile was so pleasant, and everything he did or said so evidently the outcome of a happy and innocent nature, that nobody could be angry with him; so before very long he was a general favourite.

Poor Pumpkin, though, before the arrival of Crook, used to have a nap in the easy-chair, with his handkerchief on his hat, just after dinner. There was no chance of enjoying any such luxury after Crook joined, except on the evenings, when the innovation betook himself on shore.

Our young soldier was not long with us before he gave ample proof to most of us that if there was one thing in the world he was fonder of than another, it was practical joking. And there was no end to it either. It was harmless enough, however. There was never much mischief done, and the business always concluded with a good laugh.

But before a month had passed

a practical joke of some kind had been perpetrated on every single one of us—Crook being the perpetrator, we being the perpetrators.

One particularly warm day four of us were quietly smoking our cigars under the quarter-deck awning. We were lying at anchor close abreast of Zanzibar. Crook had gone on shore, as usual, with the after tiffin boat, and, as usual, in shooting rig, with gun and bag; not that there was much of any consequence to shoot, but he'd bring off something, dead or alive, —birds or snakes, a monitor lizard, a monkey, or a mongoose.

We had, as a pet, an enormous ape or ourang, which, as a rule, preferred walking upright; and, dressed as he always was in blue swallow-tailed coat of serge, red baize breeches, and a woollen Tam o' Shanter with a red top, it must be confessed that Daddy, as we called him, looked a strong link in the Darwinian chain. Crook and he were great friends; the ape would refuse nothing the young soldier offered him, and would even try to smoke to please him.

'What do you think,' said I, 'did I find in my fiddle this afternoon?'

'Don't know,' was the half-sleepy answer.

'It was filled with gigantic cockroaches; there must have been five hundred in it. As soon as I commenced to play they came rushing out of the *ff* holes, went tumbling over each other towards the shoulder, and then flew away for all the world like a flock of wild pigeons. The air was darkened with the brutes for the space of five minutes.'

'I don't wonder, Sawbones,' said Pumpkin, who had about as much ear for music as an Alderney cow, 'I don't wonder at your

playing creating a kind of a panic among the congregation, nor at their rushing madly to the *ff* holes, as you call them; the only wonder is how Crook—for of course it was Crook—got all these cockroaches boxed up in your fiddle.'

'O,' cried Watkins, 'that was simple enough; he only had to pop a piece of butter inside, and set the fiddle in a corner. But what do you think I found in my boot this morning?'

'Don't know.'

'Why, I declare I never got such a fright in my life. The boot wouldn't go on; and when I held it upside down, out dropped a lively young cobra, and went scuttling away under my drawers. When I taxed Crook about it he only laughed, and said, "Your toes were safe enough, old fellow; I drew the fangs."'

Just at the moment up came our worthy Scotch engineer, fuming. He was fuming far too much to talk decent English.

'Whaur's the furst livtenint?' he cried; 'whaur is he?'

'Why, what *is* the matter?' we all inquired.

'What's the maitter!' roared McGregor; 'why, maitter eneuch, man, maitter eneuch for a court o' inquiry; maitter eneuch for a coort-mairshal. The service is goin' to the mischief. I'll report that young Crook before I'm twa hoors aulder, or may I never chew cheese again! Whaur's the furst livtenint, I'm askin' ye?'

'But what has Crook done? Tell us, McGregor.'

'I'll no trust mysel' to speak,' said the worthy Scot, 'till I licht my pipe! Now,' he continued, taking vicious draws at the clay, 'I'll tell ye what he's done, and I think ye'll every one o' ye agree wi' me that that young scoundril Crook deserves to be'—puff—

'planked'—puff—'drum-headed'—puff—'cobbed, and keel-hauled. I wint to my cabin just now to have a canlk, and I found my bed was already okopied!'

'By whom?' said Watkins; 'this is interesting.'

'Why, by Daddy, gentlemen, as drunk as a lord; Daddy in my bed, in under the sheets'—puff—'with his head on the pillow'—puff—'snorin' drunk, with my meerschau in the jaws o' him'—puff, puff—'with my spees on his nose, and my nicht-cap on his ugly head'—puff, puff, puff.

We all agreed it was time that something should be done. Reporting him would be mean, cobbing and keel-hauling was out of the question; he must be paid out in his own coin.

'I have it!' cried I.

'Out with it, then!' cried McGregor joyfully. 'Gather roond the doctor, gentlemen; dinna speak loud, doctor, but out wi' it, man!'

'Well,' I continued, 'I met old Bumboat Sulliman yesterday, and he told me there was going to be a black-man's ball at Boobooboo to-morrow night. Now, you know how Crook hates to go on shore in uniform; so if we could only get him to go on shore in full dress to this niggers' hop, why, we should have the whip hand of him for the rest of the cruise.'

Poor Crook never looked nicer nor happier than he did that evening, when he entered the ward-room before dinner, all gold, and scarlet, and smiles. We were talking about the grand ball to which we were invited. We showed Crook the 'invite,' a gay be-ribboned piece of parchment from 'Ab del Raman Sulliman.' Crook was delighted.

'Bother the dress part of it, though!' he said; adding presently,

'never mind. Will there be many nice girls there?'

'Sure to be,' said Watkins.

Fortune seemed to favour us. Next day, at luncheon, we heard Crook giving orders to Brown, his servant, to take his sword and dress-case on shore.

'I'll dress on shore,' he explained, 'and get a boy to guide me to Booboo. Sha'n't come off to dinner; I'll have a snack at Portugee Joe's, and join you afterwards at the ballroom.'

This was enough for us. We let Private Brown into the secret, and commissioned him to bribe Portugee Joe not to let the cat out of the bag, and to provide a guide that couldn't speak a word of English.

We anticipated fine fun, I can assure you. Ab del Raman, we had assured Crook, was the Sultan's head chief, and the ball would, therefore, be simply a splendid affair. The boat was called away at seven o'clock, and at half-past seven we had all—*dressed in mufti, of course*—landed at Booboo; and there was Sulliman himself, in his bare black legs and long cotton gown, all ready to guide us through the bush to the black-man's ball.

It was held in a kind of hall, an immense barn of a place, lighted up with oil-lamps, which gave it the appearance of a kind of second-class hippodrome.

But the scene inside beggars description. The mere spectators lined the walls three or four deep; the dancers—semi-nude savages every one of them—danced in a wide circle round the musicians, the men waving aloft torches and spears, the women bending up and down, beating horn cymbals, rolling their eyes, and tossing their arms around them, and ever and anon shrieking like so many mad curlews, till they silenced even

the scream of the Arab clarionet and roll of the horrid tum-tum.

We hadn't been spectators of this wild scene for over five minutes, when in marched Crook, in all the glory of his splendid uniform, and laughing outright.

'By George!' he cried, coming up, 'you fellows have fairly sold me! Ha, ha, ha! I give in, but I really didn't think there was so much in you.'

Suddenly, as if by magic, music and dancing ceased; there was a fanfare of trumpets heard outside, then in rushed a dozen gesticulating Arabs.

'Sameela, sameela, sameela!'<sup>\*</sup> they cried, and led the way to a raised dais that we had not previously noticed. It had a railing in front; steps led up to it, and it was covered with scarlet cloth. Two sedan-chairs were borne towards it, and the occupants descended and took their places.

Evidently some Arab prince and retinue; his jewel turban and sword-belt denoted his rank; his long white hair and beard gave him a patriarchal look; and his green cloak of camel's hair showed him to be a scion of the Prophet.

Not on the wealthy Arab, but on his daughter, were all our eyes riveted.

'Good Heavens! what a lovely girl!' we heard Crook mutter. 'Wonders will never cease!'

It seemed not, indeed, for five minutes had hardly elapsed when we noticed the prince, or chief, who had evidently come to the ball for amusement, talking to an Arab attendant, and waving his hand in our direction.

Next moment this attendant stood salaaming before us. Nay, not exactly before us, but before Crook.

'His Excellency,' he said, in

<sup>\*</sup> 'Clear the way!'

good English, 'begs the British officer will do him the honour to take a seat by his side.'

You ought to have seen the look of triumph Crook gave us, as he marched off with his great sword clanking behind him, and was beckoned smiling to a seat close to the chief and that beautiful girl, evidently his daughter.

We noticed the chief, too, wave his hand towards us, as he made some remark to our gallant young soldier, and smile as he received his reply. We knew, then, the tables were completely turned upon us; and when, about twenty minutes afterwards, the Arab attendant returned, and made the following speech, we did think that Crook was making the best of his position, and adding insult to injury:

'The honourable the British officer,' said the Arab, 'bids me say there is no need for his servants—you fellows—to wait. He will go home to coffee with his Excellency.'

How we fumed! We felt sick of the ball, and sorry we had come. Crook was doing his best to entertain the chief, and successfully too. And the glances of admiration he was receiving from the old man's beautiful daughter made us bite our lips with envy. When we couldn't stand it any longer, we went off in a body, laughing heartily, however, at having fallen into the pit we had dug for Crook.

We had a stiffish pull for it off to the Wanderoo, for it had come on to blow a bit. The boat was manned only by ourselves; for, not knowing how late we might be, we hadn't cared to bother with a crew. I was coxswain. Pumpkin had the bow. He was the only one in the boat who growled at our late escape.

VOL. XLII. NO. CXXLIX.

'All your fault, Sawbones,' he muttered, when about half-way off. 'Your fault entirely.'

At that very moment we shipped a sea, and Pumpkin got the sharp end of it on his neck.

'Confound it all, Sawbones,' he cried, 'you did that on purpose!'

'Quite right, paymaster,' I replied coolly; 'it's a mere exchange of civilities.'

Pumpkin was silent for the rest of the time.

Next morning, Crook was in the captain's cabin. We could see them—ay, and hear them; they were both laughing like all possessed, and we knew Crook was giving a brilliant account of the black-man's ball.

That same forenoon the captain asked us, in his dry aly way, and with a merry twinkle in his eye,

'How did you enjoy yourselves at the ball, gentlemen?'

And we had to reply,

'O, very much. It was great fun!'

Now comes the serious ending to the story of our new messmate, which I will relate as briefly as possible, for it is by no means a sunny memory. From the very night of the ball Crook seemed in many ways a changed man. He gave up practical joking entirely; he did not laugh so much as of yore; indeed, he was often silent and *triste*. He was a great deal on shore; and, on the whole, it was evident to every one of us that Crook was in love. Once or twice we attempted to banter him on the subject, but, as he did not take it kindly, we desisted.

We had lain much longer at Zanzibar than we expected we should; but at last came the orders from the Admiral to weigh anchor. We were to run down to Madagascar with despatches, and then on to the Cape, and



thence again right away up to Bombay.

We were to sail at two o'clock on a Tuesday. How well I remember it! A thunder-storm had been raging all the forenoon, the clouds were still black and threatening over the city, and against them the palace of the Sultan looked as white as marble, with the blood-red flag drooping against its mast, and ever and anon the forked lightning glancing and quivering around the square and massive towers.

I had work to do in the sick-bay, and was busy writing there, when a big gun was fired right overhead, and presently another, and some time afterwards a third. I sent my servant on deck to find out what the firing was about.

He returned almost immediately to say that Lieutenant Crook had not come off, and that the guns were merely signals for his recall. At that very moment something seemed to whisper to me and to tell me that poor Crook would return to us no more. I had not the slightest hope of his reappearance from the very first,

and I said as much to my mess-mates, though I could assign no reasons.

We stopped at Zanzibar all the week, but search was unavailing. The chief and his beautiful daughter had sailed a week before, but no one knew where he had gone—some said Mocha, others Madras.

Had Crook followed them? or had he been foully murdered? We never knew. He was marked in the log as 'Lost,' not 'Run,' and his fate is a mystery until this day. He took nothing with him, not even his letters or keys, nor even his purse, which, as was his habit, he left in his servant's care.

Here is a strange circumstance well worth noting: Daddy, the ape, never touched food again after we steamed away from Zanzibar; and one morning he was found stark and stiff in the very corner of the main-deck where poor Crook's cot used to swing. Must there not have been something good about a man that even an ape so loved?

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## ANECDOTE CORNER.

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS BY J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON—SURGEON-GENERAL COWEN—H. BARTON BAKER—REV. J. B. DALTON—O. A. FRY—PETER PEPPER CORN—WILLMOTT DIXON—BYRON WEBBER—THE ANECDOTE HUNTER—THE EDITOR—AND OTHERS.

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### *An Unpublished Quatrain by Victor Hugo.*

VICTOR HUGO, leaving the Café de Paris, where he had just breakfasted, saw on the Boulevards a wretchedly poor blind man, and in an impulse of pity improvised the following lines, which he wrote on the placard hung round the beggar's neck :

'Aveugle comme Homère, et comme Bélisaire,  
N'ayant qu'un faible enfant pour aide et pour appui,  
La main qui donnera du pain à sa misère  
Il ne la verra pas :—Dieu la verra pour lui.'

Freely translated :

'Blind, as was Homer; as Belisarius, blind,  
But a weak child to guide his vision dim.  
The hand which dealt him bread, in pity kind—  
He'll see it not: God sees it, though, for him.'

The *sous* of the passers-by flowed freely after reading this touching appeal to their commiseration.

H. L. C.

### *Three New Oxford Stories.*

A LOGICAL ANECDOTE. — Mr. Maclaren, the head of the Gymnasium at Oxford, has been long and justly celebrated for his prudent surveillance of the health-giving exercises of the undergraduates. Some of the older members of the University also regularly visit the hall, with a view of preserving a fair and vigorous exterior of person amid their various mental energies. Some years ago the late learned Dean of St. Paul's, who was then Professor of Moral Philosophy, offered his pleasant but somewhat corpulent proportions to be improved under the direction of the professor of calisthenics. Mr. Maclaren is no

mean adept at logic also, and, on approaching the clear-headed doctor, at once exclaimed, 'O Mr. Mansell, you ought to have come among us before this, and we should have relieved you of some of that *undistributed middle*!'

The late Rev. Thomas Short was for many years Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and was well known in the University for his great power of wit and sharp retort. This is one instance out of a thousand. 'Tommy,' it must be remarked, was tall of stature, and at one time wore a pair of rather short trousers. Some daring friend, having ventured to

THERE is many a sermon even in the church-bell ; and as to our towers and spires dotted in the landscape, no one can tell how many impressions we owe to 'those silent fingers pointing to the skies.'—ANON.

remark that his nether garments were of a rather abbreviated fashion, received the reply, 'Yes, my garments are like you ; they want *pulling up and strapping*.'

—♦—  
THREE WAYS OF DOING IT.  
—Although it may be pretty generally known that Fellows of All Souls, Oxford, are chosen less for their mental attainments than for their aristocratic family connections and general *savoir faire*, yet it may not be so universally known how, in the year 18—, a vacancy in the number of the college fellowships was filled up. There were three graduates, who appeared to possess equal qualifications entitling them to election to the vacancy ; but the heads of the college were at a loss as to

whom the honour most properly belonged. At last it was suggested that the three gentlemen should be invited to dinner, that cherry-tart should form part of the repast, and that observation should be made as to which of the three candidates disposed of the cherry-stones in the most gentlemanly manner. When the time of trial arrived, it was remarked that one gentleman separated the fruit from the stones with his spoon and fork ; the second put the cherries in his mouth and re-conveyed the stones to his plate ; but the third, placing the cherries in his mouth, *elegantly swallowed the stones*. The last was unanimously declared the most gentlemanly-mannered, and he was accordingly elected.

### Mathewsiana.

THE following is a capital instance of pluck and light-heartedness. Charles Mathews, the elder, at the age of seventy-four, and only a year previous to his decease, whilst suffering from a terrible attack of gout, received a book of ballads from a young author, who was complaining of the miseries of this world. He sat down and dashed off this reply :

'I am thirty years older than you are,  
But of pleasure can yet take my fill ;  
Old friends ever honest and true are,  
At least—I believe them so still.

I can sup upon cold meat and salads,  
Enjoy myself still with the gay ;  
I can relish your exquisite ballads,  
And feel the old glow at a play.

What more can the youth of to-day do ?  
They go a good pace—will they last ?  
I can do almost all the things they do,  
And have got what they haven't—the  
Past.'

The late Charles Mathews was renowned for his consummate coolness. 'Snappers and snarlers' were inclined to stigmatise his remarkable quality as impudence and effrontery. But the friends of the 'chartered libertine' insisted that his coolness was an irrepressible idiosyncrasy, and that his exhibitions of it were only amiable traits of humour. Readers of the subjoined anecdote must judge for themselves under which category the story is to be classed :

During the last days of the Lyceum management by the celebrated actor and Madame Vestris, a dramatic author had a piece, in which Charles Mathews was to play the principal part, in rehearsal at the theatre. But the collapse came suddenly, and the theatre

LIFE is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.—SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

was abruptly closed. The comedietta consequently never appeared. After a time the author wrote, begging to have his manuscript returned to him. The answer of Charles Mathews was brief: 'My dear P. S.,—You have got it.' The author remonstrated. He had never seen the manuscript since it was in the prompter's hands. Some time elapsed and he wrote again—many times again. But nothing moved the incorri-

gible Charles from the same invariable reply, 'My dear P. S.,—You have got it.' Two or even three years had passed, when one evening the author found on his hall-table a note from the ex-manager, accompanied by a roll of paper. The note had now varied in its strain: 'I always told you,' it went, 'that you had the piece, and you see you have.' The roll of paper contained the long-missing manuscript!

### *Railway Stories.*

A FEW years ago an enormously wealthy banker, of the Hebrew persuasion, was travelling from Munich to Vienna by rail. In the same carriage with himself was a gentleman accompanied by a friend. The stranger was of pleasing manners, and the purse-proud banker at length condescended to enter into conversation with him, and gradually even (as he himself expressed it) took a liking to 'the man.' He even went so far as to say at last, 'You seem to be a good sort of a fellow and a gentleman. Look here, I am going to Vienna to see my daughter, who is married there, is awfully rich and keeps a tiptop house. I will introduce you to her.' The stranger thanked him, and mentioned that, by a curious coincidence, he too was travelling to Vienna to see *his* daughter. 'Your daughter, indeed!' said the Jew banker, with considerable arrogance; 'and pray who may she be?' 'The Empress of Austria,' was the calm reply. The stranger was the Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, father of the present Empress of Austria and the ex-

Queen of Naples; the companion was his aide-de camp. It is needless to add that the Hebrew millionaire utterly collapsed.



How the best of motives may be cruelly misinterpreted is illustrated by the following anecdote: An English gentleman was travelling lately in Belgium. His companions in a railway carriage were some Belgian officers and a tall, gaunt, middle-aged female, dressed in rusty black, and holding on her lap a large black bag. It was not long before the bag was opened, and a great number of religious tracts in the English language were produced. These were handed by the rigid female to the officers, although it was obvious that she could not speak one word of French, and that they could not understand one word of English. The very coarse and broad remarks, interspersed with ribald jokes, in which the Belgian officers indulged at this proceeding, were very painful to the Englishman; and, actuated only by the kindest motives, and indeed with a true feeling of Christian charity,

**F**ORTUNE is ever seen accompanying industry, and is as often trundling in a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach-and-six.—GOLDSMITH.

he begged the female tract-distributor to suspend her labours in her present company, as her intentions were misunderstood and only excited ridicule. The gaunt

female eyed him up and down for a time, and then said, with stern conviction and in a tone of outraged piety, 'I perceive, sir, that you are an Atheist!'

### *Anecdotes of Macready.*

THE following anecdotes were related to me by one of the parties most interested in the transaction:

When Macready went over to America he took with him John Ryder, who had been one of his Drury Lane company, to play seconds. Just about the time of his return visit to New York, Ryder's term expired. 'Look here, Ryder,' said Macready one day, 'I don't see why Simpson' (the manager of the Park Theatre) 'shouldn't pay you your salary this time. You have only to say your engagement with me has terminated, which is quite true, and that he must treat with you; he cannot do without you, and you can make your own terms.' Never suspecting a trap, Ryder at once consented. The opening play was *Macbeth*, and Macready did not come to the theatre until the morning of the performance. The company and the manager were assembled in the green-room. Macduff was called for the second scene, in which, according to the old acting copies, he spoke the lines assigned to Rosse. 'O, by the bye,' said Macready, addressing Simpson, 'I quite forgot to mention that Mr. Ryder's engagement with me expired last week. Was it not so, Ryder?' Ryder answered in the affirmative. 'So that you will have to arrange with him separately.' 'In that case,' replied the manager, 'I shall not require his services, as I shall put one of

my own stock company into the part.' Although a little disappointed, Ryder consoled himself with the thought that after all it would be only a short holiday, for which he would suffer no pecuniary loss. On the Saturday he went to Macready, as usual, for his salary. 'There is some mistake, my dear Ryder,' said the great tragedian. 'Did you not say in the green-room on Monday, before the whole company, that your engagement had terminated? When I leave here I shall be very pleased to renew our arrangement; but,' &c. Expostulation was useless. 'Then I am to understand, Mr. Macready,' said the actor quietly, 'that I am at present a free agent?' 'Well, yes,' &c. Without a moment's loss of time Ryder hurried off to the Bowery, then a new theatre, stated his position, and offered to open on the following Monday as *Macbeth*. The offer was at once closed with, and before night every hoarding in New York bore the announcement that, on Monday next, the celebrated English actor, Mr. John Ryder, would appear at the Bowery Theatre in his great impersonation of *Macbeth*. The next day Macready sent for him in hot haste, and demanded to know what the announcement meant. 'You told me I was a free agent during your stay in New York,' replied Ryder, 'and, as I could not afford to remain

**EVERY** man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and lighter to one man than another ; and he is more at ease who takes it up than he who drags it.—ANON.

idle, I have accepted an engagement at an opposition theatre.' 'You must break it ; I will pay you your salary—anything.' 'Too late, Mr. Macready,' answered John dryly ; and the engagement was played out and proved a great success.

And yet, on another occasion, the man who played this contemptible trick to save a few pounds could be equally generous. Ryder's arrangements included a

benefit in each city. On one of these occasions a terrible storm raged, that flooded the streets and rendered them utterly impassable. The next evening Macready handed him over notes amounting to a pretty good sum in dollars, with the remark, 'Something to make up for your loss last night, Ryder.' A curious proof of the possibility of meanness and generosity existing side by side in the same character.

H. B. B.

### Textual Critics.

'WHAT IS MAN?—The subject of infant baptism is one that has caused much division in the theological world. An opponent of this doctrine somewhere relates the following account of how his own side of the question suffered through the weak logic of one defending it. It had been agreed that the subject should be argued publicly between two ministers of different persuasions, and that the Bible should be the only book

appealed to by either in support of his affirmations. 'It is written,' said the first, 'that "they were baptised *men* and *women*."' Now, here is no mention of children !' 'True,' replied the other. 'We read also that "A woman remembereth no more her anguish for joy that a *man* is born into the world ;" was, then, her offspring an adult ?' Surely the judges cried 'Habet !'

### The Literary Forehead.

MRS. ROMER, the clever authoress of *Sturmer* and other popular works, told me, many years ago, that while on board a vessel bound to Malta, she made acquaintance with Archibald Douglas (the 'Medical Student'), who was then surgeon of the ship in which she sailed, and whom the captain invited to meet her at dinner in his cabin. During the meal he never

uttered a word, but on rising from table asked a gentleman who was of the party if the lady was Mrs. *Isabella* Romer ; and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, remarked that if he had known it earlier, he would have paid her more attention ; 'for,' he added, 'I saw something on her forehead that told me she could *scrubble* !'

### Variorum.

GOLDY'S DROLL PREFACE.—Goldsmith, in a preface to his *Essays*, said that as other people had been living on his wits, he

would try now and live on himself. 'I desire to imitate the fat man, whom I have heard of in a shipwreck, who, when the sailors,

'I HOPE we shall exchange duties occasionally,' said the Rector of A. to a clerical neighbour recently arrived; 'my people like a little variety.' 'O no,' said the other; 'I protest against exchanges; for if you preach better than myself, my people won't like me after you; and if you preach worse, you never ought to preach again.'

pressed by famine, were taking slices from his posterior to satisfy their hunger, insisted, with great justice, on having the first cut for himself.'

arrangements, added in his letter to his master, 'We have a large number of emu eggs, which, in your lordship's absence, I have set under a goose.'

EXAMPLES OF SLANG TRANSLATION.—Who has not heard of that effort of a faltering student who rendered Virgil's line concerning the unburied in the realm of spirits, '*Impositique rogis juvenes orte ora parentum*' thus: 'Youths that were imposed upon by rogues,' &c.? The scholar will perhaps view with greater favour the ingenious explanation offered by another undergraduate of the derivation of the Latin word '*monstrum*,' from the verb '*moneo*,' 'to advise.' '*Monstrum*' signifies anything misshapen or unnatural; and the youth in question accounted for the connection of meaning in the two words by suggesting the simple rendering of '*monstrum*,' 'a caution.'

I have read or heard somewhere the following: An Irish bailiff, accustomed to send a faithful account of the state of domestic

A SAVAGE REJOINDER.—The person of Alexander Pope was diminutive and deformed. He was also, we know, very sensitive to injury, real or imagined. On one occasion a rather abstruse passage, written by the poet, was being discussed in his hearing, and some one present remarked that the difficulty of comprehending it might perhaps be met by placing a mark of interrogation at the end of the sentence. Pope indignantly asked, 'Pray, sir, do you know what a mark of interrogation is?' 'Yes,' replied the gentleman, 'I do—a crooked creature with its back up!'

LORD CHESTERFIELD, noticing a very grave and awkward couple dancing a minuet, said they looked as if they were doing it for money, and were doubtful about getting paid.

### *Some more Curious Snuffboxes.*

A CENTURY and more ago Dr. Johnson, in discoursing of the prevalence of insanity then in England, took occasion to deplore the disuse of tobacco. Smoking, he said, was 'gone out;' and his pipe, which, as late as 1832, was exhibited as a relic of the sturdy lexicographer at the coffee-house in Bolt-court, Fleet-street, being

put out, and voted unfashionable, the sage was reduced to snuff and his usual solace—some thirteen cups of tea. Time has rolled on; and modern historians of the Great Plant have noted the gradual decline of snuff-taking, a custom now familiar to us only as we con the vivid pages of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. Gentle the satire was, loving the









VICTOR HUGO.

See 'An Unpublished Memoir.'  
in 'AUGUSTINE FOUCHÉ.'



**D**R. BUSBY was short of stature. One day he was accosted in a coffee-room by an Irish baronet of gigantic size. 'Suffer me to pass, O giant!' 'Pass, O pigmy,' replied the doctor. 'O sir,' continued the baronet, 'my expression alluded to the size of your intellect.' 'And mine,' rejoined the doctor, 'to the size of yours.'

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rebuke, for Steele and Addison both were 'takers.'

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A lucky capture of Spanish galleons, laden with choice snuffs from the Havannah, had inaugurated the reign of good Queen Anne, and been the means of introducing into England the continental fashion of snuff-taking. Wagon-loads of the 'titillating dust' thus imported being publicly sold at threepence and fourpence a pound, the box soon rivalled, and at length eclipsed, the pipe. Sir Plume, 'of amber snuff-box justly vain,' became a character, and was kept in countenance as well by 'the fair' at the Drawing-room as the chairmen in the streets. To parody a well-known line, '*Snuff* ruled the court, the camp, the grove.' Snuff-taking was elevated to the rank of a passion by the wits and beaux of society. To offer a box gracefully became an educational requirement; and a general flourish of snuff-boxes took place, if not 'all over the land,' as Cowper said, at least from Pall Mall to the 'Change. A pinch to conciliate, a pinch to contemn; a pinch gave pungency to the jest, a relish to the sarcasm, and equally served to cover embarrassment and chagrin. Talleyrand used to say—and he was a *priseur*—that the snuff-box was *essential* to all great politicians, as time for thought in answering awkward questions was gained in taking, or pretending to take, a pinch. Certainly Prince Metternich was devoted to the box, and diplomatists generally

appear to have viewed it with favour; as well indeed they might, when some eight or nine thousand pounds were expended in the purchase of boxes for presentation to foreign ministers at the coronation of George IV.

This monarch had a most fastidious taste in the matter of snuff and snuff-boxes; and his souvenirs of enamel and chased gold, with carvings after Watteau, miniatures by Pelitot, or Flaxman's designs, set with brilliants, rubies, and other precious stones, were worth hundreds of pounds apiece. But De Quincey once had an opportunity of seeing a musical snuff-box, which had cost a thousand guineas! Unfortunately this trinket was supposed to have caught in a fatal net of calamity all those whom it reached as owners, and was a twin-box with one presented as a bribe to Napoleon. Amongst those who had once possessed it was a Jew, reputed of immense wealth, who had known intimately and greatly admired Lord Nelson. To him this snuff-box had been repeatedly offered as an expression of idolatrous affection; but as the direful legend connected with it had been made no secret, the hero of Trafalgar laughingly declined the gift. The Jew, it is said, died unhappily.

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There is another story of a snuff-box portrait, which was the cause of a *mauvais quart d'heure* on one occasion to no less an autocrat than Frederick the Great. In one of his cynical moods this king had made a present to the brave Count Schwerin of a gold snuff-box, in-

HUMOUR is the harmony of the heart.—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

side the lid of which he had ordered the head of an ass to be painted. Schwerin, who was to dine with the king the next day, ostentatiously parading his box, opened it, took snuff, and placed it upon the table admiringly. Frederick, wishing to turn the joke against the old soldier, called attention to the snuff-box; whereupon the Duchess of Brunswick, who happened to be staying with the king at Potsdam just then, took it up and examined it. Immediately she exclaimed, 'What a striking likeness! In truth, brother, this is *one of the best portraits I have ever seen of you.*' The king, much embarrassed, thought the Duchess was carrying the joke too far. She, however, passed the box to her neighbour, who appeared to be highly diverted with the miniature. The box made the round of the table, and every tongue waxed eloquent upon the merits of this 'counterfeit presentment.' Frederick was puzzled what to make of all this; but when the box at length reached his own hands, he saw, to his great surprise and still greater relief, that it was his own portrait which had excited attention. The Count, a man of sly humour, had employed an artist to remove the ass's head, and substitute for it the king's well-known features. Frederick could not help laughing at the trick, which had so cleverly wrought his confusion. The son of the 'Smoking King' had inherited a love of snuff from his mother, the first Queen of Prussia, who was so given up to the luxury herself that she outraged the proprieties at her coronation by taking a pinch. Frederick had capacious pockets made to his waistcoat, so that he might carry about with him a large

quantity of his favourite dust, and get his handful—for no less quantity sufficed him—whenever he pleased, and with the least trouble. But, unlike the fraternity of snuff-takers, he disliked others to take a pinch from his box; and once, detecting a page in the act of ravishing his snuff-box, which lay upon the table in an adjoining room, he exclaimed angrily, 'Put that box in your pocket; it is too small for both of us!'

George II. was quite as selfish and niggardly in this respect, and much more rude. He once threw away his box in a pet, when, at a masquerade, a gentleman ventured to take a pinch.

Napoleon used to imitate 'Old Fritz' in his manner of taking snuff, carrying it loose in his pockets; and it was the common belief that he consumed it in bushels. His principal valet, however, asserted that, though his master very frequently passed a huge pinch of snuff close to his nose to inhale its odour, he never admitted a grain to lodge with him, but scattered it all on the floor when it had served his purpose. During his exile at St. Helena, the 'Little Corporal' was supplied by Fribourg and Freyer with a snuff called *Ronbillard*, while the Bonapartists in France, who were plotting for his return, filled their *tabatières* with a violet-scented snuff, the violet being Napoleon's distinctive flower, and when proffering the box to a neighbour whose politics appeared doubtful, would significantly ask, 'Do you love this perfume?'

Lady Holland had a snuff-box left her by Napoleon, on which Lord

**G**OODWILL, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.—JEFFREY.

Carlisle wrote some doggerel lines, advising her to have nothing to do with it, for fear that Horror and Murder should jump out every time the lid was raised. Byron, coming to hear of these verses, immediately produced the following parody of them :

'Lady, accept the box a hero wore,  
In spite of all this elegiac stuff;  
Let not seven stanzas, written by a bore,  
Prevent your ladyship from taking  
snuff.'

Louis Napoleon formed a choice collection of snuff-boxes, now the property of the Empress Eugénie. The late Lady Sophia des Vœux also possessed some fine boxes, which were dispersed by auction a few years ago, when three of them were knocked down to Messrs. Wertheimer, of New Bond-street, for 660*l*. The same firm purchased, for 40,000*l*., the magnificent collection formed by Mr. Charles Goding, which was exhibited for some years at the South Kensington Museum.

Lord Petersham had the shelves of a favourite room completely fitted with tin canisters, snuff boxes, and snuff-jars. When a friend one day praised his light blue Sèvres snuff-box, his lordship said, in his dainty tip-toe sort of way, 'Yes, it's a nice summer box, but it really would not do for winter wear.' Such was the extravagant foppery that distinguished the gentlemen of the Regency. It has been recorded of Mr. Norris, a well-known snuff-box collector, that he had so many boxes that he never required to take a pinch twice from the same receptacle. A party of distinguished men were once comparing snuff-boxes, when it was found that one had been made

from the deck of the Victory, another from the table on which Wellington wrote the Waterloo despatch, a third from Canova's footstool, a fourth from the sign of the Bear at Devizes, beneath which Sir Thomas Lawrence began to paint; and so on. Crabbe's cudgel, the Siddons desk, and, of course, the mulberry-tree planted by Shakespeare, were all preserved in the form of snuff-boxes.

At the present day two relics are known to us, the authenticity of which is beyond question. One is Nelson's snuff-box, to be seen any day at Greenwich Hospital; and the other, in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, is the box which belonged to Robert Burns, and was given by him to a friend, whose son presented it to the national collection. This, however, is not the Burns relic that created a sensation nearly sixty years since, and furnishes us with another story of a snuff-box.

Mr. Bacon, who kept a celebrated posting-house north of Dumfries, was the almost inseparable associate of Robert Burns. Many a merry night did they spend together over their toddy. The bard and the innkeeper became so attached to each other that Burns gave his friend, as a token of regard, the snuff-box which had been for many years his pocket companion. The knowledge of this pledge of amity was confined to a few of their jovial crew until after Bacon's death in 1825, when his furniture and effects were put up for sale by public auction, and, amongst other articles, Mr. Bacon's snuff-box was offered to the highest bidder. 'A shilling!' some one

**A**N old Oriental story relates that one day Moolla Museerodeen, in a mosque, ascended the desk, and thus addressed his audience: 'O children of the faithful, do ye know what I am going to say?' They answered, 'No.' 'Well, then,' replied he, 'it's of no use wasting my time on such a stupid set;' and saying this, he came down and dismissed them. Next day he again mounted the desk, and asked, 'O

instantly cried. There was a general exclamation that the article was not worth twopence, and the auctioneer seemed in haste to knock it down, when, looking intently at the lid, he read, and shouted out, with stentorian voice, 'Robert Burns, officer of the Excise.' Scarcely had he uttered the words before his audience bid for it as one man; shilling after shilling was confusedly offered for this genuine relic of Scotland's sweetest singer. The greatest anxiety prevailed while the biddings rose higher and higher, till it was finally knocked down for five pounds. The box was made of the tip of a horn, neatly turned round at the point, and the lid mounted with silver, on which his name was engraved.

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We have a description of another poet's snuff-box, 'of tortoiseshell, with a beautiful landscape on the lid of it, glazed with crystal, having the figures of three hares in the foreground, and inscribed above with these words: "The Peasant's Rest," and below, "Tiny, Puss, and Bess,"' the names of Cowper's pet hares. The box was presented to the poet by his cousin, Lady Hesketh, in 1786, and may possibly have been preserved to this day.

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There was in existence about this period a snuff-box for which, although it had belonged to no famous person, and was not conspicuously handsome, a connoisseur of the present day would have given the proverbial 'Jew's eye.' But

its different owners had had no notion of its worth, and had gazed indifferently upon an unique work of art, the value of which was unknown to them, and finally destroyed altogether, in the interests of a rapacious print-collector. The story runs that, some time since, a gentleman sent his snuff-box to a working jeweller for repair; the embossed frame which surrounded the lid had become loose. The box was of silver, plain in its shape, but ornamented on the top with a group of figures, somewhat after the manner of Watteau, engraven upon the plate. Upon removing the border, it was found necessary to take the other part of the box entirely to pieces. While minutely inspecting the landscape of figures, the artisan perceived, at the very edge of the plate, which had been hitherto concealed by its frame, the name of William Hogarth. An intelligent man, the jeweller had his curiosity thoroughly aroused, and he set off with the box to a neighbour, whom he knew to be thoroughly conversant with all matters of art. It was suggested by this gentleman that a few impressions of the subject should be taken off, and offered to a great Hogarthian collector whom he knew, for the benefit of the ingenious workman, who had a large family to support by one pair of hands. Twenty copies were printed on India paper, and the plate restored to its niche, but so soldered and riveted to the exterior embossing as to prevent the possibility of its ever again being sub-

true Mussulmans, do ye know what I am going to say?' 'We do,' say they. 'Then,' replied he, 'there is no need for me to tell you;' and again he let them go. The third time his audience thought they should catch him; and on his putting the usual question, they answered, 'Some of us do, and some of us do not.' 'Well, then,' replied he, 'let those who know tell those who do not.'

jected to the process of the printing press. The circumstances of the case were communicated to the collector, Mr. W——, the proofs displayed, and their price demanded. Five pounds were named, and immediately paid. Mr. W—— then carefully examined his purchase, selected the best impression, and threw the remaining nineteen copies into the fire, exclaiming, 'Now I have in my possession an unique work of my idol. No man can boast that he has a copy of this *fête champêtre* but myself, and I would not part with it for fifty pounds.'

Lovers of 'the dust of Virginia' for its own sake will, perhaps, regret that its receptacles have seemingly always held precedence in the affections. Let the following anecdote reassure them. In the days of highwaymen, a gentleman was robbed by one of these freebooters of (among other valuables) his gold and jewelled snuff-box. Hitherto he had yielded with

resignation, but now he appealed against the lawless appropriation of his property in these terms: 'Take away that bauble, and welcome, but, as you're a Christian, have the mercy to let me keep the snuff.' The thief obligingly complied with the request; his only care was for the 'sneezer.'

Beau Brummell would have acted very differently, to judge from our closing anecdote: Being at a dinner-party in Portman-square, on the removal of the cloth the snuff-boxes made their appearance, and his own was particularly admired. It was handed round, and a gentleman finding it was rather difficult to open, incautiously applied a dessert-knife to the lid. Poor Brummell was on thorns; and at last, unable to contain himself any longer, he addressed himself to the host, saying, with characteristic quaintness, 'Will you be good enough to tell your friend that my snuff-box is not an oyster?'

### *An Old Club Squib.*

If any man loves comfort and has little cash to buy it, he  
Should get into a crowded club—a most select society—  
While solitude and mutton-outlets serve *infelix uxor*, he  
May have his club, like Hercules, and revel there in luxury.

Yes, clubs knock taverns on the head. E'en Hatchett's can't demolish 'em.

Joy grieves to see their magnititude, and Long's longs to abolish 'em.  
The Inns are out. Hotels for single men scarce keep alive on it,  
While none but houses that are in the family way thrive on it.

There's first the Athenæum Club; so wise, there's not a man of it  
That has not sense enough for six—in fact, that is the plan of it.  
The very waiters answer you with eloquence Socratical,  
And always place the knives and forks in order mathematical.



'I SHOULD like Amyas to be a bold adventurer like Mr. Oxenham,' said Mr. Leigh. 'God grant you become a braver man than he; for, as I think, to be bold against the enemy is common to the brutes, but the prerogative of a man is to be bold against himself, to conquer his own fancies, his own lusts, his own ambition, in the sacred name of duty.'—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Then opposite the mental club you'll find the regimental one—  
A meeting made of men of war, and yet a very gentle one.  
If uniform good living please your palate, here's excess of it,  
Especially at private dinners, when they make a mess of it.

E'en Isis has a house in town, and Cam abandons *her* city;  
The Master now hangs out at the United University.  
In common room she gave a rout (a novel freak to hit upon),  
Where Masters gave the Mistresses of Arts no chairs to sit upon.

The Union Club is quite superb; its best apartment daily is  
The lounge of lawyers, doctors, merchants, beaux, *cum multis aliis*.  
At half-past six the joint concern for eighteen-pence is given you,  
Half-pints of port are sent in ketchup-bottles to enliven you.

The Travellers are in Pall Mall, and smoke cigars so cosily,  
And dream they climb the highest Alps or rove the Plains of Moselai.  
The world for them has nothing new, they have explored all parts of it,  
And now they are club-footed, and they sit and look at charts of it.

The Orientals, homeward-bound, now seek their club much sallowier,  
And while they eat green fat they find their own fat growing yellower.  
Their soup is made more savoury, till bile to shadows dwindles 'em,  
And neither Moore nor Savory with seidlitz draughts rekindles 'em.

Then there are clubs where persons parliamentary preponderate,  
And clubs for men upon the Turf (I wonder they arn't under it);  
Clubs where the winning ways of sharper folks pervert the use of clubs,  
Where knaves will make subscribers cry, 'Egad! this is the deuce of clubs!'

For country squires the only club in London now is Boodle's, sirs,  
The Crockford Club for playful men, the Alfred Club for noodles, sirs:  
These are the stages which all men propose to play their parts upon,  
For clubs are what the Londoners have clearly set their hearts upon.

THEODORE HOOK.

### *Men of Fashion.*

THE age of the fop, the buck, and the dandy is past; and we must confess that the 'crutch-and-toothpick' creature of the present day is altogether inferior in what Thackeray calls 'distinctive colouring.' Let us present a few pic-

tures of his predecessors by way of contrast:

In 1690 the well-known author of *Sylva*, John Evelyn, Esq., published a pamphlet entitled *Mundus Muliebris, or the Lady's Dressing-room unlocked, and her Toilet*

A NEWSPAPER is the history of the world for one day. It is the history of that world in which we now live, and with which we are consequently more concerned than with those which have passed away, and exist only in remembrance ; though, to check us in our too fond love of it, we may consider that the present likewise will soon be past, and take its place in the repositories of the dead.—BISHOP HORNE.

*spread*, in which he admirably describes the prevailing fashions of the age as to dress, manners, &c. 'The refined lady,' he says, 'expects her servants and humble admirers should court her in the forms and exercises of making love in fashion. In order to this you must often treat her to the play, the park, and the music, present her at the raffle, follow her to Tunbridge at the season of drinking the waters, though you have no need of them yourself. You must improve all occasions of celebrating her shape, and how well the mode becomes her, though it be ne'er so ridiculous and fantastical ; that she sings like an angel, dances like a goddess, and that you are charmed with her wit and beauty. Above all, you must be sure to find some fault or imperfection in all other ladies, and to laugh at the fops like yourself. With this a little practice will qualify you for the conversation and mystery of the ruelle ; and if the whole morning be spent between the glass and the comb, that your peruke sit well, and cravat strings be adjusted as things of importance,—with these and the like accomplishments you'll emerge a consummate beau (*Anglicè*, a coxcomb). But the dancing-master will still be necessary to preserve your good mien, and fit you for the winter ball.'

Taking a leap of some fifty years, we come to the bucks of 1738, of whom the following amusing pic-

ture is given by one of the opposite sex, who had fine scope for her powers of sarcasm. 'I went the other night,' says a fair correspondent of the *London Evening Post* for 1738, 'with an aunt of mine, a well-bred woman of the last age, though a little formal. When we sat down in the front boxes, we found ourselves surrounded by a party of the strangest fellows I ever saw in my life ; some of them had those loose kind of great-coats on, which I have heard called *wrap-rascals*, with gold-laced hats slouched in humble imitation of *etage-coachmen* ; others as being grooms had dirty boots and spurs, with black caps on, and long whips in their hands ; a third sort wore scanty frocks, little shabby hats put on one side, and clubs in their hands. My aunt whispered me, she never saw such a set of slovenly unmannerly *footmen* sent to keep places in her life ; when, to her great surprise, she saw these fast fellows, at the end of the act, pay the box-keeper for their places !'

Then comes the dandy of George III.'s time—a creature like the chameleon in his changes. A newspaper of 1770 gives the following description of a fop of that period : 'A few days ago a macaroni made his appearance in the Assembly Rooms at Whitehaven, dressed in a mixed silk coat, pink satin waistcoat, and breeches covered with an elegant silver net, white silk stockings with pink clocks,

**D** ID you ever realise to yourself the sieve of the Danaïdes, the stone of Sisyphus, the wheel of Ixion, the pleasure of shearing that domestic animal which (according to the experience of a very ancient observer of Nature) produces more cry than wool, the perambulation of the Irishman's model bog, where you slip two steps backward for one forward, and must therefore, in order to progress at all, turn your

pink satin shoes and large pearl buckles, a mushroom - coloured stock covered with fine point lace, hair dressed remarkably high, and stuck full of pearl pins.'

But it is not to be supposed that these singular specimens of sartorial extravagance were deficient in manly qualities. Foppery in dress is by no means a sure sign of either effeminacy or cowardice; and those who presume on such appearance, like all who judge merely from externals, will often be mistaken. The late Sir Alexander Schomberg, many years commander of the King's yacht, the *Dorset*, was, during the whole of a long life, a very great beau. When a young man, he was one day walking down a fashionable street in London; and, having taken out his pocket-handkerchief, which was highly perfumed, a couple of bucks, conceiving that an officer so perfumed was a very safe object of ridicule, followed him down the street, amusing themselves with sneers at him. Sir Alexander at length reached his lodging, and, having knocked at the door, he called one of the gentlemen and said, 'Sir, I perceive you have been much taken with the perfume of my handkerchief;' then, taking it out with his left hand, he added, 'I request you to smell it closer,' at the same time twinging his nose and flogging him with a cane. He concluded by informing him that he was Captain Schomberg, of the Royal Navy, very much at his service.

A somewhat similar circumstance occurred with the celebrated Archibald Hamilton Rowan. When this gentleman was young it was customary to wear a large bunch of strings at the knees; and Mr. Rowan was one day walking in the park, dressed in the extreme of the fashion. His dress was altogether so peculiar that he attracted considerable attention. Of this he took no notice, until two young fellows carried their remarks to insult. Rowan, who at the time wore a sword, knowing the warmth of his temper, instantly seized it, and ran to a stranger, in whose care he placed it. He then proceeded to the two gentlemen, wrested a cane from the hands of one of them, and, chastising them both very severely, gave them his card and told them he was ready to yield them any other satisfaction they might require. Mr. Rowan then returned to the gentleman to whom he had consigned his sword, apologised for the liberty he had taken, but said he feared he might lose his temper, and use a sword where a rod was more proper. It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Rowan dressed as he pleased ever after, without any person presuming to call his taste into question.

Captain Faulkner, who was killed in the celebrated action between the *Blanche* and the *Pique*, used to dress in an entire suit of tabinet uniform, and though he thus had the appearance of a fop, yet a braver man never drew a sword.

face homeward, and progress as a pig does into a steamer by going the opposite way? Were you ever condemned to spin ropes of sand to all eternity, like Tregear the wrecker; or to extract the cube-roots of a million or two hopeless surds, like the mad mathematician; or last, and worst of all, to work the Nuisance Removal Act?—CHARLES KINGSLEY (*on Trials of Temper*).

### Parliamentary Hits.

CURRAN was once asked how a member of Parliament had spoken. The answer was, 'His speech was a long parenthesis.' He was asked to explain. 'Why,' said he, 'don't you know that a parenthesis is a paragraph which may be omitted from beginning to end, without any loss of meaning?'

An able speaker, but one addicted to lofty language, had made a speech in the House of Peers, at which Curran was present. He was asked what he thought of the debate. 'I had,' said he, 'only the advantage of hearing Lord ——— airing his vocabulary.'

On the union of the Legislatures the Irish Parliament House was turned into a bank, and various changes took place in the structure; among the rest the interior was gutted, and the very handsome dome taken down. Curran heard the remark of a celebrated and facetious lord, that the house 'looked like a traitor who had undergone the sentence of the law.' Curran, in allusion to the noble lord's activity in carrying the union, said, 'Ay, no man is likelier to make that remark—a murderer is always afraid of ghosts.'

In an election for the borough of Tallagh, Mr. John Egan, an immense-sized man, was an unsuccessful candidate. It was in the heat of a very warm summer day. Egan was struggling through the

crowd, his handkerchief in one hand, his wig in the other, and his whole countenance raging like the Dog-star, when he met Curran. 'I am sorry for you, my dear fellow,' said Curran. 'Sorry! Why so, Jack! why so! I'm perfectly at ease.' 'Alas, Egan, 'tis but too visible to every one that you're losing tallow (Tallagh) fast!'

When Burke, on his election for Bristol, in 1744, had returned thanks to his constituents in an eloquent speech from the hustings, a humorous incident terminated the day's triumph. Mr. Cruger, Burke's colleague, a worthy merchant in the American trade, and a citizen of Bristol, but no orator, was dumbfounded by the eloquence of his mighty coadjutor. When his own turn came to thank the electors, he had recourse to a speech which, though savouring of his counting-house, was, under the circumstances, about the best he could make. He cried out, 'Gentlemen, I say ditto to Mr. Burke! Ditto to Mr. Burke!' A roar of laughter marked the approval of his audience.

Dining with Pitt at Downing-street one day, in 1791, Burke strove to alarm him on the aggressive nature of French principles, and the propagandism of revolution. Pitt made rather light of the danger, and said, in colloquial phrase, 'This country and Constitution were safe to the day of judgment.' 'Yes,'

WHEN there is no recreation or business for thee abroad, thou mayest then have a company of honest old fellows, in leathern jackets, in thy study, which may find thee excellent divertisement at home.—FULLER.

Burke quickly retorted; 'but 'tis the day of *no* judgment I am afraid of.'

'To be sure I will; what would your fish-dinner be without the Great Seal?'

Mr. Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, put up for Weobly in June 1783, and, being returned, took his seat for the first time as the representative of that borough. He says he delivered his speech to the crowd from the top of a heap of stones. 'My audience liked the speech; and I ended, as I had begun, by kissing the prettiest girl in the place—very pleasant, indeed.'

It was in a debate on the opening of letters at the Post Office, in 1845, that Mr. Disraeli used this celebrated illustration of the tactics of Sir Robert Peel. He said, 'I know there are some who think he is looking out for new allies. I never believed anything of the kind. The position of the right honourable gentleman is clear and precise. I do not believe that he is looking to any coalition, though many of my constituents do. The right honourable gentleman has only exactly to remain where he is. The right honourable gentleman caught the Whigs bathing, and walked away with their clothes. He has left them in the full enjoyment of their liberal position, and he is himself a strict Conservative of their garments.'

While the Catholic Relief Bill was making progress in the House of Commons, there were, from the commencement of the session, nightly skirmishes in the House of Lords on the presentation of petitions for and against the measure. The Chancellor (Lyndhurst, who had changed sides on the question) sometimes mixed in these, and received painful scratches. Lord Eldon presenting an anti-Catholic petition from the Company of Tailors at Glasgow, the Chancellor, still sitting on the woolsack, said, in a stage whisper, loud enough to be heard in the galleries: 'What! do tailors trouble themselves with *measures*?' Lord Eldon: 'My noble and learned friend might have been aware that tailors cannot like *turncoats*.'

One of Flood's methods of 'disquieting' a Minister was plying him with inconvenient questions. On one of these occasions (in the Irish Parliament) the Secretary referred him to some subaltern who was absent. 'Well, well,' said he, 'I must be content to wait. Formerly the oak of Dodona uttered its own oracles; but the wooden oracle of our Treasury is compelled to give his responses by deputy.'

When Erskine was Chancellor, being asked by the Secretary to the Treasury whether he would attend the Ministerial fish-dinner, to be given at Greenwich at the end of the session, he answered,

Lord Althorp, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, having to propose to the House of Commons a vote of 400*l.* a year for the salary of the Archdeacon of Bengal, was puzzled by a question from Mr.

‘HIS mind was like a polished mirror: though a breath of anger might cloud it for a moment, it immediately resumed its brightness, and its purity remained unstained.’ This was said of Mr. Lewis Gidley by Denis Moore.

Hume, ‘What are the duties of an archdeacon?’ So he sent one of the subordinate occupants of the Treasury Bench to the other House to obtain an answer to the question from one of the bishops. The messenger first met with Archbishop Vernon Harcourt, who described an archdeacon as ‘*aide-de-camp* to the bishop;’ and then with Bishop Coplestone of Llandaff, who said, ‘The archdeacon is *oculus episcopi*.’ Lord Althorp, however, declared that neither of these explanations would satisfy the House. ‘Go,’ said he, ‘and ask the Bishop of London (Blomfield); he is a straightforward man, and will give you a plain answer.’ To the Bishop of London accordingly the messenger went, and repeated the question, ‘What is an archdeacon?’ ‘An archdeacon?’ replied the bishop in his quiet way. ‘An archdeacon is an ecclesiastical officer who performs archidiaconal functions;’ and with this reply Lord Althorp and the House were perfectly satisfied.

On an occasion when Colonel Barry brought forward a motion on the British Navy, Lord North said to a friend of his, who was sitting next to him in the House, ‘We shall have a tedious speech from Barry to-night. I daresay he’ll give us our naval history from the beginning, not forgetting

Sir Francis Drake and the Armada. All this is nothing to me; so let me sleep on, and wake me when we come near our own times.’ His friend at length roused him, when Lord North exclaimed, ‘Where are we now?’ ‘At the battle of La Hogue, my lord.’ ‘O, my dear friend, you have woke me a century too soon.’

Standing on the hustings at Brentford, Wilkes’s opponent, Colonel Luttrell, said to him, ‘I will take the sense of the meeting.’ ‘And I will take the nonsense,’ replied Wilkes; ‘and we shall see who has the best of it.’

Sir John Barnard took his seat for the City of London in 1722. To Walpole’s frequent observation, ‘Every man has his price,’ it was once triumphantly objected, ‘What, then, is Sir John Barnard’s?’ ‘Popularity,’ was the Minister’s reply.

When Speaker Williams, who was one of the most learned parliamentary lawyers of his own or any other time, fainted in the House from excessive toil and fatigue, there were calls for a smelling-bottle, whereupon a witty member cried, ‘For God’s sake bring him an old black-letter Act of Parliament, and let him smell that!’

### *How they keep Order in ‘Illinoy.’*

If Judge Lynch, for whom one of the Home Rule members of Parliament expresses a sneaking admiration, could be introduced into Ireland, and could be induced to open a court for hounding Irish-

American assassins back to the United States in the Charleston manner, it would not be necessary to make much of a radical reform in the constitution of the Irish police. This will show how

'A T nine honours don't count.' A lady aged sixty married her footman, on which Talleyrand quoted this expression.

order is preserved in 'Illinoi': 'For a number of years this neighbourhood has been infested by a secret band of desperate criminals. Farms have been raided, stock stolen, railroad cars ditched and robbed, horses and cattle driven away in the night-time, men and women waylaid both in the daytime and at night, and all efforts to stop the outrages or to bring the desperadoes to justice have been thwarted. Whenever investigations have been started, persons engaged in the inquiries have been marked out and made to suffer through a series of the most mysterious and successful crimes. At length the people arose, and a vigilance committee was started, and went to work in a most summary manner. The committee was composed of seventy-five men, who banded themselves together by

oath. To begin with, they went in a body to the houses of Myron Martin, William Sweeney, *alias* English Bill, and Charles Scott, *alias* Grasshopper, all ex-convicts from the Joliet Penitentiary, against whom there existed good evidence, and by force took them from their beds. Hurrying them off to a bunch of trees near by, the committee hanged the prisoners up and whipped them until life was almost extinct. They were then let down and told to leave the country and never return. They left. The Vigilantes then posted large hand-bills all over the county warning fifteen other men that if they were found in the neighbourhood in twenty-four hours, they would have to answer with their lives. That night every one of the fifteen was missing.'

### *Children of the Period.*

WHAT the oft-quoted sage, who cared not who made the people's laws so long as he might make the people's ballads, would say were he now living and within ear-shot of music-hall minstrelsy, is a question which might supply a whimsical essayist with a pregnantly speculative text. That the ditties of the day have an influence is obvious. They find their way, with effect, into political gatherings, and some of them are not unknown in the nursery. The other day a staidly pious nurse, recently engaged to look after the younger children of a well-known poet and *littérateur*, asked, and was granted, permission to take one of her infantile charges out with her to tea. The little girl is

quaint and serious, and so well-behaved, that it occurred to nurse to enjoin her to say grace. The honest woman doubtless felt a pride in the child's attainments, and was pardonably anxious to show them. Everybody sat around the table in an attitude of rapt attention, as the little girl in an earnest voice began:

'Dearly beloved, is not it a sin  
To pare potatoes and throw away the  
skin?  
For the skin feeds the pigs, and the pigs  
feed you—  
Dearly beloved, is it not true?'

The effect may be imagined!

—♦—  
A little daughter of Mr. H —, the great Positivist, was listening attentively the other day to her mother in conversation with a

QUEEN ELIZABETH, as the legend goes, thus greeted a deputation of eighteen tailors: 'Good-morning to you, gentlemen both.'

friend. Hearing the Queen's name mentioned, she burst in with, 'Who was Queen Victoria, mamma?' Mrs. H — mildly reproved her for her ignorance, and proceeded to inform her that Queen Victoria was the present glorious occupant of

our throne; when the child said, 'O mamma, how can you tell me this? Queen Victoria must be dead. No one ever talks of her now. Queen Anne is reigning, I know; everything is Queen Anne or Queen Anne's style.'

### *Four Smart Epigrams.*

It is not generally known that the Duke of Wellington was once nearly choked by a partridge bone at a dinner. A good epigram, made on the occasion, has lately been reprinted in Mr. Lear's *Here and There*.

'Strange, that the Duke, whose life was charmed

'Gainst injury by ball and cartridge,  
Nor by the imperial eagle harmed,  
Should be endangered by a partridge!  
'Twould surely every one astony,  
As soon as ever it were known,  
That the great conqueror of Boney  
Himself was conquered by a "bone."



As late the Trades Unions, by  
way of a show,  
Over Westminster Bridge strutted  
five in a row,  
'I feel for the bridge,' whispered  
Dick with a shiver;  
'Thus tried by the mob it may  
sink in the river.'  
Quoth Tom (a Crown lawyer),  
'Abandon your fears;  
As a bridge, it can only be tried  
by its piers.'

JAMES SMITH.

'Why did you not dine,' said a  
lord to a wit,

'With the Whigs, you political  
sinner?'

'Why, really, I meant; but had  
doubts how the Pit

Of my stomach would bear a  
Fox dinner.'

THOMAS HOOD.



The following epigrams were exchanged between James Smith and Sir George Stewart Rose, on the subject of Craven-street, Strand, where the former was then residing:

JAMES SMITH.

At the top of my street the attorneys  
abound,  
And down at the bottom the barges are  
found.

Fly, Honesty! fly to some safer retreat,  
For there's craft in the river, and craft in  
the street.

SIR GEORGE ROSE.

Why should Honesty fly to some safer  
retreat,  
From attorneys and barges? 'Od rot  
'em!

For the lawyers are *just* at the top of the  
street,  
And the barges are *just* at the bottom.

### *The Grandiose Style.*

LORD KENYON thus addressed a dishonest butler who had been convicted of stealing large quantities of wine from his master's cellar: 'Prisoner at the bar, you stand convicted on the most conclusive evidence of a crime of inex-

pressible atrocity—a crime that defiles the sacred springs of domestic confidence, and is calculated to strike alarm into the breast of every Englishman who invests largely in the choicer vintages of southern Europe. Like the ser-



QUICK and fine-witted.—SIR THOMAS MORE (*Utopia*).

[A happy phrase (says Sir James Macintosh), lost to the language except on familiar occasions, or by a master in the art of combining words. See his *Life of Moore*.]

pent of old, you have stung the hand of your protector. Fortunate in having a generous employer, you might without dishonesty have continued to supply your wretched wife and children with the comforts of sufficient prosperity, and even with some of the luxuries of

affluence; but, dead to every claim of natural affection and blind to your own real interest, you burst through all the restraints of religion and morality, and have for many years been feathering your nest with your master's bottles.'

### *One of the Family.*

WHEN Mdlle. Rachel was at the height of her popularity, Dr. Véron, ex-manager of the Opéra, and author of the *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, who was a frequent visitor at her house, happening one day to differ from her on some matter connected with the theatre, she flew into a violent pas-

sion, and called him to his face *vieille canaille*. Next day she had forgotten all about it; but Véron could not so easily get over the obnoxious epithet, and told her so. 'Bah!' retorted the actress, 'you ought, on the contrary, to be highly flattered at being treated like *one of the family*!'

### *Radicals of the Old School.*

THERE was a good deal of schism among the Radical reformers of a past period; but they did not hate their brethren to the extent which some ardent reformers of the present day would appear to do. They, at any rate, gave each other a hearing. At a meeting held at the London Tavern—one of Robert Owen's meetings, in fact—the Rev. Robert Taylor, who had taken upon himself the unpleasant name of 'the Devil's Chaplain,' albeit known to be antagonistic to the majority of the audience, was allowed to speak without interruption, this privilege being likewise accorded to the celebrated Hunt, the Radical reformer. Standing on a chair near the centre of the room, with head erect, his short white hair mantling over his florid countenance, his coat thrown open, and his

right hand fixed on his side, he was Old England personified. The clamour broke out afresh, but he was not to be daunted; like the true English mastiff, he held his grip. John Bull might bellow, fret, and foam; but he was not to be shaken off. 'Gentlemen—' 'Down, down!' on one side. 'Go up, go up!' on the other. Still he was fixed and immovable. 'Gentlemen, if you will but allow me to speak, I will tell why I will not go up.' 'Bravo, Hunt!' 'I went up, and was turned down again.' Mr. Owen apologised to him, explained the mistake, and requested him to go up to the gallery. 'No,' replied the sturdy orator; 'I am not one of your puppets, to be moved up and down at your pleasure.' 'Mr. Hunt,' said Robert Owen, 'I do not hear you well; and as I would be sorry

A WELL-KNOWN author once wrote an article in *Blackwood*, and signed himself 'A. S.' 'What a pity,' observed Douglas Jerrold, 'that he will only tell two-thirds of the truth!'

to lose anything of what you say, whether it be for or against my proposition, you will oblige me by coming up.' Owen conquered.

Hunt mounted the platform, and made a stirring speech in favour of the claims which he believed Owen to have on public attention.

### *Curiosities of Betting.*

THE practice of wagering on the results of an election has in England often been streaked with humour, as the annals of many a battle at the polling-booths show. It is doubtful, however, whether our electoral history is not of the tamest in this respect as compared with that of America. Some of the bets which were made over the Garfield election were odd enough to be grouped amongst the curiosities of this sort of method adopted by the voter to emphasise his convictions. As thus: The loser of a bet in Memphis undertook to stand on his head five minutes in a public square, with a Garfield banner suspended to his feet. In Oswego, New York, a groceryman bet his store against a neighbouring meat-market that Hancock would be elected. He is reported to have 'turned over his wager like a man;' but the butcher let him off. Ten Democrats and ten Republicans, including some of the foremost men of the city of Houston, Texas, backed their opi-

nion, and the losers duly paid the penalty, which was to harness themselves to a stage-coach, and draw the winners through the principal street. In Ogdensburg, New York, William Alger bet his moustache against A. A. Babcock's whiskers that Garfield would not be elected. The moustache was cut off and sent. The loser of a bet in Baltimore, while wheeling the winner in a barrow over the agreed course, was so incensed by his taunts and the jeers of the crowd that he went beyond the terms of the contract, *i.e.* gave his antagonist a sound thrashing. In Rochester, New York, Joseph S. Miller, a loser, walked the distance of a street attired in his wife's night-dress. The crowd was considerable. Tricked by the unfair terms of a wager into losing, a Harrisburg man provided 'the supper for the ward campaign club of the winner,' having, however, previously taken care to season the stipulated viands with snuff!

### *A Hint about Cricket.*

WITH ladies so skilful at lawn-tennis, and such adepts at 'tricycling,' one wonders no enterprising secretary of a cricket club has endeavoured to popularise female cricket. Women have played the national game, and have distinguished themselves at it. In 1797 a match was played in the parish

of Bury between eleven married women and eleven maidens, which was won by the matrons by eighty runs. In 1811 two female elevens, selected from Surrey and Hants, played a match at Balls' Pond for 500 guineas. The contest was promoted by two sporting noble-men. The performers were of all

'IT is not always necessary,' observed Goethe, 'that truth should embody itself: enough if it float spiritually about and induce agreement; if, like the deep friendly sound of a bell, it undulates through the air.' What a pretty sentiment, and how neatly expressed!

ages and sizes—from fourteen to sixty. The young wore shawls, and the old long cloaks. Hampshire's colour was blue, while Surrey sported blue and orange. Surrey's best bowler and runner was Ann Baker, who was sixty years of age. Hampshire won. The top score on their side was forty, which

was made by one of the youngest of the players. In 1823 a match was played in the county of Norfolk between eleven married and eleven single women for eleven pairs of gloves. The matrons won. In the same year, in Kent, a similar match was played, when the spinsters were victorious.

### *Curran's Fests and Repartee.*

LORD CLARE one day brought a Newfoundland dog upon the bench, and began to caress the animal, while Curran was addressing the court. Of course the latter stopped. 'Go on, go on, Mr. Curran,' said his lordship. 'O, I beg ten thousand pardons, my lord,' returned the advocate; 'I really thought your lordship was employed in consultation.'

A barrister entered court one morning with his wig stuck on one side. Unconscious of the absurdity of his appearance, and surprised at the observations made upon it, he at length asked Curran, 'Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig, Mr. Curran?' 'Nothing except the head,' was the consolatory answer.

A certain counsellor at the Irish Bar was notorious for the dinginess of his linen. 'My dear fellow,'

said Curran one day to him, 'you can't imagine how puzzled we are to find out where you buy all your dirty shirts.'

Curran hearing that a stingy and slovenly barrister had started for the Continent with a shirt and a guinea, observed, 'He'll not change either till he comes back.'

Somebody told Curran during his last illness that he seemed to cough with more difficulty than on the previous day. 'Do I?' said Curran; 'that's odd enough. I've been practising all night.'

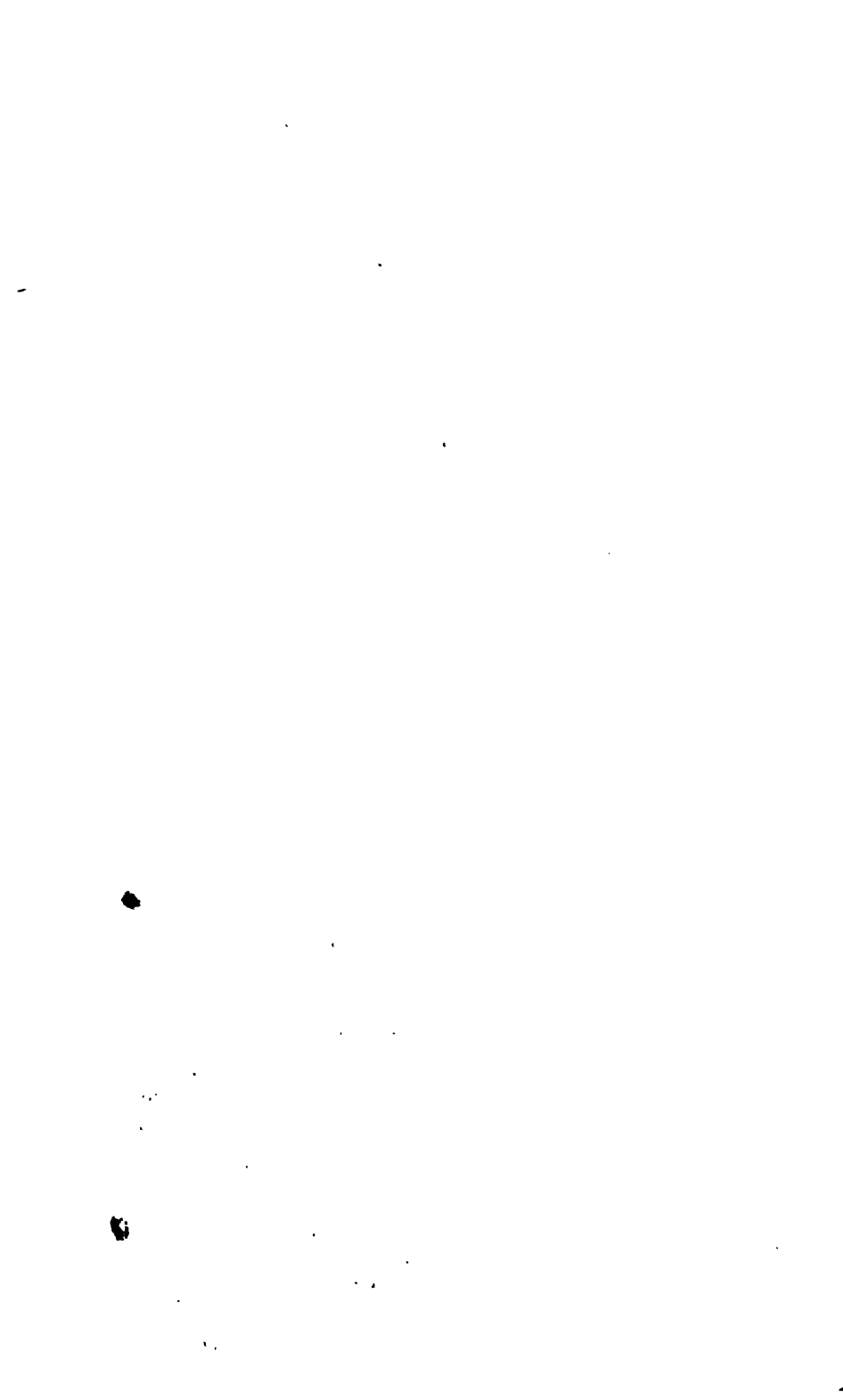
Curran was asked what an Irish friend of his, who had just arrived in London, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue. 'I suppose,' explained Curran, 'he's trying to catch the English accent.'





ON THE ROCK.

See 'Valentine' p. 351





# LONDON SOCIETY.

OCTOBER 1882.

## SEA PIE.

In Three Papers.

'Heart of oak and triple brass lay around the breast of him who first to the savage sea intrusted his frail bark. . . . What form of Death's approach can he have feared, who viewed with tearless eyes the monsters swim, who viewed the surging sea, and your accursed rocks, Acroceraunia?'

### I.

#### ASK THE PURSER.

THE steamer *Aphrodite* left Cape-town Harbour amid deafening cheers from the crowd assembled on the quay. *Amid deafening cheers.* Not until the sound itself has fallen on our ears can this familiar expression be realised in its full meaning. The old English cheer is not melodious—in fact, when taken up by countless throats, its hoarse hip! hip! is like a dog's bark; but when the mighty Cerberus lifts its voice in greeting or farewell, when a crowd salutes the parting vessel or welcomes an arrival, the loud cheer is thrilling as fine music to the hearer. Slowly, reluctantly as it seemed, *Aphrodite* left the harbour, pausing outside to haul up in a bucket some letters sent over by a steamer just arrived from England. These were dead letters, of course, for most of us; but the wanderer cannot easily believe that he is out of reach of the dear ones he has left. Hope lingers round every envelope and telegram, however

impossible it is that it should be for him.

I stood by the ship's side, gazing upon the lively sea, and tried to feel that it was delightful to be 'rocked in the cradle of the deep.' In vain I yearned for the dear dusty old earth; my heart sank, lower and lower; I heard its throbs receding down, down, down, as the waves and the blue water stretched between me and the shore where lay my home.

Enveloping myself in a great hooded cloak, which my mother had put in among my rugs, I fell asleep, and remained so for hours; and when I awoke, had no wish but to turn round and fall asleep again. This inclination to sleep is the bright side (which 'everything has') to sea-sickness. In one of the miserable moments which restored me temporarily to consciousness, I saw a man standing near me.

Lifting my eyes respectfully to the mystic symbols on his cap, I asked if I could remain all night where I had thrown myself. I almost fell off again before, with the caution which a north country-



man expends even on this monosyllable, he answered 'Yes.' I was in full swing of dreams when he awoke me with the second part of his sentence, 'But I'm not so sure, ye know; maybe ye'd better ask the purser.'

I had always imagined the purser to be a man in charge of a sackful of the ship's money and valuables; what could he have to do with my sleeping on deck? I *would* sleep on deck; and I did so, until nightmares of the purser drove me so wild that I rose and stumbled over the deck and down in search of my cabin. I felt ill and very giddy; I wrapped myself closely in the hooded cloak and stumbled on, and in my *via dolorosa* met that angel of the storm-tossed ship, the stewardess. Being nearly off her head with sympathy for her sex (for of course a man is never really seasick), she said to me,

'And it's bad you are, ma'am. Get to bed, then, and you'll feel better; and will I come and undress you, my dear?'

From the folds of my hood I answered in so gruff a voice that the stewardess jumped, and fell over a chair. I should not have cared a straw had she fallen overboard, to such a state does life on the ocean wave reduce a kind-hearted young fellow.

My cabin reached, I undressed there in the dark, and thrust myself into the shelf destined to receive me. 'Tis strange that, in the nineteenth century, Englishmen at sea should be compelled to live like *Irishmen at home* (I need say no more).

I had been provided with a lower berth; a man redolent of peppermint lay over me; a man who thought brandy would cure him snored opposite; and I soon fell into a stupor, and dreamt I was with Dante in the sad realms of purgatory.

Once I started up and struck my head against the upper berth, whence unconsolatory remarks then poured down upon my ears. It was useless to protest that the occurrence was unintentional, as a piece out of my head would attest; no, *the* fault of young men of the present day was always to be doing mischief unintentionally, and the speaker grew so wild that he broke his peppermint bottle, some of the contents running into my eye. I could not stand more of this life in the cabin, so rose at glimmer of dawn, and saw for the first time that I had been a fool to remain on deck and mope instead of coming down to work. Racks, nooks, and shelves were filled with my companions' baggage; there was no place but the floor for this pilgrim's things, and even there I could see nothing of the clothes thrown off overnight.

I caught sight of them at last; they were ebbing and flowing under and out from the sofa berth, and with great ingenuity I dived for, seized, and put them on. Staggering out into the passage, 'Steward,' I exclaimed, 'this cabin is quite intolerable!'

'Must be, sir, just now. Why, that one is nothing to this. I've got four gentlemen here at their wits' ends with sickness.'

'Steward,' I pleaded with forced calmness, 'I must move.'

'Where to, sir? The ship is full up, and passengers is lying like herrings in a barrel; and as for me, when I do go to bed it's likely to be in the bath.'

'Doctor's orders?' I inquired in a conciliatory manner, for I believed this man could help me if he would.

He grinned at my simplicity and turned away.

'Put me in somewhere,' I still pleaded.

'Wait till to-morrow, sir, and then just ask the purser.'

'Well, I cannot remain here, steward. As it is getting light, I'll go on deck and have a bath.'

'Impossible, sir! You see, we always allow a week for sickness, and females ten days, and accordingly that bath ain't ready.'

'A bath I will have, steward. I'm covered with peppermint, bruised, bleeding, and sick.'

'Keep up, sir! Come along with me to the saloon; lie down there, and in the morning, why, go round and ask the purser about your bath.'

'The purser be hanged!' I muttered, as I threw myself on a sofa in the Aphrodite's most delightful saloon. Before the voyage was over I had come to 'bless the purser,' for that person, on whom so much of the traveller's joy depends, turned out to be a very good fellow.

## II.

### BETWEEN THE COURSES.

It was stormy for some days after we left the Cape. This I maintain, in opposition to the opinion of skipper and men that we were having, and did have, a splendid run. Love for the sea, and 'the ship in which they sail,' blinds seamen to all shortcomings; and the antics of rolling, pitching, and turning half round and back again, which horrify a landsman's mind, and convulse his body with agony, are to them only pretty gambols of the beloved object. At last, to my satisfaction, the 'splendid run' came to its end. Aphrodite rose from the foam with less appearance of intoxication; and from her passages came forth shadowy beings, who with languid hope sought a happier existence on deck. Fathers brought

their once joyous families, laid them along the deck, and endeavoured to rouse them.

People came up, tried to look at the sea, and felt ill; tried to look round at fellow-travellers, and became worse; tried to drink porter, gingerbeer, claret—to eat oranges, cheese, biscuits. A few attempted conversation, but forgot the end of their sentences, or were hurried off by circumstances over which they had absolutely no control.

A negative course was the only safe one. In not eating or thinking, or looking at anything, I found the rest I needed; for though not sick I fell ill, and a glance at a human face almost rendered me delirious.

Numbers now attended meals only to smell the viands and fly. Why come, if compelled to fly at the first sniff of wholesome food?

I grew more impatient and uncharitable; until one day I went early on deck, and found it swarming with children as thickly as though a Kindergarten establishment had hired the ship. The little creatures had found their sea-legs, and were using them nicely; and yet the languor of late sickness was clinging to these children, and it kept their spirit down a bit, and made them so grave and charming that I exclaimed with Pope Gregory of old, *Non angli sed angeli*.

My opinion was altered before half the voyage had passed, when the youngsters dropped their wings like flying ants, and led us *a life*; and we found that remonstrance only brought us face to face with infuriated parents.

Even the captain was powerless to enforce obedience; and this was odd, for our captain reminded me of an awe-inspiring character in juvenile fiction, namely, 'the great long-legged scissors-man.'

I chose (or rather that despot, the chief steward, assigned to me) a place at one of the side dining-tables; and there I sat silent and observant, and studied character as much as possible, for I had been told that was the right thing to do on board ship.

I am not one of those who can read countenances at first sight, and have noticed that accidents of feature often frustrate the endeavour even of professed masters in the art of 'reading others like a book.'

A bad complexion sometimes gives a murderous look; projecting teeth suggest imbecility, or produce a smile unsanctioned by the eyes; and who, I ask, can tell what secrets lie beneath a heavy moustache?

The face opposite me at table seemed full of contradictions, and as its owner did not take curry, I devoted that course to the study of it. But what was to be made of a forehead high and square, yet mean; features well formed, yet ignoble; blue eyes without frankness; a mouth and chin hidden by moustache and whiskers, which trailed over them like a scarlet-runner over trellis-work?

Lower down the board was a fellow who took no soup; and between my spoonfuls I anxiously attempted to improve my mind by impartial study of his countenance. The page there open showed me a soul of order. The owner could not even part his hair awry, or rest unless those two curls on the brow were brushed into position precisely over each temple, or his clothes and his table-napkin folded straight to a thread; and so on *ad infinitum*. Up to a certain point that man would prove to be a man of principle; but at some point, so instinct warned me, a great love of power would step in and run down anything brought into collision with it.

Near me was placed a genial and indefatigable man, whose delight was to get up subscriptions. He pleaded for the stewards, for the Seamen's Home, the Dreadnought Hospital, for the organist of the church in his native village, &c. I had come to dread him and his subscription-paper, presented with an elegant preface, or a bowing, 'And last, but not least, your name, Mr. Douglas!' On board I made the acquaintance of a lady travelling in search of her health, which inestimable treasure she evidently expected to find on the wide Atlantic. Pleasant she was, well informed, conversational, kindly, though quick-tempered. When I first saw her she was dressed as neatly as though on land, and in her quiet home. A sunflower beamed on the side of her white cap, dainty laces adorned the neck and wrists of her black dress.

This was charming in those first days of sickness and disorder, when most of the passengers appeared to put on their clothes inside out and upside down, and to be quite reckless and regardless of appearance. Mrs. Oldham's was a religious mind, and at our first conversation she tapped her little pocket-book, and informed me that her 'all' lay within its little cover.

Kind and unselfish soul! With these few words in remembrance of you, I close this chapter of my jottings in the Atlantic.

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### III.

#### THE ISLANDS.

JUNE and July are certainly the months of all others for travel, if your way lies through the tropics. Owing to the sun's absence from home we crossed the line without suffocation, and even after joining

the luminary in his northern course we enjoyed a cool breeze.

The weather was hot enough, however, to make us clear out of our cabins and go early on deck. There we walked after the morning bath; there we lounged after breakfast, with cigars and books; the more spirited played chess; the more indolent lounged about and grumbled. The children *ought* to have felt sleepy, but they unfortunately did not; in fact, the heat made them more vigorous, and prone to dash round the deck with whip and whistle. A visit to the furnace-room would quiet a few for the day; some were irrepressible, and when all other mischief failed they howled in terrible imitation of the sailors' 'Heave yo-ho-o-o! Ay, ay, ay!' With delight we turned to contemplate the young girls who promenaded the deck in solemn order, carrying babies they had borrowed to play with. What sterling mothers they would make! we said, as we looked at them. Alas, these mothers of the future turned into the wildest hoydens before we reached the Thames.

Meanwhile we watched over the young ones with more than parental anxiety; for all were within the happy circle of years usually visited by measles and whooping cough, and was it likely that our Kindergarten should escape these ills during our long voyage? What would be the penalty if the health officer caught us having scarlatina clandestinely? Would he prove as vigilant and conscientious as a custom-house officer; or is England more lenient than the Cape about the importation of disease?

I, for one, grew morbidly anxious, shuddered if a child's nose was red, and mistook the sound of the donkey-engine for whooping cough.

On steamed Aphrodite through the waste of waters. No sail gleamed golden on the horizon; no smoke but our own darkened the sunlight; and not even the time-honoured whale of journalists put his nose above water. It was monotonous by day, and awful by night, to pass over that desert and listen to the wash of waves against our sides; and looking out at night on the clinging darkness one thought how terrible it would be if a panic were to strike the crowd on the lonely vessel. Well for ocean travellers that they generally adopt a prosaic view of their surroundings. Nature prompts them to set on foot card-parties, sweepstakes, leapfrog, tournaments, and entertainments of all kinds; and Nature is motherly in this, for, were the mind to dwell on the grand realities and the romance of a life at sea, who could bear it? After the tropics Aphrodite passed through a stormy region, where cold winds raced the gallant white seahorses. The Atlantic colours changed from blue to gray, and grew emerald in the curl of the waves, for we were approaching land.

We reached it early one morning, and the deck was soon covered with what, found elsewhere, would have been termed rubbish; but here it ranked as art, and all the things displayed were curiosities. To me the inhabitants passed as such; for why should any one *not royally invited* go and live at St. Helena? The charm of visiting Longwood, and even of ascending Jacob's Ladder, must be transitory; few steamers call, and one finds not even the excitement to be found in a glorious storm—for thunder never visits the place. Once it was gay on St. Helena, so I have heard, but that was before the Suez Canal came into fashion. Perhaps history, repeating itself,

will reproduce gaiety, as Canal travelling becomes dangerous.

One young officer boarded us at St. Helena; he was weak and low, and we took him with care, and left another more robust victim in his place.

We panted on at the rate of three hundred miles the day, and next drew breath at Madeira, that lovely and health-restoring garden of the sea.

It was dark when we anchored there. Boats lighted by fragrant torches came out and took us on shore, and we returned laden with flowers and fruit.

Outside Madeira were anchored French and Portuguese vessels, also an ironclad, and a three-masted ship found abandoned at sea.

Silent and worried she lay, her whole aspect asserting that she held a tragic experience, a mournful tale hidden within her worn sides. Was she the victim of base desertion? had fever given the alarm? or had the crew left her for rotten and unseaworthy? She rocked her secret on the waves, and none could discover it.

Madeira passed, it was but a step to England, and our spirits rose as we realised it; we delighted the children by our mad exploits. 'O, do it again!' they shouted, when any one returned from a break-neck expedition up to the masts, or had been rescued by a brave and disinterested sailor-boy from death by hanging in the rigging.

Some find sea life exhilarating,

and to others it gives only a dull contentment; but we all allowed that our run from Madeira was delightful. We had reached a sea thoroughfare at last, and passed many a fine vessel, taking that interest in each which is always accorded to other people's affairs.

Pleasant it was to look out at night upon the lights of ships; and as we hastened onward it was most cheering to be again in the haunts of men, and to know that a fellow-creature, and not only shark or grampus, would hear if we fired a signal-gun!

On, on steamed the Aphrodite, and soon we came upon an island surpassing all the rest in beauty. Her glorious woods first greeted our land-sick eyes, and then came cities, cliffs, and verdant fields, and to our ears came church-bell chimes.

We hugged her shores from the first moment that we saw them; and this was less warm work than the loving embrace I had given Africa in years gone by, when travelling on her storm-beaten coast beyond the Cape.

There is no time to dwell on that voyage near the far-off land, for Aphrodite is hastening to her journey's end. She passed by Hastings, Ramsgate, and all the sands so dear to childhood, and then turned grandly up the Thames.

Strange it was to see the great ocean rover glide tame and serenely between green banks that teemed with life, and were yet quiet with the calm of home and the repose of prosperity.

K. G.

## BOB AND I—'ARCADES AMBO.'

*A Story of London Bohemia.*

IN TWO PARTS :—PART II.

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OUR eccentric patron visited us, as he intimated, on the following morning. I verily believe he came prepared to carry our pictures away with him there and then, and was considerably surprised when we told him that the necessary work of varnishing, framing, &c., would take at least two or three days. However, he was not disconcerted, and said he would look in now and again and see how we were getting on.

It was, however, four days before the paintings were finally ready for removal. The delay was occasioned by Jenks, of whom, in our gratitude, we had ordered such a magnificent pair of frames that the worthy carver and gilder was at considerable pains before he could execute our commissions satisfactorily. I remember that for my own theme, 'The Apotheosis of Helen,' I had instructed him to prepare a broad flat frame in dull gold, inlaid with a Greek pattern, to suit the subject, and at the foot was painted in black letters the name of the artist, with his baptismal initial, thus: A. MACPHERSON. I preferred the initial to the full name. It is my misfortune to have been christened—at an early age, without having any choice in the matter—Alexander; and the name, with its odious curtailment 'Sandy,' is a source of great grief to me. If I content myself with an A. the world, before whom my works will one day appear, may take it as standing for Arthur, Andrew, or perhaps

even Archibald. O, had I but been christened Archibald!

Mr. Capen came every day, and we soon got very intimate with him. For that matter there was certainly no stiffness on his side to be got over—on the contrary; and now that we were accustomed to his cool ways they no longer annoyed us, in truth we were amused at them. He seemed to have taken a fancy to us, and would spend a good part of the afternoon in Bob's room, while we smoked and talked. He did most of the talking, and very good talk it was too, highly interesting to us, who had never crossed the Atlantic in our lives. He seemed to take a certain pleasure in bringing out his richest anecdotes and most thrilling adventures for our delectation; and at every visit his stories grew more and more wonderful, and, indeed, became little less than marvellous. According to his own account, his life had been one continued battle with Fortune. He had been almost everything: had walked by the side of a team, run errands, driven a stage-coach, pioneered immigrant-trains, farmed a ranch, run a provision store, worked and owned a silver mine. He had wrestled with the fickle goddess for more than fifty years; and now, when his hair was gray and his face lined and wrinkled, he had conquered the adverse fates, and could sit down at his ease to watch the struggles of the rest, and hold out to them a helping

hand. I felt a decided admiration for this hard-handed, clear-headed, queer-grained son of the West, and a great respect for the manner in which he had fought his uphill way through life; but not the least desire to imitate him.

He told us he had come to London about ten days before, and was about to commence an extended 'Euröopian' tour when the summer was fairly set in. He certainly had taken to us, to Bob especially. I could see that, although we and our way of living were a source of continual astonishment to him. One day, when we were all sitting in Bob's room, we two smoking, and our visitor chewing the end of an unlighted cigar, he burst out with:

'I can't make out what you chaps stop here for.'

'Here? Where?'

'Why, in England; in this used-up over-populated old country. Why don't you come over to America?'

Had he invited us to accompany him and M. Jules Verne on an aerial voyage of discovery to the moon, I could not have been more utterly confounded. We simply sat and stared at him.

'To America! Why?' I ejaculated at last, seeing that Bob was utterly beyond the power of speech.

'Why, to stretch your limbs, to be sure. To snuff the air of freedom which you can't breathe in this tyrannical old country. To get on—to make your way. There ain't no show for you in this old Europe of yours; there's too many of ye, and you don't get a chance; but come out to America, sir, where every man, if he's got the right stuff in him, is bound to come to the top. That's the land for a man, sir; there every man is as good as another.'

'That is a dubious recommendation,' I observed.

'I mean, sir, a man's respected there for what he is, and for what he's done, not 'cause he happens to be rich, or 'cause he's got a grandfather. We take off our hats to brains, sir, in America.'

'And to money,' interpolates Bob.

'Yes, sir, if the brains have made the money; and I tell you it takes a smart man to make money in New York, sir. But out West every man has his chance. There's a future for every man there. You don't have to wait for opportunities there as you do here; the opportunities are waitin' for you.'

'Very kind of them,' I murmured, but he did not hear me. He waxed eloquent in his theme.

'Yes, sir, out West a man has room to grow; he can spread his wings. It don't matter a snuff whether you've got a grandfather, nor yet a father; it's you we look at, and if you're of the right grit we'll find it out pretty soon, I guess. How in thunder a chap like you,' looking at Bob's six feet of bone and sinew, 'can sit there paintin' them things on a bit of canvas I can't make out. Now, how long have you been at this?' asked he, poking a finger at a sketch on the wall.

'Seven or eight years,' Bob replies.

'And you ain't makin' more money than when you started?'

'No, not much,' says Bob rather dolefully.

'Why, it's almost past believin'. I tell you, sir, when I was seven-and-twenty I owned half a ranch. Now, see you here. I'll tell ye what I'll do. I've taken a fancy into my head, and I can afford to gratify it. I've got a farm out in Iowa, and a good farm too. You go out there, both of ye; I'll give you somethin' a year—not much; but you'll have free livin', and

learn the work, and after four year I'll give ye each a quarter-share. Now, what d'ye say?

The situation was an extremely awkward one. Our patron's offer was so kindly meant, and so extraordinarily generous, that we felt at a loss how to answer him. Not that I had the slightest intention of accepting it. Apart from all other considerations, the facts that, in the country to which we were invited to migrate, one man was as good as another, and the possession of a grandfather was of no account, were of themselves sufficient to determine me not to set foot in it. I may mention that I am connected, and by no means distantly, with the Macphersons of Loonie, or Clan Rattan, who trace their lineage back to the times of Alexander III. of Scotland, and whose motto, 'Touch not the Cat, but the Cheese,' is of world-wide renown; indeed, my father's third cousin (thrice removed) was a scion of that ancient house.

I looked at Bob, and Bob looked at me, but we said nothing.

'Well, what d'ye say?' repeated Mr. Capen, a little surprised at our silence. 'It's a good offer—perhaps better than you think; but I can afford it. Ye're safe to get on, if you only work hard enough; ye're bound to make your fortins.'

'But we—we don't want to,' said Bob diffidently.

'Eh? what?'

'No, my dear Mr. Capen,' I replied, having had time to form my speech. 'It is just as Bob says: we do not want to. We are very well as we are. We do not make much money, it is true, but we make a little, and that, I think, in a very genteel, gentlemanlike way. Your offer is a most kind one, and we are very grateful to you for it. Coming as

it does from a comparative stranger, I can hardly say how much we feel its kindness.'

'Don't say nothin',' says Mr. Capen. 'I took a fancy to you, and thought to do ye a good turn.'

'You did, and we are truly grateful. But we cannot accept your generous—nay, munificent—offer. The fact is, we neither of us have any desire to make our fortunes. There is, to my mind, something plebeian in the very idea, something that smacks of the vulgarian, of the *novus homo*. And as for getting on, does it not strike you that there is too much of that already—too many people wrestling with one another, pushing this way and that, perspiring, struggling, all on account of their insatiate desire to get on? We have no desire to form part of this pushing, perspiring crowd. While they are hurrying through life, crushing and trampling under foot the delicate flowers of pleasure and enjoyment, and breasting the rough waters of a stream that almost carries them away, lucky indeed if, when their hair is gray and their faces worn and wrinkled—no offence, dear Mr. Capen—they reach the other side, way-worn and weary; while they, I say, are struggling and striving, we are content to float gently down the stream, culling the flowers, weaving the garlands, and affording to mankind the rare and exalted spectacle of men who have chosen a better part, and who do not desire to *get on*.'

Mr. Capen had listened to me in silence, astonishment apparently struggling with his habit of self-control. At last he could stand it no longer, and burst out,

'Well, that beats all!'

'It must seem surprising to you,' I continued calmly, much pleased with the impression I had made, 'that we are not



anxious to make our fortunes; but we are not. The fact is, we are thoroughly unpractical; idealistic, not material; poetical, not prosaic. We look upon life as a friend to be entertained, not an enemy to be grappled with. Besides, we live for our Art, and that alone. And this desire to *get on* would be totally subversive of all artistic success. An artist, to succeed as such, should be entirely unaffected by pecuniary considerations. No thought of lucre must influence him in any way.'

That perfectly unbearable smile began to show itself on Mr. Capen's face. I continued, somewhat more hurriedly,

'At all events, we are content with things as they are. We may not get on, as you call it; but we are satisfied. Do not, I pray you, introduce unquiet longings into our tranquil bosoms. Do not stir strange desires within us. In a word, *ne moveas Camarinam*. Don't you think so, Bob?'

Bob nods; he is evidently impressed by my eloquence.

'Well, that beats all!' said Mr. Capen again. 'But if you won't, you won't; and so, enough said. And now,' changing his posture and the subject at the same time, 'about these pictur's. Are they ready?'

'Jenks promised them by six o'clock,' replied Bob.

'Well, I guess you may as well bring 'em around with you this evenin'. We have supper at seven; they call it dinner here. Bring 'em around with ye; there's my address.'

'At seven, did you say?'

'Yes; you'll come, won't ye?'

'Yes, I think so,' replied Bob; and,

'Yes, I think so,' said I too; 'or if we find we can't, we'll send the pictures, in any case.'

'Yes, mind you send them. My daughter'll be glad to see them. I told her about 'em.'

'O, you have a daughter?' we both cried in a breath.

Mr. Capen looked amused.

'Yes,' he said slowly, 'I have a daughter. Well, you'll both come around at seven, I guess.'

'O, certainly—with pleasure!' and our patron retires, smiling to himself.

We listened to his retreating footstep, until assured that he was out of hearing, and then Bob said,

'I say, Sandy, who'd have thought the old chap had a daughter! What's she like, I wonder?'

'O, like himself, I suppose. A raw-boned, sallow-faced, vulgar creature, as long as a maypole and as clumsy as a coalheaver.'

'I suppose so,' sighed Bob. 'But I'd like to see her, just for the fun of the thing.'

'I don't care about going,' said I indifferently. 'If it weren't that I told him I'd go, I would stop at home. I suppose she'll talk with that terrible Transatlantic intonation, like her father.'

'Yes, I suppose so; we'll have the twang of the silver bow all around us.'

'Well, we must make up our minds to it. Good-bye, old boy; I'm off.'

'Where are you off to now?' cried Bob.

'To—er—to the hairdresser's; hair wants curling.'

'Here, stop a moment; I'll go with you. I may as well get shaved. We'll have to make ourselves decent, anyway.'

At a few minutes before seven, Bob and I, in a hansom cab, with our respective pictures on our knees, arrived at Mr. Capen's door. The address was that of a large house in one of the West

Central squares, probably let out in apartments. Our patron occupied three floors of the house, we found out. He liked to have room to breathe in, he said.

Stephen C. Capen came downstairs to receive us, and ushered us into a room on the ground-floor, half library, half smoking-room, where we deposited our treasures. He looked at them critically, and then said,

'They look mighty well in the frames, don't they?'

Which they undoubtedly did. Then we went up-stairs.

On my way up I conned over a little speech of considerable neatness, which I had arranged should be my opening address to Miss Capen. It was at once elegant and witty, easy and epigrammatic. I was not going to be overawed by this specimen of female Young America; on the contrary, female Young America should be impressed by me. Mr. Capen opened the door, and we walked in. A young woman, sitting at the other end of the room, rose as we entered.

'Patience,' said her father, 'these are my two friends, come to sup with us. This is Mr. Macpherson, and this is Mr. Daly.'

She came forward, looking at me, holding out her hand. The next moment I was shaking hands in a blundering confused sort of way with the loveliest woman I had ever seen, and all speech had fled from me.

'I'm glad to meet you, sir,' said Miss Patience, with a kindliness of accent that said more than the words. 'Father has been talking to me about you.'

I stammered out something to the effect that I hoped her father's account of me had been a satisfactory one, and contrived to find my way to where Mr. Capen was standing; while his daughter

turned to Bob, who, although surprised, did not lose his self-possession, and commenced a conversation with her.

I remembered afterwards that Mr. Capen seemed a good deal amused, in his one-sided way, at the impression his daughter made upon me. It was as though he had anticipated something of the kind, and was tickled at finding his expectations realised.

As for me, I could only stand and look at her. What a splendid woman! How different from what I had expected! The expressions I had made use of in describing her flashed upon me. Gawky, sallow-faced, vulgar! Heavens, how could I! It seemed like blasphemy. She was perfect, simply perfect. A tall finely-proportioned figure; a small shapely head; dark hair, with just a suspicion of curl; and a soft low voice, that excellent thing in woman. Her very accent (that Transatlantic twang we had inveighed against) seemed to add a special meaning to all she said, and to imbue the most ordinary words and phrases with heartiness and cordiality. By the way, Patience is a sweet name.

The impression she had made on me, and the train of thought induced by it, rendered me unusually silent all through dinner. Bob, on his part, was more than usually talkative. Both of us were strongly affected, but the manifestations were different. I was drawn in, he was drawn out; he became eloquent, I lapsed almost into silence. His nature is not so delicate, so sensitive, as mine.

'Say, Patience,' said her father, during dinner, 'where did ye say Jake was?'

'He said he was going to a lecture, father, and would be back at ten.'

'Who is Jake?' I said to myself, in a tremor of suspicion. I was prepared to be jealous already. Was he a brother, a cousin, or—horrid thought—a lover? I happened to glance at Bob; our eyes met, and I saw the same uneasiness in his as doubtless showed itself in mine.

I could not rest long in this horrible uncertainty, and after Miss Patience, in deference to our English customs, had left us to our wine and walnuts, I determined to settle the identity of this troublesome Jake.

'You have a young friend staying with you?' I said, as soon as a convenient opportunity offered.

'Who—I? O, you mean Jake. Yes, he's stoppin' with us; that is, he's come right along with us from Chicago. We're goin' to make this European tour together.'

'O, a relative, I presume?' I faltered with sinking heart.

'No; he ain't any relative, but he's a friend, and that's more, I guess. When I knew Jake first, he was a boy in a printin' office; now he's correspondent to one of our first papers, sir, and draws a fine salary. He'll make his mark one of these days.'

I thanked Mr. Capen verbally, and changed the subject. I had no desire to pursue it, but I anathematised the invisible Jake most heartily.

'Well, gentlemen, suppose we go up-stairs, eh?' said our host, seeing me sitting silent on my chair. We responded with alacrity.

At her father's request Patience went to the piano. She played a few simple tunes, which seemed to please her father, and then sang—Heavens, how she sang!—I can't write about it: the remembrance overcomes me.

After we had done our duty at the piano, for Bob and I both sing and play a little (indeed, I

have a delicate tenor voice, which, if not robust, is really very sweet; and although poor Bob's is a bass, yet he manages it very well), Miss Patience came and sat down beside me, while Bob was talking to her father.

'Father tells me,' she said, looking at me very pleasantly, 'that he wants you to come over to America.'

'Yes, it is so,' I replied; 'and, indeed, he has made us a most generous offer, but I am afraid we cannot accept it.'

'Well, but won't you think it over again?' she said kindly. 'Father has taken an interest in you, and I think it would be well if you accepted his offer.'

It certainly was very pleasant to have this lovely girl taking an interest in us, too, I thought. The sensation was very delightful, although Mr. Capen's offer was as impossible of acceptance as ever.

'You see, it is something entirely different from anything we have been accustomed to. We are not used to manual labour.' I could have said, I did not think it the proper kind of employment for a scion of the Clan Rattan, but I did not like to.

'Well, what does that matter? You will have four years to get used to it in. I wish I could persuade you.'

'Do you really wish me to go?' I asked, as my foolish heart began to beat wildly. Did this glorious creature really take an interest in me? The thought was bewildering, entrancing.

'I do, indeed. I want every one to come to America who is worthy of her. It is the land for men. Why, you would make more progress in a few years in the States than in your whole life here.'

'And you really would like me to go out to America—to your

country? I asked again, gazing admiringly upon this lovely, bewitching, emigration agent.

'To be sure I would, and father too. I would be really glad to have you out West, on a good farm, making your way, and getting on. Now, will you think it over again? Do.'

I stammered out something that might be taken to mean that I would do so, and so she left me. I sat thinking it all over, and endeavouring to compose myself. And so she really was interested in me; wanted to see me out West—in her own country. The idea was simply intoxicating.

Viewed under this new aspect, the 'emigration scheme,' as Bob had called it, did not seem so utterly impracticable after all. The matter was gradually assuming a different complexion. Life on a farm—rural, decidedly rural; but still, under certain circumstances, enjoyable. I drew a mental picture of what might happen one day, nay should, if the flattering tale Hope was telling me turned out a true one. A low two-storied house, with the brown cross-beams showing on the walls, gable-ended, dormer-windowed, with diamond-paned lattices. A multitude of gay-blossoming sweet-scented creeping plants climbing up the walls, and peeping in at the old-fashioned windows; a thatched roof, brown and green with age, with here and there a patch of moss or lichen; that was my ideal of a farmhouse. The farmyard—I supposed there would have to be a farmyard; but that would be removed to a convenient distance, so that no objectionable sights should offend our eyes, or disagreeable effluvium disgust our noses. Myself, a horny-handed tiller of the soil, in a picturesque costume of flannel or serge, my shirt linked at the neck with a silver clasp, and a broad-leaved

sombrero on my head, would be reclining in a graceful attitude (but all my attitudes are graceful) on the grassy bank in the foreground. Through the half-opened window behind me would come, mellowed by the distance, the notes of a piano, touched by a woman's hand, and the sweet sound of a rich contralto voice, warbling some old German ditty, or perhaps a harvest song. I would turn my head towards the window whence the sweet sounds came, and softly call, 'Patience, my love, I want you.'

It was a very pleasant picture. Farming, under such an aspect, might be endurable, even enjoyable, after all. Patience and I. Mrs. Patience Macpherson. How sweet it sounded!

No thought of Bob intruded itself into my picture of Arcadia, or, if it did, only to be driven away. Of course he would stay behind, working at his pot-boilers, for which he was cut out by Nature. The special invitation, the interest betrayed by the lovely Patience, had no reference to him. Of course I would not forget him: he need not think that. When his friend Alnasch—I mean Macpherson—should be rich in flocks and herds, he would deal generously with his old chum; but, in the meantime, he must stay behind.

Ten o'clock came, and brought Jake with it. The sight of him was a relief to my mind. Unknown, I had feared him as a possible rival; on seeing him I felt comforted. No one but an idiot could feel jealous of such a specimen as Jake. Long-limbed, loose-jointed, with a capacious mouth and extensive ears, he was not an object to excite the alarm of a lover. Nature had been very generous to him, too, in the matter of hands and feet; and I quite

agreed with Mr. Capen that Jake would make his mark, and that a large one, wherever he put his foot. His ill-cut 'store' clothes, too, hung badly on him, in woful contrast with our well-fitting evening garments.

He was evidently perfectly at home with the Capens, father and daughter; but there was no special *empressment* in his greeting of Patience to rekindle the expiring fire of my jealousy. In reply to her question as to how he had liked the lecture, he replied,

'Pretty well. But the lecturer didn't say half as much as I could have told him; didn't make nearly as good a case of it as he might have done.'

'What was the subject?' I asked.

'Emigration, with special reference to the Western States, such as Missouri, Wisconsin, and Iowa.'

I started; the very subject. I wondered if there would be another.

'Will there be another lecture?' asked Bob suddenly.

I stared at him. What business was it of his?

'Yes, to-morrow,' replied Jake; and I silently determined, unless I broke a leg or killed a man in the interim, to attend that lecture.

We scarcely spoke all the way home. I was wrapped up in my own thoughts, and I presume Bob had matters of his own to think about, for he was very silent too. When we reached Newman-street, I remembered to have seen on the table of the man who lives on the second floor a book of travels in the West, half light reading, half statistical; so, making an excuse to Bob, I went in and borrowed it. When I got to Bob's room, I found him deep in the perusal of a green-covered pamphlet, which he covered with his hand as I came in. I

was too much taken up with my own scheme to notice this at the time, however.

As I had no intention that Bob should discover what kind of literature I had got hold of, I feigned an excuse to leave him to himself.

'I say, old fellow, I think I shall go into my own room. I've got a letter or two to write.'

'Have you? O, all right,' said Bob, making no effort to detain me, and lighting his pipe very coolly.

As I rose to go, I caught sight of the title of the green-covered book, from which Bob had removed his hand for a moment. It is 'Nahum P. Porter on Western Immigration.'

Can she have spoken to him too? Horrible, harassing, distracting thought!

By dint of diligent inquiry on the following day, I found out where the lecture was to be given, for I had not cared to ask the question openly. I feigned an engagement for the evening, so as to be able to absent myself without arousing Bob's suspicions; but I need not have given myself the trouble, for it seemed he was going out too, and did not even ask whither I was bound. For myself, I felt his destination to be a matter of complete indifference to me; and, as he did not inform me of it, I did not inquire.

I set out early in order to secure a good place, and soon found myself one of a group of some seven or eight people standing at the door of the hall where the lecture was announced to take place. After waiting for some time, staring at the door, I turned round, and found myself face to face with Bob!

We stared at each other in astonishment. Bob found his tongue first.

'What in creation brings you here?' he asked rudely.

'What brings you here?' I replied angrily. 'You have nothing to do with this. You go home, and don't meddle with what doesn't concern you.'

'Doesn't concern me? Well, that's good! Wasn't I spoken to by Miss Capen herself? Didn't her father give me a book on immigration? And didn't Jake give me the address of the hall? Doesn't concern me! Put that cap on your own head, young man.'

'She spoke to me before you!'

'Did she? When was that?'

'After dinner, in the drawing-room.'

'Well, she spoke to me before we went down to dinner at all.'

'Anyhow, I was here first, and here I'll stay.'

'Faith, you may do that same for all I care. There's room for both of us.'

The rest of the crowd began to take a lively interest in the discussion, but I heeded them not.

'Bob, this is perfectly ridiculous. Either you go, or I go.'

'I've no objection; only it's myself that'll stay.'

'I came first!'

'Well, you can go first.'

A titter from the crowd.

'Sir, your language is coarse. I will not stand coarse language, even from you!'

'Take a chair, then, if you're tired, my little whipper-snapper.'

Fresh titters from the crowd. My blood boiled.

'Whipper-snapper, sir?'

'Yes, just that: whipper-snapper.'

The titter broke out into a laugh, and a vulgar fellow at my elbow called out to me, 'Why don't you hit him one in the eye, little un?' I drew myself up to my full height, and said, looking my late friend full in the face,

'I will talk to you later on, Mr. Daly. You are not in a fit condition for a *gentleman* to converse with at present,' and walked haughtily away, indifferent to the laugh of the crowd and the jeers of the vulgar fellow aforesaid, who called out, 'Don't you run away, little un; come back and give him one!'

When I reached home I retired to my own room, to await Daly's arrival. I felt extremely hurt. I had been grievously insulted. Lacerated as my feelings might be, however, I determined to let no word escape me which I might afterwards regret, and to keep strict control over my temper.

It was nearly midnight when Mr. Daly returned, and when I went into his room I noticed a smell of spirits, and saw he had been drinking. I do not drink spirits. I consider it a low vulgar habit.

I take up my position at the side of the table, and begin:

'Mr. Daly, you used an expression this evening.'

'Bedad, I believe I did,' says he, turning round from the mantelpiece, where he was engaged in filling his pipe.

'The expression "whipper-snapper."'

'Was that it?' says Mr. Daly, with an appearance of extreme ignorance which annoys me much.

'You know it was it, sir; you will retract that expression.'

'O, will I? What fault have you to find with it?'

'This miserable quibbling will not serve. Will you, or won't you, withdraw that epithet?'

'Will you, won't you,  
Will you, won't you,  
Will you, won't you,  
Join the dance?'

sings Mr. Daly, with his hands in his pockets. I feel I am losing my temper, which does not help me to keep it.

'Your conduct, sir, is beneath contempt. I am not going to bandy words with you. Since you are not *gentleman enough*' (this with biting sarcasm) 'to apologise, I beg that our former intimacy may be considered as having terminated. Henceforth, sir, we are strangers—nothing more.'

'Fhairshon swore a feud  
Against the Clan M'Tavish.'

drones out Mr. Daly insultingly, in a wretched imitation of my national instrument, the bagpipe.

'My name is Alexander Macpherson, sir, not Fhairshon; and I'll trouble you to call me by it.'

'Very well, Mr. Alexander MacFhairshon—I mean FacMher-shon; no, Macpherson—that's it.'

'Very well, Mr. Robert Daly.'

I pause a moment to recover myself, and then proceed to remark with scathing irony,

'I suppose you thought you made a wonderful impression on her.'

'Bedad, if you thought *you* did you were precious well mistaken.'

I rejoin with withering emphasis,

'You don't think she'd take a great, long-legged, lubberly fellow like you, do you?'

'Bedad, if she wanted *you* she'd have to look for you to find you.'

To this I reply in the purest mockery:

'I daresay you think yourself good enough for her. Ha, ha!'

'You're mighty far out of it if you think you are.'

'What, you impertinent, insulting fellow! Do you mean to insinuate that I am not a fit match for her? I'll have you remember, sir, that I am one of the Macphersons of—'

'Yes, I know, of Loonie; and a very good name for ye too.'

'What, sir! How dare you—'

'Dare, is it? There's mighty little daring required,' sneers he.

'How dare you address me in that manner! Me, a scion of the famous Clan Rattan, who trace their lineage back to Alexander the Third of Scotland, to be spoken to in that way by a low dram-drinking Irishman!'

Daly springs up.

'By the powers, that's too much! Who are ye, what are ye, ye wretched, conceited, little Sawney, to speak to me, that have the ould Milesian blood in my veins!'

'That's just what's wrong with you,' I reply; 'a little blood-letting would do you all the good in the world.'

'By the holy poker, if ye were a man I'd fight ye! I'd do the blood-letting for ye!'

'Yes, I suppose that is your only mode of argument.'

'Damme, I wish you were my own size!' cries Daly, perfectly furious.

'I shall not stop here to be insulted, sir. I shall leave this room at once.'

'Who asks ye to do anything else?' roars Daly.

'Keep a civil tongue in your head, sir. I shall have nothing more to say to you, sir. We are strangers.'

'Faith, that same is the only sensible word you've spoken this evening.'

'Sir, I despise you. You are a low, common, red-headed Irishman!' I cry, leaving the room.

'Get out of my room, ye conceited, half-grown, yellow-faced sandy of a Sawney!' roars out my adversary, as I retreat.

Of course, after what had taken place, it was utterly out of the question that I could occupy the same bedroom as a man like Robert Daly; so, after waiting some time until I felt calmer, I went

into the sleeping-room, and carried, with considerable trouble and difficulty, my bedclothes and one mattress into my own room, and made up my bed on the floor. It was a very hard uncomfortable couch, and I spent a miserable night, awaking in the morning feeling very sore. I learned subsequently that my fellow-tenant had gone into our bedroom, after my labour was over, with the same intention as myself; but that, finding I had taken my things out, had quietly occupied the room, and slept comfortably in his own bed. So I fared ill that time.

After our quarrel I held no communication with my would-be rival, nor he with me. We were as perfect strangers now as we had formerly been friends. I could, of course, hold no further intercourse with a man who had so grossly insulted me; the only notice I took of him was to watch his movements, so that there might be little chance of our meeting. When he came in, I went out; when he went out, I preferred to stay at home. It was inconvenient, but I managed to put up with it. If we chanced to meet on the stairs or elsewhere, I passed him as though I knew him not. Henceforward he was naught to me. I lived for Patience, and for her alone.

I went every day to Bloomsbury-square, ostensibly to talk over our emigration scheme, in reality to see my fair enslaver. It was astonishing how ignorant I was, and how much explanation I needed at her hands. She was very, very kind and patient, vindicating her name most thoroughly, and I listened to all she told me, with the vision of the ideal farmhouse and its lovely tenant in my mind's eye. Still it was not perfectly satisfactory. She

was never alone. Her father, or the large-limbed Jake, was always present. They manifested some surprise at my coming without my friend (friend! empty word), but I made the excuse that it was impossible for both of us to be away from the studio at the same time.

As the days went on, I grew more and more ardent, and finally, seeing that it was impossible for me to speak to her by herself, I determined to let my proposal take the form of a letter, which I addressed to Mr. Capen. I have a copy by me, and will give the body of the letter. Apart from all personal feeling in the matter, I believe it to be a composition of which any one might be proud. After preliminaries I began as follows:

‘The purport of this letter will doubtless in some measure surprise you, although I think you must be aware to some extent of the impression your daughter has made upon me. It is an impression which will last as long as life remains with me. In a word, I *love* her, fondly, deeply, devotedly, *most devotedly*, and I herewith lay before you my proposal for her hand.

‘Under the circumstances, I may be excused for telling you a little about myself; indeed, you will probably wish for all the information I can bestow. As you will see from my name, I am a Scotchman, of Highland descent; but you may not be aware that I am a scion of the ancient house of the Macphersons of Loonie, or Clan Rattan, who trace back their lineage to the days of Alexander III. of Scotland, and whose famous motto, “Touch not the Cat, but the Cheese,” has become part of the literature of our language. I may therefore, in point of family, stand on an equality with the



representative of any noble house in England, and, without presuming to say that this consideration will be a decisive one, it will doubtless have due weight with you. I am not a rich man by any means ; but I have an income of my own, paid quarterly, so that I am not entirely dependent on my own exertions. I may add that I am quite willing to meet your views as to the future residence of your daughter, of Patience, if you will permit me so to call her, and myself. I am ready to emigrate to the Far, or Farthest, West ; indeed to any part of the world you may select.

‘I shall do myself the honour of calling on you at four o’clock to-morrow afternoon, when I hope to have the pleasure of receiving your favourable answer, and of saluting your lovely daughter with a new and dearer title.’

When I went out to post my letter, my rival came out of his room too. He had a letter in his hand, which, on seeing me, he at once concealed. Mine was in my coat-pocket. We did not speak, of course ; but I wondered why he did it. However, I was too much taken up with my own affairs to trouble my head about Robert Daly’s.

During the twenty-four hours that elapsed between the sending of my letter and my visit to the house of my adored Patience, I was in a state of joyous hope. Or rather, for hope implies a certain element of doubt, I was in a condition of jubilant expectation. There was no earthly doubt about my being accepted. Setting all other considerations aside, Mr. Capen would surely never hesitate for a moment in securing so genteel, nobly-descended, and in every respect desirable a son-in-law as myself.

When the hour drew near I

dressed myself with care, and set out. I remember that I had on the identical coat which had caused us so much grief. Indeed, my whole appearance was very stylish.

I reached Mr. Capen’s door exactly at four o’clock. On turning round after knocking, whom should I see, on the steps of the house, but my would-be rival !

I was astonished, mortified, disgusted. He appeared no less annoyed at seeing me. What could bring him there ?

At last I said, concealing my anger as best I could,

‘Why do you come here ?’

‘Appointment with Mr. Capen,’ replied he stiffly.

‘So have I.’

‘Humph !’ sneered he ; and,

‘Fugh !’ sniffed I.

Matters might have proceeded even further ; but at that moment the door was opened. We were ushered into the nondescript room on the ground-floor, where we occupied ourselves each in staring at the other’s picture now hanging on the wall ; and if Robert Daly’s countenance showed one-tenth part of the scorn and contempt depicted on mine, as I gazed at his wretched daub, it must have been expressive indeed.

In a few minutes the servant returned. ‘Would Mr. Macpherson please to walk into the dining-room ; Mr. Capen would be there presently.’ I left the room with the menial, giving a triumphant glance at my would-be rival, who vainly attempted to hide his mortification by staring contemptuously at the face of my divine Helen.

The dining-room, into which I was now ushered, was next to the one I had quitted. A pair of folding-doors, which were of course closed, separated the two rooms.

Mr. Capen came in the next minute, and we shook hands. He seemed at a loss how to begin, which, with him, was a strange occurrence. I spared him the trouble, by commencing myself:

'You received my letter, Mr. Capen?'

'Well, yes, I guess I did.'

'And I have come, as I said I would do, to receive your reply.'

'Ye-es, jes' so.' Mr. Capen was certainly embarrassed. I felt for him. Poor man! he had probably never been in a similar situation before. I resolved to assist him.

'I see you are a little embarrassed, Mr. Capen; but I can understand it. I will, if you like, waive all preliminaries, and consider the matter settled. That will put us both at our ease, will it not?'

Mr. Capen stared at me, but did not speak.

'And now, my dear sir, or rather my respected father-in-law *in futuro*, I am anxious to embrace your charming daughter. Where is she? Up-stairs in the drawing-room? Had I not better go up at once? I added, anxious to bring the interview to a speedy end, for the poor man's embarrassment was painful to behold.

'I guess you'd better not,' said Mr. Capen suddenly, finding his tongue at last.

'Why? I asked, as a vague sickening fear crept over me.

'Why? 'Cause she don't want to see you. She don't want to marry you.'

'Is it possible?' I gasped, laying hold of the mantelshelf for support. Mr. Capen continued,

'Yes, sir. I'm sorry to have to say it, 'cause I don't want to hurt your feelin's, but Patience won't have nothin' to say to you. Besides, I don't think you're quite the man for her, anyway.'

'But—Mr. Capen,' I pleaded, catching at the only straw I could think of, 'do you remember what I wrote you? My family—my descent?'

'O yes, I remember all that; but, without wantin' to offend ye anyway, that don't matter to me a durn. You don't want my daughter to marry your grandfather, or your great-grandfather, if you've got one. You want her to marry you, and it's you she's got to look at. Seems to me, young man, we've got hold of different ends of the stick. You talk a deal about your fam'ly and your clan and all that, and I don't care a cent what your fam'ly is no more than Adam.'

'Really, sir, these are terrible opinions,' I ventured to observe.

'Mebbe, but I'm too old to change 'em now. You see, sir, in America we rate a man for what he is, not for what his forefathers were; and we'll take off our hats to the street-sweeper that's made his way and showed his pluck, sir, where we won't touch 'em to a man who's got a houseful of grandfathers, and can't push his own road through life. Yes, sir, that's what we think over in America. And now I guess, young man, you'd best give up all thought of marryin' my girl. Fact is, when she does marry she'll marry some one else: she's engaged to him already.'

I sank down on a chair, but could not speak. My emotions were too deep for words.

'About that emigration scheme, now, you were takin' such an interest in. I guess that drops through, eh? I nodded, but could not answer him in words. 'Well,' he said, 'I'm kinder vexed about that; I wanted to do you a good turn.' And so he went away.

I remained sitting where he had left me, trying to collect my

thoughts. It certainly was a fearful rebuff; it seemed incredible that father and daughter should be insensible to the advantages which a union with a man of my family and descent presented. But as I grew calmer I was able to make allowances for them. They were kind, well-meaning people, it is true, but ignorant, terribly ignorant, and unlearned in the ways of the world on this side of the Atlantic. I began even to feel a certain pity for them. It was a good thing, however, I reflected, that they were mere strangers—birds of passage—so that there was no chance of the story of my defeat ever being bruited about: there was a decided consolation in that. Well, it was all over, and perhaps under the circumstances it was as well that it should be so. Patience, with a little training from me, would have made a charming wife, I admitted, but Old Steeve would have become a terrible inflection. Amusing as an acquaintance, he would have been very trying as a father-in-law. Certainly on the whole I felt reason to be satisfied with things as they had turned out.

All at once a fearful idea struck me. She was engaged to some one else; her father had said so. Who could it be? Who but Robert Daly? Quick as lightning the events of the last few days flashed across my brain. My rival's visits, the letter he had in his hand the day before, his presence there at that moment—it was all convincing. He was the accepted lover, I the rejected suitor. Heavens, how bitter! It was the deepest degradation. To think that I, a Macpherson of Loonie, a descendant of the Clan Rattan, should have been refused in favour of this upstart Irishman! I writhed in my armchair.

While I was struggling with my misery I heard voices in the next room—Mr. Capen's and the man Daly's. I was on the alert in an instant. The sounds reached me but indistinctly where I was sitting; but I recognised the voices.

There was a sofa placed against the folding-doors, and I went and seated myself there. I did not go there to listen—I am too much of a gentleman to do anything of the kind—but, as it happened, from my new position I could hear distinctly all that was spoken in the next room.

'And is there no chance?' said Robert Daly in a stifled voice.

'No, I guess not,' replied Old Steeve.

'I couldn't speak to her, could I?'

'She ain't in the house. Besides, it wouldn't do any good; my girl is very well fixed up as it is. And though ye are of the old Milesian blood, I guess it wouldn't make any difference to her.'

A groan from Daly. Balm to my wounded spirit!

'That emigration scheme'll have to slide, I guess,' said Mr. Capen next. 'Ye won't go on with it now, eh?'

A murmur of assent from poor Daly.

'Well, sir, in that case, good-day to ye. I'm sorry I can't say any better; but, ye see, another man has got her, and you'll have to make the best of it. Good-day, sir.'

Poor Daly, in a broken voice, returned his salutation, and Mr. Capen went away. The next minute I heard my late rival in love, now my companion in rejection, get up and move towards the door. I rose too. We met in the passage. By a common impulse, our hands clasped. We said nothing; but we felt we

were friends again. It was Bob and I once more.

We went down the street arm in arm as of yore, and every step I took brought comfort with it. I had nothing to complain of now. If I had been refused, so had Bob. If she were not fair to me, what did I care how fair she might be, as long as Bob was in the same fix as myself? This might be selfish, but I could not help it.

Bob did not speak a word all the way home, and I was too much absorbed in my own thoughts to wish to disturb him. We were quits again; our rivalry was at end. I felt quite jubilant, and resolved to say nothing about the folding-doors.

'Bob, old boy,' I said when we reached home, 'I suppose she has refused you?'

'Yes, she has, indeed; or rather old Capen did for her,' replied Bob gloomily.

'No chance, eh?'

'I don't know what you call a chance. She's going to marry some one else.'

'Who is it?'

'Jake.'

'What? That horrid-pawed creature with the leviathan beetle-crushers?'

'Just him. It's almost past believing.'

'Well, I wish her joy of him,' I said jauntily.

Bob did not answer. Poor fellow, he was certainly a good deal cut up. I felt quite grieved for him, and patted him on the back encouragingly.

'I'm very sorry for you, Bob, old boy; but really you had no chance in that quarter. You must have been blind to think she cared for you in more than a general way.'

Bob stared at me queerly.

I went on quite consoled and happy myself, and enjoying the part of Mentor immensely.

'I really hope this will be a lesson to you, Bob, not to imagine yourself irresistible. You have not cut a very distinguished figure in this little affair; in fact, if you will excuse me for saying it, my dear boy, you have simply made an utter fool of yourself about that girl.'

Bob stared at me again, and burst out with a laugh. He grinned at me.

"Arcades ambo"—shepherds both, my boy!

I had forgotten the folding-doors.

## A NIGHT'S CONGER-FISHING OFF HERM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A TRIP TO ALDERNEY AND THE CASQUETS,' 'JUST A PECK AT SARK,' ETC.

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WE were strolling through the fish-market of St. Peter-Port, Guernsey—Scobelle, Denham, and I. Scobelle was a Guernseyite, to the manner born and bred of the swell 'sixties' of that island; a barrister by profession, and up to a thing or two, as most of his calling are. Denham was a young curate, one of that very type of whom the Vicar in Sullivan's opera of *The Sorcerer* so pathetically pictures himself, in song, as having been. Most of us know the ballad, and have heard Mr. Barrington render it. As for myself, Bullen is my name, and doctoring her Majesty's soldiers my vocation.

Well, as I said before, we three were pottering through the fish-market of the quaint but picturesque capital of 'Sarnia's lovely isle.' There had been a large catch of congers; and on the cool and clean marble slabs of the saleswomen lay the large, coarse, ugly, black and gray eels, in all their snakelike repulsiveness.

Scobelle smacked his lips. Conger-eel to a Channel Islander is as turtle to a London alderman, black crabs to a West Indian creole, prawn curry to an up-country Bengalee, or a roasted white man to an African cannibal—his *bonne bouche*.

'See those awfully fine fellows, Bullen,' says he, pointing to the fish, and speaking of them as lovingly as if they were Tweed salmon of the choicest; 'splendid, ain't they?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I see them

plainly enough, and marvellously uncanny do they look. My gorge rises at them. Put me in mind, they do, of the pythons I have come across in the jungles of Ceylon. I would just as soon eat boa-constrictor or cobra di capello as conger.'

'Once taste them, old man, and you will alter your opinion. Cut into delicate slices, and fried Italian fashion, in oil, good; stewed, like carp, with claret, better; but made into soup, as only a thorough-built Jersey or Guernsey *corillon bleu* can make it, with "stock," pot-herbs, certain vegetables, and the yellow petals of the marigold flower for colouring and flavour—best of all; a feast for the gods, thick, luscious, and highly nutritive. Then the price, ranging, as it does, from three to six sous per pound—why, the greatest stickler for food economy must confess that that is *très bon marché* for the main ingredient of the most delectable *consommé* in the world.'

'Not if it gives you dyspepsia afterwards,' say I; 'and to my professional eye there is something uncommonly dyspeptic-looking in the fatty tissue of that fish of the sea. I remember once seeing an obese German chuckle over and gobble up a composition of truffles which no one else at mess could touch, by reason of its inordinate richness. This worthy chuckled and gobbled because, being both a *Fresser* (glutton) and a miser, he had the delicious and expensive fungi entirely to his own teeth

free, gratis, for nothing. He chuckled, and was merry and glad, until about four A.M. of the following day, when a very close imitation of Asiatic cholera seized him, and he nearly died. Subsequently recounting his troubles to me, he said, "Himmel! it was indeed ze most pew-ti-ful dish I neffer eats; zo gut at ze time, but afterwards, ach, mein Gott! der teufel! and dear, Mynheer, very dear, zo zea price to me was notings. Donner und blitzen, Williamszonn ze doctor and Zilva ze chemist made me to pay zeven pounds more for zat leetle affair of vun zingle plate of trooffle!"

'It must be capital fun catching these sea-serpents,' observed Denham.

'With the hand-line no deep sea-fishing better,' says Scobelle; 'but with the *trotte*, which is a stoutish rope, with a lot of hooks hanging by cords from it—the general way in which congers are snared—flat, stale, and unprofitable, for sport at least—not one iota more exciting than night-lines set for their smaller fresh-water brethren. The *trotte* is laid towards sunset, and at sunrise it is hauled up again, with the fish, if any, attached to it. We might go, though, and have a turn with the hand-lines. What do you two say?"

'Agreed!' we both exclaimed. 'Where to?"

'Herm; it is only three or four miles across, and about it and Jethou is the kingdom of congers. I know a fisherman whose experience is great, his seamanship unequalled, and his boat the most safe and commodious in this storm-vexed locality. He is the man for our money.'

So we interviewed the piscator, whom I shall elect to call Naftel, approved of him and his cutter, the *Belle of La Manche*; and,

leaving all arrangements to his care, settled to embark the following evening at six o'clock.

At the appointed time behold us, at a slip of the harbour, ready to set foot aboard the craft, our party increased by Scobelle's brother Jack, a Rugby lad of sixteen, good all round, especially at cheek, as Scobelle senior informed me, Naftel, and Pierre his mate. A cozy and a pleasant half-dozen we promised to be.

Gardiner of that ilk—every one in Peter-Port knows Gardiner—had packed me a little hamper of eatables and drinkables; Scobelle's people had done the same for him; and Denham came provided with a 'frale,' or ladies' marketing hand-basket, which, from its outward and visible signs of ribbon and tape, had evidently passed through the hands of one or more of his feminine admirers.

At once it caught the eye of the Rugbeian, and at once it elicited a specimen of his 'cheek.' Curiously enough he began it by singing, *sotto voce*, the first verse of the Vicar's very song to which I have before alluded, altering it, however, slightly to suit the present circumstances:

'Time is \* when Love and I are well acquainted;  
Time is when we walk ever hand in hand:  
A saintly youth, with worldly thoughts untainted,  
None better loved than I in *Guernsey* land.  
Time is when maidens of the highest station,  
Forsaking *shony soldier chaps*, I vow,  
Will gaze upon me, rapt in adoration:  
*Ah, yes! ah, yes! I am a fair young curate now!*

Then the chaffing youth, dropping melody, said, in his speaking tones,

'Dic mihi, Denny, te avo, from what maiden's pretentious villa

\* The words in italics are those which Mr. Jack Scobelle has taken the liberty of altering from Mr. Gilbert's version.

up Grange-road cometh that unship-shape and not fit for sea frail frale; and whose fair fingers have cut and otherwise manipulated its probable contents of chicken and ham? Whose golden tresses, glossy with brilliantine, have hung over that flask of "Cassy," as she poured it from the big stone jar into the tiny bottle I see bulging out? Then turning to me, he continued, 'It is wonderful, Dr. Bullen, how these young padres, idolised, as you know, everywhere, get a double and a treble coat of the article laid thick upon them hereabouts. The song is quite right, sir, "for-saking even military men," to whom I add Rugby boys; these young women stick like wax to the fair curates. But, by Jove, it makes them lose their heads; and that, too, where its "fixings," as the Yankees say, ought to be most tightly screwed and jammed on. Listen, and I will tell you what is reported to have occurred over there' (pointing to an island on the horizon) 'a little while ago. One of these dearly beloved white-choker brethren was at the lectern in a parish church, reading the second lesson of the morning service. Enters a beautiful maiden, one of reader's greatest enthusiasts. Her skirts rustle, and attract reader's attention. Well, she does not wink at reader, for that, you know, would be highly improper; but she does something more mild and decorous, which at once has the effect of disturbing reader's mental equilibrium, so much so, that he delivers the next verse of the chapter as thus: "And immediately the cock *wept*, and Peter went out and *crowed* bitterly." Fact, I assure you.'

'Bosh, Jack!' says his brother. 'Shut up! Naftel, is everything aboard—lines, gaffs, knives, bait?

'Yea, sir.'

'Managed to get any Spanish bream—sarde?'

'Not a piece to be procured anywhere.'

'That's a nuisance. Sarde (*pagellus erythem*) is the eels' certain lure.'

'Like Lucius Pella,' puts in the irrepressible Master Jack. "'Conger taketh bribes of the Sardians," eh, Charley?'

'I'll put you ashore, youngster, if you don't stop. Now let us be off.'

As we sailed across the Little Russell channel, dividing Guernsey from Herm, Scobelle entertained us first with the history of the islet, and next with that of the fish we are going to try for.

'Herm,' he tells us, 'has had many and many a master of sorts since Henry II. gave it to the monks of St. Augustine some time between 1150 and 1160; and it is probably from these recuses that it got its name 'L'Ile des Ermites.'

'Arry, the hexcursionist, still calls it 'Erm,' interposes Jack.

'The Augustines having deserted their property, a community of Franciscans took possession, and occupied the place until the Reformation, when they left for France. Then the island reverted to the Crown, and, being well stocked with game, was given to the Governors of Guernsey as a field for *le sport*. In 1737 Government took it away again, and began to rent it on free-farm, under which conditions several of our best families and many an outsider have tried to make money out of its granite quarries, its copper mine, by sheep-grazing, gardening, potato-growing, what not, but have ill succeeded. Two or three years ago the Trappist monks took it, but soon went away; and now those of the Char-

treuse order have, though they do not at present occupy the spot. They are awfully rich, these Carthusians—the liqueur and the elixir they are celebrated for make them so; and they gave a long price for the right little, tight little island.’

‘It is a curious legend,’ says Denham, ‘as to how this order of monkhood was first instituted. Do you know it?’

Not one of us did, and told him so.

‘Then I’ll enlighten you. St. Bruno—’

‘Stay until I give you a free translation of the two first lines of Virgil’s second *Æneid*, by way of introduction to your story’ (this, of course, from Jack Scobelle—who else?): “All held their jaws, and stared the old fellow full in the face. Then, from the cutter’s stern-sheets, Padre Denham thus began.”\* Go ahead, now, full speed.’

‘Well,’ resumes the curate, ‘the accredited tradition goes that St. Bruno, being at Rheims, came to Paris, where he made the intimate acquaintance of a certain distinguished dignitary of the University, named Raymond Diocrès, a man celebrated for the purity and piety of his life. He died, and while his obsequies were being performed, with much ceremony, in the cathedral of Notre Dame, at that portion of the office for the dead where the priest, reading from the book of Job, says, “How many are my iniquities and sins! make me to know my transgression and my sin,” the corpse, suddenly rising from its bier, exclaimed, “I am justly accused, judged, and condemned by a righteous God.”

Every one was alarmed, and fled, so the service had to be postponed until the morrow; when again, at the same verse, the same ejaculation came from Diocrès’ lips, and once more deferred his burial. The rumour of such a miracle filled, on the third day, the vast nave of the large cathedral; thousands came in expectation of hearing and seeing it. They were not disappointed. Precisely at the same passage was the desponding voice of the dead man heard to utter, “I am justly accused, judged, and condemned by a righteous God.” Bruno was frightfully intimidated; and, fearing that the unhappy lot of his friend might be his, retired from the world, sought the desert mountains of La Chartreuse, near Grenoble, in France, and there founded his order, and the large monastery known as La Grande Chartreuse. If you can get M. Albert du Boys’ *Life of St. Bruno* you will find this told.’

‘The proposed habitation of these worthy *religieux* ahead of us does not look over-cheerful,’ I observe.

‘Prettier within than without,’ says Scobelle, ‘and from one or two spots on the plateau highly picturesque. It has a convenient landing-place, much larger than that infinitesimal one of The Creux at Sark. There are some charming outlooks towards that island, Guernsey, and the Casquets; and every furze-bush and heather-brake is a shelter for rabbits. It had deer once, which I have read used to be seen swimming across to Guernsey, either to feed upon richer fodder, or to see their sweethearts among the *cervi* of that land. Its gardens will produce vegetables to perfection; grapes flourish admirably in the vineries of the Manor House; wheat and barley give good crops;

\* ‘Conticuerne omnes, intentique ora tenebant  
Inde toro pater Æneas, sic orsus ab alto.’



and wherever a luscious mushroom can spring up, there it springs.'

'Anent mushrooms, a good story occurs to me,' I remarked. 'It was in the Crimea, when rations were at the very worst—salt pork and biscuit alone being the every-day fare of everybody. Well, one morning, the bāt-man of a surgeon of artillery, being out foraging, came upon a treasure trove of agarics. He took them to his master. "Sorr," said he, "Oi've picked up these. Faith, an' they be mushrooms! Oi'll broil them in pork-fat, and ye'll not be so badly off for the male (meal) this blissid night."

'The doctor, who was no botanist, feared that the fungi were toadstools, and advised their being thrown away.

"Arrah, not a stick of 'em, sorr, before evening!" said Pat. "Be jabers, no! Oi'll tell ye what we'll do. The Vet.'s servant he has a capful as well as me. They are for that officer's dinner. Now, he dines at one o'clock; your honour don't dine till sivin. Let Mister Horse-leech ate his first. You wait and see the iffict. If he be nayther sick nor sorry before your fading (feeding) toime, why, ye yourself can ate the things widout fear—they'll be mushrooms, and no mistake. But if the Vet. is complaining, or maybe dead—and Oi've asked a corporal farrier to lit me know—whoy, it will be pritty sartin that the vigitables arn't mushrooms, and ye nade not touch them at all at all."

'At seven P.M., the horse-doctor being all right, the human one devoured the delicious "vigitables" *con gusto*, blessed his bāt-man, and was all right too. He himself told me the incident.'

'Herm,' observes Denham, 'must have had rather a shaky reputation in the sixteenth cen-

tury, when the great French satirist Rabelais wrote his *Pantagruel*. You remember what he makes Panurge say to Pantagruel about it. I'll give it in French:

"J'ai vu les îles de Cerq et Herm, entre Bretagne et Angleterre. Il es des forbauts, des larons, des brigands, des meurtriers, et assassineurs. N'y descendons point, je vous en prie. Ils sont par-là mort bœuf de bois, pires que les canibales. Ils nous mangeront tout vif. N'y descendez pas de grâce. Mieux vous serait en Averne descendre."

'A thing devised by the enemy, Denham,' says Scobelle; 'yet, no doubt, it did at one time harbour those Norman fillibusters, the fear of whom was so great that in the Litany of the Church were inserted the words "et a furore Normannorum, libera nos, Domine!" However, the very few inhabitants of the island won't eat us now, I warrant. But, touching the congers, I am desirous of launching out into a little theoretical lecture upon their nature and proclivities, before we obtain a practical insight of them. As our old friend Whackford Squeers puts it, when a boy knows that "bottiney" means a knowledge of plants, he goes and know it. First, then, ichthyologists—'

'I beg your pardon, brother mine, who?'

'Call him,' continues Scobelle, without heeding the interruption, 'conger vulgaris, and describe him as belonging to the Muronidæ or eel tribe.'

'Thank them for nothing,' again breaks in the Rugbeian.

'Moreover, they class him as of that sub-order of osseous fishes the Physostomata, from the peculiar anatomical arrangement of the air-bladder (phusa) with the pharynx or mouth (stoma), and know

him, moreover, as apodal, from his possessing no ventral fin. His average length is about three feet, his weight from fifteen to twenty pounds; but frequently we see him much longer and much heavier.'

'Monsieur is right,' comes in Naftel, who has been listening to the conversation. 'I have often caught them of thirty and forty pounds, and once I assisted in getting hold of a monster which measured nearly ten feet and turned the scales at one hundred pounds.'

'W-h-e-w! draw it mildly, Naftel! subtract a foot or two, and reduce the great sea-serpent by a score or more of pounds, and then go on with the story. Recollect what the poet says:

"Let falsehood be a stranger to thy lips."

'It is true, nevertheless, Monsieur Jacques. The eel was exhibited in Peter-Port for several days, and until decomposition forced its removal.'

'The Anakim of his race ought to have been preserved, as we doctors do our preparations,' say I.

'In former days,' continues Scobelle, 'conger fishing and salting was a source of revenue to the Crown in these Channel Islands. King John wriggled it into the charter he gave us, and called the tax *esperkeria*, and until the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the Newfoundland cod fisheries interfered, we made much money out of this physostomatous apodal muronida. Gentlemen, the short lecture is over; you may jabber about other things.'

By this time we had reached Herm, and made for its southern or Jethou extremity, as it was off the rocks of one or the other or both islands Naftel intended to anchor, and fish. But as the

night was yet young, we tacked and scudded about, tralling light lines astern for any stray mackerel that might be fooled into mistaking a tempting shred of rag for a delicate and digestive sprat. We got three of these unwary fish in this way. Naftel also set down a couple of pots in likely places for lobsters, to be taken up again the last thing before returning to Peter-Port.

I do not think that I ever looked upon any scene of its kind more beautiful than was that which presented itself to us on the smooth waters of the Little Russell that June evening. As the *Belle of La Manche* sailed over them, now here, now there, there was Guernsey, bathed in the golden lustre of the setting sun, its rays glinting upon every object, and throwing them into soft and subdued pictures of light and shade; foremost of all, most impressive and grand, that time-honoured castle of which the loyal Sarnian is so justly proud, for

'Nine years did Cornet, for the throne,  
Against rebellion stand alone.'

Then the wonderful shell beach, the rocky face and crags of Herm and Jethou:

'Jethou! them, at need,  
With pheasant, fallow-deer, and conies  
thou dost feed,'

as old Michael Drayton, in his *Poly-Olbion*, speaks of that now almost deserted islet; again, bold and lofty Sark, and Jersey just outlined in the distance—all these came in for their full share of marvellous attractiveness, as the fading sunlight fell upon them, making a picture worthy of the brush of the first painter of the day. We admitted to each other the enjoyment of the tableau, but I fear, if the secret thoughts of some of us could have been divulged, we were more wrapt r

in the discussion of the meats and drinks our baskets had disclosed, than in any unbounded admiration of our specious surroundings.

It fails me to call to mind all the *bon-mots*, anecdotes, and stories with which we seasoned our fare. The Rugby boy told them of his school; Denham of his clerical career; Naftel of some adventures he had had at sea; Scobelle of the law; and I of my medico-military career. We each ran in our special groove, as most men do. Two little narratives, one of which I gave, and Scobelle the other, I shall take the liberty of intruding on the reader's notice. Said the barrister: 'In one of the English law courts the then well-known counsel, Mr. Phillimore, was pleading against Serjeant Something, socially his bosom friend, forensically his deadly enemy. It was a case of the theft of some donkeys, and there was a dispute as to the number and sex of the animals.

'The judge got bothered, and testily asked,

"How many asses were in the plaintiff's stable on the night of the robbery?"

"Three, my lud," answered the serjeant: "two mares and a colt."

"Nay, my lud, four," put in the opposing advocate; "four donkeys in all."

"Ah, yes—true! I beg your ludship's and my learned brother's pardon. He reminds me that there were four donkeys present—two mares, one colt, and one *filly more*."

My own anecdote was this: 'There was a man in a regiment to which I once belonged gifted with the propensity for making the most ridiculous and ignorant metamorphoses of names and places. He got sick, and I invalidated him from the tropical

country in which we were serving to England. On his return, I interviewed him.

"Well," said I, "Rajah"—that was his *sobriquet*—"all right now, I suppose?"

"Yes," he replied; "but I had to go to a lot of doctors, and not one of them did me the least good except Sir Joshua Reynolds."

"Who?"

"Sir Joshua Reynolds; and he gave me Bismark."

"What?"

"Some preparation of Bismark. I think he called it the nightshade of Bismark."

"All serene," said I, smiling; and went my ways.

'But an hour or two afterwards my brother officer came to me.

"For goodness' sake," he said, "don't tell the fellows, or my life will be chaffed out of me. Sir William Jenner is the medico I mean, and *nitrate of bismuth* was what he ordered."

'And now, gentlemen,' Naftel observes, 'it is time to take up our moorings, where we intend first to try our luck.'

The Belle of La Manche was soon at the spot selected, and anchored. The lines, five in all for eels, and two for smaller fishes, were carefully baited, weighted, and lowered until they nearly touched the bottom. 'Messieurs,' said our Palinurus, 'this conger-fishing is, like every other sort of angling, a question of much chance and more patience. Sometimes we are out all night, and catch none; at others, we get them almost as fast as we can pull them up. It depends upon the weather, the state of the tide, and the scarcity or profusion of the particular food the eels are feeding upon, and which, of course, we have no tell-tale to let us know beforehand. More, two or three good catches

seldom come together; it would really seem to me as if a sort of instinct said to the fish, "My boys, if you happen, in your outings, to come across some tempting morsels of dog-fish or mackerel or what not floating about, let them bide; there's ten to one a sharp barbed hook inside, which will bring you to inextricable grief." I don't want to dishearten you, gentlemen, either; but last night and the night before congers were well to the front; this evening, I fear, they will be equally well to the rear.'

He was right. For nearly two hours we remained dodging about the rocks of the coasts of the two islands, and caught nothing. Then we moored out a little further seaward, and anchored beside a reef where there was plenty of water with a rippling tide.

Here the piscatorial fates were somewhat more propitious. We hooked and landed two congers, possibly young gentlemen of the family out 'on the loose,' and without the knowledge or consent of pater and mater familias. One was caught by Jack Scobelle, the other by Denham. Both thought, from the ferocious tugs at the baits, and the struggling and fuss in the water, that they had sharks or whales upon their hooks; both found, when the eels were inboard—if I am not nautical when I'm afloat, I am nothing—that they were but minnows of their race. To give them a rough sort of comparison, had they been river trout, they would have been considered monsters; as salmon, piscator would have deemed them of fair size; but as congers—pooh! miserably infantine specimens of sea-eels. Neither of them weighed six pounds. Then I hooked upon my light line a bream and a mullet; and Scobelle secured a whiting-pout.

'Poor fun this,' said Jack. 'I vote we run in and go to bed.'

"Sweet pillows, sweetest bed,  
A rosy garland, and a weary head."

'One try more, sir,' said Naftel, 'upon the reef yonder, and then, if you please, away for Peter-Port.'

We raised the anchor, and steered the *Belle of La Manche* towards the place which Naftel indicated. If I had a chart I might possibly point it out; but without that 'seaman's card,' description as to locality would not give the least idea of it.

Scarcely, however, was the cutter again moored and the lines overboard than there was a shout from Pierre, who spoke but little English.

'Ma foi, diable! here is ze Satan himself at ze hook! Hein! he nearly pulled me over ze side wid his devil of a bite!'

'Don't hurry him, Pierre, give him time to gorge—plenty of time to fix the hook well into his maw; he is safe enough on it; bring him to the surface; keep his head well above water. Parbleu! if he gets that under he'll likely enough tear himself clean off; hold on till I get at him with the gaff. Hurrah! well fastened and safe, by St. Peter!'

By the powers, how he struggled, lashing the water into a foam with his tail and fighting manfully for dear piscatorial life, with every muscle of his lithe and powerful body! And raised by main force and laid at the bottom of the boat, how long he took to die! I could scarcely have imagined such persistent vitality had I not seen dolphins and sharks on the decks of ships, battling with the grim sergeant, Death, for many and many a minute ere they gave up the ghost. Like

unto these our conger. Nine-tenths of his existence he gasped away, and the remaining tenth Naftel battered out of him with a boat-stretcher.

But after all he was no Brobdingnagian of his tribe—measured under four feet, and weighed nearly thirty-five pounds. An adult eel certainly—probably a grandfather, or, if he had married young, a great-grandfather, of his kind, but nothing more pretentious.

‘Gentlemen,’ said Naftel, ‘this must do; there is a threatening look to the westward, and the sooner we are on the Glatney esplanade the better. I’ll pick up the lobster-pots and scud for the harbour.’

He did so; found two small lobsters clawing at each other in one pot, nothing in the other.

Then we put about for Peter-Port, and got in just before four A.M. We had toiled all night with this poor result in the shape of a bag—to wit, one biggish mature eel, and two of the rising generation; one bream, one mullet, one whiting-pout, three mackerel, and two very inferior lobsters. We had to pay Mr. Naftel a good long price for the Belle of La Manche, attendance, and sundries. Query, was the game worth the candle? and might not our pleasant chit-chat have been more cozily held in one of the splendid rooms of the Grange Club House? I opine, yes!

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## AN OLD, OLD SONG.

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MY lady's mouth is like a rose  
(Blythe she is, and bonny);  
Is like the little budding rose  
Before its crimson leaves uncloze;  
And sweet her rippling laughter flows  
(Sing hey nonny).

Her hair is like the light that strays  
(Blythe she is, and bonny);  
Is like the amber light that strays  
Through russet corn on summer days,  
When o'er the gold a zephyr plays  
(Sing hey nonny).

Her skin is like the drifted snow  
(Blythe she is, and bonny);  
Is like the distant hills of snow,  
That take the rosy vesper glow  
Ere evening shadows come and go  
(Sing hey nonny).

But ah, her heart is like a stone  
(Blythe she is, and bonny);  
Her little heart is cold as stone,  
It gives no answer to mine own;  
And so I sing and sigh alone  
(Sing hey nonny).

## VALENTINA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A FRENCH HEIRESS IN HER OWN CHATEAU,'  
'MRS. LANCASTER'S RIVAL,' ETC.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### BILLY'S SECRET.

AFTER all, Lady Valentina was not ready to go abroad till July. She made her husband take a house at Richmond for six weeks, and, as it was a beautiful season, they spent most of their time on the river. Roger Miles visited them there, but did not stay long. He was in London for a week in May, before they went down to Richmond, and saw a good deal of them then, though he was not staying with them.

One afternoon he had an odd little adventure, which came back to him vividly and strangely two years later, when this present time seemed very like a dream. Now, if the power of looking forward had been suddenly given to him, he would have thought he was dreaming a bad dream.

Valentina had asked him to come to tea that day, and he was just turning into Eaton-place on his way to her house, when he was stopped by a man coming in the opposite direction. Roger had not been thinking of Frank Hartless, and was rather surprised to see him. They had not met since those days at Stoneycourt in April, and, though this was such a short time ago, Roger found himself suddenly thinking how Frank's pleasant looks went off as he grew older, what a hard-looking fellow he was sometimes.

'Hallo! where are you going?' said Frank.

Roger told him.

'You won't find her at home.'

'I think I shall. At any rate it is worth trying.'

'Certainly,' said Frank, with a sneer. 'I will wait for you here a minute, and, if I am right, we can walk a little way together—I want to talk to you about those young people. They are making sad fools of themselves. But I won't keep you now.'

Roger did not at all intend to be kept. He walked on, and, as he had expected, was let in at once. Lady Valentina was at home. He thought of Frank Hartless, left disconsolate at the corner, with a little pity and a little vexation. He hated family quarrels; and, though he did not care for Frank, it seemed a mistake for Val and her husband to treat their connections in this way.

'In poor Billy's state,' he thought, as he went up-stairs, 'if anything happens to him, she would be utterly alone; all sorts of adventurers—' But coming into the room where she and Billy were sitting very comfortably together, he forgot Frank and the future and everything else, and took his tea from her hands with perfect contentment. At the end of an hour's visit, during which they were both at their brightest, talking and laughing about Richmond and the fun they meant to have there, Roger remembered once more the gloomy visage of Frank.

Lady Valentina took him down into the dining-room to show him a picture they had bought. Roger thought it a terrible daub, but smiled when she explained that the artist was starving.

'How satirical and nasty you are!' she said. 'As cold and horrid as Frank Hartless himself. You would have let the poor creature starve, I suppose?'

'Well, no, I hope not,' said Roger. 'But I would not have encouraged him to paint more pictures by buying this one. Helping him to some other work would have been the truest charity.'

'That is all very fine; but what was I to do? And I don't agree with you, besides. I am not so utilitarian. Lowering the poor man in his own eyes! He thought the picture very good. Why should I insult him? It was not my business to say, "Friend, thou hast mistaken thy calling." I leave that to people like you. Why are not you Archbishop of Canterbury?'

'It is all talk,' said Roger humbly. 'I shouldn't have done it, either. Only it is a bad look-out for English art, you know.'

'English art may take care of itself. Like everything else English, it is quite capable of that,' said Valentina, smiling.

'By the bye,' said Roger, with his eyes fixed on the cabbage-like trees of the poor artist's picture, 'you mentioned Frank Hartless just now.'

'Did I? I am sure I did not mean it.'

'He called here this afternoon. I met him at the corner of the street. You were not at home.'

'No. Did you tell him that I was?'

'I think he must have seen that I found you at home two minutes afterwards. To tell you the truth, I don't think Frank ever meant to

be included in—in other people's behaviour.'

Saying this, Roger could not help looking at her. She coloured, and made a little scornful movement. Then her eyes softened as they met his.

'Nobody hates quarrelling more than I do,' she said. 'But I also hate being bored to make up my quarrels; and I know we should have no peace if we saw anything of him. Just now we are so quiet and happy—no one intimate enough to take liberties except you. Do you want any more reasons? Have you the best opinion of Frank? Do you think he has been altogether the best friend for Bill?'

'Perhaps not,' Roger confessed, hesitating a little from surprise.

'I am in my right senses now and then, you know,' she said, smiling very sweetly. 'But if you insist on my being at home to Frank, I won't promise that he does not go abroad with us, instead of you. Not by my wish, I think; but he has such a will of his own. However, I suppose he won't come to Richmond. You must be very good, and come often.'

Then, when he was going, she looked at him very earnestly, and said, 'Do you know, I am afraid of Frank.'

'Nonsense!' said Roger almost gruffly. 'What harm can he do you? You ought not to be afraid of anybody in the world.'

'I am afraid of him,' repeated Valentina.

The hint of that afternoon was not lost on Frank Hartless, who did not trouble the Goldings with another visit; and when he next saw Roger Miles, did not mention their name. Plenty of other people found their way to the Richmond villa in those bright weeks of May and June. Roger



stayed there for a few days, but was not very happy, in spite of knowing himself both Billy's and Valentina's only intimate friend. He concluded that he was a stupid, solitary, old creature, not fit for society, a fish out of water among these fashionable flirting crowds. He could not rouse himself, or feel equal to the occasion. He certainly liked his friends best by themselves. To his graver mind it was a trial to see them both given up to careless gaiety, while Billy's illness grew more threatening day by day. Yet at the end of his visit he was inclined to reproach himself.

He had said good-bye to Valentina on the lawn, and had seen her being rowed away down the river with some of her gay acquaintances. They were all laughing and talking, and Valentina did not even turn her head to give her old friend a last look, as he stood on the bank watching them. Roger went back across the broad sunny garden, and into the dark room where Billy was lying on the sofa; he was not well enough to go out that day. Roger sat down by him, and asked him abruptly whether Lady Valentina knew how ill he was yet.

'No; she thinks I'm getting better,' said Billy, smiling. 'We have kept the secret famously, the doctor and I. And she has no more idea than that chair why Carleton came yesterday.'

Carleton was a lawyer, and Billy Golding had availed himself of Roger's visit to make his will, and get him to witness it. Before that he had been restless; now he was quiet, still, and contented, and in the evening had watched his wife moving about with a sort of mysterious pleasure in his eyes. He had done all he could for her.

'I don't think you are doing

right, Golding,' said Roger, vexed and uncomfortably haunted by that laughing party on the river. 'It is not fair to your wife to let her deceive herself like that. She will only reproach herself by and by.'

'No; I know her best,' said Billy. 'The trouble will be quite enough when it comes, don't you see; I should be miserable if she was bored with such things now. Let her be happy while she can, poor girl. I should die straight off if I saw her moping.'

'Well, as long as you are contented—'

'That is about it, old fellow; thank you all the same. I always did hate sick people,' Billy went on, in his low tired voice. 'I always thought they made twice as much fuss as they need, stopping other people's pleasure, and all that. I would not have long faces pulled over me—to do them justice there are none, except yours and Green's. I wish Green was a cheerfuller fellow. I made him open those shutters just now, that I might see Val and the others starting. The sun shone on him as he stood there; and, if you will believe me, there was a tear running down his nose.'

'Nevertheless, I hope you mean to keep him,' said Roger, smiling.

'I couldn't do without him,' said Billy.

A few minutes afterwards Roger wished him good-bye, and set off on his journey home. All the way down he was busy making up his mind what he should say to his mother, how he should let her know that he was going abroad with the Goldings. It appeared to him that his best way would be to touch her heart by describing the patient and unselfish suffering of Billy. 'You can always get a woman to pity a man,' argued this bad Roger with himself. 'If Lady Val was the invalid, there would

be an end of me. But she can't reasonably object to my going with an old friend like Billy.'

## CHAPTER XIV.

### LA MANCHETTE.

HUMAN nature is such an inconsistent thing, that Roger Miles was almost a little disappointed when his mother took his announcement with coolness. She did not say anything at all about breaking her heart. She only told him that she thought it a foolish plan, and hoped he would not regret it some day. In consequence of Mrs. Miles taking this line, when the time came for her son to go and join his friends, they parted rather less affectionately than usual.

Mrs. Miles, in truth, had made up her mind that reasoning would be wasted on Roger. She saw that nothing she could say would withdraw him from these people, and she could only hope that personal experience would show him at last how unworthy they were to be his companions. She was helped to resign herself so far by a proud secret feeling of confidence in Roger. Nothing would have induced her to say so, but she knew that her son was to be trusted in any company; and though she caught her breath a little, hearing that these travellers meant first to amuse themselves with a visit to one of the French bathing-places, she said nothing to Roger of her horror of Trouville, &c., and the life that people led there. Roger really leading that life was an idea too incongruous; she could not picture it to herself, and warning him against it seemed an absurdity. But the poor woman was haunted all the same by visions of fright-

ful and shocking figures in striped bathing-dresses, dancing into the water together hand in hand.

'Impossible! Roger could not make such a fool of himself!' she thought; but she felt a little sad cold scorn for the whole party and their plans of amusement.

Roger's first letter to her, however, was not dated from any place so gay as Trouville, but from a village on the coast not a hundred miles from Caen, which had only within the last year or two begun to be known as a bathing-place. There the Goldings had taken one of the little chalets with creaking wooden ornaments, which looked down from the high ground on the sea. French servants had been hired, a tent set up on the beach, and Valentina had at last found the spot in which she wished to end her days. She had taken a dislike to the English, and there were no English people here except themselves. Chattering like a native, she soon made friends with the fishermen and women, the kind old curé, the shopkeepers, dear smiling Madame Leroy at the hotel, from whom they hired the chalet, and who helped Aurélie in all her difficulties about servants and supplies. It was early in the season for La Manchette, but even in this primitive corner money could do everything, and these rich English were as comfortably lodged as in the house at Richmond, and certainly better cooked for.

For three or four weeks the arrangement was perfectly successful. Everything went so well that Roger became quite light-hearted. When his friends did not want him he went off for long walks into the country, among the orchards and corn-fields, and the farms with their old stone archways. The bloused

driver of the little diligence, rattling along the road between La Manchette and its metropolis, often passed the tall dark Englishman striding in one direction or another, and stared at him with a sort of amused admiration. They said these people were worth millions of francs; what eccentricity, then, to choose to walk, when one could pay for a carriage!

Valentina also made her excursions. Almost every morning she and her maid would climb the steep path behind the chalet leading to the grassy top of the cliffs, which rose abrupt out of the sea to the east and west of La Manchette. There they would wander along for a mile or two, watching the sea and the fishing-boats, and gathering handfuls of strange and lovely wild flowers. Valentina did not care much for bathing. If it was too hot to be out in the middle of the day, she would sit indoors with Billy and read to him any French book that amused her, of which it is to be suspected that the poor man only understood a few words here and there. Roger, who knew French well, often wondered at Billy's patience, and would have remonstrated with Lady Val, if it had not been quite plain that Billy's pleasure lay in watching his wife's face and listening to her voice. He would have been just as well pleased if the language had been Hindustani.

Sometimes these readings took place in the tent on the shingle, where Billy liked to lie on cushions and see the cheerful beach life going on before his tired eyes. The boats went dancing on the green shining waves, which came splashing up nearer and nearer to the sea-wall behind the tent, till at last one broke in soft music

a foot or two from the tent-door, and then the faithful Green, who had been watching on the steps above, came down to warn his master and mistress that it was time they and their tent were out of the water's way. Roger gave Billy his arm, and helped him up the steps; every day the poor fellow seemed to lean more heavily, and cough more exhaustingly, when he reached the top. But when Roger proposed to him that he should be carried up in a chair, he refused quite angrily. Roger knew the meaning of that. Valentina said one day, looking critically at her husband, 'Why, he looks twenty times better than he did in London. See what a colour he has, Mr. Miles! I am so glad I thought of coming here.'

Such a speech as that, though Billy smiled his pleasure, sent Roger off on his afternoon's walk very melancholy. Still, it could not be denied that, except in her unaccountable, almost wilful, blindness to her husband's state, Lady Val was just now behaving like an angel.

It seemed impossible that she would long be satisfied with such tame diversions as flower-gathering, reading, bathing, going out for a row in the evening on the calm sunset-glittering sea, talking to her friends the fisher people, to her neighbours in the chalets and at the hotel, whose numbers increased as the season advanced. Neither Roger nor Billy was surprised when she told them one morning that she was going on a picnic with some of these people to the Rocher Reine des Mers, a well-known rock, perhaps an hour and a half's row from the coast.

On this rock, more commonly called 'La Reine,' there lived a solitary fisherman and his wife.

They had just earth enough about their hut to cultivate a patch of potatoes, and their two goats fed on the rough grass in the niches of the rocks. They kept a light burning day and night in a small chapel on the highest point, where there was a sacred image of the Virgin Mary. Three times a year the curé of La Manchette was rowed out to the rock, and said Mass in the chapel. The fisherman's wife was often left alone for days, even weeks, together. She was an old hard woman, who had lived so long with the sea for a companion that she did not fear it in its wildest moods.

Billy looked a little anxious when he heard of the proposed picnic, and lounged to the window to observe the weather. There was not a cloud in the sky; the sea was creeping up with the softest ripple upon the wide shining sand.

'There's such a glitter about it; I don't feel sure that it will last,' he murmured. 'And doesn't that funny look over there mean fog? Suppose you find yourselves stranded on that rock, and can't get back again?'

'Don't croak,' said Valentina. 'I see no funny look. It is the most lovely day possible. You may go if you like. I don't believe it would hurt you.'

'Go in a boat with all those French people!' said Billy, with a shudder. 'I value my life too much for that. What can have put it into their heads! I thought they hated the sea.'

'The De Nérons are fond of it. He actually has a yacht, but she is at Havre now. And as for the Baronne, her angel Hubert is a good sailor and rows adorably—would you have thought it?—so of course she is ready to trust herself and the other children. I asked the Bernardins too. I like

little Madame Bernardin, and the others are all very good-natured; they will be civil to her for my sake. That's all, I think. Of course Mr. Miles will come; I thought perhaps you would, but please yourself, my friend.'

'O, I didn't understand. It is your affair, then?'

'Of course—my idea from the beginning. I put it into their heads. Did not you really know that? How stupid of you!'

'I'm not inspired, like you,' said Billy rather wearily.

'I said last night that I must go to La Reine while we were here. You need not have been inspired to know that I meant it. Have you forgotten all Madame Leroy told me about the poor people who live there, and their goats, and the chapel, and the crabs, and the limpets, and the sea-anemones, and the cave that echoes so wonderfully? I have settled everything with Madame Leroy. She is going to supply all the food, it will save trouble. And I have engaged old Savarin's two best boats, and steady men to row them—considering your little anxieties. There it is, you see, all arranged—a picnic in the English style. What a fuss Mr. Miles or you would have made, if I had left it all to you!'

She turned half round from the window, where she was standing with her hand in her husband's arm, and smiled across the room at Roger in a sunny childish way. He smiled too.

'It seems that Billy and I have simply to make the best of it,' he said. 'It will be very jolly, I'm sure—only there's leaving the old fellow alone all day. Shall I stay with him? Monsieur Hubert will be only too happy to look after you.'

'As well as his mother and his little sisters,' said Valentina.

'Well, if your friend wants you—'

She turned her face towards Billy, looking at him, as it seemed, rather thoughtfully. But perhaps she was only preoccupied with her picnic.

'I want him! I don't want him,' said he hurriedly. 'On the contrary, unless he goes with you, I won't let you go at all.'

'Que tu es bête!' said Valentina, lifting her eyebrows, as he moved slowly away from the window, and sank into a chair with a long painful breath like a sigh. 'Well,' she said, turning to Roger, without any more notice of Billy's unusual protest, 'you will be ready at half-past three. We shall start soon after that. We shall dine of course on the rock, in the open air.'

'What time do you mean to be back?' said Roger.

'I don't know. Nine—ten—when I am tired of it.'

She went to the door, opened it, and walked out. Then, after a moment's pause, she came back again.

'My dear friends, it struck me yesterday that this place was too dull, after all. One cannot live without a little distraction. If this picnic had not occurred to me, I don't think I could have stayed here more than two days longer.'

She did not wait to hear any remarks in answer to this, but went out and shut the door after her.

The young men said nothing when she was gone. Roger was reading; his eyes continued to be fixed upon his book. Billy, from the depths of his chair, stared with rather troubled eyes at the sea.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE ROCK.

LADY VALENTINA's guests, with the population of *La Manchette* looking on, assembled in the afternoon on the shelving shingle where the boats were launched. The faithful Roger had been there for an hour, seeing that all her ladyship's orders were carried out. He was not quite without anxiety, for there was a slight haze brooding over the sea, though the sun still shone gloriously. He fancied that he heard the word '*brouillard*' muttered among the people who were standing by, but when he asked old Savarin, the man of long experience, from whom the boats were hired, the answer was encouraging. It was only heat, Savarin said; it would be quite clear at sunset, and monsieur knew that it was a full moon. There was no danger that he could see.

Madame Leroy, in her quilled cap and great white apron, was on the beach, superintending the packing of provisions. She was full of jokes. 'Dame! these English!' They thought their dinner would taste better, she supposed, from being eaten on a rock in the middle of the sea. As for herself, she was only thankful that milady had not insisted on her coming, as well as that poor little Jacques, who was dying of terror. Dame! his hands would shake so that all the plates and glasses would be broken.

Jacques, her lively waiter, laughed and put a bold face upon it. He was to cross in the provision-boat with the rest of the servants, Aurélie and Laurette, Lucy's French successor, Monsieur de Néron's valet, the Baronne de Champy's *bonne* and two younger children.

In the other boat, which put

off first, were Lady Valentina in the highest spirits, her grave watchful squire, the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Néron—a slim dark young couple, in love with each other and with 'Lady Valentine'—the fat agreeable Baronne de Champy, her handsome son Hubert, just escaped from college, the large benevolent bourgeois M. Bernardin, and his quiet smiling little wife.

This was the party, who were rowed by two stout bronzed Normans, Savarin's son and his nephew, over a sea that hardly heaved beneath them, and under a sun that made white umbrellas a mockery, towards the rock away on the hazy summer horizon.

The other boat followed in their wake, some yards behind them; their glittering track lingered long on the smooth sea. The cliffs of La Manchette receded fast. Except for one or two distant sails, the boats with their laughing freight were alone upon the sea.

Roger, not being obliged to exert himself to amuse his companions, who were chattering, led by Madame de Champy with a lively gaiety that might have conquered a misanthrope, let his eyes travel across the water towards the rock, standing up higher and clearer from the sea with every stroke of the oars. It was a brown rock, with one high pinnacle, where he supposed the chapel stood. The light caught the wings of the seagulls, as they flapped about it. He thought, if it had been a few weeks earlier, he might have been ordered to climb for eggs, and was amused with wondering which would have been the most active in that way, himself or young Hubert de Champy, whose dark eyes full of admiring devotion were fixed on Valentina. Hubert seemed to him young and weak, both men-

tally and physically. He thought he might safely back himself for the climbing, but was not altogether sorry that the season was past.

Roger was in a strangely morallising mood that afternoon. As they approached the rock, passing swiftly and lightly over the sea, he thought of a boat full of souls, with an angel on the prow, coming like an early sunbeam over the water to a great rock, far higher than this one, though it might proudly call itself the *Reine des Mers*. Valentina was all in white: if she was to go forward and stand in the bows, and hold up her white umbrella—but there the comparison became grotesque, and Roger smiled under his moustache, and put up his hand to stroke it and hide this foolishness, and thought old Cato with his venerable beard, who ought by rights to be waiting for them on the shore yonder, would reprove him as a very idle and irreverent soul.

All these thoughts fled as they touched the strip of shingle where they were to land. The other boat ran in beside them; there was a great confusion and talking and laughing. The fisherman's wife, in her hut above, looked out of her door in consternation.

Roger was on shore first; he gave Valentina his hand, and helped her out, saying with a smile, 'How do you like your desert island?'

She looked round, looked up in his face, and drew her shoulders together with the slightest shiver.

'I never envied Robinson Crusoe,' she said. 'There, give your hand to Madame de Champy. I am going to speak to that good woman. I want her to cook some potatoes for our dinner. I shall show her how to boil them English fashion.'

'You seem to have taken an English craze,' said Roger. 'You

had better let me settle that. I know how to boil potatoes, and you probably don't.'

'Attend to your business, sir,' answered Lady Val as she walked away.

While he helped the ladies out, and ordered the servants, and answered fifty questions, Roger was able to watch her on her way to the hut, and also to notice what this side of the rock was like in its main features. Above the shingly beach there was a sort of little table-land covered with rough grass, above which the dark bare rock rose in two or three wide ledges, before it towered up like an irregular lengthened pyramid. Long spurs ran out into the sea on each side of the little bay where they had landed. The sea was even now splashing over them; at high tide they would be completely covered with water, and then Roger guessed that landing here would be a matter of some difficulty. He could not see that there was any other landing-place; to the right and left the rock descended a sheer cliff into the water. He asked young Savarin how it was on the other side, and was told 'very dangerous.' Roger, with no doubt of the fisherman's courage and experience, thought that he would see for himself.

'And where is the cave?' he said to Savarin.

'On the other side, monsieur. One can enter at low tide. This evening, yes, if these ladies and gentlemen wish it. We have brought candles—it is very curious. They say it runs down to the middle of the earth.'

'Ah, that is the way Virgil and Dante came up, then,' thought Roger, with a sudden return to his former fancy.

'Pardon, monsieur?' said Madame de Champy graciously.

Roger supposed he must have spoken.

'It was only, madame, that this rock reminded me of the Mount of Purgatory,' he said, rather confused.

'Is it possible! To me it is more like Paradise. You pay us a bad compliment, monsieur. And I fancied—surely you do not believe in Purgatory?'

'No—yes, madame, in *that* Purgatory,' said Roger, smiling at the muddle.

Madame de Champy went off into a merry little peal of laughter. Afterwards she told Madame de Néron that 'ce drôle de grand Anglais' was the most amusing part of the whole picnic. Perhaps the truth was that she found the picnic on the whole less amusing than she expected. Her gift was for conversation; her gown and boots were little fitted for scrambling over rocks; the climb to the chapel, which she thought it her duty to undertake, put her sadly out of breath. Finding herself so much less active than the rest, she contented herself with the society of her two little girls and Monsieur and Madame Bernardin. These two people also found themselves a little out of their element. They were not very sorry to sit down with Madame la Baronne on shawls spread on a rock, near the level place where they were to dine by and by, and to listen to her lively talk, for her spirits were not in any way visibly affected, and her condescension was charming. Meanwhile, Lady Valentina had not found the fisherman's wife very easy to manage. She had no potatoes to spare, she was not to be tempted by money, she looked with horror on the invaders of her island. If she had dared she would have refused everything, even water from the

spring which trickled fresh and sweet from the rock close to her walls, but the servants helped themselves to that without asking her. She was not an attractive object, dressed in brown rags, with bare legs stuck into her sabots, and a thick thatch of gray hair over her dark wiry little face. She set her teeth together, and, with her two strong fists clenched, answered the English lady in sullen monosyllables.

Valentina presently gave up in despair, shrugged her shoulders, and came back to the beach.

'Why, Pierre,' she said to one of the boatmen, 'they told me that little Mère Grimaud was so good and religious, and always kept a light burning in the chapel up there, to warn ships off the rock. To me she is a little savage. Living alone does not sweeten the temper, it appears.'

'Well, no, madame,' said Pierre, laughing. 'I assure madame that the Mère Grimaud is a good little woman—she has saved lives—*v'là*! But she has the temper of a demon.'

Another scrimmage took place when Jacques the waiter was sent to ask Mère Grimaud for the key of the chapel, which she kept hanging up on her cottage wall. No, she utterly refused to give it to him. Nobody entered the chapel, she said, except herself, her husband, and Monsieur le Curé. She was not going to give the key to a heretic English woman, who had no business on our Lady's sacred rock at all. All this and a few more 'injuries' sent poor Jacques back discomfited to her ladyship, who only laughed, and said, 'The chapel has a good guardian, certainly. I wish I had thought of asking M. le Curé to come with us.'

Little Madame de Néron was much distressed. She had been to Lourdes, and other smaller

pilgrimages, and this picnic had presented itself to her mind in the light of something of the same nature. Now, by the narrowness and ill-nature of the old fisherwoman, to be deprived of the privilege of saying a prayer at the shrine of Marie Reine des Mers was very trying, and she could not feel that she deserved it. She was too well-bred to complain much, however, and cheerfully joined the others in their climb up to the point where the chapel stood. On a clear day, looking over the sea, they could have seen every house in La Manchette, even the trees, and sometimes the figures moving on the sea-wall; but this afternoon there was a certain haziness, the land looked dim and distant, and it was quite possible to understand being alone in the middle of the sea.

They sat down near the door of the rugged little stone building, battered and worn by storms. They were, perhaps, a hundred feet above the sea: the ascent was very steep, partly by a shelving path, partly by rude steps cut in the rock. Grimaud's hut, the patch of green near it, the boats, the boatmen, and servants moving about, all looked small and far away. Madame de Champy panted and chattered, and found herself in a very droll position. The good Bernardins found the scene amazingly *triste*. Madame de Néron's thoughts were in the chapel; she got up and tried to peep in at the window, but the glass was thick and painted; she could see nothing, and sat down again with a faint sigh. Her husband and young De Champy, sitting at Valentina's feet, began to point out the pretty little bays and rocks and pools far below them, from which the tide was now ebbing fast. They evidently thought there would be more fun



down there than at this point in the clouds.

'We might catch a few crabs, a nice little amusement till dinner,' M. de Néron suggested smilingly.

Valentina had been a little preoccupied, gazing over the sea, but she now looked at him and assented charmingly.

'What do you think of descending, madame?' she said to Madame de Champy.

'Dear madame, I find it ravishing here; so new, so fresh, so vast,' stretching out her hands. 'But yes, I will descend with pleasure, and I and my little children will repose on the grass down there—not too near that terrible hermit—while you and your other friends catch crabs. I should be afraid of slipping on the rocks. I am no longer quite so agile—'

After this they all scrambled down again, Valentina taking Roger's hand. There was really some danger of slipping, and a false step would have been serious.

'I think poor little mother Grimaut has some excuse for her savageness,' Valentina said to Roger, as they went down. 'The loneliness is quite awful, even with all these noisy people. What must it be to hear nothing but the sea and a goat bleating now and then?'

"O Solitude! where are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms  
Than reign in this horrible place!"

Are those your sentiments?' said Roger.

'Exactly. I never professed to be a sage, and I never saw any charm in being alone. I think I should soon go mad. O, I hope it will never be my fate to live alone! But I couldn't—I wouldn't!'

'Take care—gently—this is an awkward corner. Wouldn't it be

better to live alone than with companions one did not like?'

'No, no, I think not. I must have human creatures. Many of them are horrid, certainly, but they give one something to think about. *Anything* would be better than loneliness.'

'I don't agree with you,' said Roger.

'I daresay not; you are a sage. You would live in that hut for a year, like Mère Grimaut, and perhaps keep your temper.'

'It would be a curious experience. But Mère Grimaut has not the excuse for savageness that I should have. Her good man may drop in at any moment. Hers is not hopeless loneliness.'

'Poor Grimaut! I am sorry for him—unless he is like his wife,' laughed Valentina.

After this the party was divided till dinner-time. Valentina and her more active friends, leaving Madame de Champy to entertain the Bernardins, went to amuse themselves among the rocks on the other side. The tide was ebbing fast, leaving a bank of shingle and wet sand, with rocks running out everywhere, and all the little pools among them glistening. These grown-up children ran about and scrambled, wetted their feet, picked up shells, tried vainly to catch the little crabs that scuttled away from them. Valentina was the merriest of them all; her ringing laugh made Roger feel happy, though he wished that Billy could hear it too—poor Billy, spending the long hot hours as best he might, till it was time to look out for their return!

About half-past six dinner was ready. They were all tired and hungry; they came laughing and hurrying back to their open-air dining-room near the boats, where Jacques and the others had laid the dinner artistically. Roger had

to act as host. He did not remember a more agreeable dinner, for everybody was in the best of humours. Jokes and compliments were flying round, and Valentina seemed to enjoy them all as she sat leaning against a corner of rock, waited on devotedly by Hubert and M. de Néron, smiling on her guests, but hardly eating anything, and evidently impatient to finish off this ceremony and run away to explore the cave. That, she confided to Hubert, would be the crowning piece of fun. She meant to spend the rest of the evening there, and not to come out till she knew it thoroughly, and had tried the echo in every corner of it.

'But there is the tide, madame. It is impossible to stay so very long,' said Hubert, opening his eyes.

'Impossible for you, monsieur, very likely. But not for me and my friend there,' with a little wave of her hand towards Roger. 'We are English, you see, and can swim. Did not you know that all English babies can swim?'

'No, madame, I did not know that. But I know that all English ladies are born without fear.'

'Very well. For that pretty speech I invite you to stay in the cave as long as I do.'

'Madame,' said the lad, colouring, and looking in earnest, 'I shall have the honour of following you out of it.'

Roger, looking on, thought the whole thing would make a picture. Isabey might have painted it: her profile against the background of glittering green sea, the handsome dark young face of Hubert lifted up to hers, the boats and the picturesque boatmen on the shore below.

At last dinner was over, perhaps rather too soon for Madame de Champy, M. de Néron, and

M. Bernardin. Valentina got up quickly and eagerly.

'Now for the cave!' she said.

Nobody must be left behind this time. Madame de Champy was assured that the walking would be perfection—fine hard sand—and there could be no possible danger. So she accompanied the others, confiding to Madame Bernardin on the way that she detested the wonders of Nature, and never had the smallest wish to leave daylight and civilisation behind.

There was no path to the mouth of the cave, but Pierre Savarin guided them down to it. It opened with a low arch on the sea, protected by a barrier of rocks and stones, which would certainly have driven the Baronne back again, if she had not been carefully helped and supported by the 'grand Anglais.' Inside, the dark wet walls rose almost immediately to a great height, and a trembling green light, shining softly in, showed a wonderful tapestry, below of seaweeds, above of delicate rare fern. There was a low music of trickling water, where in a far corner a tiny waterfall came gently dripping and running from the rock above, and here the fern grew most luxuriantly, its fine lace catching the silver drops as they fell. Beyond this the cave made a sudden turn, and became almost entirely dark. The boatmen lighted their candles, and walked on first through a succession of small halls, wet and salt-smelling. They shouted, and echo after echo came back to them from a seemingly endless number of hollow places like these. Presently they could go no farther; they were on the edge of a deep hole, supposed by tradition to go down to the middle of the earth. As, however, they could plainly hear the sea—

water washing in it not many feet below, it seemed as if the journey down would not be a dry one.

'Here is an opportunity for any one who is tired of life,' said M. de Néron cheerfully. 'I really cannot see—has any one taken advantage of it yet?'

No one laughed or spoke: the silence of the next few moments was terrifying, as they all stood on the edge of this black hole. At last Madame de Champy gave a little hysterical screech.

'For heaven's sake, my friends, do not let us stand here any longer. Some one will certainly commit suicide. I feel half inclined to do it myself. Monsieur, I implore you!'

This was addressed to Roger Miles, but he was not near enough to respond. A moment before, Valentina had suddenly put her hand on his arm; he could feel that she was trembling violently.

'Take me away from here,' she whispered, so low that no one else heard her.

Seeing them move off, young Savarin hurried forward, and guided them back to the less gloomy part of the cave. It seemed quite brilliantly cheerful by contrast with the hole of Erebus that they had just left. Here even Madame de Champy recovered her courage and spirits, and they all spent a long time collecting wonderful specimens of seaweed, ferns, and shells. There was no hurry to leave the cave, for the tide would not be high enough for them to leave the island for another hour. When the cave itself became dangerous, they were to be warned by a shout from the entrance.

Roger had full confidence in the knowledge and faithfulness of the men outside, but yet he did not trust to them so far as to allow himself to be careless or

forgetful. With no disrespect to the French gentlemen, he felt that the responsibility of the party's safety rested on him. Thus he was quite aware of what none of the others noticed—that the cave was changing in its atmosphere, growing both cold and dark unnaturally soon.

He knew something about ferns, and was much interested in clambering on the slippery rocks, and gathering the best specimens for Valentina.

She was a little surprised when he suddenly deserted her, and hurried away without any excuse to the mouth of the cave. He had seen one of the men there beckoning to him.

He stepped out under the arch into what should have been the sunset light of a summer's evening. He found himself wrapped in a thick creeping vapour, and could not even see the rocks above him, or the sea beyond. A sea-fog, unexpected, unaccountable, had descended like a great shroud, shutting out land, and sea, and sky.

'What does this mean?' said Roger quickly.

'Well, monsieur, it means that nobody will row from La Reine to La Manchette in a fog. The landing is too dangerous.'

'When do these fogs clear off?'

'Not till morning, generally.'

'What! stay here all night?'

'C'est ça, monsieur.'

## CHAPTER XVI.

### IN A FOG.

ROGER went quietly back to Lady Valentina, and told her the predicament they were in. At first she laughed, and said, 'What fun!' Then she made a grave face, looking at her various guests,

who were amusing themselves without a thought of any such tragic ending to their day. She lifted her eyebrows, shrugged her shoulders, and exclaimed, 'Really, it is rather dreadful! Where will all these poor wretches sleep? In Mère Grimaut's hut, do you think? What colds they will catch! How shall we break it to them? Tell me, though, is there any one I ought to be angry with?'

'I believe not,' said Roger. 'These fogs give no warning. I thought it looked hazy this afternoon, and asked old Savarin, but he said it was only from the heat.'

'But ought not we to have left an hour ago—at least, as soon as there was any sign of fog?'

'Ah, but the low tide, you know. I don't think we could have managed it.'

'Poor Madame de Champy! A bright idea! let us sleep here in the cave.'

'Our last sleep,' said Roger grimly.

'How disagreeable you are! But really this a horrid thing to happen. Not much after eight now. What shall we do till morning?'

'We must storm the Grimaut castle, and make the best of it.'

'Ah! if we were all philosophers! But it is a great joke, after all. I have often longed for a real adventure. Come, let us tell the other victims.'

But the news was already spreading, and when Valentina went forward from her conference with Roger, she was met by screams, exclamations, questions, shrieks of laughter which soon died away into rather horrified murmurings, when she gravely said that it was true; she feared her picnic on La Reine must prolong itself till the next morning. They

all hurried to the archway, and saw for themselves. M. Bernardin was the most moved. Valentina had hardly done justice to the philosophy of the others, especially of Madame de Champy. She ought to have known by instinct that when a well-born Frenchwoman finds herself in extremity, her spirit rises, and her gay laughing airs are no pretence, but the expression of her native courage. Madame de Champy was cowardly enough in little things. She objected to wetting her feet, or finding herself in slippery places; but now it was she who first took in the situation and was ready to laugh over it. She came forward in a lively affectionate manner to Valentina, and laid her hands on her shoulders.

'My dear,' she said, with a merry laugh, 'allow me to speak for us all. We are fatalists, every one of us. We know what must be, must. We are quite ready to stay here till to-morrow morning, and to do exactly as we are told. My idea would be that we should go in a body to that dear little Mère Grimaut, and fall on our knees to her for shelter. She must be human, after all. But, dearest lady, I have a better idea still. It is that we should all make curtsies to the English gentleman, your friend, and ask him to arrange things for us as he thinks best. I have always had a deep respect for the English. At your service, monsieur!'

The Baronne turned to Roger and made him a low curtsy.

'Madame, I entirely agree with you,' said Valentina. 'Your idea is excellent. Now, Captain, when you have done bowing to these ladies, give us your first orders.'

'To begin with, the tide is rising, and every one must make haste out of the cave,' said Roger.

He had listened very impatiently to Madame de Champy's speech. 'This woman would be affected if she was dying,' he thought. But her last proposition pleased him. He confessed to himself that she was not such a fool after all.

It was not a very easy business to guide all these land-birds up the rocks to the safe level ground at the top. Once there, Roger left them in a sheltered place, and went down himself to consult with the boatmen. Then he and Pierre Savarin, carrying the few wraps the party had brought with them, went up to Mère Grimaut's door and knocked there sternly. After some delay the little woman opened it; of course she knew what they were come for, and she did not receive them at all graciously. She knew Pierre, however, and could not afford to outrage public opinion at La Manchette by refusing shelter to these unfortunates. Pierre was a fine-looking young man; he joked and persuaded, while Roger stood by with an air of quiet determination, which perhaps warned Mère Grimaut that resistance would be a farce in the end.

At last she grumbled that here were her four walls and her roof. They might come inside if they chose, but she had nothing else for them; no fire or food. Well, they could please themselves; she herself had gone through many a stormy time with nothing more than shelter to keep her alive. Having come round so far, the little woman retreated hastily, kicked off her sabots, and scrambled into her bed, from which she peeped fiercely out while the English lady and her friends were brought in.

'Listen, Pierre, thou good-for-nothing! I will have no men here!' she shrieked out suddenly.

'All right, good mother. We shall sleep in our boats. We prefer the fresh air, with thanks for your hospitality,' said Pierre, laughing. 'Ah, a good idea!' and he snatched the chapel key from its nail and made off with it.

Mother Grimaut was after him like a greyhound; but she came back without her key, only comforted by a promise that none but good Catholics should be sheltered in the chapel. Pierre was able to make this promise honestly, for the Englishman had already told him that he meant to sleep in the open air. After all, but for the fog, it was no hardship at this time of year.

Aurélié, Laurette, and Madame de Champy's bonne looked vainly round the cottage for any chance of comfort for their mistresses. Mère Grimaut came hurrying back from her pursuit of Pierre, glaring at them with her fierce little eyes like a wild cat, half-dressed, barefooted; she said nothing, but jumped once more into bed. Her bed took up a large part of the room; there was also a chest, which had, no doubt, made many a voyage; a rough table and bench; some pots and pans standing under the wide chimney, whose rusty bars gaped dismally. The floor was earth, and did not look inviting. In the end, the ladies curled themselves up as best they could on the top of the furniture, covered with all the cloaks they had. Night seemed to have come suddenly: they were most of them tired, and very soon the first sign of their being glad to rest themselves came in a musical snore from Madame de Champy.

Roger Miles walked up and down for hours before the cottage door. The sound of his steady footsteps gave a feeling of security

to any wakeful ones inside. The fog grew thicker and thicker. He did not attempt to pace more than a certain distance each way. Presently he knew that the full moon had risen, by the strange glimmering whiteness of the mist about him. There was light, but he could hardly see his hand when he stretched it out. Now and then a voice or a laugh came to his ears from the men on the beach below; and he heard the roll and low soft splash of the rising tide. A faint yellow quiver through the fog showed him where the cottage window was. Aurélie had set a light in it.

By this time, if all had gone well, they would have landed at La Manchette, would have been telling their adventures in cheerful houses, with windows open for a breath of cool air, and a flood of moonlight, bright and safe as day, pouring down on the sea, lighting up their track past the dangerous rocks off shore. And yet whose fault was it? Who could have avoided such a fog as this, which even the fishermen were unprepared for?

As Roger walked up and down, with his hands in his pockets and his shoulders slouched a good deal under his light tweed coat, he was thinking of poor Billy Golding, alone in the chalet with the faithful and desponding Green. Directly he saw the fog his thoughts had flown to that poor fellow, who had seemed a little anxious and distressed when they left him, asking several times whether they would really be back in good time, and saying that anyhow he should sit up for them. Roger wondered rather bitterly whether he was the only person in their fog-bound party who gave a thought to Billy's disappointment.

Presently he heard the sound

of a door being pushed open, and saw a dark shadow in the fog, moving slowly across the gleam from the window. It came closer to him; he stretched out his hand, and Lady Valentina's was instantly put into it.

'Is this a safe place to stand?' she said. 'What an adventure, isn't it? Would you believe that some of those women are actually asleep?'

'You can't sleep, then?' said Roger. 'Stand still; you might miss your footing; there are only two or three yards of level ground here. It is a little foggy for a lady to be out.'

'That cottage stifles me. How funny that Bill should have been right, after all—more weatherwise than all these sea-people! Won't he crow over us?'

'I am afraid he will be rather too anxious to crow,' said Roger.

'O, a little anxiety will do him good. He must learn not to be nervous; it is a silly trick he has got into. I like him to be quiet, and take things easily. One cannot give in to fancies; life would be a burden.'

It seemed to Roger that she spoke lightly and heartlessly. Thinking of the poor fellow who was watching for her, his indignation suddenly rose to such a pitch that he spoke—said what he would have given worlds to recall an instant afterwards.

'Not even to the fancies of a dying man?'

She drew back from him with a sudden terrible start. He could not see her face, but he knew that she put up her hands to it. For a minute she did not speak, and Roger felt an impulse to run away from her, to hide himself somewhere under that thick curtain which was drawn all round them. But with a brave man this could only be the impulse of a moment;

he knew he must stay, and bear what he had brought upon himself. He knew all that his words had said, and felt that she understood them as well as he did. He had spoken very hardly; his voice alone had accused her of cruel heartlessness; and now he knew he had been unjust, and had gone too far in his accusation. She had been blind and thoughtless, perhaps, poor spoilt girl, but only cruel in ignorance.

'What do you mean?' she said at last. 'It is not true!'

Roger could not at once answer.

'Speak to me,' she said, with something of her old imperiousness; but her voice sounded far off and strange.

Roger's agitation was very great; he could hardly trust himself to speak.

'Try to forgive me,' he said. 'You know I would die to save you from pain.'

'Ah, don't talk about yourself,' were the impatient words that chilled Roger's heart and brought him to his senses. 'Tell me if it is true!'

'I am afraid so.'

'How long have you known it?'

'Since April.'

'Who told you?'

'Mrs. Talboys first—the Boat-race day, you remember.'

'How could she know anything about *him*? Does he know it himself? Who says so? Who told him?'

Roger, in a few words, told her the truth. She seemed to stand thinking for a minute or two, with her hand up to her head.

'And you were all cruel enough not to tell me!' she said.

'He thought—he wished to spare you,' said Roger.

'Ah, you said it just now—you thought me a heartless fool,' said

Valentina. 'Do you think I would have left him—'

She let herself sink down to the ground, and sat there crouched, her head bent, and buried in her hands. Roger, standing near her like a statue, heard long struggling sobs, and knew that she was crying bitterly. He did not dare try to comfort her; and, even if he had not been too proud, would have found it impossible to justify himself. He stood there miserable, waiting for her to recover a little, and speak to him again. Presently she did speak, but so low that he had to stoop to hear her.

'I don't care if I am drowned. Go down and tell Pierre Savarin to get a boat ready. I will go to him to-night.' Roger did not answer instantly. 'Do you hear me?' she said.

'Yes; but it is too dangerous.'

'Ah, I am not a coward, at any rate.'

'No, you are brave, but you must be reasonable too. He will not expect to see you to-night. Every one will tell him that the fog must keep us here till morning. He will only be disappointed; he will not be anxious.'

'You said just now how anxious he would be.'

'That won't last long; they will tell him—old Savarin and the rest.'

'He will not sleep to-night,' said Valentina. 'What have I done, I wonder, to be punished so? I *must* go to him!'

'Those young Savarins are married men,' said Roger. 'Their wives and children are there waiting for them. You cannot expect them to risk their lives to take you back to your husband a few hours sooner.'

'Who is heartless now?' said Valentina.

Roger was silent.

She sat on the ground for a few minutes, rocking herself and moaning. Then she got up, and, with trembling uncertain steps, moved back towards the cottage. Roger moved too, following her cautiously. She did not go into the cottage, but close by the door let herself fall again on the ground, leaning her head against the rugged stones of the wall. Roger stood by for a long time; she did not move or cry or speak. He fancied that he had seen or felt her shawl upon the ground where they had been standing. After a little noiseless groping he found it, and, coming gently near, spread it over her.

The summer night was short enough; but perhaps he had never known a longer one. Those seemed endless hours, through which he paced up and down in the white moonlight fog, keeping guard over her. At last there came the sweet trembling of dawn in the east, and presently, before the rising sun, that great curtain of mist rolled away. Valentina rose up without speaking, drew her shawl round her, shivering, and went into the cottage.

Roger, looking over the wide rippling sea, glorious in its morning beauty, the sunward side of every wave glittering rosy gold, thought once more of Dante's Mount of Purgatory, and was inclined to envy some of the souls there. They had left earthly troubles behind, at any rate. They were not misunderstood any more, and did not wound or offend the fellow-souls they loved best. They could sing their morning hymn without a dead weight at their hearts, made up of the troubles of the past night with those of the day to come.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### VISIEUX.

WITHIN four-and-twenty hours of that sunrise, the bright waters of the Channel, the chalet at La Manchette, the Rocher Reine des Mers, the dark smiling face of Madame de Champy, all the other gay French friends who had joined in Lady Valentina's picnic, were like places and figures in a dream to her and her two companions.

Early in the morning of the next day, Roger Miles found himself walking with long strides through the streets of an inland town, on his way to hunt up a certain M. Perrin, who was said to be the cleverest doctor in the place. After two such tiring days and sleepless nights, bodily fatigue joined with the acutest distress of mind, even a strong young man like Roger might be excused if he felt vague and strange, and had a sensation of moving like a ghost among the cheerful market-people who were clattering through the streets of Visieux, and arranging their stalls in the great square Place before the Cathedral.

Lady Valentina had landed from her picnic with a resolution, and no one could venture to interfere with its being carried out. She was determined to take her husband away at once to Paris, to consult the celebrated Dr. Mortain, who had attended her mother, Lady Weston, in her last illness. There should not be a moment's delay. The long journey to Paris must be made in two stages, so they should telegraph to a town on the route, much further on than Visieux. Aurélie and Laurette were to stay behind to pack and follow them with the luggage. The plan was all arranged in Valentina's head before she rejoined her husband. The state in which she found him made her



still more resolved. Billy, after a sleepless and wretched night, met them on the beach in the morning, wrapped up, leaning heavily on Green, and looking painfully ill, though his eyes were bright and his cheeks red. Valentina, to his great surprise, sprang to him from the boat, took no more notice of her guests, but made him take her arm instead of Green's, and led him tenderly back to the chalet. On the way she gently reproached him for not letting her know how ill he was, and told him her plan, which he was too weak to resist effectually.

'My dear girl, don't fuss yourself,' said Billy. 'What did Miles let it out for? You had much better let me stay here quietly; there's nothing to be done.'

'I don't believe one word of it,' declared Valentina. 'Foreign doctors are much cleverer than English ones. We will start for Paris, my dear Bill, this very day. Do you think I am going to give in like that to a horrid sneaking illness! I shall have no peace till Mortain has seen you. You have no idea how many people he has cured.'

'Well, as you please,' said Billy. He was touched and astonished by her eagerness, and presently he added, very low, for talking was painful to him, 'Perhaps it was a pity not to tell you before. Miles said so; but you understand my reasons.'

'O yes, I understand. Mr. Miles hates me, he thinks I am a brute, but you don't; you know me better.'

'What on earth do you mean?' said Billy feebly, but they had to mount the steep incline of the chalet garden, and he was too ill and weary to stand up for his friend.

Afterwards Green came to Ro-

ger and told him that his master was in great pain; there was some new mischief going on, he was sure, and in his opinion the journey was madness. Roger felt that he could not appeal to Valentina, who had neither looked at him nor spoken to him since the night before. He went to Billy, who was lying with his eyes shut, and his face contracted with pain, and asked him whether he really wished to start that day.

'Yes,' murmured Billy, 'she is right, you know; the sooner the better. Must see that doctor; can't stand this. Did you ever have a knife going right into you, every time you draw a breath?'

Roger went away with worse doubts than ever; but he had no authority, and could not say to either of these poor foolish people, 'You shall not go.'

So, early in the hot afternoon, they left *La Manchette* behind them. As they drove up the long open hill leading inland, Roger looked back at the bright little place, with the shining sea and that rock standing up a dark point on the horizon. He hoped that he might never in his life see *La Manchette* again.

The miserable journey soon came to an end. Towards evening Billy began to wander in his talk; he was feverish and suffering terrible pain. Roger sat at the other end of the carriage, leaving him to Valentina, who held his hand and laid her wet handkerchief on his burning forehead, soothing him as well as she knew how.

At last, when with a louder moan he threw himself away from her into the corner, Valentina turned and looked at Roger.

She was pale and tearful; her whole look was that of a frightened bewildered child.

'What shall I do?' Her lips

formed the words, and Roger caught them without hearing them.

'We shall be at Visieux directly; better stop there for the night,' he said. 'I'll telegraph to Aurélie.'

So, before night they were established at the Hôtel Henri Quatre, a great white house with many shutters, in one of the quiet streets of the old cathedral town. From the pavement before the house you looked down into a mysterious kitchen, where laughing faces stared up out of the darkness, and cooks with white caps were bustling about. Passing the entrance to this cave of cookery, one came on the right to a highly-polished little salon, with white muslin curtains and a stuffed bird or two; then came the gloomy little office where a dark-browed madame presided, and cracked jokes with her gentleman *pensionnaires*. Beyond that was a fine broad staircase, which any ancient mansion might have been proud of, paved, as well as the passage and rooms up-stairs, with dark red octagonal tiles. Beyond again came the dining-room, a fine large panelled room with a handsome parquet floor, where, just as the English people arrived, some commercial-looking men were at dinner, talking politics, with a good deal of excitement. They were waited on by a placid woman, with a face like a nun, and a splendid young *garçon* with a fair moustache. This latter was summoned by madame, and flew from his dinner duties to show the new guests their rooms. There was a hush of surprise and interest in the house, a sudden gathering of a little crowd in the entrance and at the doors, as Billy Golding, too ill to walk, was carried in by Roger and Green, and up-stairs to the best room in the

hotel, comfortless enough, with its tiles and marble and great wide windows opening on the narrow street. Lady Valentina followed her husband, talking very fast to the mistress of the hotel, telling her that they were going on to Paris next day, that her maids would arrive by the train at nine o'clock that night; but, in the mean time, the *femme de chambre* must wait upon her; that she would want one, two, three, four, five rooms for herself and party. Madame was most civil and obsequious. From the glimpse she had of the sick gentleman, she was not thunderstruck when the *garçon* came down and laughed at the idea of Paris.

'Paris, bah! Ce pauvre monsieur will make no more journeys, except to the cimetière.'

There happened to be one of the Visieux doctors dining at the hotel that evening. Madame told Roger this when he came down-stairs, and he ran up again to tell Lady Valentina. But she sent him out a message that she would have nothing to do with the Visieux doctors. Marie, the gentle *femme de chambre*, had already proposed one or two simple remedies. She was charming, and for the present Valentina wanted nobody else. In the morning, if Billy was no better, they could telegraph to Paris for Mortain.

In the morning poor Billy was so much worse that Roger only regretted he had not taken the matter into his own hands, and telegraphed for Dr. Mortain the night before. Green had called him very early, saying that Lady Valentina had gone to lie down, quite worn out, and that he would himself be very thankful to Mr. Miles if he would sit with his master for an hour or two. He had been very feverish all night,

Green said, suffering greatly, but now he was quieter.

Roger soon saw that the quietness was only exhaustion after pain. Billy was not asleep, though he lay with his eyes shut. He was breathing hard and painfully. After a time he opened his hollow blue eyes, and looked at Roger.

'Is any one else there?' he said in a whisper.

'No; we are alone.'

'This is jolly, isn't it; they said I might last till next spring, if I laid up and took care. Well, it is all my own fault. All up now, Miles; don't you think so?'

Roger tried to speak hopefully, but it was an effort, with Billy's face before him.

'Mortain is very clever, I suppose,' he said. 'I am to telegraph to him by and by.'

'What's the use of that? Roger, you are not angry with Val, are you?'

'No, old fellow—with myself.'

Roger was strangely touched by hearing his Christian name. Long ago, in their college-days, Billy used to use it sometimes in a boyish affectionate way. Since then it seemed to have quite dropped out of use.

'She thinks you are, I believe,' said Billy. 'But she has no one but you. You will have to do everything for her.'

'I'll undertake anything you wish.'

'I don't wish—I can't think—I must leave it to you. Only I think it will be a good thing if she can make up with Julia.'

There was a long pause. Outside, *sabots* began clattering along the street in the clear pale light of early morning; some church-bells began to ring; the Norman town was waking early, as its custom was.

Then Billy asked his friend to open the shutters, and let the

light in. He went on whispering while it was done. Roger caught the last words, 'And, behold, it was very good.'

'What was very good?' said Roger.

'The light,' Billy murmured. 'Some people like darkness best! I'll tell you what; if I had lived, things would have been different. I've tried to be good to her, that's all—for the rest—it is no use talking about it now.'

In looking back to the sad story of those days, Roger always remembered that morning with a certain degree of pleasure.

Valentina came in presently, pale and cold, and looking most strangely unlike herself. She bent over Billy, and told him that Marie had been telling her of a very clever doctor in Visieux, M. Perrin; should he come, as Dr. Mortain could not arrive for a few hours?

'As you like, dear,' Billy whispered; and Valentina, turning very haughtily and coldly to Roger, asked him to be good enough to send for M. Perrin.

He went down-stairs, got the doctor's address from Marie, and walked off himself to fetch him.

In Roger's state of mind, it is no wonder if the gay morning pictures of the old town were lost on him; the dark shadows and bright lights in those narrow streets of nodding wooden houses, the women already beginning to wash on stone steps leading down to the quiet water that crept under little bridges between the houses here and there, the carts with great white horses coming in from the country, the old cathedral on the slope, looking down from its broad flight of stone steps on all the market bustle below. The Englishman walked on dreamily and gravely through all the life of Visieux. He was

thinking of a young man's life, passing away in the old room at the inn—saddest of fates, to die in a foreign country. But sadder still, perhaps, for the beautiful young woman who would be left alone by this death, without one person in the world—so strangely had circumstances treated her—that she could call her friend.

M. Perrin lived away on the boulevard in a smart house with a garden full of shrubs coming down to the river. News of the sick Englishman had already reached his ears, and he was ready and delighted to go with Roger. It seemed the quickest way to walk off at once, and, on their way through the town, the dark eager little man asked Roger a thousand questions; the dryness of most of the answers did not discourage him. He was of opinion that Roger's friend must be very ill; that the journey yesterday had probably been madness, accelerating all the worst symptoms.

When they reached the hotel, Roger took him up to the sick man's door, and went into his own room and stood there at the window. He stared at the opposite house, and afterwards remembered all its quaint features. Above the ground-floor there were two stories and a garret. The dormer windows of the garret, with their black wooden eaves projecting, were dark and empty. The two square windows below were also wide open; they did not look as if they were ever shut. But in them some scarlet geraniums were shining out against the blackness, and an old woman's cap might be seen moving in the dim interior; presently she came and leaned out over her flowers, turning her yellow withered face up and down the street. The room below her seemed to be in-

habited by a family. Roger could see straight into it. There was a baby in a cradle, and a little boy with a shaven head, and an untidy woman, who was also constantly hanging herself out of the window to stare at her neighbours, and who stared for some minutes with great interest at Roger himself. Perhaps these were the blacksmith's wife and children; for the ground-floor was a blacksmith's shop, where the forge was already glowing, and two men were moving about in the red light of it, and chattering with another man, with a great whip in his hand, who led up a tall white horse to be shod.

Roger gazed at these different scraps of Visieux life without seeing them, till all the faces in the house opposite were turned up the street, and a sound of many feet and many voices approaching roused him from his dreams. A solemn chanting filled the air, and flowed in at the window. Down the street came a funeral procession, headed by a banner, crucifix, and candles, choristers and priests singing as they walked. After the coffin came a long line of men and women in black, walking two and two. The chanting went on in low monotonous music. To Roger it seemed all only natural: most people would have felt a chill in the bright summer morning.

And then, from the old church at the end of the street, four deep-toned bells suddenly began to chime. The third and highest note dwelt a little longer than the rest upon the ear, with a sound unequalled in its pathetic sadness. That funeral chime was like the dirge of hope and youth and love and all that makes this life worth living. Perhaps the dead man they were carrying to his long home may not have been so sorry

to find himself there ; but those bells, in their mournful cadence, had a wider meaning than grief for him. To Roger, as if he was not sad enough already, they brought that sadness which fortunately does not often visit mortals, the feeling of helplessness to stay the flying days, the realisation for one moment of the mystery in which one lives, the quick passing of one's self, whatever that may be, and all its cares for.

The chime was soon over, the procession had passed on to the church, and Roger, hearing Dr. Perrin come out of Billy's room, went out to meet him in the corridor. The little doctor shook his head. He said that things had gone too far ; he muttered something about neglect, but, under Roger's stern eyes, seemed afraid to say too much. He said that Dr. Mortain could do nothing ; the poor gentleman's sufferings might be soothed a little, but that was all. However, if they chose to send for Dr. Mortain, he would be happy to consult with him.

He asked whether this poor M. Golding and his wife had any friends they would wish to send for ; if so, the less delay the better ; he himself thought that a few days would see the end.

'I conclude that he is rich : has he made his will ?' asked M. Perrin curiously. 'I know you English think so much of your wills, and very eccentric ones you sometimes make, my dear monsieur.'

'Yes,' said Roger, 'he has made his will, and you will be glad to hear that it is not eccentric.'

'In madame's favour, I hope,' said M. Perrin. 'What a beautiful woman !'

Roger did not enlighten him ; but M. Perrin drew his own conclusion, and went all over Visieux talking of the poor little English-

man, wondering how his beautiful young wife came to marry him, and what she would do with herself in the future, also with the fortune which he had no doubt left her. M. Perrin thought her first trouble would be in dismissing that great sulky friend of her husband's, who evidently wished to take the rule of the family, and was too bearish and stupid to answer a civil question.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### RELATIONS AND FRIENDS.

THE Paris doctor was telegraphed for, and arrived the same evening. He was hurried and business-like ; a cold-hearted scientific fellow, Roger thought, who, being at once satisfied that Billy's case was hopeless, was not inclined to trouble himself any more about it. He was not at Visieux much more than half an hour in all. He declared that the patient could not be in better hands than M. Perrin's, paid Valentina one or two flourishing compliments, dined at the *table d'hôte* in a great hurry, talking to the disgusted Roger in a loud voice about England, and then rushed off to catch his train back to Paris, leaving them all more downhearted than he found them.

When he was gone Roger went slowly up-stairs, and lingered in one of the high windows of the corridor near Billy's room. Presently the door opened and Valentina came out. She had a letter in her hand, and she looked up and down the passage.

'Can I do anything ?' said Roger, stepping forward.

He felt something like agony as he looked at her, pale, untidy, with her hair pushed back from

her face, her eyes worn, her mouth drawn and hard. Both the doctors had refrained from telling her that the end was so near; they had probably shrunk from it, and would have been shocked at the brutal English frankness with which Roger had once let out the truth. They would have called him an unfeeling animal, which no doubt he was.

'Is that man gone?' said Valentina.

'Yes—but do you want him? I might catch him at the station,' said Roger quickly.

'No—I am glad he is gone. He is a cruel man. I thought he was good and kind. I heard him laugh as he went down-stairs.'

'I don't think he laughed,' Roger said very gently.

'Well!' she said, as if the matter was not worth arguing. 'He is gone; the only person I could think of in France. Now I have not one single friend. I have been writing to Julia. I asked Billy if I should, and he said yes.'

Roger was trying hard to accept his new position. He bent his head.

'You want your letter posted?'

'I suppose so—but I should like to know your opinion.' She did not look at Roger, but past him, into the courtyard, where a few green shrubs were growing, and men were idling about and smoking. 'Would it perhaps be better to telegraph?'

'You wish Lady Julia to come to you at once?'

'If she will,' said Valentina.

He saw that her eyes were heavy with tears, but that she would not even seem to expect any sympathy from him.

'Yes; I think it would be better to telegraph,' he said. 'But give me your letter; it may

as well go too. What shall I say in the telegram?'

'“Please come to me. My husband is dangerously ill,”’ said Valentina; and she went back into Billy's room without saying any more.

On the third day from this Billy was so much worse that M. Perrin hardly expected him to live out the night. He had been in a high fever, and, as the day went on, became almost unconscious from weakness. He lay in a half-stupor, only roused now and then by a terrible fit of coughing, which he seemed hardly able to bear. The doctor was very attentive, and stayed with his patient nearly all day. Valentina also watched her husband untiringly. She endured the doctor's presence, but when Roger came in she seemed displeased and uneasy. She had hardly spoken to him since that afternoon when she gave him the letter, and Billy was now too ill to care for his company. Poor Roger felt himself an interloper, a useless hanger-on. He was there, if she ever wanted him; that seemed to be his only excuse for staying on at Visieux. That evening he went out for a stroll on the boulevard, and was walking slowly back across the Cathedral square, brooding over all these miseries, when round the corner of the square came a figure he knew, and for a moment he was really glad to see Frank Hartless.

Frank came up and shook hands with him. His manner perhaps was not very pleasant or hearty, but no doubt he, like Roger, had other things to think of; his old friend's state must have been a shock to him.

'Is Lady Julia come?' said Roger.

'She is come,' Frank answered.

'Only too glad to find that her poor sister has come to her senses. I suppose Billy can't last much longer?'

'I am afraid not.'

'Hardly to be wished, is it? suffering so much.' That seems a sharp little fellow, that doctor. He evidently has his wits about him. He has just been giving us a full account of the illness and all that led to it. So we need not trouble you for yours.'

Roger looked at him in some surprise. His way of talking was startling, when one found one's self plunged suddenly into it.

'It has been a melancholy business from the beginning,' said Roger. 'Is your brother with you?'

'Yes; we thought it best to start *en famille*, as Lady Val is young, and might find herself rather awkwardly placed. Sorry for you, of course, but you must be candid enough to allow that.'

'Allow what? What do you mean?'

'Billy has made his will, I know. Is it in his lawyer's hands?'

'Carleton has it.'

'You had something to do with it, I believe. I suppose we are right in thinking that everything is left to his wife?'

Frank's tone had now become so sneeringly insolent that Roger felt himself flushing with anger. Yet he did not see the sense or use of quarrelling with Frank, so he controlled himself, and answered with his usual dry quietness.

'I witnessed the will. I don't know what binds me to tell you the contents. You will know them soon enough, I am afraid.'

'Ah, very satisfactory; you are the soul of honour. But don't you see, my dear fellow, Robert and Julia thought you were al-

most too young and attractive to be left in sole charge of Lady Val after her poor husband's departure. Practically, I suppose, you have been so all the time, but poor Billy, though a cipher, was satisfaction to Mrs. Grundy.'

Roger was walking along, biting his moustache, his eyes on the ground and his hat pulled over them. As Frank finished his last speech he looked up and saw that they were close to the hotel. He then looked at Frank, who was smiling quite cheerfully, as if he meant the whole thing to be passed off as a joke.

'Your joking is in bad taste, let me tell you,' said Roger. 'However, as we are not likely to meet again very soon, I will not argue the case with you now.'

'Better not,' said Frank. 'Arguments generally end in smoke.'

'Something besides smoke, in some countries,' said Roger.

He walked before Frank into the hotel, said a few words to Madame in her office which made her exclaim, lifting her hands and eyes in amazement. Then he ran up-stairs to his own room. He knew very well that by going away he was playing into these people's hands, and doing the exact thing they wished to make him do, but there are limits to a man's endurance, and he felt that it was impossible to stay. If Valentina had cared for him to stay, he thought he could have borne Frank's impertinence very well—and then at the recollection of Frank's words his face began to burn, and he rammed the things into his portmanteau with double energy. The garçon came and waited upon him in open-mouthed dismay; all the servants liked Roger, in spite of his English ways.

There was only just time to

catch the Paris train, the same by which Dr. Mortain had hurried away three days before. At first Roger thought of going off without saying good-bye to any one: then as the minutes went on he changed his mind, asking himself why Frank Hartless's insolence should make him treat Valentina bearishly. He thought he must knock at her door, at the risk of annoying her, and even of coming across Lady Julia; but when he went out into the passage he saw her standing in one of the large windows, evidently waiting for him.

She turned towards him with a cold absent manner that she had worn ever since they left La Manchette.

'Are you going back to England?' she said. 'You are setting off in a great hurry.'

'Yes—I am obliged to go,' Roger stammered.

'Well—I suppose I shall never see you again.'

'I hope so—some day in England.'

'I shall never come back to England. Even if I live—and I shall not live. I have lost all hope—and when he has died it will be so dreadful. Why should I live? You think he will die very soon, don't you?'

'While he is alive, one may always hope for some happy turn,' said Roger gravely.

'If you thought he was going to live, and would even be able to talk to you again, you would not go away.'

Roger thought with sudden joy, 'she has forgiven me,' but he said nothing; he was resolved to lay no claim to anything but indifference.

'You and he are not alone now,' he said, 'or of course I should not have left you. I'll stay now, if you want me,' he added a moment

afterwards, with a little tremor in his voice.

'No,' she said, shaking her head slightly, 'you had better go, I think. He is asleep now, so I won't ask you to come in and say good-bye to him, but I will take him a message from you. Good-bye.' She looked straight at Roger for the first time, and the faintest, saddest smile quivered about her lips.

Roger was ashamed of his unmanliness, for he felt the tears rushing into his eyes, so that he saw her through a wavy mist. He knew that she was holding out her hand. He took it and kissed it for a farewell.

'God bless him—and you,' he muttered. 'Good-bye.'

Frank Hartless's face was the last he saw at the Hôtel Henri Quatre. It looked for a moment, dark and triumphant, through the salon blinds, as he dashed away to the station.

He stayed in Paris a few days, unwilling to put the sea between himself and his friends till he had heard the news which was not long in coming. At last, one day, he saw in the *Times* the death of William Golding, aged twenty-eight, at Visieux. Then he set off, and travelled quickly home, arriving in the evening unexpectedly.

His mother also had seen the announcement, and had been much shocked and disturbed by it. She had heard nothing from Roger since they left La Manchette. On the day that the news reached her she wrote to him there, as well as at the poste restante, Visieux, and had not yet begun to be fidgetty at receiving no answer, when her son walked in. In her joy, Mrs. Miles forgot that they had parted rather coolly, and welcomed him most affectionately. She had pictured him



dancing attendance on Lady Valentina, a heartless young widow, whose poor invalid husband must have been little but an incumbrance to her.

All Mrs. Miles's fears, her grief at being forced to express them, had found their way into those letters she wrote to Roger after hearing of Mr. Golding's death. She had told him he ought to come home, and here he was. Mrs. Miles could forget and forgive everything, now that her wishes were so happily forestalled.

She was shocked, however, at the change in Roger, when she came to observe him carefully. He had not been abroad much more than a month, had been quite well, he said, the whole time. Could he have cared for William Golding so much that the anxiety of his illness should have given him that worn, depressed look, that air of indifferent weariness? He was thinner, too, and his mother actually detected a thread or two of gray among his thick brown hair. All this did not deepen her feelings of charitable sympathy with Lady Valentina.

She was touched, though, when Roger told his story, making her sit up long after midnight to hear it, as his old custom was. No woman could help feeling for the girl whose light-hearted hopes had been crushed so suddenly; and after all it seemed that she did care for her husband. Mrs. Miles could in a measure understand Roger's self-reproach, which he poured out to her in strong and bitter words. He could not have told the story to any one else, and the comfort his mother gave him was just what he wanted. She sat patiently listening, and she did not say one word of exultation over the breaking of his intimate friendship with Valen-

tina. On the contrary, she remarked that if the poor girl had heart enough to care so much for her husband, she surely must set some value on the faithfulness of his old friend.

'Yes; it was a pity you could not stay to the end,' said Mrs. Miles. 'But after all you could have done nothing for her, and it must be best for her to be with her own people.'

'I don't know that,' Roger sighed, gloomily.

'You don't like Lady Julia. Well, she is not a very attractive woman, but it was rather nice of her to go to her sister at once, after their quarrel and all that. One does not quite see why Mr. Frank Hartless should have gone too. He certainly is a disagreeable man, but I can't think, Roger, that he was not speaking to you in joke. Men surely do not say such things to each other seriously.'

'I tried to take it as a joke,' said Roger; 'but I know Frank. His jokes are generally three of earnest to one of play. He thought I had better be off, and took the surest way of sending me off. Lady Valentina might be angry with me, but as long as I was there, they could not do as they liked with her.'

'Come,' said Mrs. Miles, smiling a little, 'we live in the nineteenth century, and Lady Valentina has a will of her own. Why should it be worse for her to be with them now, than before she was married? what are you afraid of?'

'I cannot tell you what I am afraid of,' said Roger, in a tone that rather meant, 'I will not tell you.' 'But things are very much altered since then. Billy Golding has left her everything. She has twelve or thirteen thousand a year.'

'O, I see!' said Mrs. Miles gravely; and she did not try to reason Roger out of his anxieties any more.

She only tried to draw his thoughts away to other subjects of interest—questions about the estate, the garden, the horses. It seemed that there was an unusual amount of business to be attended to. Roger was ready to do his duty, but he was never capable of hiding his humours, and though he entered into all these things, it was in a tired listless way. He did not care to be out of doors. Constantly, in the days after his return, Mrs. Miles used to see him go out in the morning, and hoped that he might find something to interest him and keep him out till luncheon. But an hour later she would pass the library door, and, looking in, see Roger sitting in a dark corner, sometimes with a book in his hand, sometimes without any pretence of occupation whatever.

Mrs. Miles was glad when Fanny wrote and proposed to visit them, with her husband and her baby of a few months old. This would certainly cheer Roger up, his mother thought, and take him out of himself. But she was disappointed. Roger took little interest in the large placid baby, though it was his namesake and everybody's admiration. John and Fanny were devoted to each other, and paraded this fact before Roger, Fanny even teasing him about his melancholy looks, and telling him to cheer up and marry, like a sensible man. He had not spirit to make much answer, but generally took the first opportunity of escaping from this affectionate couple by going out of the room. Their visit had only one good effect upon him; it drove him out of doors.

One day, to his mother's great

satisfaction, he told her that he was going to see the Lintons. Mrs. Miles remarked that Fanny had been asking about Mary Linton—perhaps—

Roger interrupted her quite savagely.

'Those people are not going with me, if that is what you mean. If Fanny wants to go, John may drive her himself, and upset her in the ditch.'

'How ill-natured you are, Roger!' said Mrs. Miles, surprised. 'Poor John has not been used to horses all his life, as you have, remember.'

'Fan wouldn't thank you for making excuses for him. She thinks his driving as superlative as the rest of him. But does she want to go and see Miss Linton?'

'No, no; you should have let me finish my sentence. I was thinking whether I should ask Mary and Mr. Linton to come over to luncheon. She would like to see the baby.'

'Is she a baby-worshipper? All right. I can take a note or a message. Make up your mind in ten minutes.'

So Roger drove once more along the old road to Stoney-court, a sad enough road to him since that wild day two years ago, when his horse could not fly over the ground fast enough to carry him to Valentina. No; only to hear his fate from Lady Julia. He turned up to the Rectory, confessing very frankly to himself that he had only one object in going there. Indeed it was scarcely to be called an object. It was only a chance, a faint hope that Mr. and Miss Linton might have heard something of the Hartlesses and Valentina; where they were gone—for it was not likely that they had stayed long at Visieux. By the time he pulled up at the door he had assured himself that

he would be disappointed; nothing was less likely than that Hartless or Lady Julia should have written to the Lintons: they had not much intercourse with their clergy at any time.

Mr. Linton was out, but Mary received him in the drawing-room with her kindest manner and smile. What a good woman she looked, as she sat there knitting, with a ray of sun shining on her bright smooth hair! She was perhaps rather slow; she was not picturesque, or in any way a puzzle to her acquaintance; her chief interest lay among her poor neighbours. But Lady Val had felt, and so had Roger before now, that she was a person to be safely trusted in. Her goodness had nothing either of the Pharisees or Sadducees. When she looked and expressed her sympathy, she felt it in her heart. She had faith and love and humility. She enjoyed a little worldly amusement when it came in her way, and no doubt had her vanities and weaknesses, like other young women, but nothing dark, or false, or unkind, or selfish could ever find a home with Mary.

Dear girl! she did not wait for Roger to approach the subject, but began at once asking him about Lady Valentina; and then she went quickly on to say that she had had a letter the day before from Lady Julia.

'But you have heard from them, no doubt?' she said.

'No,' replied Roger.

He kept his eyes on the carpet, guessing that Miss Linton would look surprised, and feeling it impossible to explain.

'I shall be glad to hear news of them,' he added immediately.

Mary got up, fetched the letter from her writing-table, and gave it to him, quietly sitting down again with her knitting. Roger

sat stooping forward with the letter in his hands. He was a long time reading it; perhaps Lady Julia's writing was not of the most distinct.

The letter was dated from a Paris hotel. Lady Julia said she had brought her poor sister there with great difficulty; she could not bear to leave Visieux, though in her broken-hearted state, it seemed as if any place must be the same to her. Lady Julia spoke kindly of her poor brother-in-law, though she was of opinion that his death was a happy release, better than lingering on much longer in his invalid condition. Valentina's grief was really terrible; she reproached herself almost deliriously, and, her sister was sure, quite without reason. She and poor Mr. Golding always understood each other very well, and the only cause for regret that Lady Julia could see was the family quarrel, now happily at an end. 'She thinks she can never be happy without him,' wrote Lady Julia; 'but though he was no doubt very good-natured, one knows that feeling *must* be exaggerated. We have the best advice here, and as soon as she is a little stronger and brighter, we shall all go to the Engadine for a few weeks. I really do not know when we are likely to be in England again. My husband has suggested Rome for the winter, but we shall see what Valentina's inclinations are: of course our great object is to amuse her, and to drive the sad past out of her mind.'

'Poor Past!' muttered Roger when he came to this. 'Are our griefs given to us that we may forget them as soon as possible?' he remarked aloud, getting up to return the letter to Mary.

'It depends so much whether the person is strong enough to

bear the grief,' she said, looking at him rather reproachfully.

'You are right,' said Roger; 'this has been like crushing a butterfly. One ought to hope to see it spread its poor wings again. Thank you. I am glad to know about them—and their plans. If you hear again, I daresay you will kindly let me know.'

'O yes, but I don't much expect that—at least not very soon! I happened to be calling at Stoney-court when the telegram came. Lady Julia was so pleased at being sent for; she told me so, and promised to write—because I happened to be there, you know. It may not occur to her to write again.'

Roger did not stay very long, for ordinary talk seemed out of the question. He forgot to leave

his mother's note, which had the disagreeable consequence of a teasing from Fanny when he got home.

Mary Linton thought about him a great deal all day. She came to the conclusion that he was an odd man, but that she liked him extremely, and she wearied her excellent brains in wondering why he should have run away so suddenly from his friends when the Hartlesses joined them. He had never quarrelled with the Hartlesses, and it looked on the face of it a little unkind to have left poor Mr. Golding hopelessly ill. But when Mary came to this point, she assured herself that Roger Miles had some good reason, and determined not to be puzzled about it any more.

(To be continued.)

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## AN AUTHOR OF THE DAY.

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

(With a Portrait.)

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THIS follower of the French realistic school, founded by Gustave Flaubert, may be pronounced the most readable, as well as the most moral, of this coterie. Possessing a poetical nature, he has not been able to sink into the depths of systematic offensiveness that have engulfed the talents of a Zola. Indeed, it is probable that, but for current Parisian influences, Daudet might never have become a realist. Born in Provence, under a blue and sunny sky, where life is gay and hearts are merry, his earliest and most spontaneous productions reflect these influences. They are Provençal in spirit, fantastic and poetical in form and treatment.

Daudet, who was born at Nîmes on the 13th May 1840, went to Paris as a mere lad of seventeen, with a view to devote himself to literature, rich in hopes, poor in pence. He brought with him some poems, which had the good fortune to find favour in the eyes of the Empress; and, thanks to her intercession, he became secretary to the Duc de Morny, whom, with doubtful good taste, he has held up to public opprobrium in his *Nabob*, under the transparent pseudonym of the Duc de Mora. His duties appear to have been of the most nominal kind; they allowed him plenty of time for writing and for travelling. From 1859 to 1861 the *Figaro* published a series of novelettes from his pen. In 1862 the Odéon brought out a little one-act play,

*La Dernière Idole*, which met with some success. This was followed by dramas that failed, and it was evident that the stage was not Daudet's province. In 1865 he lost his patron, and forthwith consecrated himself entirely to literature. He wrote novelettes in various papers, meeting with much applause; he went on to produce longer works, among which *Lettres de mon Moulin*, full of genial appreciation of Nature, and a most delicate work of light French satire and wit, *Tartarin de Tarascon*, are the most notable. In these the Provençale, the poet, are still uppermost.

The publication of *Le Petit Chose* marks the transition from Daudet's earlier to his later manner. Daudet here first turned to the observation and delineation of real life. The book, though painful, and in a sense realistic, rests on an idealistic foundation; the hero is of a poetical nature, for whom the hard corners of life are smoothed by less dreamy characters. He has his troubles too, and they are no mean ones; but the solution is reconciliatory and happy. *Le Petit Chose* is one of the freshest and most charming of Daudet's works, even though in artistic construction it is by no means perfect. The same want of finished plastic modelling—a fault rare with the French, whose eminent merit it is that they never overlook the power and charm of form—is equally evident in *Jack*. This novel, which saw

the light in 1873, was a pronounced success, and established the reputation of its author. It was followed by *Fromont jeune et Risler aîné*, a work that was crowned by the French Academy. It is a book of the most inexorable realism, full of vivid descriptions of Parisian bourgeois life, and sharp contrast of vice and virtue. Its theme is one too well worn in French novels, but the treatment and situations are new. The accomplice of the wife's crime is, in this case, the husband's partner, and the bankruptcy that her extravagances all but draw down upon the firm involves both her husband and her lover in ruin. The characters are drawn with masterly force: Risler, the good, confiding, unsuspecting husband; the gay, thoughtless, pleasure-loving George; the vain heartless Sidonie. The minor characters are somewhat caricatured in their peculiarities. It is this, and the fact that he treats of bourgeois life, that has led to comparisons between Daudet and Dickens. Daudet may have studied Dickens, but the resemblance, if any, is of the most superficial character. While Dickens looks at life with a philanthropic eye, while his irony is kindly and humorous, Daudet's glance is scathing, his irony cold and deadly; vice triumphs in his pages, and virtue perishes or succumbs. The *Nabob* accentuated these faults, and introduced a new element into Daudet's works, the vulgar one of personalities. In the *Nabob* Parisian notabilities are held up to scorn under the flimsiest disguise; and though the book has passages of great power, in which the author is seen at his best, this element vitiates the whole. This fault, without the merits of the former work, is still more conspicuous in

Daudet's latest production, *Les Rois en Exil*, a dull romance in which figure the Khedive of Egypt, Queen Isabella of Spain, and other deposed monarchs. It is much to be hoped that this, Daudet's latest manner, may not prove permanent, for he is capable of better things. His bold, nervous, excellent style is too good to employ it on flippancy and gossip. He is said to compose slowly, elaborating with care, and making no fewer than three copies of all that he writes. This care is not lost; every word tells, is in its place.

Perhaps of Daudet's two masterpieces, *Jack* and *Fromont jeune et Risler aîné*, the former is the more masterly. The story is cruelly sad. Daudet, in his dedication to Gustave Flaubert, well calls it, 'This book of pity, wrath, and irony.' It is the life-story of a boy who suffers for the sins of his mother—father he has never known. Ida loves her child in her foolish way, but she loves her loose life more, and the boy is sacrificed. After enduring miseries at a fifth-rate school, the delicate sensitive boy is placed by his mother's lover in the iron foundry of Indret, where he suffers mental and bodily tortures. He then journeys round the world for three years as stoker upon a steamer, where his physical and mental misery culminates. By a vigorous effort he frees himself, and returns to Paris to find that his mother and her lover have squandered a legacy that was really his. For a brief moment love and a happier life seem to dawn for him; but this too eludes him. He dies in the Parisian Charité, not twenty in years, but old in suffering. His end is deeply touching, but the causes that ultimately lead to it so false and overstrained that they offend

against æsthetic requirements, and almost fatally weaken the effect of the whole.

The most powerful scenes in *Jack* and in *Fromont jeune et Risler aîné* are those in which the author introduces us to the homes of the Parisian and Indret proletariat, and paints the life of its workmen, with all their virtues and blemishes. He makes them neither unduly good nor bad; he paints them as they are, never shrinking from bitter truths. His wonderful power of creating personages, his lifelike pictures, have full swing in these pages. Characteristics are depicted with the minutest detail, yet with a singular paucity of words. A studied self-restraint is observable in his longest descriptions. The scene chosen by us to represent him is extracted from Jack's residence in the factory, and is a most vigorous piece of writing. The din of the machinery, the hot oily smell of the factory, seem to pervade its very pages. Unfortunately much of this power and concentration is inevitably lost by reproduction in another tongue; yet, even so, it reveals Daudet's master-hand.

#### INDRET.

The singer stood upright in the boat in which the child and he were descending the Loire, a little above Paimboeuf, and, overlooking the river, exclaimed with an emphatic gesture,

'See there, my boy, is not that beautiful?'

In spite of what there was grotesque and forced in this theatrical admiration, it was justified by the beautiful landscape that opened out before their eyes.

It was four o'clock in the evening. A July sun, a sun of melted silver, poured on to the waves the long luminous line of its rays. It

caused a trembling reverberation in the air, like a mist of light, in which the life of the river, active, silent, appeared with the swiftness of a mirage. Tall sails seen through it, shining white in the dazzling beams, seemed to fly along in the distance. They were large vessels coming from Noirmoutiers, loaded to the brim with white salt, sparkling with thousands of golden spangles. The boats were manned by a picturesque crew—men with the large three-cornered hats of the Breton salters, women whose full fluttering headdresses were as white as the salt. Then there were the coasters, like floating drays, their decks piled with sacks of corn and casks; men towing endless lines of barges, or some Nantes three-master, coming from the other end of the world, returning home after two years' absence, and ascending the river with a slow, almost solemn movement, as though it bore with it the silent remembrance of the fatherland found again, and the mysterious poetry of things come from afar. In spite of the July heat, a good breeze blew through all this fair display; for the wind coming from the open sea, with all its freshness and buoyancy, gave the feeling that a little further, beyond those close waves, already being abandoned by the calm and tranquillity of sweet water, extended the limitless green ocean, with its billows, its spray, its tempests

'But where is Indret?' asked Jack.

'There; that island in front of us.'

In the silver mist that enveloped the island, Jack could indistinctly see rows of tall poplars and lofty chimneys, from which ascended thick black smoke, spreading out and darkening the sky









ALFONSE DAUPET.

*See - An Artist of the Day.*



above it. At the same time he heard an echoing din, blows of hammers on iron, on metal plates, some noises rumbling, others more distinct, variously reverberated by the resonance of the water, and above all a continuous roar, unceasing, as if the island had been a huge steamer, held back and muttering, driving its paddles at anchor, and simulating movement without motion.

As the boat approached slowly, very slowly, because the river was rough and difficult to cross, the child began to distinguish long buildings, with low roofs, blackened walls, extending on all sides in uniform dulness; then, on the banks of the river, as far as the eye could see, rows of enormous boilers painted with red lead, whose bright redness produced a fantastic effect. Government transports, steamboats, grouped near the quay, stood waiting while the boilers were being embarked by the help of an enormous crane standing close by, which, from a distance, resembled a gigantic gallows.

At the foot of this gallows stood a man, watching the boat arrive.

'It is Roudic,' said the singer, shouting a formidable hurrah in the deepest of his bass tones, which was heard above all the roar of the hammering.

'Is it you, brother?'

'Sacrebleu! 'tis I. Are there two other notes like mine under the vault of heaven?'

The boat stopped. The two brothers rushed into one another's arms, and gave each other a tremendous salute.

'And how are all your people?' asked Labassindre.

'All well, thank God. Ah, ah, here is our new apprentice. He is a pretty fellow; only he does not look strong.'

'As strong as an ox, my dear, and guaranteed by the first doctors in Paris.'

'Well, so much the better, for our trade is a rough one. And now, if you like, we will go and see the director.'

They went through a long alley of beautiful trees, which soon changed into a street of a little town bordered by white houses, very clean, and all alike. In these live some of the labourers of the factory, the masters, and the chief workmen. The others lodge on the opposite bank, by Montagne, or in Basse Indre.

At this hour there was silence everywhere, for life and movement were all centred in the factory; and, but for the linen drying at the windows, the pots of flowers arranged behind the panes, an infant's cry, and the sound of a cradle rocking, heard through some half-open door, the whole place would have seemed uninhabited.

'Ah, the flag is down,' said the singer, as they reached the door of the workshops. 'Ah, that cursed flag, what frights it has given me!'

And he explained to his friend Jack that, ten minutes after the arrival of the labourers for their work, the flag at the entrance was lowered on its staff, announcing that the doors of the factory were closed. So much the worse for the laggards; they were marked down as absent, and, after the third time of absence, dismissed.

While he was giving these explanations, his brother was conversing with the porter, and they were allowed to penetrate into the establishment. There was a terrific hubbub; roaring, hissing, grinding, varying without lessening, answering each other from a number of large rooms with triangular roofs; situated at regular

distances on a piece of sloping ground furrowed with numerous railways.

It was an iron city.

Footsteps resounded on the metal plates laid into the floor. The way lay amid piles of wrought iron, pigs of cast iron, ingots of copper; between rows of old cannons, brought there to be melted down, rusty outside, inside black, and as though still smoking, old masters of fire about to perish by fire.

As they passed on, Roudic pointed out the various departments of the establishment.

'This is the fitting-up room—the workshops of the big lathe—small lathe—the brazier's shop—the smithy—the foundry.'

He was obliged to shout, so overwhelming was the noise.

Jack, bewildered, looked on in astonishment. The workroom doors were almost all open on account of the heat; and through them he saw a confusion of lifted arms, of blackened heads, of machines moving, as in the deep dull shadows of a cave, lighted by fits with a red glare.

Puffs of heat, smells of coal, of burnt clay, of melting iron, came out to them with black dust, impalpable, sharp, burning; retaining, even in the sunlight, a metallic glitter—that sparkle of the coal which might become a diamond.

But what gave to all this great labour its quick, hurried, breathless character was the perpetual perturbation of sun and air, a continuous trepidation, something like the efforts of an enormous animal imprisoned under the factory, whose cries and burning breath these gaping chimneys sent far around. For fear of appearing too ignorant, Jack durst not ask the meaning of that tremendous din; which had al-

ready impressed him at a distance.

Suddenly they came to an ancient castle, dating from the time of the League, dark, flanked by large towers, whose bricks, blackened by the smoke from the factory, had lost their primitive brightness.

'Here we are at the director's.' They passed under the low doorway, and penetrated among the old buildings—a group of little irregular rooms, badly lighted, where some clerks sat writing without lifting their heads. In the last room a man with a severe and cold look was seated at a desk in the light of a high window.

'Ah, it is you, Father Roudic!'

'Yes, sir, I come to introduce to you the new apprentice.'

'So this is the little prodigy. Good-day, my boy. It seems we have a real vocation for mechanics. That's a good thing.'

Then, after looking more carefully at the boy,

'How is this, Roudic? He does not look strong, this little fellow. Is he ill?'

'No, sir; on the contrary, I am told he is surprisingly strong.'

The director rose immediately, to cut short the conversation.

'Take your apprentice along with you, Father Roudic, and try to turn him out a good workman. I have no fear about your share in the matter.'

Talking as they went, the two brothers and Jack descended the iron streets of the factory, filled at this hour, for the day's work was just over, by a crowd of men of all sizes, all trades—a medley of blouses, loose jackets, mingling the overcoat of the draughtsmen with the tunic of the overseers.

Jack was struck by the serious air with which this deliverance

from labour was conducted. He contrasted this picture with the cries, the jostling on the pavement, which at Paris mark the departure from work, as noisy as the dismissal of boys from school. Here were felt rule and discipline, as on board one of the government ships.

A hot vapour was wafted over all these people, a vapour that the sea-breeze had not yet dissipated, and which hung like a heavy cloud over the stillness of this beautiful July evening. The silent rooms were letting their odours of the forge escape. The steam gushed forth in streamlets, perspiration was running down all foreheads, and the gasping breath that Jack had heard before now gave place to the breath recovered by the lungs of those two thousand men, exhausted by the efforts of the day.

Evening fell upon the confusion of this dispersed ant-heap. The sun was sinking, the wind became fresher, and shook the poplars as if they had been palms; and it was a great sight to see even the laborious island entering into repose, restored to Nature for a night. As the smoke disappeared, masses of verdure appeared between the workshops. One could hear the tide beating against the shore; and the swallows, skimming the water with little cries, whirled amongst the lines of great cauldrons ranged on the quay.

Roudic's house was the first in a long row of like buildings, ranged barrack fashion in a wide street at the back of the castle.

Behind the shallow house the cloth was laid in a little garden, dried up by the sun, full of vegetables tied on sticks and flowers run to seed. Other similar gardens, only separated from one another by trellis-work, extended

all the way along a little arm of the Loire, which seemed the Bièvre of that part of the country. Beside the road lay linen spread out, nets drying, hemp steeping, and the rubbish of all these workmen's households.

Night came on; a light was brought. The neighbouring gardens were also illuminated; and all around was heard laughing, the sound of the plates among the leaves, all the folly of one of the suburban inns out here in the open air.

Labassindre was speaking, collecting in his memory all the residue of ancient theories he had heard in the Gymnasium about the rights of labourers, the future of the people, the tyranny of capital. He produced a great impression; and those comrades who had come to spend the evening with the singer were in ecstasies over this easy eloquence, untrammelled by the forgotten dialect, free of all its commonplace.

These companions in working costume, black and tired, whom Roudic invited to sit down as they entered, extended themselves in indolent attitudes on the edge of the table; poured themselves out large quantities of wine, which they swallowed noisily at one draught, wiping their mouths with the back of their sleeves, a glass in one hand, a pipe in another. Jack had never seen such manners, and now and then some rustic expression shocked him by its coarseness. Then they did not talk like other people, but made use among themselves of a sort of jargon that the child thought vulgar and ugly.

Jack was suddenly overcome by deep sadness before this tableful of workmen constantly changing, and without the least attention being paid to those who went out or came in.

'That is what I must become,' said he to himself in terror.

In the course of the evening Roudic presented him to the head of the smithing department—a man of the name of Lebescam, under whom the child was to make a beginning. This Lebescam, a hairy Cyclops, whose beard went almost into his eyes, made a face at the sight of this future apprentice dressed as a gentleman, whose fists were so small, and his hands so white. In truth, Jack's thirteen years had retained a somewhat feminine mien. His fair hair, although cut short, had pretty waves, and that caressing air given by his mother's fingers; and his distinguished aristocratic manner was even more noticeable now in his present vulgar surroundings.

Lebescam thought him looking very delicate, very frail.

'O, it is the fatigue of the journey and his gentleman's clothes that give him that look,' said the worthy Roudic; and turning to his wife: 'Clarisse, you will have to find a blouse for the apprentice. I'll tell you what, wife. You ought to make him go to his own room at once. He cannot keep his eyes open; and to-morrow he must be up at five o'clock. You understand, my little fellow—at five o'clock punctually. I shall come and call you.'

'Yes, M. Roudic.'

But before retiring Jack had to endure Labassindre's farewells, who wished to drink a glass for his especial benefit.

'Your health, Jack, my boy—the health of the workman! It is I who tell you, my children, whenever you please you will be the masters of the world.'

'O, the masters of the world, that is rather too much!' said Roudic, smiling. 'If only one were sure of having a little house

in one's old days, with a few acres sheltered from the wind, one would not ask for more.'

Jack felt himself in a new world, where he would ever lack all that was necessary for success. He was afraid, for he guessed the distance between these people and himself; and he felt that the bridges were broken that spanned the impassable abyss. The thought of his mother alone sustained, reassured him.

### THE VICE.

In the middle of the smithy—an immense hall as imposing as a temple, into which the light falls from above in luminous yellow streaks, when the darkness of the corners is suddenly illumined by burning lights—an enormous piece of iron fixed to the floor keeps opening, like ever-hungry jaws, ever moving, ready to seize and grip fast the red-hot metal that is fashioned by the fire among a shower of sparks. It is the vice.

In beginning the education of an apprentice, he is first of all sent to the vice. There, whilst managing the heavy vice, which alone demands more strength than a child's arm can supply, he learns to know the tools of the workshop, and how to use and manage the fire.

Little Jack is at the vice, and I might spend ten years seeking another word without finding one that would give a truer impression of the terror, the suffocation, the horrible anguish caused him by all his surroundings.

In the first place there is the din, a terrible din; three hundred hammers falling at the same time on the anvil, the whistling of thongs, the rolling of pulleys, and all the turmoil of a busy people—three hundred bare panting breasts rousing themselves, sending forth cries that have nothing

human about them, in an intoxication of strength, where the muscles seem to burst and respiration to be lost. Then there are wagons loaded with glowing metal crossing the hall on rails; there is the motion of the fans moving around the forges, blowing fire upon fire, nourishing the flame with human heat. Everywhere grinding, roaring echoings, howling, growling. One might imagine it to be the savage temple of some exacting barbarous idol. On the walls are hung tools formed like instruments of torture—cramps, tongs, pincers. Heavy chains hang from the ceiling. Everything is hard, strong, enormous, brutal; and quite at the end of the workshop, lost in a sombre, almost religious darkness, a gigantic crushing-hammer, moving a weight of thirty thousand kilogrammes, glides slowly between its two cast-iron posts, surrounded by the respect and admiration of the workshop as the shining black Baal of this temple sacred to the gods of strength. When the idol speaks, it is a deep hollow sound, which shakes the walls, the ceiling, the floor, and sends up the dust of the iron particles in clouds.

Jack is overwhelmed. He remains silently at his task among those men moving round the vice, half-naked, loaded with iron bars red at the point, perspiring, hairy, propping one another, distorting themselves; they also, in the intense heat in which they move, assuming the suppleness of melting fire, the resistance of metal softened by flame. Ah, if, leaping space, the eyes of that foolish Charlotte could have seen her child Jack in the midst of this human swarm—pale, wan, streaming with perspiration, his sleeves turned back on to his thin arms, his blouse and his chemise half-

open over his delicate white chest, his eyes red, his throat inflamed by the sharp dust floating around—what pity and what remorse she would have felt!

As every one in the workshop had to have some nickname, he received the appellation of the Aztec, on account of his thinness; and the boy, once so pretty and fair, is likely to merit this name, to become the child of the factory—that poor little being deprived of air, jaded, suffocated, whose face ages as his body grows emaciated.

‘Here, Aztec; fire, my boy. Tighten the screw. D—it, look sharp!’

It is the voice of Lebescam the foreman, speaking in the midst of the tempest of all these countless noises. This black giant, to whom Roudic has intrusted the first education of the apprentice, every now and then stops to give him some advice, to teach him how to hold a hammer. The master is brutal, the child awkward. The master despises this feebleness; the child fears this strength. He does what he is bid, tightens the screw as well as he can. But his hands are hardened and covered with blisters—enough to give him a fever, to make him cry. At times he is no longer conscious of his life. It seems as though he also were a part of this complicated machinery, that he is a tool among the tools—something like a little pulley, without consciousness, without will; turning, whistling along with the rest of the apparatus, directed by a hidden invisible force—that he now understands, that he admires and fears—steam!

It is steam that jumbles at the ceiling all those leathern bands that rise, fall, and cross one another, corresponding to pulleys, hammers, and bellows. It is



steam that moves the crushing-hammer and those enormous planing-machines, under which the hardest iron is reduced by shavings thin as threads, twirled and twisted like hairs. It is steam that kindles the corners of the forge with a jet of fire, which dispenses work and power to all parts of the workshop. It is its dull sound, its regular motion, which so much moved the child on his first arrival; and now it seems to him as though he only lived through steam, as though it had appropriated his breath, and made of him a thing as docile as all the machines it impels.

A terrible life !

At five o'clock in the morning Father Roudic used to call him. 'Come, get up, youngster !' His voice resounded through the whole house, which was built only of wood. A crust was hastily eaten, a drop of wine was drunk at the corner of the table, supplied by the beautiful Clarisse, still wearing her nightcap. Then off to the factory, where a melancholy bell was tinkling, indefatigably prolonging its dong—dong—dong, as though it had to awaken not only the isle of Indret, but all the surrounding shores also, the water, the sky, the ports of Paimbœuf and Saint-Nazaire. There was a confused trampling, pushing, in the streets, in the yards, at the doors of the workshops. After the obligatory ten minutes were over, the flag was hauled down, showing that the factory was closed to the late comers. At the first time of absence, deduction of pay; after the second, temporary suspension; after the third, final expulsion.

Jack was very much afraid of 'missing the flag,' and very often was at the door long before the first stroke of the bell.

At the workshop Jack was not

liked. Every body of men needs a scapegoat, some being on whom they can vent all their sarcasm, their nervous impatience, their fatigue. Jack filled this office at the forge. The other apprentices, who had almost all been born at Indret, and were sons or brothers of the workmen, being better protected, were also more spared; for these persecutions without retaliation can only be employed against the feeble, the harmless. No one defended him. The 'gaffer,' finding him quite too frail, had given up troubling about him, and abandoned him to the tender mercies of the whole room. Besides, what had he come to Indret for, this delicate Parisian, who did not talk like other people, who said to his companions, 'Yes, sir, thank you, sir' ? His vocation for mechanics had been so much vaunted. But the Aztec understood nothing at all about it. He could not even put in a rivet. Soon contempt aroused in these people a sort of cold-blooded cruelty, the revenge which strength exercises over intelligent feebleness. Not a day passed without some unkindness being shown him. The apprentices especially were cruel. One day one of them handed to him a piece of iron heated at the end to a dark-red heat : 'Take that, Aztec.' He had to spend a week in the infirmary after. Then there was the brutality, the thoughtlessness of all these men, accustomed to carry heavy weights, and who no longer knew the power of their blows.

It was only on Sundays that Jack had a little rest and change. On that day he could take out of his chest one of Dr. Rivals' books, and go off to the banks of the Loire to read it. At the extreme end of the island there is an old half-ruined tower called St. Hermé-

land's tower, which looks as though it might have been the lodge of some spy at the time of the Norman invasions. At the foot of this tower, in a hollow of the rock, the apprentice used to sit, his book open on his lap, the sound, the magic, the expanse of the water before him. The Sabbath made a joyous sound with all its bells, ringing out repose and rest. Boats passed by in the distance; and at many spots, far from him, children were bathing amid shouts and laughter.

He used to read; but often M. Rivals' books were too difficult for him, were beyond the actual limits of his understanding, and left, as it were, nothing but a supply of good seed which was still dry, and which time must bring to light. Then he would stop and remain there dreaming, losing himself in the splashing of the water on the stones, the regular movement of the incoming waves. He went away far, very far from the factory and the workmen, back to his mother and his little friend, to Sundays when he was very differently clad, very much happier than now. Thus, during a few hours, he could forget, could be happy. But the autumn came with its heavy rains and cruel winds, that put an end to his sojourns at the St. Hermeland tower. After that he spent his Sundays with the Roudics.

His favourite among all his books, the one he read the oftenest, was Dante's *Inferno*. The description of all those tortures impressed him. In his childish imagination it was mingled with the sight he had before his eyes every day. He saw in the poet's lines those half-naked men, those flames, those great pits in the foundry, where the melted metal flowed in a bloody sheet; and the moaning of the stream, the grind-

ing of the gigantic saws, the dull sound of the crushing-hammer echoing in those burning halls, made them resemble in his eyes the circles of the *Inferno*.

#### THE MACHINES.

Once, however, he was a witness at the factory of an affecting ceremony, which helped him to understand better than any of Father Roudic's explanations that there was a grandeur and beauty in these things.

A magnificent steam-engine of one thousand horse-power had just been completed for one of the government gunboats. For a long time it had been standing in the fitting-up department, taking up its whole depth, surrounded by a swarm of workmen, erect, complete, but wanting the finishing-stroke. Often Jack looked at it as he passed, but only from a distance, through the windows, for no one except the fitters was allowed to enter. As soon as it was finished, the engine was to be sent to St.-Nazaire; and what gave the particular and rare charm to its departure was that, in spite of its enormous weight and the complication of the machinery, the engineers of Indret had decided to embark it, all fitted up and in a single piece, since the formidable transport-machines which the factory has at its disposal permitted them to attempt this audacious undertaking. Every day they said, 'It will come off to-morrow;' but every time at the last moment there was some detail to superintend, something to repair, to make perfect. At last it was ready. The order to embark was given.

It was a holiday for Indret. At one o'clock all the workshops were closed, the houses and the streets deserted. Men, women,

children, all who lived in the island wanted to see the machine leave the fitting-up room, descend to the Loire, and cross over to the vessel which was to bear it away. Long before the great gate was opened, the crowd had collected outside the hall, waiting noisily, indulging in a holiday racket. At length the two portals of the workshop opened, and from the shadowy background the enormous mass was seen advancing, slowly, heavily, borne on a rolling platform which must presently serve as a stage for raising it, and which halliards, moved by steam, carried along the rails.

When it appeared in the light, shining and grand and massive, it was greeted by tremendous cheers.

It paused a moment, as if to take breath and to let itself be admired, under the full sunshine, which made it glitter. Among the two thousand workmen at the factory, there was, perhaps, not one who had not coöperated in this beautiful work according to his talent or his capability. But they had worked at it separately, each in his own department, almost groping their way, as the soldier fights during the battle, lost amid the crowd and the noise, aiming straight in front of him, without calculating the effect or the use of his shots, enveloped by blinding red smoke, which prevents him from seeing anything beyond the corner in which he is fighting.

Now they saw her, their own machine, standing there complete, every piece adjusted; and they were proud. In one moment she was surrounded, and saluted by joyous laughter and shouts of triumph. They admired her as connoisseurs; they caressed her with their big hard hands; they patted her; they addressed her in their

rough way, 'How are you, old lady?' The founders pointed with pride to the enormous screws of solid bronze. 'We founded them,' said they. The smiths replied, 'We worked the iron, we did; and there is some of our perspiration, too, in there.' And the coppersmiths, the riveters, not without reason, boasted of the enormous tank, painted with red-lead, like a war-elephant. If these praised the metal, the engineers, the draughtsmen, the fitters, extolled the form. Even our friend Jack said, gazing at his hands, 'Ah, rogue, you have given me fine blisters!'

It was almost necessary to employ force to keep off this fanatic crowd, as enthusiastic as an Indian tribe at the festival of Juggernaut, whom the cruel idol would have crushed on its way. The overseers ran about from side to side, dealing out cuffs to clear the road; and soon there only remained around the machine three hundred workmen, chosen out of all the workshops from among the strongest, who, all armed with handspikes or drawing mighty chains, only waited a sign to set the monster in movement.

'Ready, boys! Hoist, then!'

Then a little fife, sprightly and shrill, was heard; the machine began to move along the rails; the copper, bronze, and steel, in its mass, glittered, while the gear of connecting-rods, bars, and pistons was moved along with a metallic clang. Like a completed monument that the workmen are leaving, it had been ornamented at the top with an enormous bouquet of foliage, surmounting this achievement of human labour with the grace, the smile of Nature. Whilst below the enormous mass of metal moved laboriously along, above the bunch of green rose and fall at every step,

rustling gently in the pure air. On both sides the crowd formed a procession ; the directors, inspectors, apprentices, workmen, all marching pellmell with their eyes fixed on the machine, while the indefatigable fife directed them towards the river, where a steam-boat stood smoking on a level with the quay ready to start.

Behold it standing under the crane, the enormous steam-crane of the factory at Indret, the most powerful lever in the world. Two men climb on to the platform, which is to rise with it by means of iron cables, all joined together above the bouquet by a monstrous ring forged out of one single piece. The steam whistles ; the fife redoubles its little hurried, joyous, encouraging notes ; the jib of the crane bends down like the neck of a great bird, seizes the machine in its curved beak, and lifts it slowly, slowly, with jerks. Now it towers above the crowd, the factory, and all Indret. There every one can see and admire it at his ease. In the golden sunlight, through which it moves, it seems to bid farewell to those numerous halls which have given it life, movement, even speech, and which it will never behold again.

For their part, the workmen feel, in contemplating it, the satisfaction of accomplished labour, that strange and divine emotion which repays in one moment the labours of a whole year, and places above all the trouble undergone, the pride in a difficulty that is overcome.

'That's what I call a fine piece,' muttered old Roudic, who, with a serious mien, his arms bare, still trembling from the great effort of hauling, was wiping his eyes, almost blinded by tears of admiration. The fife has not ceased its exciting music ; but the crane begins to turn, to bend towards

the side of the river, to deposit the machine on the boat that stands impatiently waiting.

On a sudden a deafening crack is heard, followed by a terrible piercing cry, reëchoed from all breasts. By the emotion that spreads through the air, all recognise death, unexpected sudden death, which opens out a way for itself with strong and violent hand. For one moment there is a tumult, an indescribable terror. What can have happened ? One of the workmen on the platform has been caught between one of the supporting chains, suddenly extended for the descent, and the hard metal of the machine.

'Quick, quick, boys, back the machine !'

But in vain they hasten and strive to snatch the unhappy man from the raging beast ; it is all over ! All heads are raised, all arms stretched out, in one great curse ; and the women weep, and hide their eyes in their shawls and in the lap-pets of their caps, so as not to see the shapeless remains, which are being placed on a barrow. The man has been pounded, cut in two. The blood, driven forth violently, has besprinkled the steel, the copper, even the green branch above. No more piping, no more shouting. In the midst of sinister silence the machine completes its revolution, while one group departs towards the village—bearers, women, a whole troop, all in tears.

There is fear now visible in all eyes. The work has become terrible ; it has received the baptism of blood, and turned its strength against those from whom it had received it. There is quite a sigh of relief when the monster stands on the boat, which gives way under its weight, and sends to both shores two or three large

waves. The whole river trembles, and seems to say, 'How heavy it is!' Yes, indeed, it is heavy; and the workmen look at one another, and shudder.

Behold it embarked at last, with its cylinder and its boilers beside it. The blood which soiled it has been hastily wiped away; it has resumed its former splendour, but not its inert impassibility. It appears alive and armed. Standing proudly on the deck of the boat which carries it away, and which it appears itself to impel, it hastens towards the sea as though it longed to consume coal, to devour space, to shake its smoke where at this moment it shakes its bunch of green. It is so beautiful now that the workmen of Indret have forgotten its crime, and, saluting its departure with one great last hurrah, they follow and accompany it with loving eyes. Go your ways, machine; journey across the whole world; follow the line marked out for you, straight and inexorable; march against the wind, the sea, and its storms. Men have made you so strong that you have nothing to fear. But since you are strong, be not wicked. Restrain that terrible power that you have just tested at your departure. Move the vessel without anger, and, above all, show respect for human life, if you will do honour to the factory of Indret!

That evening, from one end of the island to the other, there was laughter and feasting. Although the accident of the day had somewhat chilled the enthusiasm, every home wished to partake of the feast that had been prepared. At the Roudics' a long table collected the numerous friends, the *élite* of the workshop. At first they spoke of the accident—the children were not old enough to

work; the director had promised the widow a pension. Then once more the machine occupied all thoughts. This long labour of many months' duration was now nothing but a remembrance. The men reminded one another of the various episodes, the difficulties, of the work. It was something to hear Lebecam, the hairy giant, telling of the resistance of the metal, and the trouble they had had to bend it at the forge.

'I see that the welding does not hold. I say to the comrades, "Now, at it—right good blows! Now, at it, burners; help me, and quickly!"'

He thought he was still at work. His clenched fists resounded on the table, and made it tremble; his eyes shone as though they reflected the light of the forge; and the others nodded their heads with an air of approbation. Jack also listened with interest for the first time. He was the conscript among the veterans; and you may fancy that the remembrance of great labours made their throats very dry, and that all this did not go on without many a round and bumper. Presently they began to sing—for it must come to that when there are enough present to sing in chorus—'Vers les rives de France;' and Jack, mingling his voice with this concert of false voices, repeated with the others,

'Vers les rives de France  
Vouons en chantant.'

If the people at Les Aulnettes had seen him, they would have been satisfied. Bronzed by the open air and the heat of the forge, the blisters on his hands scarred and grown callous, joining his voice to the commonplace refrain, he quite seemed to belong to these people. He looked a true workman; and Lebecam remarked it to Father Roudic.

## DAME PARTLET.

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THERE must be plenty of people living in England now, more or less advanced in years, who were brought up on books published in St. Paul's Churchyard by Newbery, or Harris, or some other respectable name. Even in these days, in the homes of such persons as cling to the past, and do not easily change their habitation, poked away behind shelves in the nurseries of two or three generations, or buried in boxes with the forgotten relics of old toys, these books are still to be found. They come out shyly into the light of 1882, the company of her children's splendid literature, humble and dismal in their worn gray covers, with lacerated backs sewn up by the kind needle and thread of some mother or nurse long ago. Can any modern child, carelessly satisfied in the midst of its gay bindings, feel or understand anything of the sentiment that hung round those books, so few and precious, read through and through again, with reverence for the mystery that was always in them, and never could be exhausted? Presently we went to school, and by degrees our early treasures vanished, were put away and forgotten—were lost, in fact, though, like other lost things, they only lay waiting to be found again. Then, perhaps, long afterwards, after years of life in the world, when the old pains and joys were like a past dream, and gray hairs were beginning to show themselves, some old box was opened, and there lay a heap of forgotten friends—the same, and yet so very

different. I should pity the person who did not feel a certain thrill of gentle joy, mixed with a little curiosity and a little sadness when he met his nursery companions again. Such a meeting makes one realise, more than most things, the difference between a grown-up creature and a child. One lays the books down as a devotee, an enthusiastic believer, to whom story and picture are everything. One takes them up again as a critic, and looks at their principles.

In an old house I know there is a little old-fashioned bookcase with worked doors, standing in a dark corner, which has been gradually filled with what was considered rubbish by some members of the family, but preserved from being thrown away by the conservative instinct of others. It occurred to me the other day to wonder what those small shelves contained. I found a good many curious old books, and among them a few dear well-remembered friends, who had perhaps been put away here since I was eight or ten years old.

The first I took out was one of the dearest of all—thin, shabby, and dog's-eared, but quite perfect, as I quickly discovered by turning over the worn leaves. There were the pictures, coloured with such wonderful propriety and knowledge of effect; there was the story in its two versions, prose and poetical, the latter of which I learned by heart to amuse myself in those days. I think the title-page alone was calculated to

impress the most thoughtless mind :

'*Dame Partlet's Farm* ; an Account of the Riches she obtained by Industry, the Good Life she led, and, Alas ! Good Reader, her Death and Epitaph. John Harris, Corner of St. Paul's Churchyard. 1834.'

Evidently *Dame Partlet* was meant to be a book of serious practical lessons—not of idle amusement. I certainly never thought of smiling over it then, as I do now ; and as for giving it any political significance, that was indeed far from me. But considering the date, so soon after the Reform Bill, and meditating on the names and doings of some of the characters, I have now come to the conclusion that *Dame Partlet* was written by a Whig, not to say Radical, who wished, I rather fear, to hide his subversive opinions under a veil of devotion to the Established Church. At the same time he makes his worthy heroine encourage her neighbours to act on such a false system of morality, from such interested motives, that really one cannot tell what he would be at, and can only conclude that Radical principles had not then reached their present purity, and that the superiority of the poor to the rich was still the leading idea of that party.

Dame Partlet was a widow with six children, living in the village of Innocence, a very long way from London. Her husband, Simon Partlet, a gardener by trade, died quite a young man, and I am inclined to think he must have been a poor creature, though he took in, and left as a legacy to his wife, *Poor Robin's Almanack*, *The Gardener's Calendar*, and *Culpeper's Herbal*. I may be doing Simon grave injustice, but I think he was a slug-

gard, because of the texts and sentences (from *The Economy of Human Life*) in which his widow was always laying before her children and neighbours the evils of idleness. How she acted up to her precepts we may judge from the words of Mr. Lovetruth, the Rector of Innocence. 'A widow with six children, renting only two acres of ground, and not asking relief of the parish ! I have not known such a thing before since I have been rector here !'

Dame Partlet, we learn from the first page of her biography, 'is said to have been a very near relation of that renowned person Goody Two Shoes.' It was Goody Two Shoes who taught her to read, and so well, that the parish-clerk, Mr. Singclear, was the only person in the parish who read better than she did. She had read the Bible three times quite through, besides many other good books, and 'she said "Amen" the loudest of anybody in the church, except Miss Deborah Crabface, the Rector's maiden aunt by the mother's side.' Never was there a woman who made better use of her opportunities. Her industry and civility were so great and so well known that her neighbours seem to have found it a privilege to help her ; and in the early days, when she rented her two acres from a hard landlord—of whom more hereafter—Mr. Coverup the sexton might be seen digging in her garden on his unemployed Saturday afternoons ; and Mr. Singclear, who had a taste for gardening, repaid her help in the responses by training vines and pruning trees.

This is all very well, and the writer evidently thinks that the village of Innocence would have been a happy and enviable place of abode if it had been entirely peopled with Dame Partlets and

Mr. Singclears. The Dame herself would not have said so; for she never grumbled, and had the deepest respect for those richer than herself. The Rector, we see at once, deserved her respect on better grounds than riches, and Miss Crabface appears to have been sweet within; but what do we hear of the other great people in the parish?

'And though Squire Takeall, the lord of the manor, was a very rich man, and had a very great house in the middle of a large park, and had a whole room full of books which he never read, and wore a great many fine clothes, and kept a great many servants with brown liveries turned up with red velvet; and though he kept a great many horses and dogs, and rode over poor people's fields and trampled down their corn; and though his greyhounds had all the nice victuals that came from his own table, and his hogs were fed upon the skim milk, such as Farmer Wheatear gave Dame Partlet for her children; yet for all he was so rich and so fine, and all in the village pulled off their hats or made curtsies when he passed, yet Squire Takeall did not do so much real good in the village as Dame Partlet, with only a garden and orchard, and a few books on a shelf just over the salt-box.'

Is there not in that description the ring of Radical, almost Chartist, passion? And this is not all; the indictment goes still further.

'Squire Takeall paid the overseer's rates exactly to a halfpenny what his own steward had said they came to; and had given strict orders to George Blunt, the porter, not to let a beggar come into the park; but as Dame Partlet always dressed very neat, and went very clean, and did not look like a beggar; and as she never sent her children to beg any skim

milk of the dairymaid, or ask the cook for broken victuals or a little dripping; and as she never sent them to glean on Squire Takeall's fields in time of harvest, because he wished to fatten his own hogs with the gleanings; so the Squire suffered her to go into the park to gather what he called weeds. . . . See where she is, with the basket in her hand, collecting herba.'

Here there is a gorgeous picture of Dame Partlet under the ancestral trees, with the long stately front of Squire Takeall's house outlined in the distance, and two tall stags, also distant and in outline, lifting their grand heads to stare at her. Her two fat children are with her. She wears a black hat, tied under her chin with crimson ribbons; a yellow spotted handkerchief, with a red border; a voluminous green gown, tucked up over a red petticoat; and a large white apron. Beggar, indeed! She wore very nearly the same costume in her latter years, when she was one of the largest farmers in the parish.

But Squire Takeall was not the only bad man who lived at Innocence. Two of his farmers seem to have been excellent people, Wheatear and Pleasant; but there was also Farmer Nippem, who requited Dame Partlet's care of his sick wife by giving her a lamb that 'he thought would die.' However, the lamb lived, and was the first of a flock; which must have grieved Nippem's soul when he saw them grazing on the common. Then there was Farmer Tipple, whose name is enough; and Mr. Lovegold, the Squire's steward, and Farmer Bustle and Captain Curious, who seem to have been contented with smaller vices. The society of Innocence was 'mixed,' like that of other places, though it was so far from



London. Its poorer people, however, seem to have been very virtuous and obliging, except poor neighbour Trollop, whose boys never went to church on a Sunday, and were seldom fit to be seen.

Dame Partlet's own children were very differently brought up, indeed! 'How much better is it,' said she, 'that they should go to church, and hear the Scriptures read, and attend to the delightful sermons of Mr. Lovetruth, than be strolling about the green in service-time, or gambling at the roadside!'

Her industry, her goodness to her neighbours, her devotion to the Rector, were rewarded in the end. Farmer Tipple, one dark night, slipped into his own horse-pond and was drowned. Farmer Pleasant—not without a bribe of a nice sucking-pig to Mr. Lovelgold—succeeded to his farm; and, through the influence of the Rector and Miss Crabface, Pleasant's farm was bestowed on Dame Partlet.

She had always been grateful for Mr. Lovetruth's kindness. He had called her 'good woman;' he had approved of her remarks, and had desired his aunt Deborah to take notice of her; he had employed one of her children every Saturday afternoon to sweep the walks in his flower-garden; he had given silver sixpences in return for the fruit of her little black cherry-tree, which was always sent 'a present to the Rector;' and once, when there was more fruit than usual, Miss Crabface sent Dame Partlet a beautiful gown, which had been the Rector's grandmother's. Polly Partlet, the eldest daughter, came in for this gown, and might be seen walking to church in it, carrying a large Prayer-book the Rector had given her, in a green-baize case made by herself.

The village children were devoted to Dame Partlet, and were always to be found in her cottage on winter evenings; 'and Mr. Lovetruth could always tell, when he questioned the children at church on Sunday, which of them attended her instructive habitation.'

With the taking of Pleasant's farm, Fortune seemed to be showering her favours on Dame Partlet. Mr. Coverup, who was a cousin of her husband's, died and left her his property; the friendly Rector appointed her eldest son Peter sexton in his place.

And now we come to the time when Dame Partlet, increasing in riches daily, was able in some measure to repay the goodness of her early friends:

'Custards and syllabubs she made,  
And sent some to the Rector;  
Who, now grown old, when she was poor  
Had been her chief protector.'

With Dame Partlet's rise in life her biographer breaks out into poetry. One would have thought that these prosperous farming days would have seemed to most minds to lack the romance of the early struggle; but this writer thinks differently: he is inspired by the pictures of plenty which rise before his eyes, and which are painted in the brightest colours by the illustrator of the book. Listen how graphically we are told of the legacies, as they fall in one by one:

'Her uncle left her fifty pounds,  
And golden guineas twenty;  
Her sister left her three pound twelve,  
And silver she had plenty.'

She, who has moved with such natural greatness through her life of cottage toil, steps into all the amenities and dignities of life as if she had been born to them. In one place we hear,

'She bid her maid undress her.'

In another :

'She daily in the garden walked,  
But always took her dog and book,  
And told the gardener to cut  
Some vegetables for the cook.'

There she is, standing on her smooth gravel path, with a glow of roses in the border, a smiling gardener with his ready spade and clean shirt-sleeves, a gabled house in the background. Under her shady hat she wears a frilled cap, which sits becomingly round her handsome decided face. The rest of her dress, except for garden-gloves, and a large watch hanging by her side, is much the same as when she used to gather 'weeds' in Squire Takeall's park long ago.

She had the manners of the truly great :

'Her guests she welcomed with a smile,  
For flattery she thought fulsome.'

Her large farm, and all its manifold concerns, were managed with a firmness and generosity that make her a pattern to all women of business. Her servants worked for her well ; and her home-brewed ale, loved by the sexton, was thought 'not amiss' by the Rector himself. Everything prospered with her, and she had sympathies with all creation. In the midst of a long catalogue of farm and live stock, the writer pauses to note a touch of Nature, which might have escaped him, if he had waited to put it in a less conspicuous place. His account altogether has an admirable naturalness ; he seems to be wandering about the farm, taking us with him, showing us everything as it came, without regard to species.

'Three carts, two wagons, and a plough,  
A roller and a harrow ;  
And, whistling in a wicker cage,  
A blackbird and a sparrow.'

This was all very well. Dame Partlet, we see, was a rich woman of refined tastes. But what use

did she make of her riches ? Did she pay the overseer's rates to a halfpenny, like Squire Takeall, and shut out the poor from her sight ? No. Neither did she encourage idleness, and pauperise the poor by giving them what they had not earned. She was a philanthropist in a time when such people were rare. Besides visiting all the sick, and urging 'the use of stillness,'

'That she might help the poor,  
She had a famous brick-yard.

How cheerful there did all the poor  
Fulfil their daily toil,  
And greet, as morn and night they passed,  
Dame Partlet with a smile !'

So far in this good woman's use of her riches we see nothing but what is admirable. We now come to the weak morality I alluded to just now. To her biographer, evidently, all her doings are good ; but then he lived in a time when it was the fashion to hope for reward, and to fear punishment. So did Dame Partlet herself, and it would be a very severe judge who would blame her for acting on the system which had been her cradle. Her own industry, honesty, fair dealing, had been rewarded so brilliantly, that it was no wonder if she wished to convince the young people who surrounded her of the profitableness of doing right.

While she rose in the world, the rest of the village does not seem to have stood still. Two boarding-schools had been established, to whose master and mistress, evidently people of standing in the place, we are introduced in *Æschylean* fashion. They spring ready made, as it were, into existence, receiving the kind attention of Dame Partlet :

'When cherries and when plums were  
ripe,  
She sent to Mrs. Teachem,  
That her young ladies might have some—  
At least, if they deserved them.

At Michaelmas she yearly sent  
A basket full of pears  
To Mr. Spellright, for those boys  
Who always said their prayers.'

And she did so much in the same way, as we shall see by and by, that one cannot help fearing that the religion, the morality, the industry, which made Innocence a proverb among villages, were far indeed from being disinterested. Cupboard religion, cupboard morality, cupboard industry—alas, there are such virtues! and Dame Partlet, doubtless with the best of motives, must have made them flourish at Innocence.

The last time we see her in health and strength, she is occupied in the following manner:

'A slice of cake, a glass of wine,  
A cheesecake and a pie,  
She gave to each good boy and girl  
Who never told a lie.'

It must have been at one of the great festivals of the Church, for we are told it was then her habit to make these good things. There she is, an elderly woman, still handsome and dignified. She has lost her teeth, and her nose and chin have lengthened considerably. She is dressed in the same style as of old, except that her short crimson petticoat appears to be made of quilted satin, and white ruffles ornament the sleeves of her green gown. In her hands she carries a tray of good things—cakes, pies, glasses of wine—and advances, slightly stooping, but with benevolent dignity, towards a row of fat children comfortably dressed in bright colours, whose truthful eyes are fixed upon the dainties. Behind Dame Partlet is a large table covered with good cheer, overlooked by a smiling maid-servant in a mob-cap—of which those now in fashion are small and poor imitations—and a large blue kerchief on her shoulders.

The next picture is indeed a

contrast to this one. The worthy servant has her apron to her eyes. Dame Partlet, sadly fallen away, lies sick in bed. A man in black sits at a table beside her writing: evidently the lawyer making her will. Behind his chair stands a stout man in a blue coat, whose eyes are turned towards the Dame in kindly sadness. This is probably Farmer Safeguard, her executor, as he looks too old and solid to be her son. One feels glad that her children's affairs are left in the hands of so honest a person.

Never shall I forget the sudden change into the minor key, the solemnity of the last verses, the sort of awful fatalism, the sound as of the tolling of a bell in the rhyming of 'old' and 'cold.'

'But, O, alack, and well-a-day!  
Such news I have to tell;  
Grief will make you sob and sigh,  
Your eyes with crying swell.

Dame Partlet, on the tenth of June,  
Was sixty-nine years old;  
And it was on that very day  
She caught a dreadful cold.

That cold a fever soon brought on,  
The fever brought on death;  
So, after having made her will,  
She yielded up her breath.

Yet stop your grief; for she has left  
Each little girl and boy  
Who gets by heart this little hymn  
A cheesecake and a pie.'

Here follows the little hymn, which it is not necessary to quote. We have a short prose account of her funeral, and a picture of it all in black and white. Like a sensible woman, she had directed that much money should not be spent upon her funeral. Her relations, however, disregarded her wishes, and 'gave directions to Mr. Screw-down, the undertaker, to have what he called a handsome funeral, which directions you may see he observed.' The Rector, though old and infirm, read the service himself. Mrs. Teachem and Mr.

Spellright were present with their boarders, and the church was crowded with poor people from all the country round.

One of Mr. Spellright's young gentlemen wrote an epitaph, which 'Mr. Lovetruth ordered to be engraved on a fine piece of black marble, and placed at the head of her grave, which was in the churchyard of the village of Innocence, in the county of True Delight.'

EPITAPH ON DAME PARTLET.

'Dame Partlet here now rests in peace,  
Who all her life did never cease  
From doing good. To all the poor  
Who stood in need she lent her store;  
To boys and girls who said their prayers  
She sent her apples and her pears;  
To those who never told a lie  
She gave a cheesecake or a pie;  
To those who learnt their book by heart  
She gave a custard or a tart;  
But those who best could read and spell,  
Or who in writing did excel,  
Were ever welcome to her kitchen,  
For cake and sweetmeats she was rich in;  
And those who went to church on Sunday  
Were sure to have some buns on Monday;  
But they who best the Collect said  
Received a cake of diet-bread.  
Then let all those within this county  
Who thus have tasted of her bounty,  
In gratitude to this good Dame,  
When they grow rich do just the same.'

If there was a 'tuck-shop' in the village of Innocence, I think this young gentleman of Mr. Spellright's must have become one of its best customers after his benefactress was gone, and tarts and cheesecakes in her kitchen were

no longer the reward of talent and goodness.

To the stern moralist of to-day the epitaph is indeed a painful *résumé* of the life of a good woman. He would say she only did harm. But she aroused feelings of love and gratitude, which are not so very common; and after all we must remember the brick-yard, which shows that the secret of true philanthropy was not quite unknown to her. It certainly seems as if Mr. Lovetruth must have been in his dotage to place such an epitaph at the head of Dame Partlet's grave; yet doubtless, to those who paid it their sorrowful visits, such a lifelike record was better than a sermon. They were transported once more into the hospitable kitchen, could smell the pies, could feel the glow of good conscience within, and see once more the kind hand of the Dame outstretched with a brimming glass of cowslip wine.

I sometimes fancy that I should like to wander about the remoter parts of England till I find Dame Partlet's grave, and see the cottage and the farm where her worthy life was spent. Probably as four of her children lived to grow up, there are Partlets left still in the village of Innocence, in the county of True Delight.

I wonder if the search would be a very long one! E. C. P.

## ANECDOTE CORNER.

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS BY DAVID M'BURNIE — VERAX — CHARLES HERVEY—THOMAS DE QUINCEY—SURGEON-GENERAL COWEN—REV. J. B. DALTON—WILLMOTT DIXON—BYRON WEBBER—THE ANECDOTE HUNTER—THE EDITOR—AND OTHERS.

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### *Original Scottish Reminiscences.*

WITHIN the memory of hundreds of individuals still alive, and not so very far advanced in years, there lived and laboured conscientiously in the county town of Dumfries a highly respected minister of the United Presbyterian persuasion, named the Rev. Walter Dunlop. His chapel, or meeting-house, was in Buccleugh-street, near the county prison and court-house, and though not a flashy or sensational preacher, his unambitious homeliness and occasional eccentricities and simplicity generally secured him a good congregation. He was a man, besides, who made it a point to visit the members of his church and congregation; and thus realised, in a great measure, the truth of the saying of Dr. Chalmers, that a 'house-going minister makes a church-going people.' Nor were his visits confined to the town and immediate neighbourhood, for many of his congregation came from an area extending miles beyond it; and yet his numerous visits were not on that account by any means neglected. In stature he was upwards of six feet, and his body more than proportionately broad and massive. He had a heavy swinging motion from side to side in his walk, by which, with his walking-stick generally placed between his left arm and his side, he was easily identified at a distance

by any who knew him. In one of those journeys on foot—for he frequently halted for the night at the house of some friendly farmer—Mr. Dunlop had gone as far as the straggling village of Springholm, twelve miles from Dumfries and six from Castle Douglas, and had entered what may be called the Dumfries end of the village, when he saw that some pigs, apparently broken loose, had got into a field of ripening corn, and seemed enjoying the treat while doing something in the work of destruction. The reverend gentleman stepped into a humble cottage on the opposite side of the road, and said, 'Gudewife, gudewife, the pigs have got in amang the corn!' The woman thus addressed deigned to raise her head, her arms a-kimbo, and cried out, 'O, the deevil choke them!' Having thus done 'the civil thing,' away jogged the parson to the other end of the village, which was about a mile in length, and there he saw a number of geese in another cornfield, and, as in the previous case, informed the gudewife. She, somewhat like the other lady, as if impelled by instinctive familiarity with the dark gentleman, cried out, 'O, the deevil tak' them!' Mr. Dunlop, rather tickled with the village phraseology, turned upon her, and quietly said, 'I doot ye canna get him

**C**HEERFULNESS is just as natural to the heart of a man in strong health as colour to his cheeks ; and wherever there is habitual gloom, there must be either bad air, unwholesome food, improperly severe labour, or erring habits of life.—  
JOHN RUSKIN.

just now, mistress, as he's at the ither end o' the toon, choking twa swine.' Evidently the learned theologian did not believe in the omnipresence of the miscalled 'morning star.'

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The same reverend gentleman, at stated seasons, and chiefly during the winter months, carried out a custom, then common in some parts of Scotland, of holding what was called 'a diet of catechising,' at the house of some member of his flock. Other members in the neighbourhood were expected to attend on such occasions ; and the time of such diet was announced from the pulpit on the previous Sunday. At these meetings questions from the Assembly's Catechism and Scriptures were put, which time after time induced many to rub up their memories respecting half-forgotten Bible lore. One winter evening Mr. Dunlop was holding such a diet at the house of one of his flock a few miles on the Annandale side of Dumfries, and at this meeting the wag of the district, strongly given to practical joking, in order to extract fun from the proceedings, was present, and immediately before him sat a stolid, but very irritable, blacksmith, by name John Bland. To him the minister put the question, 'Weel, John, can ye tell me what doth every sin deserve?' At exactly the same moment the wag behind thrust something like an infant dagger into the most muscular posterior portion of John's body. This sudden and unexpected spur made the irritable blacksmith

spring to his feet, and, placing his horny hand on the aggrieved part, he cried out in threatening tones, as he looked round upon his tormentor, 'God's curse! God's curse!' Then the minister said, a little surprised, 'Very weel said, John ; but raither owre lood and fast.' But the reverend gentleman was ignorant of the cause of the explosion.

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At the same meeting he put the question to a respectable female, somewhat advanced in years and a little deaf, 'What do the Scriptures principally teach?' The old lady, not exactly comprehending the purport of the words, turned to the ever-busy wag, and asked, 'What does he say?' And the reply was, 'He asks ye whaur do ye get your peats?' Then the old lady spurred up, and replied, 'Ou, aye, sir ; I see, sir. We just get them at Lochar Moss, close by, sir ; and they're sae grand whan they're dry, that, if ye just gie them a bleach wi' the tings, they leam a' as bricht as cannels.'

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A near relation of the writer of these reminiscences having died in Dumfries, the burial-place for her remains was the churchyard of Kirkmahoe, four miles from the town, and, to attend the interment, a wealthy relation came from Kirkcudbright, a distance of twenty-eight miles. To travel four miles to the place of sepulture, a number of vehicles, besides the hearse, were required and provided ; and as the deceased had been one of Mr. Dunlop's flock, what appeared to be a pretty substantial

THE disciples of Confucius have given a description of the behaviour of The Master, as they called him, on the important occasions of his life. They say that, when in the presence of the prince, his manner displayed *respectful uneasiness*. There could hardly be given any two words which more fitly describe the manner of most Englishmen when in society.—SIR ARTHUR HELPS (*Brevia*).

'trap,' or gig, was intended to convey the minister and the wealthy merchant and shipowner, whose rotundity of body and solid weight were equal to that of the pillar of the kirk himself. As soon, however, as the merchant set his foot upon the step to mount the vehicle, snap went the spring with a crash, and with it part of the vehicle, the heavy man nearly coming to grief on the ground. Mr. Dunlop, then looking across from the other side of the trap, which he had not attempted to mount, said pretty loudly, and in a half-lugubrious style, 'A'm glad it didna happen on my side;' and that drew from the merchant the words, 'Ye daft auld fule, are ye gaun to ask a blessing owre 't?'

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In the early days of the writer, the late Lord Brougham, then on the highest pinnacle of his distinguished career, paid a flying visit to Dumfries, anxious to see Mr. Jeffrey, then leader of the Scottish Bar, and editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, who was then engaged at the county assizes. Jeffrey had, however, an important case in hand, and could not attend to business with Brougham until the case was finished as far as he was concerned in it; and how in the mean time was the ever-active mind of Brougham to employ itself? The races were being held the same day at Tinwald Downs—generally known as the 'Southern Meeting,' one of the greatest events of the year, in sporting circles, south of the Scottish

capital—and thither the restless Brougham resolved to go for an hour or two; but how! He had not his own brougham with him to call at his will, and as all vehicles, on two and four wheels, had been engaged for the races, nothing of the kind for his transport to the field could be found. At last one messenger, who was out of breath with scouring the town, amazed with the twitching of Brougham's nose when speaking, and ignorant of who he was, said to him, 'If ye wasna' a snarlin' teegar I wad tell ye o' a carriage.' The great man demanded to know where it was, and ordered it to be brought; but lo! when it was drawn up in the gateway of the King's Arms Hotel, the carriage turned out to be an empty hearse. Nevertheless, it rolled on wheels and was drawn by two black horses; and so, elevated on the box-seat of this ambulance for the dead, with the reins in one hand and the whip in the other, away dashed the coming Lord Chancellor of these kingdoms—alive, though hearse—*to the races on Tinwald Downs*; but in what style he returned, deponent saith not. He, however, rode to the races in the manner stated.

—♦—  
The shade of another distinguished character approaches, and—enter Robert Burns, a name not unknown in literature and song. When the writer was very young he had a relative advanced in years, by trade a gun-maker, who was acquainted with the poet in

THOSE who read everything are thought to understand everything too ; but it is not always so. Reading only furnishes the mind with the materials of knowledge ; it is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough that we cram ourselves with a great load of collections. Unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment.—LOCKE.

his later days ; and when the latter had to go upon a somewhat dangerous expedition into the wilds of Galloway—a searman had frequently to face danger in those unsettled times—he ordered from my relative a pair of pistols, of a particular pattern and finish. Burns, however, had to begin his journey before the pistols could be ready ; but as soon as possible afterwards they were forwarded to him, to be left at a certain inn in that part of the country. They arrived in safety. The poet immediately acknowledged their receipt, and, after eulogising the workmanship in high terms, used the strange expression, in every way like him : ‘They are in most respects unlike man—they do not disgrace their maker.’ These were the exact words ; but when my friend died, the letter, which I had seen and partly transcribed, was at the time of his funeral stolen from his desk, and has never been heard of since, because the voluntary production of it at any time afterwards would at once have proclaimed the thief. The above is the only verbatim portion of the letter which remains, and no account of it has ever been published. Attempts were made to worm the secret out of a female suspected by the writer, but without success, though he still believes that his suspicions were well founded. Some may remember that a letter was stolen in a similar way from a vase at Abbotsford, containing also some treasure of a far-distant age, dug up at the Piræus (the

port of Athens), and sent by Lord Byron to Sir Walter Scott ; and the mean thief, afraid of proclaiming his or her own delinquency, was never found out, not daring to show the purloined literary treasure.



Another anecdote of the poet may be mentioned, which the writer believes has never been published, but which in his boyish days he heard aged men, who had been well acquainted with the poet, declare to be perfectly genuine. It is pretty well known that travellers, with and without introduction, were in the habit of foisting themselves, often to his inconvenience, upon the company of the poet ; and one of these ‘bagmen,’ on a certain day, about a year before he passed away—still a young man—was moving slowly up the passage, or close, towards the Globe Inn, Dumfries (Burns’s favourite resort), when he met a fine-looking man moving from the very hostelry, and approaching him. ‘Can you, sir, please tell me where the Globe is?’ the stranger inquired. The person thus addressed looked up, first overhead, and then, pointing to the ground, replied, ‘The sun and the sky are above you, sir, and the globe is under your feet.’ The stranger did not ask for the Globe Inn ; the person he addressed was—Burns.



The following has been saddled upon the poet, who, however, has had to bear the weight of more sins than his own. Th



**W**OMEN govern us ; let us try to render them more perfect. The more they are enlightened, so much the more we shall be. On the cultivation of the minds of women depends the wisdom of man.—SHERIDAN.

manuscript of this, nevertheless, as seen by the writer when a youth, had a close resemblance to Burns's caligraphy. The fact is he had been requested to write the draft of a letter, to be copied and sent to a gossiping female, ever intent upon making mischief in families, and of course thrusting herself into places where she was not wanted, and it was found necessary, if at all possible, without rudely ejecting her from houses, to put a bridle upon her tongue. The poet, therefore, drew up a letter, scarcely decipherable when the writer saw it, but of which, after having spoken of some of Nanny's sins, the following is the conclusion : 'and then you twist and

twine up those time-wrinkled features of yours into a sort of Satanic grin, and pride yourself in supposing that the jovial company are laughing at your ready wit, while, in fact, they are only deriding your extreme insensibility and ignorant manners. When Death claims you for his own, as he will claim all, the following lines may with perfect propriety be carved upon your tombstone, should your remains be honoured with one :

"ON A WICKED WOMAN.

Beneath this stane low Nanny lies—

A scandalous wretch for lees and clashing.

De'il haud her doon, for should she rise,  
She'll gie yere brimstane jaws a smash-  
ing."

D. M'C.B.

### *Clever Reply by her Majesty.*

TRINITY COLLEGE, Cambridge, besides being reckoned the most important in the University, has, moreover, been specially distinguished by the visits of Royalty. James I., Charles I., Queen Anne (who knighted Newton at a Court held in the lodge), George I., and George II. were all received at the master's lodge. This lodge contains many fine apartments, including a set of state rooms, used on occasion of royal visits. In the year 1847, on the occasion of the installation of the lamented Prince Consort as Chancellor of

the University, the learned Dr. Whewell was master of the college. He was always justly proud of his college, and never unmindful of the exalted position he himself filled. It is said that, upon her Majesty approaching the lodge, Dr. Whewell, advancing to meet her, observed with dignified affability, 'Welcome, your Majesty, to these our royal chambers !' The Queen, receiving the welcome with equal grace, responded, 'Thank you, Dr. Whewell ; *ours*, if you please !'

### *Froth and Fidget.*

PERCHED in a box which cost her not a sou,  
Gigliina chatters all the evening through,  
Fidgets with opera-glass and flowers and shawls,  
Annoys the actors, irritates the stalls.  
Forgive her harmless pride—the cause is plain :  
She wants us all to know she's had champagne.

SHIRLEY BROOKS, *Wit and Humour.*

IT is observed in the course of worldly things that men's fortunes are oftener made by their tongues than by their virtues ; and more men's fortunes overthrown thereby than by their vices.—SIR W. RALEIGH.

### Examination Blunders.

THE *vivâ-voce* examination in the New Testament, which is a necessary part of the Oxford Divinity curriculum, has afforded some ludicrous instances of error or misapprehension on the part of nervous and stumbling students. The following used to be current jokes of this character at the University :

A man was translating in the schools the passage (Acts xii. 23) which describes the fearful death of Herod, and he rendered the words of the Greek (*genomenos skolekobrotos*) 'having become a skolekobrote.' 'Well,' said the examiner, 'what is that?' The reply was, '*An officer in the Roman army.*'

Another equally absurd blunder may be familiar to the reader. St. Paul, in his defence at Jerusalem, says he was 'brought up at the feet of Gamaliel.' 'How,' the examiner inquired, 'do you explain that?' 'Gamaliel,' replied the brilliant youth, '*is a mountain in Armenia !*'

But examiners, however supe-

rior in knowledge, do not always have it all their own way. The shade of the good Mr. Wall of Balliol, sometime Professor of Logic in the University, will forgive me for relating a crushing reply, which he, in the days of his flesh, used to be credited with having received from an injured *examiné*. The story is, I fear, too good to be true. Professor Wall, it should be explained, was as conspicuous by wearing a broad white necktie, commonly called a 'choker,' as for his brilliant elucidations of logic on a blackboard in the hall of Balliol. He is said to have been once pounding an unfortunate in the Acts of the Apostles ; this man, exhibiting a great inacquaintance with St. Paul's defences and explanations of his conversion, drew the professor considerably. 'Come, sir,' said the noted lecturer, 'come, give me *something* that St. Paul said ; cannot you remember any passage ?' The young gentleman faltered considerably, but at length produced a reply. 'Yes, I do one — "*God shall smite thee, thou whited wall !*"'

### De Quincey's Opinion of Anecdotes.

THE foregoing good story of Mr. Wall, and the doubt which the narrator himself throws upon it, create an opportunity for introducing our readers to a delightful bit of scholarly banter on the subject of anecdotes by De Quincey :—'*All anecdotes, I fear, are false. I am sorry to say so ; but my duty to the reader extorts from me the disagreeable confession, as upon a*

matter specially investigated by myself, that all dealers in anecdotes are tainted with mendacity. Rarer than the phoenix is that virtuous man (a monster he is—nay, he is an impossible man) who will consent to lose a prosperous anecdote on the consideration that it happens to be a lie. All history, therefore, being built partly, and some of it altogether, upon anec-

## GIVING AND RECEIVING.

GIFTS and thanks should have one cheerful face,  
 So each that's done and ta'en becomes a brace;  
 He neither gives or does that doth delay  
 A benefit, or that doth throw't away,  
 No more than he doth thank that will receive  
 Naught but in corners, and is loth to leave  
 Least air or print, but flies it. Such men would  
 Run from the conscience of it, if they could.

BEN JONSON.

dotage, must be a tissue of falsehoods. Such, for the most part, is the history of Suetonius, who may be esteemed the Father of Anecdote, and, being such, he, and not Herodotus, should have been honoured with the title *Father of Lies*. Such is the Augustan history, which is the main relique of the Roman Empire; such is the vast series of French memoirs, now stretching through more than three entire centuries. Universally, it may be received as a rule, that when an anecdote involves a stinging repartee or collision of ideas, fancifully and brilliantly related to each other by resemblance or contrast, then you may challenge it as false. One illustration of which is, that pretty nearly every memorable *propos*, or pointed repartee, or striking *mot*, circulating at this moment in Paris or London as the undoubted property of Talleyrand (that eminent knave), was ascribed, in the year 1814-15 at the Congress of Vienna, to the Prince de Ligne; about fifty years earlier still they had been ascribed to Voltaire; and so on regressively to many other wits, knave or not, until at length, if you persist in backing far enough, you find yourself amongst Pagans, with the very same repartee, &c., doing duty in pretty good Greek; sometimes, for instance, in Hierocles, sometimes in Diogenes Laertius, in Plutarch, or in Athe-

næus. Now, the thing claimed by so many people could not belong to all of them; *all* of them, you know, could not be the inventors. Logic and common sense unite in showing us that it must have belonged to the Moderns, who had clearly been hustled and robbed by the Ancients, so much more likely to commit a robbery than Christians, these ancients being all Gentiles, Pagans, Heathen Dogs. What do I infer from this? Why, that, upon *any* solution of the case, hardly one worthy saying can be mentioned, hardly one jest, pun, or sarcasm, which has not been the occasion and subject of many falsehoods, as having been *au-* (and *men-*) *daciously* transferred from generation to generation, sworn to in every age, as this man's property or that man's, by people that must have known they were lying, until you retire from the investigation with a conviction that, under any system of chronology, the science of lying is the only one that has never drooped. Date from *Anno Domini*, or from the Julian era, patronise Olympiads, or patronise (as I do, from misanthropy, because nobody else *will*) the era of Nabonassar—no matter, upon every road, thicker than mile-stones, you see records of human mendacity, or (which is much worse, in my opinion) of human sympathy with other people's mendacity.'

THE following beautiful little poem, by Victor Hugo, is hardly known to English readers. It has been sent to us by our contributor, Surgeon-General Cowen. He has also added a translation.

#### A MA FILLE ADELE.

Tout enfant, tu dormais près de moi, rose et fraîche  
Comme un petit Jésus assoupi dans sa crèche ;  
Ton pur sommeil était si calme et si charmant  
Que tu n'entendais pas l'oiseau chanter dans l'ombre ;  
Moi, pensif, j'aspirais toute la douceur sombre  
Du mystérieux firmament.

Et j'écoutais voler sur ta tête les anges ;  
Et je te regardais dormir, et sur tes langes  
J'effeuillais des jasmins et des œillets, sans bruit ;  
Et je priais, veillant sur tes paupières closes ;  
Et mes yeux se mouillaient de pleurs, songeant aux choses  
Qui nous attendent dans la nuit.

Un jour, mon tour viendra de dormir ; et ma couche,  
Faites d'ombre, sera si morne et si farouche,  
Que je n'entendrai pas non plus chanter l'oiseau ;  
Et la nuit sera noire ; alors, ô ma colombe,  
Larmes, prière et fleurs, tu rendras à ma tombe  
Ce que j'ai fait pour ton berceau.

VICTOR HUGO.

#### TO MY DAUGHTER ADELE.

Closely thou slept beside me, tender maid  
(Like new-born Jesus in His manger laid) ;  
Rosy and fresh, thy sleep so pure and calm  
That the bird's song, in dusk of evening trilled,  
Thou hearest not. Pensive, my soul I filled,  
Mysterious sky, with all thy sombre calm.

And angels' wings I heard above thine head ;  
And, as I saw thee sleep, over thy bed  
The sweetest flowers I strewed with noiseless hand ;  
And as I prayed, watching thine eyelids close,  
My sight bedimmed with tears, I thought of those  
Things waiting us in night of shadow-land.

One day will come my sleep, and then my bed  
Among the tristful phantoms will be spread ;  
The birds, for me, songs will have sung their last ;  
Night—darkest—will be mine. O, then, my dove,  
Cast on my tomb tears, prayers, and flowers, and love,  
As I upon *thy* cradle now have cast !

H. L. C.

THAT which we foolishly call vastness is, rightly considered, not more wonderful, not more impressive, than that which we insolently call littleness. And the infinity of God is not mysterious. It is only unfathomable—not concealed, but incomprehensible. It is a clear infinity, the darkness of the pure unsearchable sea.—JOHN RUSKIN.

### *Anecdotes of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

THE Rev. C. H. Spurgeon a few weeks ago gave a 'Recognition Address,' on the induction of a new pastor to the Walworth-road Baptist Chapel. It was characterised by the famous preacher's usual earnestness, felicitous use of anecdote, and humorous common sense conveyed in good Saxon English. The burden of the address was 'Encourage the minister!' Mr. Spurgeon, like Sir Garnet Wolseley's soldiers at Tel-el-Kebir, went 'straight' at his hearers. Among other useful hints he warned them not to fall into the ranks of those whom we may call 'nomadic Christians:' 'those who must go and take a sniff at this place and a sniff at that, and a sniff at the other. I do dislike that sort of spiritual gipsies. I have a notion that they do this, and go about with their precious rags and tents, to save paying any taxes. I think that there are some people that go round from place to place that they may never take a sitting

of their own, and pay pew-rent. Well, my dear friends, if you do not pay pew-rent and help to support your pastor, have you got any conscience? The good man is to give all his time for your edification, and persons have to support him, but you will not take your share in it. If so, your conscience is exceedingly like that of a gentleman who some time ago was in a convict prison. The chaplain said, "John, have you any conscience?" The man answered, "Sir, I have one nearly as good as new, for I have never used it within my recollection." I should advise a little use of that thing called "conscience."



A GOOD REBUKE.—Not long since an officious visitor called at Westwood, announcing himself as the servant of the Lord; and was met with the answer to his message that Mr. Spurgeon was engaged with his Master, and could not appear.

### *Some Stories of Dr. Morley Punshon.*

DR. MORLEY PUNSHON, in his day, both morally and physically stood forth prominently before the Anglo-American public. I have heard the following authentic stories of him. A young curate in the diocese of Oxford, when it was ruled by Bishop Wilberforce, was once talking to a Wesleyan parishioner, who said to him, 'You should hear our great man, Mr.

Punshon: he is a great man. Do you know, the Bishop of Oxford once offered him a thousand pounds to join you, and he wouldn't take it.'



A friend of mine was once introduced to Dr. Punshon in a beautiful part of the country, when, wishing to be civil, my friend remarked, 'I suppose you're

SUCH is the encouragement given to flattery in the present times that it is made to sit in the parlour, while honesty is turned out of doors. Flattery is never so agreeable as to our blind side; commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosom.—FIELDING.

having a little holiday here? To which the great speaker replied, 'If I want a holiday, I must go where the English language is not spoken.'

A connection of my own, the daughter of a clergyman and wife of a military man, once went to hear Dr. Punshon preach. There was an awkward pause before the service. This was broken by the entrance into the pulpit of a little man, one of the local officials of the chapel, who said, 'Don't be alarmed, my dear friends: Dr. Punshon has come and is in the vestry, having a little refreshment.'

Last year, on their voyage home from Canada, it being Sunday, the company on board a steamer began to tell sermon stories. One gentleman told how he had been in New York one Sunday, when he saw that Dr. Morley Punshon was to preach at a certain church.

So he attended the morning service, and heard a capital sermon on the text, 'But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever.' In the afternoon he went to another church, where Dr. Punshon again preached the same sermon on the same text. It was a good sermon, the narrator said, and he was glad to hear it again. At night he went across to Brooklyn, to still a third church, and there, for the third time, he heard the same sermon from the same text. This was rather too much of a good thing, and he felt a little put out. As they were crossing in the steamer to New York a dense fog came on, and the bell of the steamer kept tolling ominously. Dr. Punshon, who was standing close by, asked what the bell was tolling for. His wearied auditor, glad of his opportunity, replied, 'I have heard three times to-day that "Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever," and I should think she must be dead at last.' VERAX.

### *Sermon Stories.*

LEGGE, Bishop of Oxford, rashly invited a couple of wits, Canning and Frere, to hear the first sermon after his appointment. 'Well,' said he to Canning, 'how did you like it?' 'Why, I thought it rather short.' 'O, yes, I am aware it was short, but I was afraid of being tedious.' 'O, you *were* tedious,' said Canning.

A well-known money-lender, happening to be in company with

a celebrated preacher, requested him as a particular favour to preach a sermon against usury. The clergyman, imagining that the applicant had at length seen the error of his ways, congratulated him on his reformation. 'That's not my reason,' said the other; 'quite the reverse. The fact is, there are too many of my trade in the town; if you could only manage to convert a dozen or so of them all their customers would come to me.'

**H**OURS have wings, and fly up to the Author of time, and carry news of our usage. All our prayers cannot entreat one of them either to return or slacken his pace. The misspents of every minute are a new record against us in heaven. Sure, if we thought thus, we would dismiss them with better reports, and not to suffer them to fly away empty, or laden with dangerous intelligence. How happy is it when they carry up not only the message but the fruits of good, and stay with the Ancient of Days, to speak for us before His glorious throne!—MILTON.

### *A Few Choice Epigrams.*

THE following is an epigram upon an epigram :

'An epigram should, like a pin, conjoint  
In its small compass, show both head  
and point.'

When Lord Palmerston, the Premier, was lying ill with gout, a very smart epigram was composed, referring to himself and Lord Derby both being laid up with the same malady :

'The Premier *in*, the Premier *out*,  
Are both laid up with *pedal* gout,  
And no place can they go to;  
Hence it ensues that, though of old  
Their differences were manifold,  
They now agree *in toto*.'

That eminent scholar Dr. Whewell, Head of Trinity College, Cambridge, was, like many other great men, very vain. To Sir Francis Doyle is attributed the following, which he styled 'A Short Analysis of the Plurality of Worlds,' written by Dr. Whewell :

'Should a man through all worlds to far  
galaxies travel,  
And the mystery of planets remotest  
unravel,  
He would find, though he ventured to  
fathom infinity,  
That the great work of God is—the  
Master of Trinity.'

The Chancellor Sir Thomas More was famous for his rapid decisions.

When *More* some years had Lord Chancellor been,  
No more suits did remain;  
The like shall never more be seen  
Till *More* be there again.'

The best epigram ever written, according to the opinion of Boileau, runs :

'Ci-git ma femme; ah! qu'elle est bien  
Pour son repos, et pour le mien!'

As an epitaph and an epigram it cannot be equalled. It has been pretty well given in English :

'Here lies my wife; what better could  
*she* do  
For her repose, and for her husband's  
too?'

Byron thought that the best epigram written in two lines was that by Rogers the poet. One Ward annoyed Rogers with a violent criticism of his *Italy*. Ward was a member of the House of Commons, and was accustomed to learn his speeches by heart. This was Rogers' opportunity for revenge :

'Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny  
it;  
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.'

Epitaph in St. Benet's Churchyard, London, to a Mr. More :

'Here lies one *More*, and no more than he.  
One more and no more—how can that be?  
Why, one *More* and no more may well  
lie here alone,  
But here lies one *More*, and that's more  
than one.'

#### EPIGRAM BY ERSKINE.

'The French have taste in all they do,  
Which we are quite without;  
For Nature, that to them gave "*gout*,"  
To us gave only "*gout*."

IT is wholesome and bracing for the mind to have its faculties kept on the stretch. It is like the effect of a walk in Switzerland upon the body. Reading an essay of Bacon's, for instance, or a chapter of Aristotle or of Butler, if it be well and thoughtfully read, is much like climbing up a hill, and may do one the same sort of good. Set the tortoise to run against the hare; and even if he does not overtake it, he will do more than ever he did previously—more than he would ever have thought himself capable of doing. Set the hare to run with the tortoise, he falls asleep.—*Guesses at Truth* (HARE).

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### *Douglas Jerrold's Sayings.*

My friend the late Sam Phillips one day met Douglas Jerrold, and told him he had seen, the day before, Payne Collier, looking wonderfully gay and well—quite an evergreen. 'Ah,' said Jerrold, 'he may be evergreen, but he's never read.' On my repeating this to Hicks, he smiled and said, 'Now that's what I call "ready wit."—J. C. YOUNG, *Diary*.

Jerrold was in France, and with a Frenchman who was enthusiastic on the subject of the Anglo-French alliance. He said that he was proud to see the English and French such good friends at last. *Jerrold*: 'Tut! the best thing I know between France and England is—the sea.'

Jerrold had a favourite dog, that followed him everywhere. One day, in the country, a lady who was passing turned round and said, audibly: 'What an ugly little brute!' Whereupon Jerrold, addressing the lady, replied: 'O madam! I wonder what he thinks about *us* at this moment!'

At a club-dinner of artists, a barrister present, having his health drunk in connection with the law, began an embarrassed answer by saying he did not see how the law

could be considered one of the arts. Jerrold quickly jerked in the word *black*, and sent the company into convulsions.

Self-defence is the clearest of all laws: and for this reason, the lawyers didn't make it.

A very popular medical gentleman called on Jerrold one day. When the visitor was about to leave, Jerrold, looking from the library window, espied his friend's carriage, attended by servants in flaming liveries. *Jerrold*: 'What, Doctor! I see your livery is a measles turned up with scarlet fever.'

The law's a pretty bird, and has charming wings. 'Twould be quite a bird of paradise if it didn't carry such a terrible bill.

One of the 'Hooks and Eyes' was expatiating on the fact that he had dined three times at the Duke of Devonshire's, and that on neither occasion had there been any fish at table. 'I cannot account for it,' he added. 'I can,' said Jerrold: 'they ate it all upstairs.'—CHARLES MACKAY, *Recollections*.

A friend—let us say Barlow—was describing to Jerrold the story



## AUTUMN: ITS MELANCHOLY POWER.

TIME of the rushing flood and dying flower,  
 When the changed grove, with russet garments seer,  
 Yields its last chaplet for the saddened year,  
 And desolating tempests thin the bower,  
 Making wild music to the wanderer's ear,  
 I love thee for thy melancholy power.  
 There is a moral on thy faded leaf,  
 A sympathy within thy clouded sky,  
 Well suited to the softening hour of grief,  
 And not ungrateful to the tearful eye,  
 Or heart which gives the imprisoned thought relief  
 In unrestrained complaint when none is by ;  
 And fancies, in thy breezes' solemn tone,  
 The answering *sigh* of earth, responsive to its own.—HOLLIS.

of his courtship and marriage: how his wife had been brought up in a convent, and was on the point of taking the veil, when his presence burst upon her enraptured sight. Jerrold listened to the end of the story, and, by way of comment, said, 'Ah, she evidently thought Barlow better than nun.'



A pretentious young gentleman, elaborately dressed for an evening party, and whose hair was of that inflammable hue which is now generally regarded as undesirable, once thrust his head into the smoking-room of the Museum Club, and exclaimed, 'Egad! I can't stay in this cloud.' 'I don't see,' replied Jerrold, 'how it can hurt you. Where there's fire there must be smoke!' The inflammatory head was immediately withdrawn.



At a meeting of literary gentlemen a proposition for the establishment of a newspaper arose. The shares of the various persons who were to be interested were in course of arrangement, when an unlucky printer suggested an absent *littérateur* who was as remarkable for his imprudence as

for his talent. 'What!' exclaimed Jerrold; 'share and risk with him! Why, I wouldn't be partners with him in an acre of Paradise!'



Jerrold was seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends. The friend heard that Jerrold had expressed his disappointment. *Friend* (to Jerrold): 'I hear you said — was the worst book I ever wrote.' *Jerrold*: 'No, I didn't. I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote.'



At a club, of which Jerrold was a member, a fierce Jacobite, and a friend, as fierce, of the cause of William III., were arguing noisily, and disturbing less excitable conversationalists. At length the Jacobite, a brawny Scot, brought his fist down heavily upon the table, and roared at his adversary, 'I tell you what it is, sir, I spit upon your King William!' The friend of the Prince of Orange was not to be outmastered by mere lungs. He rose, and roared back to the Jacobite, 'And I, sir, spit upon your James II.' Jerrold, who had been listening to the uproar in silence, hereupon rung the bell,

'PUT ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe.' The word is spoken in our ears continually to other reapers than the angels—to the busy skeletons that never tire for stopping. When the measure of iniquity is full, and it seems that another day might bring repentance and redemption, 'Put ye in the sickle.' When the young life has been wasted all away, and the eyes are just opening upon the tracks of ruins, and faint resolution rising in the heart for noble things, 'Put ye in the sickle.' When the roughest blows of fortune have been borne long and bravely, and the hand is just stretched to grasp its goal, 'Put ye in the sickle.' And when there are but a few in the midst of a nation to save it, or to teach, or to cherish, and all its life is bound up in those few golden ears, 'Put ye in the sickle, pale reapers, and pour hemlock for your feast of harvest home.'—JOHN RUSKIN.

and shouted, 'Waiter, *spittoons for two!*'



A gentleman who enjoyed the reputation of dining-out continually, and breaking bread with the refinement of a *gourmet*, once joined a party, which included Jerrold, late in the evening. The diner-out threw himself into a chair, and exclaimed with disgust, 'Tut! I had nothing but a d——d mutton-chop for dinner!' *Jerrold*: 'Ah, I see; you dined at home.'



Jerrold and some friends were dining in a private room at a tavern. After dinner the landlord appeared, and, having informed the company that the house was partly under repair, and that he was inconvenienced for want of room, requested that a stranger

might be allowed to take a chop at a separate table in the apartment. The company assented, and the stranger, a person of commonplace appearance, was introduced. He ate his chop in silence; but, having finished his repast, he disposed himself for those forty winks which make the sweetest sleep of *gourmets*. But the stranger snored so loudly and inharmoniously that conversation was disturbed. Some gentlemen of the party now jarred glasses, or shuffled upon the floor, determined to arouse the obnoxious sleeper. Presently the stranger started from his sleep and to his legs, and shouted to Jerrold, 'I know you, Mr. Jerrold; but you shall not make a butt of me!' 'Then don't bring your hog's head in here,' was the prompt reply.

### *Theatrical Memories.*

WHEN Farren (the 'cock salmon') was starring at Brighton as Michel Perrin in *Secret Service*, he was invited to dinner by one of the managers of the theatre. During the second course a pudding was handed round; but, in spite of the entreaties of his hostess, the actor declined tasting it, on

the plea that he seldom ate pudding. When he was gone, 'Good gracious, Eliza,' said the manager, 'how *could* you think of sending up such a dish as that, only fit for the nursery?' 'Well, my dear,' responded the lady of the house, with an offended air, 'I'm sure I did my best. You always tell me

THE OLD CATHEDRALS.—Men say their pinnacles point to heaven ; why, so does every tree that buds, and every bird that rises as it sings. Men say their aisles are good for worship ; why, so is every mountain glen and rough sea-shore. But this they have of distinct and indisputable glory, that their mighty walls were never raised, and never shall be, but by men who love and aid each other in their weakness ; that all their interlacing strength of vaulted stone has its foundation upon the stronger arches of manly fellowship, and all their changing grace of depressed or lifted pinnacle owes its cadence and completeness to sweeter symmetries of human soul.—JOHN RUSKIN.

to suit the dinner to the company ; and what was more likely to suit Mr. Farren than *farrenaceous* food ?



Mathews the elder *first* gave his *At Home* in public at the Lyceum, under the management of Arnold. Mr. Charles Molloy Westmacott, formerly editor of the *Age*, assured me many years ago that a previous experimental rehearsal had taken place before the actor's private friends at the Croydon Theatre, and that he himself was present on the occasion. I do not find this circumstance recorded in Mrs. Mathews's life of her husband.



During the rehearsal of one of Mr. Dion Boucicault's dramas at a West-end theatre the author was seated in the stalls, having taken up a position there for the purpose of judging the effect of a scene in which he himself was not engaged. It may be mentioned that he had not spared the company any trouble

in the course of the day's rehearsal ; and the temper of certain of the artists, like that of Mr. Justice Stareleigh, 'bordered on the irritable.' Mr. Boucicault, accosting one of the actors, who had just spoken some 'lines': 'Mr. Blank, you sir.' *Blank*: 'I beg your pardon?' *Boucicault*: 'May I ask you where you picked up that brogue?' *Blank*: 'You may. I picked it up where you never picked up yours—in Ireland.'



An amusing illustration of the 'What's in a name' idea was given by a veteran actor who was introduced to a young Thespian named Kemble, a member of the family of 'glorious John.' 'What name did you say?' inquired the veteran of the introducer. 'Kemble' was the reply. 'O, Kemble! Why did you not say Kean or Macready? Kemble!' Bearing in mind the number of actors there are, English and American, whose professional names are 'adaptations,' the amusing snarl of the veteran in question was perhaps excusable.

### *A Brave Man's Prayer.*

In recalling Edgehill, whatever side we take, let us never forget the brave Lord Lindsey, who went into the fight, with his son Lord Willoughby, at the head of the royal footguards, the redcoats.

His prayer, immediately before the advance, was short and fervent. 'O Lord, thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me. March on, boys!'

THEY that cry down moral honesty cry down that which is a great part of my religion, my duty towards God, and my duty towards man. What care I to see a man run after a sermon, if he cozens and cheats as soon as he comes home? On the other side, morality must not be without religion, for, if so, it may change as I see convenience. Religion must govern it. He that has not religion to govern his morality is not a dram better than my mastiff dog: so long as you stroke him, and please him, and do not pinch him, he will play with you as finely as may be; he is a very good moral mastiff; but if you hurt him, he will fly in your face and tear out your throat.—SELDEN.

### Neatly Put.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE, in spite of his unenviable reputation, was capable of something better than mere Irish 'bulls.' One day when Curran declared that 'he was quite capable of acting as the guardian of his own honour,' Sir Boyle said, 'Indeed! I always thought that the honourable member was an enemy to sinecures.'



When Lord Chesterfield was in administration, he proposed a person to his late majesty as proper to fill a place of great trust, but which the king himself was determined should be filled by another. The council, however,

resolved not to indulge the king, for fear of a dangerous precedent; and it was Lord Chesterfield's business to present the grant of office for the king's signature. Not to incense his majesty by asking him abruptly, he, with accents of great humility, begged to know with whose name his majesty would be pleased to have the blanks filled up. 'With the *devil's*!' replied the king, in a paroxysm of rage. 'And shall the instrument,' said the Earl coolly, 'run as usual, *Our trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor*?'—a repartee at which the king laughed heartily, and with great good-humour signed the grant.

### Social Pleasantries.

THE beautiful Duchess of Gordon being one day in conversation with Henry Erskine, he inquired, 'Is your grace never coming back to live among us at Edinburgh?' She answered, 'No; it is a vile dull place.' Erskine retorted, 'Madam, the sun might as well say, "This is a vile dull morning, I will not rise to-day."'



A gentleman, who had been twice 'cut' by George Selwyn in town, came up and reminded him that they had been acquainted at

Bath. 'I remember it very well, said Selwyn; 'and when we next meet at Bath I shall be happy to be acquainted with you again.'



A gentleman gave a friend some first-rate wine, which he tasted and drank, making no remark upon it. The owner, disgusted at his guest's want of appreciation, next offered some strong but inferior wine, which the guest had no sooner tasted than he exclaimed that it was excellent wine. 'But you said nothing of the *first*,' remarked his

UNDER circumstances that may exist, and have existed, war is a *positive* good ; not relative merely, or negative, but positive. A great truth it was which Wordsworth uttered, whatever might be the expansion which he allowed to it, when he said that

' God's most perfect instrument,  
In working out a pure intent,  
Is man—arrayed for mutual slaughter :  
Yea, Carnage is his daughter.'

There is a mystery, in approaching this aspect of the case, which no man has read fully. War has a deeper and more ineffable relation to hidden grandeurs in man than has yet been deciphered. To execute judgments of retribution upon outrages offered to human rights or to human dignity, to vindicate the sanctities of the altar and the sanctities of

host. 'O,' replied the other, 'the first required nothing being said of it. *It spoke for itself.* I thought the second wanted a *trumpeter.*'

—♦—

Baron Alderson and Lord Campbell differed at a dinner-table about the pronunciation of Captain Dalgetty's name in Scott's *Legend of Montrose*. The latter put the accent on the first syllable, on which Alderson remarked, 'I thought that you Scotchmen always laid the emphasis on *get.*'

—♦—

Jekyll one day received an invitation to Lansdowne House ; but excused himself by a prior engagement to meet the judges. During the dinner a part of the ceiling at Lansdowne House fell in. Jekyll afterwards described his escape thus : 'I was asked to *ruat cælum*, but dined instead with *flat justitia.*'

—♦—

Fuseli had a great dislike to commonplace observations. After sitting perfectly quiet for a long time in his own room, during the 'bald disjointed chat' of some idle visitors, who were gabbling with one another about the weather and other topics of as interesting

a nature, he suddenly exclaimed, '*We had pork for dinner to-day.*' 'Dear me, Mr. Fuseli, what an odd remark !' 'Why, it is as good as anything you have been saying for the last hour.'

—♦—

When Lady Cork gave a party at which she wore an enormous plume, Jekyll said that she was exactly like a shuttlecock—all Cork and feathers.

—♦—

Lord John Russell, remarkable for the smallness of his person as Lord Nugent was for the reverse, was expected at a house where Sydney Smith was a guest. 'Lord John comes here to-day,' said Sydney Smith ; 'his corporeal anti-part, Lord Nugent, is already here. Heaven send he may not swallow John ! There are, however, *stomach-pumps* in case of accident.'

—♦—

Sydney Smith, writing to Lady Holland, says : 'Luttrell came over for a day, from where I know not ; but I thought *not* from good pastures—at least, he had not his usual soup-and-patty look. There was a forced smile upon his countenance, which seemed to indicate

the hearth—these are functions of human greatness which war has many times assumed, and many times faithfully discharged. But, behind all these, there towers dimly a greater. The great phenomenon of war it is, this and this only, which keeps open in man a spiracle—an organ of respiration—for breathing a transcendent atmosphere, and dealing with an idea that else would perish, viz. the idea of mixed crusade and martyrdom, doing and suffering, that finds its realisation in a battle such as that of Waterloo, viz. a battle fought for interests of the human *race*, felt even where they are not understood, so that the tutelary angel of man, when he traverses such a dreadful field, when he reads the distorted features, counts the ghastly ruins, sums the hidden anguish, and the harvests 'of horror breathing from the silent ground,' nevertheless, speaking as God's messenger, 'blesses it, and calls it very good.'—THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

plain roast and boiled, and a sort of apple-pudding depression, as if he had been staying with a clergyman. He was very agreeable, but spoke too lightly, I thought, of veal soup.'

Lord North, who had a great antipathy to music, being asked why he did not subscribe to the Ancient Concerts, and it being urged as a reason for it that his brother, the Bishop of Winchester, did, 'Ay,' replied his lordship, 'if I was as deaf as my brother, I would subscribe too.'

Frank Talfourd was leaving the Reunion Club one winter evening with some friends. One of them, noticing that Frank had not wrapped himself up prior to leaving, said to him doubtfully, 'Let me see, Frank; I believe you

never wear a great-coat?' 'No, I never was,' replied Talfourd innocently.

Lord Alvanley had been dining on one occasion with Mr. Greville, whose dining-room had been newly and splendidly decorated. The meal was, however, a very meagre and indifferent one. Some of the guests were flattering their host upon his magnificence, taste, and hospitality. 'For my own part,' interposed Alvanley, 'I would rather have seen less gilding and more carving.'

Somebody talking to Peel about Lawrence's portrait of John Wilson Croker said, 'You can see the very quiver of his lips.' 'Yes,' replied Sir Robert, 'and the arrow coming out of it.'

### *Quite Probable.*

THERE is a gentleman engaged on the staff of a sporting journal whose tastes are *not* military. Although his personal courage is unimpeachable, of the two courses he would prefer being represented in a possible militia by a substitute to fighting for his country on

his own account. The athletic department of the journal in question is under his control. In the course of a conversation which took place betwixt him and a *confrère*, the latter, in reference to something that had passed before, said, 'But, look here, suppose you were

WITH vivid words your just conceptions grace,  
 Much truth compressing in a narrow space;  
 Then many shall peruse, but few complain,  
 And envy frown, and critics snarl in vain.

PETER PINDAR.

drawn for the militia, and could not get out of it—suppose you had to go to the front, what would

you do? 'What would I do? Why, I'd do the fastest mile on record.'

### Thackerayana.

HICKS and Thackeray, walking together, stopped opposite a doorway, over which was inscribed in gold letters these words: 'Mutual Loan Office.' They both seemed equally puzzled. 'What on earth can that mean?' asked Hicks. 'I don't know,' answered Thackeray, 'unless it means that two men who have nothing agree to lend it to one another.'—J. C. YOUNG, *Diary*.

Hicks was talking to Thackeray of a certain gentleman's strange addiction to beer. 'It's a great pity,' said Hicks, 'that he does not keep a check-rein on himself, for he is a marvellous fellow otherwise—I mean, for talent I hardly know his equal.' 'No,' retorted Thackeray; 'he is a remarkable man. Take him for half-and-half, we ne'er shall look upon his like again.'—J. C. YOUNG, *Diary*.

### Rabelais on Lending.

A WORLD without lending will be no better than a dog-kennel, a place of contention and wrangling, a devil of a hurly-burly. Men will not then salute one another; it will be but lost labour to expect aid or succour from any, or to cry 'fire,' 'water,' 'murder,' for none will put to their helping hand. Why? He lent no money; there is nothing due to him. Nobody is

concerned in his burning, in his shipwreck, in his ruin, or in his death, and that because he hitherto had lent nothing, and would never thereafter have lent anything. In short, Faith, Hope, and Charity would be quite banished from such a world, for men are born to relieve and assist one another.—RABELAIS.

### Legal Stories.

SIR FREDERICK THESIGER, afterwards Lord Chelmsford, being engaged in the conduct of a case, objected to the irregularity of a learned serjeant, who repeatedly put leading questions in examining his witnesses. 'I have a right,' maintained the serjeant doggedly, 'to deal with my witnesses as I please.' 'To that I offer no objection,' retorted Sir Frederick;

'you may deal as you like, but you sha'n't lead.'



Lord Ellenborough once had the very well-known but not very eloquent orator, Hunt, before him, who, in mitigation of some expected sentence, spoke of some one who complained of his dangerous eloquence! 'They do you great injustice, sir,' said the

THE pith of conversation does not consist in exhibiting your own superior knowledge on matters of small consequence, but in enlarging, improving, and correcting the information you possess by the authority of others.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

considerate and merciful Chief Justice, to relieve him from all anxiety on the point.

Lord Ellenborough showing some impatience at a barrister's speech, the gentleman paused and said, 'Is it the pleasure of the court that I should proceed with my statement?' 'Pleasure, sir, has been out of the question for a long time; but you may proceed.'

A witness, having given before Lord Ellenborough some very rambling and rather discreditable evidence, was asked in cross-examination what he was. *Witness*: 'I employ myself as a surgeon.' *Lord Ellenborough*: 'But does any one else employ you as a surgeon?'

Lord Erskine, while going circuit, was asked by the landlord of his hotel how he had slept. He replied dogmatically, 'Union is strength, a fact of which some of your inmates appear to be unaware; for had they been unanimous last night, they could easily have pushed me out of bed.' 'Fleas?' the landlord exclaimed, affecting great astonishment. 'I was not aware that I had a single flea in my house.' 'I don't believe you have,' retorted his lordship: 'they are all married, I think, and have uncommonly large families.'

Erskine observed, on coming into court one day, that Mr. Balfour, a brother barrister, had his ankle bound up with a silk handkerchief. 'What's the matter,

Balfour?' he inquired. The sufferer, whose mode of expressing himself was always very elaborate, replied: 'I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's grounds, when, coming to a gate, I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar, and grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of blood.' 'You may thank your lucky stars,' observed Erskine, 'that your brother's gate was not so lofty as your style, or you must have broken your neck!'

In the famous 'Burgess's Anchovy Case,' the two sons of the inventor were the litigants. The brother who succeeded to the business complained that the other was nevertheless vending 'Burgess's Sauce.' Sir J. Knight Bruce, the Vice-Chancellor, began to sum up as follows: 'All the Queen's subjects are entitled to manufacture pickles and sauces, and not the less so that their fathers have done it before them. All the Queen's subjects are entitled to use their own names, and not the less so that their fathers have done it before them.'

A certain barrister named Jones, who practised in Brongham's time, contracted a habit of commencing the examination of a witness with these words: 'Now, sir, I am going to put a question to you, and I don't care which way you answer it.' Brongham had begun, like many others, to grow tired of this eternal formula. One morning he met his brother lawyer near the Temple, and addressed



PLATO, hearing that some one asserted he was a very bad man, said, 'I shall take care so to live that nobody will believe them.'—*Guardian*.

him thus: 'Now, Jones, I am going to put a question to you, and I don't care which way you answer it—How do you do?'

During the trial of Warren Hastings, Charles Fox, in allusion to Lord Thurlow's solemn appearance, whispered to the Speaker, 'I wonder whether any one ever was as wise as Thurlow looks!'

Sir Fletcher Norton, whose want of courtesy was notorious, happened, while pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial right, to say, 'My lord, I can illustrate the point in an instant in my own person. I myself have two little manors.' 'We all know it, Sir Fletcher,' the judge interposed, with one of his blindest smiles.

Edwin James, examining a witness, asked him what his business was. He answered, 'A dealer in old iron.' 'Then,' said the counsel, 'you must of course be a thief.' 'I don't see,' replied the witness, 'why a dealer in *iron* must necessarily be a thief, more than a dealer in *brass*.'

Mr. Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, was stating the law to a jury at Guildhall, when Lord Mansfield interrupted him by saying, 'If *that* be law, I'll go home and burn my books.' 'My lord,' replied Dunning, 'you had better go home and read them.'

Lord Thurlow, while at the Bar, met a barrister one morning, who accosted him with, 'O, I am told that the barmaid at Nando's has a little baby.' 'What the mischief is that to me?' 'But,' pursued the

barrister, 'I hear the child is yours.' 'Then what the mischief is that to *you*?'

One day at dinner Curran sat opposite Lord Norbury, who was famous for his severity as a judge. 'Curran,' asked Norbury, 'is that hung beef before you?' 'You try it, my lord,' answered Curran, 'and it is sure to be.'

When Dr. H—— and Serjeant A—— were walking arm-in-arm, a wag said to a friend, 'These two are just equal to one highwayman.' 'Why?' was the response. 'Because it is a lawyer and a doctor—*your money or your life*.'

When Plunket was driven to resign the Irish Chancellorship, he was succeeded by Lord Campbell. The day of the latter's arrival was very stormy, and a friend remarked to Plunket how sick of his promotion the passage must have made the new-comer. 'Yes,' he replied ruefully; 'but it won't make him throw up the seals.'

'When do you sketch O'Connell?' said one of Lord Plunket's daughters to Haydon, the painter. 'There is one thing,' said Lord Plunket, 'if you could take his head entirely off, you would do great good to society.'

This anecdote of a late President of the Divorce Court has, we think, never appeared in print correctly. Counsel for the petitioner, in opening his case, was approaching somewhat delicate ground, and appealed to his lordship to request ladies to withdraw, as he was embarrassed by their presence. The President accordingly did so, a great portion

**E**VEN as a hawk flieth not high with one wing, even so a man reacheth not to excellence with one tongue.—  
ROGER ASCHAM.

of the spectators, as is often the case in this court, being of the female sex. After a few minutes of commotion and general uprising, it appeared that some half-dozen ladies had withdrawn, the remainder keeping their seats with calm effrontery. 'And now,' said the President, 'that the ladies have all left, usher, clear the court of these women!'

A very ugly old barrister, arguing a point of practice before Plunket, claimed to be received as an authority. 'I am a pretty old practitioner, my lord.' 'An *old* practitioner, Mr. S——,' was Plunket's correction.

Somebody visiting Plunket praised a waterfall in the grounds, exclaiming, 'Why, it's quite a cataract!' 'O, that's all my eye,' said Plunket.

Lord Norbury, while sitting on a somewhat noisy trial, was pressing a reluctant witness, in order to get at his profession. Being at length told that he kept a racket-court, his lordship remarked, 'And a very good trade, too. So do I, so do I.'

A gentleman was boasting to Lord Norbury that he had lately shot as many as thirty-three hares before breakfast. 'Then, sir,' was the judge's remark, 'you must have been firing at a wig.'

When Daniel O'Connell, while conducting a case before Lord Norbury, observed, 'Pardon, my lord; I am afraid your lordship does not apprehend me.' The Chief Justice (alluding to a report that O'Connell had avoided a duel

by surrendering himself to the police) retorted, 'Pardon me also; no one is more easily apprehended than Mr. O'Connell—whenever he wishes to be apprehended.'

Lord Chelmsford was walking down St. James's-street, when a stranger accosted him, saying, 'Mr. Birch, I believe?' 'If you believe *that*, sir, you'll believe anything,' the ex-Chancellor replied as he passed on.

Brougham, speaking of the salary attached to a new judgeship, said it was all moonshine. 'Maybe,' said Lord Lyndhurst; 'but I've a notion that, moonshine or not, you would like to see the first quarter of it.'

Counsellor Bushe (of the Irish Bar), afterwards Chief Justice, was asked which member of Mr. Power's dramatic company he most admired. 'The prompter,' was his reply; 'for I heard the most, and saw the least, of him.'

Some one remarked to Plunket, 'Well, you see, ——'s predictions have come true.' 'Indeed?' said Plunket; 'I always knew he was a bore, but I never thought he was an augur.'

Lord Brougham defined a lawyer as 'a legal gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it himself.'

It was one day reported in the Parliament House at Edinburgh that a gentleman who was known to have an insatiable appetite had actually eaten away his senses. 'Pooh!' said Henry Erskine, 'they would not be a mouthful to him.'

**I** THINK you ought to be well informed how much your husband's revenue amounts to, and be so good a computer as to keep within it that part of the management which falls to your share, and not to put yourself in the number of those politic ladies who think they gain a great point when they have teased their husbands to buy them a new equipage, a laced head, or a fine petticoat, without once considering what long score remained unpaid to the butcher.—SWIFT'S *Letter to a Young Lady*.

Serjeant K——, having made two or three mistakes while conducting a cause, petulantly exclaimed, 'I seem to be inoculated with dulness to-day.' 'Inoculated, brother?' said Erskine. 'I thought you had it in the natural way.'

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On the removal of a distin-

guished counsel from a house in Red Lion-square, an ironmonger became its occupant, and Erskine wrote the following epigram on the change:

'This house, where once a lawyer dwelt,  
Is now a smith's—alas!  
How rapidly the iron age  
Succeeds the age of brass!'

### *A Sensible Girl.*

MR. DICKENS tells an American story of a young lady who, being intensely loved by five young men, was advised to 'jump overboard, and marry the man who jumped in after her.' Accordingly, next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking very devotedly at the young lady, she plunged

into the sea head foremost. Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and four lovers were out again, she says to the captain, 'What am I to do with them now, they are so wet?' 'Take the *dry one*.' And the young lady did, and married him.

### *Rather Mixed.*

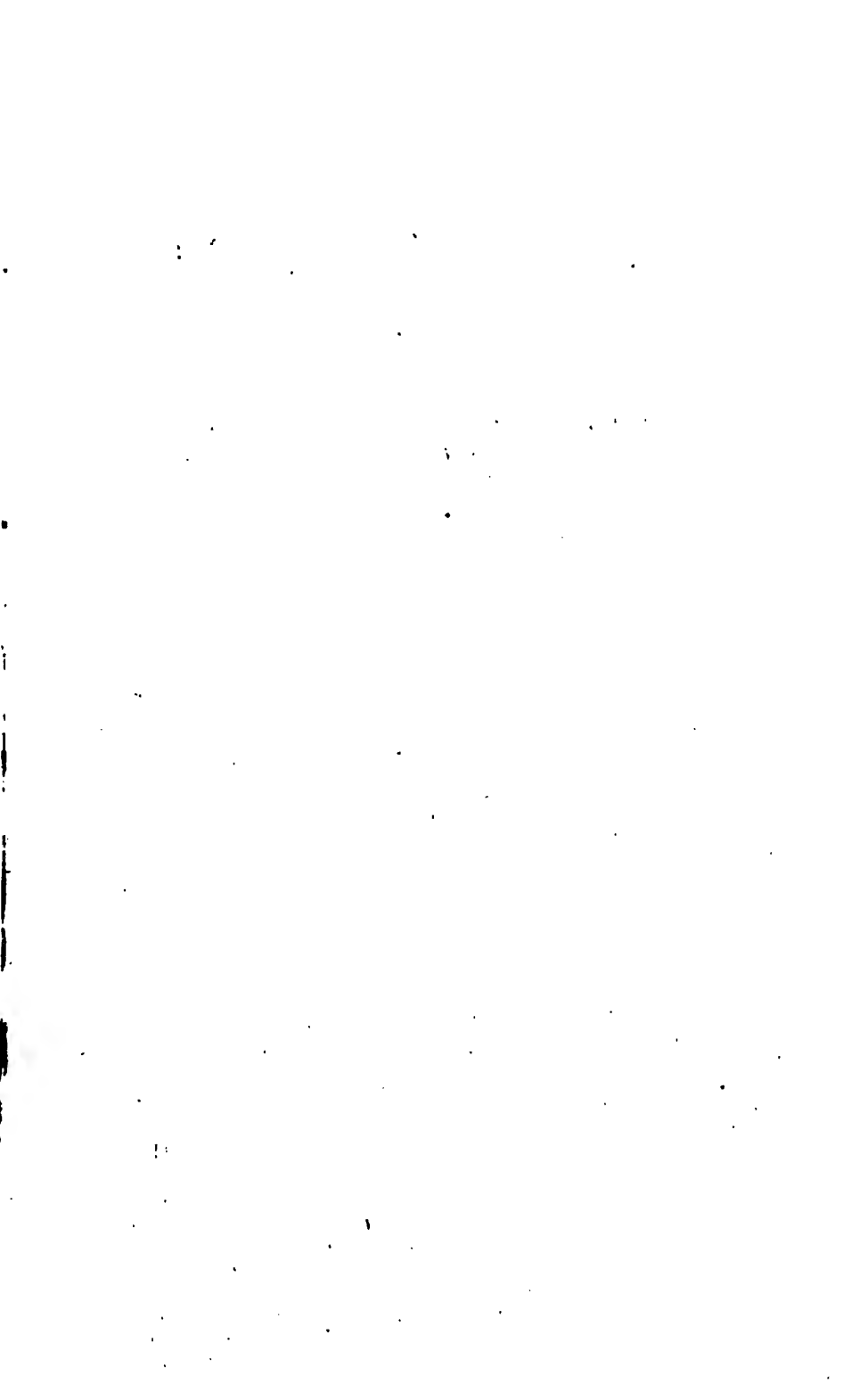
THAT the figure of speech known as the Irish 'bull' is not indigenous to the 'distressful country' is manifest to all critics of national humour. Indeed, 'the bull' is to be met with everywhere, and of every British breed—to go no farther into its origin. Mr. Holyoake relates how one Mr. Joseph Smith of Salford, dubbed 'the high priest of the "New Moral World,"' was wont to go about the country collecting sheep, with which to

stock the farm of the Queenwood community. At his meetings his plan was to rise and propose that all who had enthusiastically passed communist resolutions should prove their sincerity there and then in subscribing a sum sufficient to buy a sheep. When this was done the subscribers were rewarded by being assured by Mr. Smith that 'now they would all *sail into port on the top of their watch-towers*.'





AN EVERY-DAY IDYL





# LONDON SOCIETY.

NOVEMBER 1882.

## A BLIND MAN'S NOTIONS ABOUT GHOSTS.

By W. W. FENN,

AUTHOR OF 'HALF-HOURS OF BLIND MAN'S HOLIDAY,' ETC.

'I dreamt, my lady came and found me  
dead,  
Strange dream! that gives a dead man  
leave to think.'

Now I am often tempted to  
alter Romeo's words, and read,

'Strange dream! that gives a blind man  
leave to see;'

for it will surprise no one to hear  
that in my dreams I see as plainly  
now as before my infirmity over-  
took me. Yet, conscious that I  
am blind, I still behold in my  
sleep people and places with whom  
and with which I was once fa-  
miliar. Yet, knowing I cannot  
see, I still see; and without any  
surprise at this odd contradiction.  
This is only one more proof that  
of all the marvellous phenomena  
of life, dreaming is, perhaps, the  
most marvellous.

'Strange state of being; for 'tis still to be:  
Senseless, to feel, and with sealed eyes  
to see.'

Thus much can be truly said  
for us all; but, remembering that  
my eyes are always sealed, in one  
way the marvel is increased; for  
sleeping or waking, I live, as it  
were, in a world of dreams, never,  
of course, seeing anything in either  
state through the medium of the  
optic nerve. The difference, con-

sequently, between the sleeping  
and the waking state is, in this  
respect, not so marked as might  
at first be expected; for, un-  
less by an effort I remind my-  
self that I am blind, I see my  
friend, after a fashion, while I am  
broad awake and talking to him,  
nearly as vividly as I should do  
at times in a dream; the fact that  
in reality I cannot see him in  
either state being scarcely more  
present to me in one than in the  
other. Indeed, in accordance with  
the perversity of dreams generally,  
I seem to be more intuitively con-  
scious of my deprivation of sight  
whilst dreaming than at any other  
time, although, as I have hinted,  
the knowledge of the strange  
anomaly inspires no wonder;  
whereas, naturally it does when,  
being awake, I remind myself of  
my infirmity. Until I do this,  
however, the familiar voice, the  
mere peculiar touch of the hand,  
is sufficient to bring the personality  
of my friend instantly before me.  
I mean I have a visual image of  
him, not necessarily in his exact  
likeness (that could hardly be;  
for perhaps he is one whose ac-  
quaintance I have made since the  
curtain fell), but an image, an  
entity, a being with eyes, nose,



and mouth, like the rest of us; not distinct in form of feature, colour of hair, and the rest, but still sufficiently so in some general way to become physiologically identified with the man I know, to stand for me as the presentment of that man; and each friend I have known since my blindness offers to me some special presentment. And this image, vague, indefinite, as it may be, starts into my presence the moment my friend opens his lips; and thus he will appear the same blurred, indefinable, but still perfectly recognisable and unmistakable being when I chance to dream of him. Nay, when I do dream of him he often becomes endowed with more definite personal characteristics; and thus the image in the dream becomes so far more real than that person's image whilst talking to him when awake. With those, however, whom I have known in earlier days, and can remember clearly, the illusion is, of course, more complete, and, as it were, stronger in a dream than when they are with me in my waking hours. When one of these speaks to me, there he at once stands out before me as he used to do. Time has made no ravages with him; and unconsciously I behold not only his features, but his expression—the kindling eye, the dilating nostril, the cheery smiling lips. These are all apparently visible. Yet, let me but pull myself up for a moment, and say, 'Where is this creature?' and lo, he has but little more substantiality than when I encounter him in my sleep, perhaps not so much. Being but an air-drawn vision, a phantom of the mind, an image imprinted only on what I may call the retina of my mind in both cases, he has more visible existence in my slumbers than anywhere else. Hence, I am inclined to urge, in

a much more literal sense than the expression is generally used, the life of a person who has become blind is but a dream. Literally he is, or his existence is, 'such stuff as dreams are made on, and his little life is rounded with a sleep.' Of course I refer to visual images.

I have often been asked to set down as clearly as I can some of my ideas on these points, and to describe the sensations I have in dreaming; and while I am complying I am led into a few speculations as to what are called ghostly apparitions, because I am inclined to think that no people see so many ghosts as the blind. If I have made myself clear in what I have written above, it can be understood that all that is ever visible to the blind, all that their mind's eye can ever compass or conjure up, must be ghostly, 'like the baseless fabric of a vision,' fading, ever fading, and yet being ever renewed. They, too, being mortal, like the rest, are influenced, but in a greater degree, by what we hear spoken of as the inner life of a man. Now the blind exist exclusively—I mean so far as visual images are concerned—in an inner life, the outer darkness throwing them eternally in upon themselves; seeing by the light that is within them, not, perhaps, always introspectively, but—I had almost written materially, positively—their very surroundings are, as it were, in themselves, because what they know of their surroundings is inwardly or self evolved. Their room, or, which is the same thing to them, the aspect of it, is only within themselves, entirely a mental picture. Lacking sight, the most superior sense, they draw but the merest suspicion from without of what really is, what really exists; for their touch, their smell, their hearing,

give them but a hint; the substantiality is created by themselves, in their own especial and peculiar manufactory, lying deep in the remotest recesses of their consciousness. The hardness of the wall, the softness of the pillow, the smoothness of satin, the roughness of frieze, the harshness or the contrary of a voice, the sweetness of the rose, or pungency of the pipe, are but so many crude bits of raw material, out of which the blind, within themselves, build up the actual presentment of the substantiality; and this being so, much of the very aspect of these substantialities must depend on the medium, on the action of the machinery through which the slight materials of which it is composed pass in the process of manufacture; and ere it is realised as a complete whole in the mind of the manufacturer, or, in other words, the look of the substantiality, reality, embodiment—call it what we will—must depend on the temperament and character of the blind builder. As with other men, upon his temperament will depend his conception of his environment and the general circumstances of his existence. By his temperament, as with other men, they will be shaped and coloured; and still, as with other men, upon his interpretation of them must depend the amount of pleasure and happiness he will get out of his life; only that, unlike other men, his actual conception of his surroundings cannot be definite. At the best, they must be phantasmic, and consequently more open to misinterpretation and more liable to change. Then, again, he still being mortal, has his moods, attributable perhaps to health, perhaps to a varying temper, which will modify, alter, twist, exaggerate, contort, as the case may be.

Granting, then, that these, roughly speaking, are necessarily some of the conditions upon which a blind man is condemned to pass through the world, is it not just possible that the man happily possessed of all his faculties and being of a favourable temperament, that is, nervous, sensitive, highly imaginative, and, of course, still subject to the influence of health: is it not possible, I say, that such an one, who declares that he has seen a ghost or has experienced some strange vision or presentment, of which a distinct vision was a part, has been for the moment either dreaming, as the blind dream, or, being awake, has seen as the blind see?—the blind, to whom all is but a vision, and to whom all their fellow-creatures are merely ghosts. I do not know, but it seems to me that hosts of nervous, sensitive, imaginative people, and those who are often what we call absent, dreamy, thoughtful mooners, may be overtaken at times by some condition which is akin to that of blindness. They withdraw themselves so entirely within themselves as to be utterly unconscious of the precise nature of their surroundings, making no use, for the time, of their optic nerve; they live in a world of their own, just as the blind do, constructing it and peopling it, as the blind do, from their inner consciousness and previously acquired knowledge; a dream-world, in short, in which 'all things are possible.'

I may be told there is nothing new in this, and that everybody is aware that this state is common among the seeing; but I believe that it is of far greater intensity in some cases than is supposed; and it is this very intensity—just this very reality of the unreality—which makes the temporary visionary world, which some

ing people create for themselves within themselves, exactly like the world of ghosts and spectres, dreams and phantasms, in which the blind, perforce, perpetually dwell.

We hear of marvellous ghost stories, more or less well authenticated; and some time ago one of our newspapers teemed with records of ghostly personal experiences, any one of which almost might serve to illustrate my notion. But without selecting any special one, let us take the gist of what a certain class of these point to—the commonest class—that is, where some beloved one, far away, appears, so to speak, *in propria persona*, and in more or less substantial form, of course to the intense astonishment and terror—to use the mildest term—of the witness. Later on it is discovered that this beloved one has at that identical moment been in great peril of his or her life, or has actually died. This, I say, is the pith of the commonest sort of ghost story, and has formed the basis of many popular traditions, novels, and dramas, that of the *Corsican Brothers* being a notable example; and, in a way, its very commonness seems to make it confirmatory of what few people doubt, viz. that the mind of one person may be under the sway of another, either through intense sympathy or love, or through a superior strength of will, and which sway is not appreciably lessened by what we understand as physical distance. Given, then, the existence of this sway in some particular case of a seeing person, and where the natural conditions are favourable to him—favourable, that is, in that he is either ordinarily or temporarily, through a low state of health, nervous and sensitive, and is, moreover, normally what is called a person who

lives in the clouds—and it shall be quite possible for him, according to my notion, to pass into a mental state entirely consonant with that of the blind. Oblivious of all facts around him, wrapped up in his own thoughts—and which, if not consciously, are, nevertheless, tending towards the absent one whom he dominates or is dominated by, or between whom and himself there exists some sort of bond—he sits brooding or is lying in bed, when, hey, presto! he suddenly thinks he sees the absent one standing before him, palpably, unmistakably, and precisely as a blind man would do in similar circumstances. Of course, the mental condition of both is not easy to define, but it is, I fancy, very much akin—much more so than we at first might think. To the blind man the presence would be a positive reality—as real, that is, as anything he ever sees; and if, in a way, the man not blind is reduced to the same position for the time, as I feel inclined to insist he is, the ghost is as much a reality to the one as to the other; at any rate, it takes the same hold, making the same impressions, and producing the same mental results. The only difference would be, when the first effect of the surprise, momentary or prolonged, had passed, the blind man would start to his feet, and, recalling himself to himself, would find the vision replaced by some common tangible objects, and the usual blank which is ever before him. The seeing one, on the contrary, pulling himself together, would, with his true sight—by the exercise of his optic nerve—dispel the vision, and find it replaced by his ordinary surroundings, a consciousness of which he would recover instantly; but he would still assert that he had seen a

ghost. And truly he has; *but he has been blind while he saw it!* His physical retina has been obscured as thoroughly as his blind brother's; but the 'mental retina' has carried the truth home to the mind of each with equal force. In each case the ghost has existed—has been created—within themselves; and if it be a verity to the blind, as I have endeavoured to show it is, why should it not be to the seeing? It has been built up out of a previously acquired knowledge of the reality, the impress of which is mysteriously, but indelibly, graven on some of those tablets of the sensations called memory, and which we carry about with us without thinking of them, because, as is said, they take up so little room. These deeply imprinted characters have leaped suddenly into a sort of definite shape and meaning, when summoned by circumstances accidentally, but imperceptibly, associated with them, and have become the ghost of their original form and substance.

With reference, however, to this previously acquired knowledge of the reality, I am of course supposing the case of a blind man who has not always been afflicted. To speak colloquially, he must not have been blind from birth, but must, of course, at some time in his life have had the opportunity of knowing, visually, what things are like; otherwise he could not form for himself any idea of the aspect of the absent one, any more than he could form any idea of colour or light, and, consequently, could not be conscious of a ghost in the sense of which I am speaking of one. Therefore, on the precise nature of his mental pictures, I do not pretend to speculate. He would have no visual images, though probably he would get an equiva-

lent ghost out of an imagined utterance of a voice, or by the fancy that his sensitive finger-tips were in contact with a familiar form. I mean that a man born blind might dream or imagine whilst awake, as vividly as when asleep (always supposing him to be of a favourable temperament), that he had heard his friend speaking to him, that he recognised his voice, and that he felt his familiar form beneath his hand as he passed it over face or figure. In this way even he would see or be conscious of a ghost, but it would be an aural, or a tactual one, or perhaps both. The mental embodiment or substance would be constructed equally, in a way, from previously acquired knowledge through the sense of hearing and feeling—knowledge acquired from what his ears or fingers had taught him, by listening to, or coming in contact with, the fellow-creatures with whom he was familiar. This, however, is a digression. I return therefore to my notion that the seeing man who beholds a ghost does so only when he is reduced, mentally, to the same level as that in which I and the rest of the blind have to pass our lives. He, just as we do, summons from the past, spectral appearances, such as are *our* daily and only companions. With the present as it positively exists in his immediate environment, he, being in a ghostly mood, has no more to do than we have. He sees simply as we see, with this advantage: that he can at will dispel his phantom troop by letting in upon them the fierce light of the actual, which we can never do. The plain fact, therefore, being in so many words that those who see ghosts are for the moment blind dreamers (whether awake or asleep is of no consequence), there is nothing very extraordinary in their sometimes

dreaming about, and therefore seeing, any one with whom their minds are linked. And if they chance so to dream and so to see a ghost on some momentous occasion, there is nothing very extraordinary in that occasion tallying at times with a crisis in the life of the absent one, for, for the moment, they are dreamers with 'sealed eyes.' It may be the coincidence in many instances alone which brings this about, but, being rather a startling one, it is not unnatural that it should be set down as supernatural. On the other hand, I do not pretend to say that it is never supernatural, or that it is not due to this mysterious link between mind and mind, and which is not affected by distance. It may be: I am not discussing this side of the question. I only am disposed to contend that the mere apparition is the air-drawn spectre created out of a previous knowledge of realities during a temporary, abnormal, mental, and physical condition, corresponding to that which is normal with the blind.

There is another way of looking at the subject from my point, and of speculating on it further by a transposition of the conditions. Just as ordinary folks possessed of their eyes must, as I assume, when they behold a ghost, be more or less reduced to a state of dream-like blindness, so may the blind be brought into a sort of ghost-seeing mood by a dream-like restoration to sight. The 'strange dream that gives a blind man leave to see' may be illustrated by a story, said to be well authenticated, of a lady, who, having lost her sight for many years, imagined suddenly that for several moments her vision had been restored to her. She was sitting with her family, whose appearance she, of course, well remembered, in her drawing-room, and with the as-

pect of which she had also been previously acquainted, when she declared with a terrified start, precisely as if she had seen a ghost, that she could see where and with whom she was sitting. She rose from her chair, and in sudden amazement exclaimed, 'Why, I can see you all plainly, as I used to do!' and covering her eyes with her hands for a moment, she had half ejaculated a thanksgiving, when she dropped back into her seat moaning out that she was blind again. Nothing would ever convince her that she had not been temporarily reëndowed with sight. But her assertion, when tested by a physical examination of her eyes by the oculist, was proved to have been, beyond all doubt, without foundation. The physical condition of her optic nerves made it absolutely impossible that her sight could ever have come back to her, even for an instant, save by a miracle. She nevertheless maintained that what she had stated was true; and nothing could ever shake her belief.

The explanation given by the oculist, with whom I have conversed, was exactly that which I should have expected. The poor lady, sitting comfortably in her easy-chair, 'with all appliances and means to boot,' had just for one second dozed, and, in that momentary sleep, had been visited by a dream of extraordinary vividness, in which her mental retina had received and conveyed to her mind an exact presentment of the scene, practically identical with that by which she was surrounded. In short, she had seen a ghost or ghosts. The phenomena of dreaming are too mysterious to allow of much useful speculation on the subject; but it is fair to assume that it was only the coincidence of her dreaming

a dream that practically corresponded in character with the reality of her environment at the moment—that it was her family she beheld, pretty much as they were in reality grouped about her—that made her imagine that her sight had been restored. Had she, instead, dreamt in that moment, however vividly, of some entirely different scene, she never could have been beguiled into the belief that her eyesight had returned. She would have accepted the vision as a vision and nothing more. The accident alone, I repeat, of her having dreamt of her family established the illusion in her mind. Whether or not the presence of those near and dear to her influenced the nature of her dream no one can say. I think it possibly did, upon the principle above alluded to of the influence of the strong mental bond of union likely to exist between people closely allied to each other by blood and affection—the ‘Corsican Brothers’ principle, in fact. Anyway, whatever it was which caused her to dream as she did—whatever it was which created in her mind the sense of seeing what she saw—the vision itself could have been naught else but a ghostly one; and it was only its intense vividness, confirmed by the literal facts which accidentally existed at the moment, that convinced her of its reality.

Now, supposing the lady had not been blind, and had had her momentary dream, and someone, observing her nod and her eyes close, had said, ‘Aunt, or mother, you are going to sleep,’ she would have indignantly rejected the aspersion upon her politeness, and would have said, as people do in similar circumstances, ‘Nonsense; I saw you all as I see you now. I have never lost sight of you for

a moment; going to sleep, indeed—absurd!’ And again, had a vision of equal vividness and brevity during a momentary doze visited the couch or chair of any one with all her senses intact; and had it chanced to consist of a scene in which figured some absent one, and who might have happened, by coincidence at that same moment, to have been going through some crisis in his fate, why the dreamer, being for the instant, according to my notion, reduced to the level of a blind person, would have declared she had seen a ghost. Roundly speaking, then, everybody and everything that we see with our ‘mind’s eye,’ when awake or asleep, partakes, I submit, so closely of the character of those apparitions which are said to be ghosts, that it is, after all, a mere question of degree in their vividness and our imaginativeness as to the effect they produce on us, or as to how much we believe in their supernatural origin. Therefore, so far from not believing in ghosts, I believe we all see them—constantly. Unless, however, some special coincidence chances to give to any vividly mind-drawn picture an especial significance, we are so accustomed to live in their midst that we take no heed of their existence. In dreamland, or in real-land, ‘with sealed eyes to see,’ is no such marvel then, when all is said and done; for, if we are but rightly attuned in mood, temperament, and disposition, we attach importance more or less great to any circumstances that coincide; and the stronger the coincidence and the larger our capacity for drawing mental pictures, the more and the stronger our belief in the so-called ghosts—the more and the stronger our inclination to attribute their appearance to the supernatural.

Not until we test their substantiality—the seeing man with his actual eyes, the blind man with his fingers—do we arrive at the truth that they are nothing but phantoms of the brain, existing merely on our mental retina,

and having nothing to do with our physical one. But, having arrived at this fact, I may say, with Prospero, ‘these our actors, as I foretold you, are all spirits, and are melted into air—into thin air.’

## COUSINS.

WHITE lilies that have swayed so long beside  
 A brake of roses that there comes an hour  
 When the chill sculpture of the pallid flower  
 With the warm passion of the rose is dyed—  
 Such are these girls : the lily's grace allied  
 Unto the charm breathed from the red rose bower  
 Lives in their beauty, who with Nature's dower  
 Of golden-knotted hair are glorified.

In soul a lily, but in heart a rose,  
 Each waits for Time's best gift. Of all deeds done  
 Within this world of travail they know none—  
 Nothing of Hate's strange joys or Love's strange woes.  
 For girls like these men die ; but I suppose  
 Most would, with me, prefer to live for one.

F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

## THE LINES BEHIND THE SHUTTER.

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MOST houses have a story ; I don't mean the architectural division designated by the word, but the narrative of some episode connected with inmates past or present. I know mine has, and though it deals neither with a crime nor with any incident of a thrillingly sensational character, yet I think it worth the telling, and sit down to do so in a moment of leisure, with nothing of graver purpose to hinder me.

The house in question, occupied by me and mine, is situated in London. For obvious reasons I shall give no closer indications as to its exact position, but shall content myself with saying that I chose it some years ago on account of its vicinity to one of the Metropolitan Underground Railway stations, and the facilities which its site afforded for getting about comfortably and speedily from one end of the town to another. Being a business man, compelled by my commercial avocations to journey Citywards almost every day of my existence, I was naturally on the look-out for such a convenient residence, and literally snapped at it when I heard it was vacant and to let. I took it on a long lease, and have ever since been able to linger at least ten minutes longer over my breakfast of a morning, a luxury which a man of my years and somewhat lethargic habit of body appreciates keenly, I assure you.

The building is an old one. No stucco, swiftly 'run-up,' enterprising jobber's speculation ; but a good solid brick-and-mortar

edifice, reared with care, and meant to endure. A passing brewer's dray does not cause its stout walls to vibrate ; and if I have any pressing work to do at home in the evening, my eldest daughter can stumble over a Beethoven sonata in the next room as much as she pleases without in the least disturbing me. A roomy house, with good lofty ceilings, quaint high marble mantelpieces cunningly carved, and other indications of past glories. It was built, I should say, not only when George III. was king, but a young king too, and long before Fashion had dreamed of migrating so far west as Belgravia. Goodness knows what lords and ladies held their refined jinks within its walls ; what wits said good things over a pinch of snuff or a dish of tea : it is not of them I have to speak. I am but a plain citizen, and it is enough for me that the house is a thoroughly comfortable one, suiting me and my pocket, and more than big enough to hold the whole posse of my olive-branches at such times when they all come home from school, and conspire together to remind me of my responsibilities as a father.

The event I am going to relate happened some three or four years after I had settled myself cosily in my new abode. I had returned one afternoon somewhat earlier than was my custom, for the purpose of celebrating my second boy's birthday, and sat at home in my easy-chair like Goldsmith's good old Vicar, surrounded by my



young hopefuls of both sexes. Unlike him, however—owing to the din of romping and chatter—I entertained serious doubts as to whether I should not have been better off had I continued single and only talked of population, instead of marrying and endeavouring to bring up a large family. Suddenly one of the children, who was at the window, attracted my attention by a remark.

‘O, do look!’ she said—it was Minnie, our youngest but one, who had not as yet overcome certain difficulties with regard to the pronouncing of her *r*’s—‘do look at that old man in the steet! He’s just like old Father Cwithmas, and keeps looking up here!’

‘Where? where?’ said the rest, rushing to the window.

I myself—as great a baby as any of them—glanced out, and, to be sure, the little thing was right. There was an old gentleman to be seen; a very old gentleman, with a long snow-white beard, who stooped very much, and steadied his feeble gait by the aid of a stick. A real Father Christmas; but by no means a shabby one, for the black clothes he wore seemed to be in excellent condition. My house appeared to be the object of his attention, and he looked at it, hesitated, and then looked at it again.

‘He’s coming to the door!’ cried my little ones. ‘Father Christmas is coming to the door!’

‘Coming to the door!’ said I. ‘Good gracious, so he is! Who can he be, I wonder, and what can he want?’

He was too respectable and venerable for a tax-collector; and the manner in which he approached the entrance of the house showed apparent timidity and diffidence. Surely he was making some mistake; I did not know

him, and expected no strange visitors.

He knocked at the door, and I just peeped out of the dining-room, where we were sitting, impelled by a certain curiosity to learn what his motive might be in singling us out.

‘Does Mrs. Smith still live here?’ he asked the housemaid, who ran up to him.

‘Mrs. Smith, sir? No, there ain’t no such party living here.’

‘Ah, gone, as I supposed,’ I heard the old gentleman say, as though speaking to himself. ‘It is many years ago.’

There was a pause after this; and I could see that Mary, our girl, was doubtful as to what she should do next. The old gentleman did not seem disposed to go, but stood at the door, reflecting in silence.

‘Can I see the present owner of the house?’ he said at last. ‘Here is my card; I should desire, if it is convenient, a few minutes’ interview.’

So there was no mistake, after all. Father Christmas had marked us for his own. I looked at the card which the girl brought in to me, and read—*Count Pogliano, Brescia*.

‘Count Pogliano, Brescia!’ I thought to myself. ‘That sounds Italian. What can a count want with me?’ However, the movements of the old gentleman had excited some interest in me, so I decided upon seeing him.

‘Take him up-stairs to the drawing-room,’ I said to the girl. ‘I will be with him directly.’

I packed the children off to the nursery, and, having informed my wife of the strange visitor’s appearance, hurried up to wait upon him.

He had taken a seat, but rose on my entering, and bowed with grave courtesy. Face to face with

him, I saw a man who, when young, must have been strikingly handsome, and to whom age gave a singularly distinguished and patriarchal appearance. But for the stoop of his body, he would have been far above the average height of men; his nose was well cut and slightly aquiline, and his eyes had not lost their lustre. A truly venerable old gentleman, whom it was impossible to mistake for anything else except a gentleman.

'Pray be seated, sir,' I said, noticing that his great age—he looked over eighty to a certainty—made him rather feeble upon his legs.

He sat down again, and then glanced at me timidly, as though at a loss for suitable words with which to express his thoughts.

'I scarcely know how to explain my intrusion,' he began at last, speaking with a slight foreign accent, but otherwise perfectly clearly, and employing even well-chosen phrases. 'My reasons for disturbing you will, no doubt, seem strange.'

I nodded my head in silence, and waited for him to continue.

'The fact is—that I lived in this house many, many years ago—'

'Indeed, sir!' I put in, observing that the old gentleman was growing more than ever nervous and diffident.

'Yes, sir. A Mrs. Smith was the occupant at the time; but perhaps you have no knowledge of such a person?'

'No, sir, I cannot say I have,' I replied. 'My tenancy is quite of recent date—some three years and a half at most; and Smith was not the name of my predecessor.'

'Ah, just so; thank you. It is many years ago; and things alter more than men. To me it

seems but as though it were yesterday.'

He looked about him with a saddened gaze, and I could see that some of the recollections of his past moved him deeply.

'In what way can I serve you, sir?' I remarked, after a brief pause, desirous of bringing matters to some precise and business-like stage.

'That is exactly what it puzzles me to explain,' he answered, rousing himself from the half reverie into which he had fallen. 'The—the question is a delicate one—one purely of sentiment—I—I—scarcely—I hardly venture upon broaching it.'

But for his grave sad demeanour and the quiet courtesy of his manner, I should have been strongly disposed to consider my strange, foreign, noble visitor a lunatic who had by some means got astray from an asylum. Under the existing conditions, my perceptions led me to think that the old gentleman had some genuine and powerful motive for doing violence to his natural timidity, and bearding a Briton in his own castle.

'Well, sir,' I remarked, 'you will, of course, understand that unless you yourself choose to assist me a little, I—'

'Bear with me, sir,' interrupted the old gentleman meekly. 'When you know all, you will not fail, I hope, to excuse my trespass upon your good-nature and patience. I am eighty-five years of age, and yet I have travelled all the way from Brescia for the sole purpose of visiting this house.'

'Indeed, sir!' I once more observed, at a loss for anything more original or fresh. 'You have come a long way.'

'Yes, it is a long journey for one so old as I am, is it not? But I could not make up my

mind to die in peace without seeing the place once more.'

Judging that this was all the old gentleman required, I gave him the opportunity of taking a good look round the room. To my disappointment, however, he seemed but little interested in the apartment where we were sitting, and continued fidgeting about uncomfortably.

'You will pardon my presumption,' he said nervously; 'but I am a little upset at finding the house changed into a private dwelling. It used not to be so in my time, but was let out into apartments to all comers.'

'Really, sir!' I began, not a little astonished at this turn of the conversation.

'Do not misunderstand me,' he resumed promptly, perceiving, no doubt, my look of amazement. 'What I mean, sir, is that this alteration of circumstances makes the request I am desirous of putting extremely awkward and delicate. Had Mrs. Smith or any ordinary lodging-house keeper been here still, I should not have experienced such reticence.'

'Pray do not distress yourself,' I said, seeing that the old gentleman was in reality a good deal put out. 'You need be under no very great ceremony with me. I am a plain man of business.'

'Thank you,' he replied, bowing with great courtesy. 'Your extreme kindness gives me confidence. Well, then, you must know that my object in coming here was to visit the rooms which are just over our heads—particularly the one at the back, looking on to the garden. Do I express myself clearly?

'Perfectly,' I answered. 'One of the rooms is occupied by myself and my wife; the other is my eldest daughter's bedroom.'

'Ah!' he said—his face, which

had suddenly grown almost joyful and animated for a second, falling considerably at the latter part of my statement—'I was sure my request would be an awkward one, sir.'

'Why, sir?' I asked. 'Do I understand you to mean that you wish to go up-stairs and see those two rooms?'

'Exactly,' he exclaimed eagerly. 'I—I was bold enough to hope that you would grant me the favour.'

'Certainly, sir; nothing can be easier. Just one word to my wife, and I will return and show you myself to the rooms.'

I rose and moved towards the door.

'One more question,' he said, in a hesitating tone. 'Have there—have there been great changes made in the house?'

'Changes? In what way, sir?'

'Well—do you think the walls and—the windows are much in the same state as they used to be years ago?'

'So far as I am able to say,' I answered, puzzled and surprised by this odd query, 'the house is pretty well what it must have been when it was first built. Of course, I need scarcely mention that the rooms have been painted, papered, and freshened up from time to time.'

'Ah, you say they have been painted, sir?' he asked anxiously.

'O dear, yes; I myself had the place done up from top to bottom before I came into it.'

'Thank you,' he answered regretfully, 'thank you. My questions no doubt seem strange to you; but I had my reasons for asking. I was indulging in a hope which I fear is vain.'

I then went down-stairs, and explained to my wife in a few words the result of my interview with the old gentleman.

'Good gracious! how extremely peculiar!' she exclaimed. 'And you don't mean to say, John, that you have been imprudent enough to leave him all alone in the drawing-room, with all my blue china and things lying about!'

'Don't be alarmed, my dear,' I answered, amused by her dismay. 'I will be responsible for his honesty. The china is perfectly safe with him.'

'Well, then, he must be a lunatic,' she replied, with a woman's logic. 'Who ever heard of a sane man coming into a respectable house, and making such a request?'

'I don't suppose he means any harm. He is very old and shaky, and has, no doubt, some sentimental reason for wishing to see the rooms. Surely there can be no great objections to my gratifying his wish.'

'But—I don't like the idea of strangers going up into the bedrooms. Besides, how am I to be sure that Carry's room is particularly tidy? it isn't, as a rule, you know.'

'O, he won't pay any attention to such trifles; and I can't, out of common civility, refuse such a small thing to a man who has travelled such a distance.'

'Well, if you must take him, take him,' said my wife at last. 'Only, get rid of him as quickly as you can. The tea-things will be in presently; and the children will be so troublesome if you keep them waiting.'

Armed with my gray mare's grudgingly given consent, I rejoined the Count.

'Sir, I am entirely at your service,' I said. 'If you will please follow me, I will conduct you up-stairs.'

Visibly moved, the old gentleman rose in silence, bowed once more gravely as I opened the door

for him, and walked up slowly, under my escort, to the rooms on the next landing.

At his own request, we entered my daughter's chamber. It was a pleasant room, looking to the north and on to the garden, or rather a succession of gardens; for the space at the back was an open one, studded with fine trees of goodly growth, which, in the summer, when in leaf, presented a charmingly green and rural aspect—quite a cheering and refreshing view not often to be obtained from houses situated in such a dense and central district as ours. I glanced at the Count. The sight of the room caused so deep an emotion in him that I made haste to procure him a chair, lest he should fall.

He thanked me feebly.

'I daresay you are surprised,' he said, 'at the effect produced on me; but you must know that, forty years ago, I lived in this very room. My poor Teresa—my wife, sir—was with me, and died here. Our son Carlo was born here. He is also no more; he died the death of a brave man at Solferino, while fighting for the land of his forefathers. I am alone now in my old age, and this is all that remains to me of the past.'

It would be impossible for me to adequately describe the sad grave dignity with which he spoke—the broken voice, and the old gentleman's deeply sorrowful, yet resigned, attitude. I own that, though by nature not particularly impressionable or given to tenderness, I was myself moved by such utter and hopeless solitude. Desirous of respecting his honourable grief, I held my tongue.

'We were very poor,' he resumed dreamily; 'but we were young, full of hope, and rejoiced to have escaped a great danger.'

I had been compromised as an intimate friend of Count Confalonieri—you may have heard of the great Italian patriot, sir?—and I was about to be arrested. A companion warned me, and I succeeded in escaping from the Austrian bloodhounds. I fled to England, and my fond Teresa followed me here to this house, to this very room, and shared my lot. My land, my estates, were all confiscated. Though absent, I was sentenced to death as a traitor to my country, and I had to struggle for daily bread as a teacher of languages. But we were happy, in spite of our poverty. When I came home, Teresa was waiting with a smile to receive me. In the summer, however poor we might be, that window-sill was gay with flowers; and those gardens, sir—those gardens, sir, were her particular delight. She gave them the name of *Bosco Bello*. All the birds knew her, and came to her and helped her to sing songs to our little Carlo. They are both dead, and the room is a good deal changed; but the gardens, the trees, are here still.'

The old Count's simple touching words caused strange sensations within me. He put the picture so vividly before me that I actually seemed to see him young again, in the company of a loving, and perhaps beautiful, woman, looking out on to the old smoke-stained trees, and deriving a little sweet comfort in exile from the sight.

'All is over now!' said the old gentleman, making an effort to control his feelings. 'My title, my riches, have long since been restored to me; but what are they to me? One more request, sir; I know I have been most selfishly intruding upon your time and privacy, but grant me yet one more

favour before I take my leave. May I look behind that shutter by the window?'

'That shutter!' said I, surprised.

'Yes,' he replied. 'It is sheer folly on my part, I know, after so many years have passed; but I still feel a mad hope in me to find something there that I remember well in the old days.'

'Look, by all means,' said I, a trifle suspicious that grief had preyed upon the old gentleman's mind, and that he was not perfectly sane.

He advanced, drew the folded shutter out with a trembling hand, and peered anxiously at the board or panel behind it.

'Look!' he exclaimed suddenly, with a kind of choky sob. 'It is still there! *Gran Dio!* it is still there!'

'What is still there?' I asked, approaching him.

He did not answer; he seemed to forget even my presence, and, falling upon his knees, began muttering to himself in Italian. I let him be, though rather curious to know what it was that interested him so much. What could he have discovered behind that old shutter? Not a jewel, or anything of intrinsic value, surely?

He got up again presently, having seemingly recovered himself, and looked at me, smiling a queer sad smile.

'Come, sir,' he said. 'Your painters have been neglectful of their work; in spite of the lapse of so many years, they have spared my poor Teresa's humble lines.'

At the Count's invitation, I lowered my head against the panel, and saw the cause of his emotion. In a corner, blackened by the dirt and dust of time, but still fairly decipherable, was a faint scribble in pencil, and in a

woman's hand. Two lines of verse, which ran thus :

'Benché un esule si scrisse,  
Teresa qui felice visse.

13 *Luglio* 1829.\*

'She wrote them two months before she died!' said the old Count. 'The verses are poor, but they mean more to me than the most beautiful lines of Petrarca. Her heart was in them. I am truly grateful to you for your courtesy and kindness. With your permission, I will now retire.'

'Sir,' said I, with a great sense of sympathy and pity for the old gentleman's forlorn condition, 'if you ever desire at any time to come here again, pray stand upon no ceremony. I shall be only too pleased to welcome you.'

I held out my hand, and he grasped it warmly.

'Thank you,' he answered; 'thank you. I hope to see you again—indeed, I have something more to ask of you; but not now, not now. I need rest, and I have wearied you quite enough.'

I pressed him to take some refreshment; but he declined my offers, and, with many repeated expressions of obligation, prepared to take his departure.

As I led him to the street-door, through the hall, two of my impish mischievous little ones put out their curly heads, and, giggling to themselves, as children will, called out in shrill audible voices, 'Father Cwithmas!'

The old gentleman turned round, saw them, and smiled benevolently. 'Your little children, sir?' he asked. 'What did they say? Did I hear them call me Father Christmas?'

'Do not pay any attention to

them,' I said, frowning portentously. 'They are exceedingly rude and ill-behaved.'

'Nay, nay, sir,' he replied. 'Father Christmas is a good name, it is a good name.' He approached them as they came out timidly one by one, and patted them gently on their cheeks and heads, saying a few kindly words, after which he took his leave, and disappeared, hobbling round the corner.

The next day a van drove up, and a vast package of elaborate toys of all sizes and description came to hand: and we knew the giver by means of a scrap of paper thrust into the parcel, on which the words, 'From Father Christmas,' were scrawled tremulously. The good old Count must have ransacked and bought up the whole of a toy-emporium, and my children were, of course, in ecstasies of delight.

'How kind of him!' said my wife. 'Poor old gentleman! I hope you told him, John, that he would be welcome here as often as he pleases.'—N.B. Mark the change which had thus suddenly come over the spirit of her dream since the previous day, and draw from it a maxim: toys to the children the surest way to the mother's heart.

But to return to the Count. Faithful to his promise, I saw him once again in the flesh. He drove up one evening—three days after his first visit—and, when our preliminary greetings were over, I sounded him as to his desire to see once more the room in which the happiest period of his life had been spent.

To my astonishment he declined to trouble me. His pilgrimage had been accomplished, and he proposed returning to Italy in two or three days; but he had come to beg one more favour of me.

\* Freely translated:

'Although an exile here she wrote,  
Contented was Teresa's lot.'

13 *July* 1829.'

'It is my wish, if possible, to take that shutter back with me,' he said. 'I should like to close my eyes reading Teresa's lines.'

The clauses in my lease relating to 'fixtures' were of a sternly-defined character, and, as a practical man of business, I felt some hesitation as to my right of disposing of another person's property.

'You cannot grant my request?' he asked, observing my expression of doubt.

'Well, you see,' I said, 'so far as I am personally concerned there would be no difficulty at all, but I think the landlord ought to be consulted.'

'Ah, just so,' he remarked, and looked so chapfallen that on a moment's reflection I felt myself justified in overcoming scruples, which, after all, were extremely absurd.

'Pooh!' I said. 'What does it matter? I have no reason to doubt that a cheerful consent would be given, and it is only a question of uselessly delaying your journey back. Come, I will take the responsibility on my own shoulders. The shutter can be easily replaced, and I will have it removed and sent to you by to-morrow.'

He shook my hands warmly, and, as I think, invoked a blessing upon me and mine in Italian.

The dusty board, on which the

faint lines were still preserved, was duly forwarded to Count Pogliano at his hotel. I myself never saw him again, but some two years after the event, when the incident of his visit was almost forgotten, a letter bearing an Italian postmark came, informing me of the old gentleman's death, and advising me that, in accordance with certain instructions contained in his will, I should be in receipt of some small tokens of his regard, which I was earnestly desired to accept. The said tokens reached me in due course: a marvellous piece of gold plate, the genuine workmanship of that cunning artificer, Benvenuto Cellini (to this day in my drawing-room, under a glass cover, and partly the admiration, partly the envy, of my friends); a host of curious and valuable trinkets—all family relics—for my wife and children; and a little beautifully-executed miniature portrait of the Contessa Teresa Pogliano, which I was begged to hang up, for so long as I remained in the house, in the little room where she herself had lived happily, and died.

There it is fixed at this moment, against the wall, and as near the window as possible; looking on to the old smoky trees, and greet-Bosco Bello with a serene peaceful smile.

REGINALD BARNETT.

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## THE PUDDING SAUCE OF ST. ALPHEGE'S.

A Word in due Season.

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BEFORE Jack Burlington went to Oxford he believed himself to be a person of very considerable importance in the social world. An only son, blessed with a plurality of sisters, who looked upon him as a second Daniel come to judgment, he naturally fell into little mistakes as to his value. So he considered that he was a personage, as it were.

It was not that his father's estate was large, for it was much the contrary; but his family had owned it for more than a century, and that, in these mushroom days, counts for something. What is the good of having had ancestors if the memory of them is not faithfully embalmed and preserved? So the whole Burlington family, men and women, lived as if the ghosts of the bewigged grandfathers and betrailed grandmothers were perpetually requiring to be appeased by sacrifices of comfort and easy pleasure to the maintenance of the family dignity.

But when Jack went to St. Alphege's he found that no one there knew anything about the Burlingtons, the grand-aunt who had been lady-in-waiting to Queen Charlotte, or the old doctor who had felt the pulse of George IV.

Jack was not a fellow-commoner, for the ancestors had not left behind the wherewithal to constitute him one; and, for the first time in his life, he felt inclined to anathematise their memories when he found he had not an upper place in the dining-hall, but plied his knife and fork down below, where he could

reckon at least six men he considered to be cads.

It was a daily mortification seeing the dons and the fellow-commoners sit above him. His dinner was as the 'Amen' of Macbeth, and, though the cook of St. Alphege's was an artist of reputation, and men of other colleges spoke of him with mingled awe and envy, Burlington did not believe in the *chef*.

There was the famous pudding-sauce, for instance, that was a college tradition, said to have been invented by this cook, the secret of which he meant to carry to his grave with him. It used to be talked about at the lower tables; but no one there remembered that it had ever been served to any undergraduate lower than a fellow-commoner. Whenever an odour more appetising, more mysterious, more unexpected than another floated down to the second tables, the whisper ran round, 'It is the pudding-sauce.'

Burlington smarted under the indignity of his position. At Walton-in-the-Wold they would scarcely have believed it to be a fact that there was a pudding-sauce in the world considered to be too good for, beyond the deserts of, the heir to the paternal turnip-fields.

What though at the upper tables sat the coming marquises and the future dukes: at the lower were, peradventure, prime ministers, who could give or withhold stars and garters to these miserable aristocrats. Jack did not care about having a gold



tassel on his cap, rather despised it, and wrote home to his sisters that he looked upon it as mere millinery; but he was silent about the sauce. To his jealous imagination, the aristocrats bloated themselves increasingly day by day. Nectar and ambrosia are wholly inoffensive when so far removed from every-day life as only to be in poetry; but to be near and not allowed to taste brings them to be very sad prose.

The sauce was said to be like the sermon of the apocryphal parson in the anecdote-books that could be fitted to any text, for be the pudding rich or be it plain, the sauce of St. Alphege seemed always to accompany it suitably.

Burlington was poor as Job, but by no means so patient. Long after he had taken his degree and left college, and even attained to the dignity of a seat on the bench, with the personal liberty of poachers at his mercy, he remembered the sauce at St. Alphege's. He never recognised in the columns of the daily papers the name of one of those stuck-up fellow-commoners without remembering the sauce, and hating the fellow with thorough cordiality.

At last Fortune smiled on Jack—one big broad smile, from the lawyer of a distant cousin, who had been deservedly ignored for going into trade. Burlington was rich at last, and married a lady who also had ancestors, and, in her own person, had curtsied to the Queen.

Yes, Jack Burlington was as rich as some, richer than others, who had sat at the upper tables and enjoyed the pudding-sauce at St. Alphege's.

Lady Cecily Burlington had domestic troubles after her marriage. She failed in one small detail of housekeeping—pudding-sauce. She hired cooks and dis-

missed them; she bought cookery-books and read them. The shelves of her boudoir showed a row of volumes, ranging chronologically from Mrs. Glasse to Miss Mary Hooper. In vain she commended to each new domestic the study of these sacred volumes. Cooks are, above all domestics, closed to new convictions, and impossible to improve; so one after another left, saying 'she could live all her life with the master, but the mistress was the—'

Such was the injustice of the tribunal in the servants'-hall. Meantime, it was not Mrs. Candle who administered the curtain lecture.

'Desperation,' says Lord Beaconsfield, 'is sometimes as powerful an inspirer as genius.'

Griselda grew impatient.

'Cannot you go to your cook and buy the secret?' she said crossly, feeling that it was quite time to show temper. There are domestic crises in which a woman does well to be angry.

'If the man should die without revealing it, one more will be added to the list of lost arts.'

Then Mr. Burlington went to Oxford, on a mission less vague than that of Dr. Syntax setting out in search of the picturesque, but with expectations equally highly pitched.

He called upon the college cook, who received him affably, so much so that the question was immediately driven home, 'Would he sell the secret?'

The great man paused for a moment's reflection. He was about to retire upon a modest competence, the fruits of perquisites and industry. His three assistants were already in possession of the secret, so he might as well part with it for a gentle consideration.

'Sir,' he said, 'you will tell your wife, and she will tell her

cook. If your wife has sisters, be assured that they will speedily be instructed; and if you have any of your own, it follows that my secret's preservation will only be a matter of days. I cannot take less than five pounds.'

Mr. Burlington trembled with eager joy, and separated the bank-note from the others with which it was folded in preparation for a much larger demand.

The cook was no less pleased at the crisp rustle of the note, and sitting down at his desk wrote and handed over the recipe.

No prodigal son was ever more joyfully received than was Mr. Burlington on his return home, for all his household knew the object of his journey. The cook had suspended the packing of her trunks, in order to get hold of the secret before she shook the dust off her feet against Lady Cecily's establishment. This was what the Oxford artist had written down:

'Beat half a pound of butter to a smooth cream; add two ounces of pounded sugar; stir in a glass of brandy, and mix all well together; serve in a tureen made very hot, or poured over a pudding at its highest temperature.

'N.B. The plates must be served so hot that handling them is a service of danger.'

'And is that all?' said Lady Cecily, when she read what the artist had written.

'And is that all?' said the cook, when she had had her audience, and, returning to her bedroom, slammed violently the lid of the trunk she had filled in readiness for departure. 'I would not demean myself to a recipe like that. The yolks and yolks of eggs I have wasted on that man; and he knows no more what is a good sauce than he knows a good cook when he has her. Well, if I was the mistress, I—'

But Lady Cecily also rose to the occasion. Good or bad recipe, she had made up her mind to receive it with scorn. The manner in which she begged her husband to lock up the precious document, lest it should be lost, made an indelible impression upon Jack Burlington.

He was slow to accept defeat, but it came only too surely. They often afterwards had the veritable sauce at table; but the master of the house failed to recognise it, and the mistress declined to admit that she had profited by the knowledge.

Jack Burlington made a great mistake, and one that he is never likely to recover; for he actually paid five pounds to get rid of a grievance by which he had managed to discipline his household. He has not succeeded in maintaining another, and Lady Cecily will never tolerate his lectures upon domestic matters again. The cook sends up whatever she pleases, and Jack does not dare to complain. Lady Cecily dispersed her library. She kept Miss Hooper's books, and bestowed the others upon the Sunday-school bookcase. As the cottagers have very little to cook, and prefer to do that little in a barbarous way of their own, Mrs. Rundell, Mrs. Glasse, and all the other exploded authorities are excellently preserved, and their bindings look as fresh as the day they left the shelves of the boudoir.

When Lady Cecily is not present her husband hints to friends that the cook at St. Alphege's was scarcely a straightforward person, and not quite to be relied upon; but he is cautious about saying much, for he does not think so highly of his wife's curtain lectures as he used to do of his own before he took that false step about the pudding-sauce of St. Alphege's.

C. DREW.

## HALF-HOURS WITH SOME FAMOUS AMBASSADORS.

### IX.

#### ALBERONI, CARDINAL AND ADVENTURER.

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FOR the originality of his conceptions, Cardinal Alberoni has not inaptly been compared with Ximenes and Richelieu; but he differed in one important respect from those great diplomatists: he was unfortunate in the agents through whom and by whom he worked, and consequently his most ambitious schemes failed to come to fruition. But there are few characters in European history more deeply interesting or worthy of study than this wily and sombre Spanish statesman, and prince of the Roman Catholic Church. In the earlier part of the eighteenth century the Continent rang with his name; and there was many a sovereign perplexed by the anxious question as to what move he might be expected to make next on the complex chessboard of the nations.

Julius Alberoni, who had the obscurest origin, was born in the city of Placentia, on the 30th of March 1664, or, according to some authorities, on the 5th of May of the same year. His father was a common gardener. Even as a boy, it was noticed that he would adopt any measures, however objectionable, to accomplish his ends. He attracted the attention of a parish priest, who taught him to read and write, and instructed him in the Latin tongue. Subsequently, through the influence of some Barnabite friars, he was appointed ringer of bells to the cathedral. Resolving to become an ecclesiastic, the future cardinal found dif-

ficulties in the way, for his life hitherto had not been quite immaculate; but these only stimulated him the more, and in the end he triumphed. From this he progressed rapidly to the dignity of a canon.

It frequently happens that those persons who attain to high positions receive their first impetus from totally unforeseen and the most unlikely circumstances. It was so in the case of Alberoni. At the beginning of last century a war had broken out in Europe, which involved a great number of the continental States. The banks of the Po witnessed the earliest meeting of the rival forces, and the Duke de Vendôme was in command of the army of France. The Duke's secretary was one M. Campistron; and this unlucky Frenchman had the misfortune to be robbed and stripped of his money and clothes by some ruffians, near the village in which Alberoni officiated. The ecclesiastic, hearing of the circumstance, took Campistron into his house, furnished him with clothes, and also gave him as much money as he could spare to help him on his way. This was the very best investment which Alberoni could have made, though he had little idea of it at the time. Campistron, grateful for the service which had been rendered him in his need, and strongly impressed in his benefactor's favour, both personally and intellectually, conveyed him to head-quarters, and intro-

duced him to M. de Vendôme. Louis XIV.'s commander took kindly to Alberoni, and saw that he could be of considerable service to the French army. His first commission, however, was such a one as a patriot of any country would scarcely care to undertake, though there is never any saying what an intriguing Spaniard might or might not do. Our hero, at any rate, was first employed in the not very elevating office of discovering where his own countrymen had concealed their grain, with the object of revealing these stores to the French. After this we are not surprised to learn that Alberoni found it alike prudent and convenient to depart from the scene of his heroic investigations. But having once obtained the ear of Marshal Vendôme, he was not the man to lose his advantages. He had a persuasive tongue, and was by no means deficient in ideas which would be likely to commend themselves to a man of the Duke de Vendôme's character. Accordingly, he had not enjoyed the patronage of the French commander long before he unfolded to him a proposition of some novelty and boldness. He suggested that the daughter of his (Alberoni's) sovereign, the Duke of Parma—for his parish was in the Duke's territories—should be united in marriage to the King of Spain. The proposal was favourably entertained; and the Princess was demanded in marriage by Philip V., the Spanish monarch. The Duke of Parma, of course, made no objection to so great and powerful an alliance for his daughter, and the arrangements for the union were completed. But the old proverb says, 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip;' and there was even now some danger of the mis-

carriage of Alberoni's project. Just as the Princess was about to set out for her new country, the Spanish Ministers heard that she was of a haughty and domineering temper, and that she would be a very difficult subject to control. Royal marriages being sometimes merely formal matters, they prevailed upon the King to write to the Duke of Parma, requesting him to give another of his daughters to Philip, a princess who should be better tempered.

Now Alberoni saw at a glance that, for the furtherance of his ambitious schemes, there was all the difference in the world between a queen who had been negotiated for Spain by himself, and one with whom he had had no relations, and one who consequently owed him nothing. Alarmed for the safety of his plan, he took bold and instant action. The messenger who had been sent by the King of Spain to the Court of Parma, he caused to be arrested when one day's journey from that city; and he gave him the option of either delaying his journey to Parma for a day, or of being assassinated. The messenger, who was inclined to invoke a plague on both the houses of Spain and Parma, not unnaturally took that view of the situation which accorded with his personal safety, and decided to save his head. The result was that the Princess originally intended for Philip, and recommended by Alberoni, set out for Spain.

In the Court at Madrid the most bitter of the opponents of the King's marriage was the Princess d'Ursini, who had acquired great influence over Philip. This voluptuous woman was of French birth, her name being La Tremouille. While very young she had been married to Talley-

rand, Prince de Chalais. She was early left a widow, and her subsequent experiences were anything save of a virtuous character. Yet this bold designing woman at one time indulged the hope of becoming the King's consort herself! Finding, however, that the marriage with the Princess of Parma was resolved upon, she determined at once to assert her power over her new mistress. But her fall was decisive and complete. A contemporary historian furnishes the following description of this extraordinary scene: 'D'Ursini, whose bosom throbbed with the most eager and joyful expectations, went to Xadraque, a village where the Queen was expected to pass the night. She had put on a full dress of ceremony, and promised herself a most delightful evening. It was dark, and the Queen was not arrived. The weather was intensely cold. She ordered a good fire to be made in the best room in the inn, and sat down to supper. Scarcely had she sat down when the arrival of the Queen was announced. She went down-stairs to meet her, and followed her to the apartment prepared for her. The Queen treated her with marked coolness and indifference. D'Ursini, accustomed to a tone of authority with the late consort of Philip, was not a little surprised; but, ascribing her behaviour to her ignorance of the rank she occupied in the monarchy, resolved to let her know who she was, and accordingly began to animadvert on her slow mode of travelling, and the late hour at which she had arrived. The Queen angrily replied that such language did not become a subject. D'Ursini, nowise dismayed, continued her censures, applying them next to the Queen's dress. The Queen ordered her to quit the room; on

her offering to remonstrate, she called aloud for the officer-in-waiting, and ordered him to get ready a coach and six, and not quit D'Ursini until she had reached the French frontier. D'Ursini would have disobeyed, declaring that nothing but an order from the King himself would oblige her. The officer then showed her the King's order, which had been secretly given to him, to execute whatever the Queen commanded, without exception or reserve.'

Philip was not such a fool as he looked, nor as he appeared in character to some who thought they read him. He had laid the train for the disgrace and banishment of D'Ursini, anxious to get rid of her, and to shake off her influence. The whole thing was arranged with the Queen, to whom he wrote, 'Be sure you do not miss your blow; give her but an hour, and you are her slave!' Without any apparent concert between the King and his bride, the end was successfully achieved. When the fallen woman arrived at St. Jean de Luz, where she was set at liberty, she thus appealed by letter to her old friend Madame de Maintenon: 'I am here in a small house, the ocean before me, sometimes calm, sometimes agitated—it is an image of what passes in courts. You know what has happened to me; I shall not implore in vain your generous compassion.' But the Maintenon did not see it, and failed to reply in that warm way which friendship would seem to indicate. Besides, D'Ursini had incurred the displeasure of the Court of Versailles on a variety of grounds, and her reception in France was very frigid in tone. She afterwards attached herself to the Court of the Pretender in Rome, and in the Eternal City she died.

Alberoni went out to Pampe-

luna to meet the Queen, but his reception was such as to have chilled most men. 'I have heard,' said her Majesty, 'that you are an egregious rascal.' The diplomatist did not deny the soft impeachment; he knew his *rôle*. He simply bowed, but afterwards managed to flatter and conciliate the plain spoken Queen. In course of time he came to exercise great influence over her. Being alone in a strange land—for the ladies who had accompanied her had returned to Parma—she was driven for counsel to the wily ecclesiastic. He, of course, knew how to make the most of his position; and it seemed but the most natural thing in the world when he became Prime Minister.

But there was a still greater height to which Alberoni aspired, for so he regarded it, and that was the cardinalate. Though he knew the difficulties in his way, he worked for this most assiduously. There were passages in his career which he could not look back upon with complacency, and there was also his obscure origin to trouble him. If he could only obtain a cardinal's hat, he reasoned, nothing more would be heard of these unpleasant things. He had read the great lesson of the world in all ages, that nothing succeeds like success, while there is nothing so damaging as failure. In addition to other adverse forces working against him, he knew that the Pope viewed with the greatest distaste the possible necessity for his elevation to the College of Cardinals. But it says much for the indomitable energy of the man that he allowed nothing to divert him from his great object, or to discourage him in its pursuit. Events fortunately disposed themselves in his favour, as they had done on previous occasions. Turkey having made war against

Italy, the Pope implored succour from Spain. Some members of the Spanish Cabinet opposed this request, but Alberoni supported it with fervour; and ultimately six ships were despatched for the protection of Italy. In other matters in dispute between the Vatican and the Court of Spain itself, Alberoni gave way to the Pope, thus forging additional links in the chain which should bind Rome in gratitude to himself. Moreover, the Papal Nuncio at Madrid seconded the King and Queen in extolling the services of Alberoni, and at length the resolution of the Pope was broken down. The scheming Spaniard obtained his red hat.

Upon the death of the French king, Louis XIV., curious complications arose. The Duke of Orleans became Regent, and the throne was occupied by an infant. In the event of his death there might be two claimants one being the King of Spain, who had the proximity of blood in his favour. Although the Powers of Europe had exacted a promise from Philip that he would make no claim at any time to the crown of France, the latter now protested against the Duke of Orleans being preferred as Regent before himself. The Duke was aware of this, and contemplated an alliance with England, while foolishly coquetting at the same time with the Pretender. British Ministers were not only disquieted by the plots of the Jacobites, but by the naval preparations in the ports of Spain, made by the King and Alberoni. The lukewarmness of the French Regent drove England into an offensive and defensive alliance with the Emperor of Germany. The Duke of Orleans, being convinced at last that the family of Hanover was securely seated upon the throne of England, concluded

a treaty with her in 1717, to which the States-General became parties. Thus was constituted the Triple Alliance. The King of England was guaranteed against the Pretender, and the possible claims of the Duke of Orleans were sanctioned in return. Holland was a concurring party to the treaty.

Such was the condition of European politics when Alberoni began to conceive his grand schemes of aggression. He had at his command what was then considered to be a large army, consisting of twenty-two thousand horse and eighty thousand infantry. The navy was exceedingly weak; but Alberoni did all he could to revive it, and mustered sixty ships of the line, thirty frigates, and twenty galleys. Altogether these armaments were formidable, considering that in the year 1723 the entire population of Spain was only seven millions six hundred and twenty-five thousand souls. Financially, the State was at one period in a ruinous condition, as it has since frequently been; and on the accession of Philip the annual income was under half a million sterling. Alberoni formed large projects for increasing the wealth and commerce of Spain: 'He meditated the increase of the trade carried on between Acapulco and China, and the eastern regions of Asia, through the intervention of the Philippine Islands. Thus Spanish America would become a chain to bind together the Western and ancient worlds, in an intercourse of industry and exchange of riches. The commerce by Acapulco was confined to an annual ship, or at most a few vessels. In coming from the Philippines, the ship cannot stretch across by a direct course, but must proceed considerably northwards, in order

to fall in with the westerly winds that are to blow it over; so that, from the time it leaves the islands, it does not see land till it reaches the coast of California; and here there is no harbour which it can put into. Alberoni wished to have a diligent survey made of the Californian shores, in hopes of finding such a harbour. Nor did he stop here. He was anxious to have the immense unexplored tracts that stretch north and north-east admitted to a share of this Eastern traffic. Their rude produce was to be exchanged for the more fashioned and elegant productions of the East.' Such were some of the schemes which Alberoni formed for the commercial benefit of Spain. He also suggested many reforms and extensions of trade at home, which proved that, while his mind was bent on personal aggrandisement, he yet saw the great power which commercial prosperity conferred upon a nation.

Some of his financial and commercial schemes led to great disturbances in Biscay, Navarre, Arragon, and other places; but these he quelled with a firm hand by the aid of the military. Meanwhile the preparations for his formidable expedition were pushed forward, and a fleet, consisting of twelve ships of the line and a hundred transports, sailed from Barcelona. The squadron was commanded by the Marquis de Mari, and the Marquis de Léide was general of the forces. The Emperor of Germany, being at war with the Turks, had withdrawn most of his troops from Italy. Naples was the destination of some of the Spanish troops, and a good deal of predatory warfare was carried on in that State. But the expedition proper landed upon the island of Sardinia, and in the course of a month the whole island was in possession of the Spaniards.

It has been remarked, in connection with this expedition, that nothing could exceed the facility of the conquest but the insignificance of the object gained. Alberoni had startled the whole of Europe by his preparations, and yet apparently he had no definite object in view which warranted such a display. His conduct on this occasion would seem to have lacked reason most conspicuously. There was the trouble of the King's illness at home, when the Cardinal entered upon his quixotic enterprise; while the descent into Italy embittered still more against Alberoni his old enemy, the Pope. His whole policy appears to have been extremely short-sighted. But when the Pope 'talked of strong measures against Alberoni, of recalling his Nuncio from Madrid, Cardinal Aquaviva, the Spanish Minister, would terrify him on the other side by threatening him with an entire rupture with his Court, assuring him that no future Nuncio would be received in Spain. The Pope, in the agony of his embarrassment, burst into tears on one occasion, and declared he had certainly damned himself when he had created Alberoni a cardinal. Cardinal Giudice, who happened to be present, dryly said he would be happy to attend his Holiness anywhere but to hell.'

The Pope, bitterly hating Alberoni as he did, perceived also the necessity for dissembling his feelings. But, relying on the canons of the Church, he did venture to refuse the Spanish Minister the archbishopric of Seville, then vacant; whereupon Alberoni flew into a terrible rage, and swore that the Pope, the Emperor, and even the King and Queen of Spain, should answer for it before God.

For the purpose of fostering his plans against Italy, the diplo-

matist now fomented discord between Turkey and Germany, in the hope that the latter would still be drawn off from her Italian enterprises. This led to so much indignation amongst the Roman populace that the person of Cardinal Aquaviva, the Spanish representative at the Vatican, was in great danger. An attempt was made by England to secure peace in the South of Europe, but Alberoni was completely given over to his ambitious projects. He incited the Czar and the King of Sweden to go to war with England; then, garrisoning Sardinia, his useless capture, he prepared a second expedition. He took soldiers wherever he could find them, including the most desperate bands of brigands, and he raised money in the best way he could. The people to a considerable extent responded to his dreams of conquest, and ultimately an imposing force was collected. Early in 1718, fifteen thousand foot and four thousand horse were encamped on the plains of Vic, ready to march to Barcelona, for the purpose of embarking.

By way of reply to these preparations the famous Quadruple Alliance was formed. In the first instance, the treaty was only signed by England and France, who saw that some decisive measures must be taken to insure the peace of Europe. The Emperor of Germany followed, and then the Duke of Savoy, who had held aloof as long as he could, seeing that the treaty was not so favourable to himself as he could have wished. Spain was invited to join in the treaty; but although she had more to gain from it, perhaps, than the other Powers, for a long time she resolutely declined to do so. France and England brought all their influence to bear upon the Spanish Court, but in vain.



Our envoy extraordinary, Colonel Stanhope, set out for Madrid to exercise his powers of persuasion; but long before his arrival the Spanish fleet had sailed from Barcelona.

Much speculation was indulged in as to the destination of Alberoni's second expedition, and ultimately it was found to be Sicily. There were in it twenty-seven ships of the line and three hundred and forty transports, carrying an army of thirty thousand men. There was also an immense train of artillery, with quantities of ammunition, and abundance of every implement of war. When the expedition appeared off Sicily on the 1st of July 1718, and a disembarkation took place four leagues from Palermo, the Sicilians were overwhelmed with astonishment. The King ordered his ambassadors at all the Courts of Europe to make the strongest representations against this unexpected attack, which he described as contrary to all the usages of civilised nations. But these usages have ever been vaguely defined; and kings and statesmen have had no difficulty in riding rough-shod over them when they deemed it necessary. The King of Sicily's alarm was very natural, for he had but a small and miserable army. 'But the uniform answer to his representations was that, the arrangements of the Quadruple Alliance having been deemed necessary to the continuance of this peace, he had nothing to do but immediately to accede to them. So that this wily politician, after all his shiftings and waverings, found himself where he was at the beginning. Apprehensive of losing Sicily, and getting nothing for it, he notified his accession, and directed the governors of his towns in Sicily

to receive the imperial forces.' The Emperor of Germany now concluded peace with Turkey, and once more had his troops free for the war in Italy. The Spanish troops went forward with the conquest and occupation of Sicily; but while they were engaged in besieging Messina, the last of the towns to give way, the English fleet, under the command of Sir George Byng, came up with the Spanish fleet off the Faro. An engagement ensued, which resulted in the English fleet gaining a decisive victory.

While these events were in progress, Colonel Stanhope arrived in Madrid to prosecute his mission. 'He found the Cardinal arrogant; but he was not without hopes, at first, of bringing him to a reasonable disposition, when an express arrived from Cardinal Aquaviva, with the intelligence of the landing of the Spaniards in Sicily, and their triumphant progress from Palermo to Messina.' Alberoni was now nearly beside himself with joy. He imagined the speedy realisation of all his hopes, with the expulsion of the Germans from Italy. Under the influence of his excited feelings, his demands to Colonel Stanhope assumed extravagant proportions. He claimed for Spain the absolute sovereignty of Sicily and Sardinia; the children of the Queen were to assume possession, without any conditions whatsoever, of Parma, Placentia, and Tuscany. The German Emperor was to recall his troops, and the British fleet was to return to England. This programme, of course, considerably astonished Stanhope.

Alberoni was a man of a very violent temper; and it is stated that, when Colonel Stanhope showed him a list of the ships which Great Britain had sent against him in case he should per-

sist in disturbing the peace of Europe, the Cardinal snatched the paper out of the envoy's hands, and threw it on the ground in a great passion. According to one writer, indeed, he tore it into a thousand fragments; but Colonel Stanhope, nothing abashed, went on coolly with the thread of his conversation, which may be found reported in the continuation of Rapin's history.

Gathering from the attitude of the Spanish Minister that he was in nowise inclined for peace, Stanhope departed from Madrid, leaving a note behind him to the effect that if the King of Spain did not accept the treaty of Quadruple Alliance in three months, the allies would declare war against him, and that any attempted hostility during that time would be opposed by force of arms. While the defeat of his fleet must have discomposed the Cardinal, he carefully suppressed all knowledge of this; and he even had it proclaimed by beat of drum throughout Spain that no one should presume to speak of the discomfiture of the fleet. He pretended himself to be perfectly tranquil under every blow of adverse fortune; but, as has been well observed, 'that which at one time was cried up as magnanimity will appear deserving of a very different name when it is considered that all this unconcern was for dangers he never exposed himself to, and calamities others were condemned to endure.' We can be very calm when others are called upon to suffer.

The Cardinal, through his ambassador in London, endeavoured to sow disaffection against the English Ministry, and looked forward with hopefulness to the meeting of Parliament, as tending to serve his ends, by manifesting a strong feeling against the Ministry.

But although Walpole led the attack against them, and the Government were blamed in some quarters for their Spanish policy, a large majority in both Houses indorsed the Quadruple Alliance, and saw in it a sincere wish on the part of the King and his Ministers to preserve the tranquillity of Europe. They were likewise of opinion that the hostilities which ensued were rendered inevitable by the conduct of the Spanish Minister. Seeing the unexpected turn which affairs were taking in England, Alberoni pursued his plans with redoubled ardour, and further showed his animosity to England by ordering the British consuls at the ports to quit the kingdom. He next proceeded to make seizures of English property, and encouraged the fitting out of privateers against the English trade. This was too much for the Court of St. James's; and a formal declaration of war was made against Spain.

At this juncture there were great rejoicings in Madrid in consequence of the capitulation of Messina. Alberoni urged forward the Spanish troops in Sicily to further action; but in their attack upon Melazzo they were defeated. Subsequently the Spaniards gained a victory over the Imperialists; but the operations of the English admiral were more than a set-off against this.

But we must now notice the passage of arms between Alberoni and the Regent of France, the Duke of Orleans. These two diplomatists cordially hated each other, and the Regent actually carried on his intrigues against Spain in the very Court of Madrid itself. Alberoni, amazed at this attack upon him in his own quarters, resolved to retaliate in kind against the Duke, who was the

real founder of the Quadruple Alliance. He not only attempted to create discord in Paris, but he endeavoured to entice the best military men in France into the service of Spain. As soon as the Regent became aware of this, he forbade all French subjects to enter the naval or land service of Spain; and, at the same time, he ordered all those who were engaged there to return. Driven to some retaliatory action, Alberoni adopted a favourite policy of his—that of disseminating writings and proclamations against the French Government. He even conceived the scheme of overturning the government of the Regent; and, so great was his belief in his own powers, that he imagined he could readily accomplish this. The licentious habits of the Duke, and his daughter, the Duchess de Berri, had made them enemies in France, and the Cardinal relied on this fact to assist him in his plots. The French people, moreover—that is, the masses—were beginning to complain of the enormous sums which were spent by the Court in the pursuit of pleasure. Then there was a party in the State who complained of the French alliance with the house of Hanover, with the consequent desertion of the Pretender's interests, and the rupture with Spain. Altogether, to adopt a homely phrase, it can scarcely be wondered at that Alberoni believed he could make it warm for the Regent. The latter was also in a difficulty as regarded civil and religious legislation in France. But besides all this, the Regent had acquired the deadly animosity of the Duchess de Maine. The Duchess was of the family of Condé, and was married to one of the illegitimate offspring of Louis XIV. The late King had declared this son a prince of the

blood, thus rendering him capable of succeeding to the Crown, after the rest of the royal family. By his will, he committed to him also the care of the young King; but, on the annulment of the will, this provision was abortive. In the year 1718 the Regent determined upon vigorous action in respect to the Duke de Maine. He deprived him of every prerogative which raised him above the other dukes and peers of France, and reduced him precisely to the same rank. Upon this fact being made known to her, the imperious Duchess exclaimed to her husband, 'Nothing, then, remains for me but the disgrace of having married you!'

Prince Cellamare, the Spanish ambassador in Paris, found in the Duchess a ready instrument to assist him with Alberoni's schemes. The two held many conferences together, and struck up a kind of plot, the leading item in which was the seizure of the person of the Regent and the transference of his authority to the King of Spain. But the conspirators were very unpractical, and made no provision for subduing resistance or obtaining a public force if necessary. Moreover, the spies of the Regent informed him of what was going forward; and a seizure of letters was made, the documents obtained being of a very compromising nature against Cellamare. In the end the Prince was obliged to leave Paris; but, on arriving in Spain, he was appointed Viceroy of Navarre, an act which proved that the Spanish Government indorsed his policy of conspiracy. The French Regent was of an easy-going disposition, and, where some would have beheaded their enemies, he was content merely with a temporary imprisonment for the Duke and Duchess of Maine.

Alberoni urged forward the confederacy of the King of Sweden and the Czar against Central Europe; but his projects in this direction were cut short by the death of the King of Sweden, who was killed at the siege of Frederickstadt in December 1718. Yet this only arrested the plans of Alberoni for a few days. Early in the following year he again had the map of Europe before him, forming schemes in his active brain for changing all its salient features. He was the real power in Spain, the King having fallen into a very feeble and lethargic condition. The Queen affected to govern, but in reality it was the Cardinal who suggested and carried on all the machinations of Spanish policy. 'Intoxicated by his elevation,' we are told, 'he displayed the utmost haughtiness in his whole demeanour. The most distinguished noblemen he treated with airs of superiority. On the least contradiction he would break out into the most indecent transports of passion. He wished to have it thought that in his single person centred the whole administration of government. Insisting that affairs could not be carried on without inviolable secrecy, he kept them entirely to himself, not even disclosing them to the Queen. On no occasion did he take any one's advice. He directed all the foreign despatches, and every public communication, to be addressed immediately to himself. He gave notice at the same time that whoever deviated in the least degree from his orders should pay for his disobedience with his head.' With so much power, he might have done something; but in desiring to carry out great ideas he seemed to be paralysed. Hence, at the most critical moments, 'instead of assuming the

attitude of a great war Minister, he confined himself to the expedients of a petty intriguer. He was busy in stirring up plots and insurrections; he published addresses and manifestoes; he attempted some trifling and ill-concerted diversions. He is said even to have instigated persons to the assassination of the Regent.' Examples are given of his trivial diplomatic occupations when he ought to have been engaged heart and soul in carrying out the schemes he had concocted, and which were gigantic enough in conception.

But he was at length brought face to face with the necessity for action. A French army was despatched against Spain, under the command of the Duke of Berwick. This was in April 1719; and the army passed the river Bidassoa, which separates the two kingdoms. Upon the advice of Colonel Stanhope, who was serving as a volunteer in the French army, Marshal Berwick made for the Puerto de Passages. Here there were ships and naval stores to the value of half a million sterling, and all this property was either captured or destroyed by the French. It is a great reflection upon Alberoni's military foresight that he had made no provision for defending these valuable stores. Instead of being prepared with an army to meet the French, he appears to have contented himself with an effort to sow disaffection amongst the French troops themselves. In this hope he was completely disappointed; and the French pushed on to Fontarabia, which surrendered to them at the very moment that the Cardinal was dissuading Philip, his royal master, from placing himself at the head of his own troops and taking the field.

The war progressed rapidly, or rather the onward march of the French, as we should call it; and in a few months the whole province of Guipuzcoa was in the hands of the enemy. Marshal Berwick proceeded to carry the war into Catalonia; and these disastrous events led Philip to think that the Cardinal-Minister was not so infallible or powerful as he had been hitherto thought to believe.

With the advice of the Pope, Alberoni now set on foot a movement on behalf of the Pretender, who went to Madrid to consult the Cardinal. An expedition set sail from Cadiz, with the intention of taking up the Duke of Ormond, a leading supporter of the Pretender, at Corunna; but the greater portion of the fleet was scattered before it arrived at that place. Two frigates escaped; and these bore the Earls Marischal and Seaforth, the Marquis of Tullibardine, and some three hundred Spaniards to the coast of Scotland. They were easily defeated, however, by the English general, Wightman. Not only was this scheme cast to the winds, but others which followed in its train; and a British fleet under Lord Cobham completely disposed of the remains of the Spanish navy at Vigo. In addition to all these disappointments, Alberoni was further chagrined by the accession of the States-General to the Quadruple Alliance.

The time was now rapidly approaching for his fall. Every event at home and abroad was tending towards this end. 'The progress of the French arms made Philip tremble for his capital. Liberal terms of pacification were offered to him if he would sacrifice the obnoxious Minister. He had been already indisposed towards him, hearing the scandal of

his private life—the mistresses he kept; but had he been successful he might have shut his eyes to those offences. He was not so; and a variety of circumstances coöperated to his fall. He had rendered himself extremely odious to the people of Spain, who had been taught to believe he intended to assume the title of Cardinal Farnese, and claim relationship with the Queen. The clergy suspected him of a design to abridge their power and influence, and overturn the Inquisition.'

The first serious blow to the Cardinal was the loss of his influence over the Queen, said to have been effected by female influence, though the Court of Parma was credited with some share in this. The fact is that all classes in Spain, as well as the King and the Queen, saw that it was dangerous for him to be continued in power, and the uneasiness had spread to the sovereigns of neighbouring States. The Regent of France, however, was chiefly instrumental in his overthrow. The Duke had discovered all the secret designs of his enemy; and in his negotiations with King Philip he made it a *sine quâ non* that Alberoni should be banished from his councils and his kingdom. Philip issued the order, and left the capital, so that the Minister could make no personal appeals to him.

There is something strangely like the fall of our own Wolsey in that of Alberoni; and in both is taught the same lesson of the danger of 'vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself.' The Spanish Cardinal was ordered to quit the capital and the country, and had no option but to obey. He had not travelled far, however, when it was discovered that he 'was carrying out of the kingdom the celebrated will of Charles II.

of Spain, which gave that kingdom to its then sovereign. Persons were immediately despatched from Madrid to wrest this serious and important document from him, which it was supposed he intended to take to the Emperor of Germany, to ingratiate himself with him. With some violence they effected their purpose; and the Cardinal proceeded on his journey to the frontiers of France, where he had the additional mortification of being received by an officer sent by the Regent to conduct him through that kingdom, as a State prisoner. Unembarrassed, however, by this circumstance, Alberoni wrote to the Regent to offer him his services against Spain, but his Highness disdained to return any answer. The Cardinal must have fallen very low before he could offer his services to his bitterest foe, and manifest his willingness to betray his own sovereign and people.

These events occurred in 1720, and Alberoni now retired to Parma, where he remained in quietude for some time; but a Consistory was called at Rome to inquire into his conduct, and he was sentenced to be confined for one year in the Jesuit College at Rome. At the expiration of this period he returned to Parma, where he busied himself in measures for ecclesiastical education. In 1746 he proceeded to Rome, when he was made legate of Romana by Pope Clement XII. Six years later he died at Rome in his eighty-eighth year, in full possession of all his faculties, notwithstanding his great age.

A curious example of Alberoni's restless spirit is furnished during the time when he was legate of Romana, and when he had passed his eightieth year. Being desirous of subduing the little republic of San Marino, which was near his

own government, and of bringing it under the dominion of the Pope, he successfully intrigued with the leading inhabitants for this purpose. A day was fixed, upon which the Republicans were to take the oath of allegiance to their new sovereign; and at the time appointed the Cardinal rode up to the mountain with his suite. He was received at the door of the principal church by the priests and chief inhabitants of the place, and conducted to his seat under a canopy to hear high mass and a *Te Deum* sung. The mass began, singularly enough, with the word 'Libertas.' It was no sooner heard by the listeners than it had a magical effect upon them. Reflecting that they were possibly about to lose the reality of liberty, they fell upon the Cardinal and his attendants, drove them out of the church, and made them descend the very steep mountain of San Marino with great rapidity.

Voltaire at one time seems to have thought Alberoni a really great man. In his *Life of Charles XII.* he paid homage to his powers of mind, describing him as a great and commanding genius. But in his later historical work, the *Life of Louis XIV.*, the philosopher of Ferney regarded his former favourite with aversion, and spoke of him with derision and contumely. Voltaire knew how to change his course with the tide. The Cardinal's own countrymen, or rather those in the Spanish army, always held his memory in respect, and alleged that he had a real care for the greatness of his country, but that his foreign foes had compassed his fall.

In person Alberoni is described as having been low in stature, and inclined to be corpulent. The expression of his face was ignoble, though there was a good deal of vivacity in his eye. His manners

never wholly lost the coarseness and vulgarity which arose from his obscure origin. He was a sensualist and also a *bon vivant*; and Benedict XIV. once remarked, 'Alberoni is like a glutton, who, after having eaten a large salmon, cannot help casting a wistful eye at a minnow.' His selfishness was imported into all the relations of life; and when at the height of his greatness he lulled himself into a false security, living at the same

time a life of splendour and immorality which could not in the end fail to set the Spanish people against him. Disbelieving in the prospect of his own fall, he made no serious preparations against it. This made his overthrow all the easier. He was swept from the stage on which he had been the greatest actor in the same swift but effectual manner in which he had first risen to control the destinies of Spain.

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## VANISHING HOPE.

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On the golden sands I linger, while the breakers leap around,  
And the slanting fire of sunset makes the shore enchanted ground,  
And I watch the ships ride westward, to the far Atlantic bound.

In the glory they evanish, down the misty verge they flee,  
And 'Adieu, adieu!' I murmur to the murmur of the sea—  
It is evening on the ocean, it is evening with me.

O my hopes, my hopes auroral, ye that left me all too soon,  
In your early morning freshness, in your radiant summer noon,  
Left me lonely as the phantom of the lonely rising moon—

Like those ships I watch departing to the land beyond the sea;  
From the heart where ye were harboured even so departed ye.  
It is twilight on the ocean, it is twilight-time with me.

All my argosies white winged, with their freight of golden grain,  
High aspirings, bright illusions, I shall never know again,  
All a hundred fathom sunk beneath the melancholy main!

Safely riding in your haven—ah, what gallant hopes were ye!  
Hopes that failed to reach Atlantis, foundering in the vasty sea;  
Night is falling on the ocean, night is falling over me!

## VALENTINA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A FRENCH HEIRESS IN HER OWN CHATEAU,'  
'MRS. LANCASTER'S RIVAL,' ETC.

### CHAPTER XIX.

FRANK.

'HER extravagance is really awful,' said Lady Julia. 'I confess to you both that the responsibility is getting too much for me.'

'You are afraid of having a pauper on your hands again?' said Mr. Hartless languidly, from behind his newspaper.

'Perhaps not so bad as that, because she does not bet or play; but certainly she does her very best in other ways to get rid of her money—it melts, it runs away. I never saw anything like it.' And Lady Julia sighed; she was evidently very uneasy.

'At this moment,' she went on, as neither of her companions said anything, 'who can say what she may be doing? I should not be the least surprised if she turned Roman Catholic. Most ungrateful, after all I have sacrificed for her.'

'What, my dear?'

'Why, Robert, you know you have felt it yourself. Leaving Stoneycourt all this time deserted and going to the dogs, missing the London season and all the shooting, and a great deal besides; leading this foreign life, which I always dislike exceedingly, it reminds me so dreadfully of my stepmother. All to please this girl, who did not care an atom for her husband while he lived, and was supposed to break her heart when he died; and now respects his memory by squandering his

money right and left, and being twice as wild as she ever was before. You may laugh, Robert. I have no doubt you and Frank enjoy looking on at it all. It amuses you; but women are different, and the charge of a creature that nobody can manage is enough to turn one's hair gray.'

'What makes you so bitter this afternoon?' said Mr. Hartless. 'Where is she now?'

'She is gone to that convent she was talking of last night. Her mother used to go into retreat there sometimes, and took Val with her, which she had no business to do. Did not you hear her saying that she was afraid the nuns were poor? O, it is exactly the same as in Italy, encouraging all those monks and nuns in their dirt and selfishness.'

'It is an amiable kind of extravagance,' said Frank, looking up and speaking for the first time.

'Well, Frank, she ought to be obliged to you; you always defend her. But if you had been with us all the time I think you would have agreed with me. You certainly have been a most constant friend to her, and I am sure she has not deserved it.'

Her husband put down his newspaper, smiling.

'Constancy is a virtue of Frank's,' he said. 'He still looks upon you as Val's guardian, Julia, and he wonders whether you will be more encouraging now than you were once upon a time.'



'O, isn't it rather soon?' said Lady Julia.

Of course, the idea was not in the least a new or surprising one. She and her husband had talked it over many times, and had been quite aware all along that they were sacrificing themselves in Frank's interest. But this was the first time that a talk on the subject had been more than *tête-à-tête*.

'No particular use in losing time,' said Mr. Hartless. 'Val is no longer broken-hearted.'

'Not a year! What is to-day? The 14th of June,' said Lady Julia. 'He doesn't want to settle it at once, surely. Do you, Frank?'

'I mean to be tremendously cautious,' answered her brother-in-law. 'I shall say nothing till I am quite sure of the answer. But you have no objection?'

'O no. Poor Val! You will take very good care of her, I know.'

'You may depend on that,' said Frank.

Soon after this he went out, leaving the husband and wife together. They were now in Paris once more, having come there from Florence within the last fortnight. The Roman winter and the Tuscan spring had passed quickly. Valentina had for most of the time been gentle and manageable, except in the matter of spending her money. Frank Hartless had gone backwards and forwards between England and Italy, had looked on calmly at her extravagances—even encouraged her in them; had abetted her wildest pranks, when in the spring she began to be her old self and a good deal more, feeling herself so perfectly free and independent.

Their present plan was to go to Homburg or some other German place for the rest of the summer, and possibly back to England in

September. That, of course, depended on Valentina's fancy. The whims of a widowed sister with twelve thousand a year were not to be disregarded. Valentina had no longer to complain of unkindness from her relations.

'After all, I don't know what Val will say to Frank,' said Lady Julia doubtfully.

'He will have his way in the end,' observed Mr. Hartless. 'Having been disappointed once will make him all the more determined now. I could tell you something rather amusing.' He smiled, and looked out of the window.

'Well, what is it? I shall be glad to be amused. About Frank?'

'You will be shocked; but I suppose I can trust you, as we both mean her to marry him.'

'Well, it would be such a good thing for everybody. Frank has so much decision; he will keep poor Val in order. Of course, if only they had had sixpence between them, he would always have made a better husband for her than poor Billy Golding. Tell me, then; I won't be shocked.'

'Frank's opinion of himself agrees with yours, oddly enough. One day, when he was in town in the spring, some fellow at the club was talking about Val and her pranks, and chaffing Frank about her. They all knew, of course, that she had refused him. Frank got rather warm on the subject, and made a bet with this fellow that he would marry her within the year, and that no one would ever hear any more of her pranks. She is to be tamed, once Master Frank marries her, and to sink into nothingness, like other respectable women.'

Lady Julia was slightly scandalised.

'How little we know what

horrid men say about us,' she observed. 'Who told you?'

'It came to my ears,' Mr. Hartless answered. 'I didn't see it in *Truth*, though I dare say it will be found there with the announcement of the marriage.'

'She has brought it on herself,' moralised Lady Julia. 'I have told her so before now. People who behave as she does must expect to be talked about. It was odd of Frank, though. You would never have done such a thing.'

'Possibly not. But Frank is so free and easy with other people that he must expect them to take liberties with him. I don't always admire his jokes myself. But no doubt marriage will tame him as well as his wife. By the bye, did I ever observe to you that Frank must have said something rather strong to Roger Miles, to send him off like a shot from Visieux that day?'

'There was some excuse,' said Lady Julia. 'Frank knew very well, as I did, that Roger Miles was one of Val's adorers. I never shall forget the poor fellow's face, when I told him of her engagement to Billy. I feel convinced that he came that day intending to propose to her. O, he was a very good riddance. Dear me, we might have had him hanging on all the winter.'

'I agree with you. The end justified the means.'

'That's a bad sentiment isn't it? Jesuitical. But you feel sure, don't you, Robert, that Frank is really fond of Val? He won't make her unhappy?'

It was not Mr. Hartless's way to be sure of anything.

'It is rather late in the day to suggest that he is not fond of her,' he said, with a lazy smile. 'He has been more or less in love with her for at least three years, and

she has done everything in the world to enrage him. All in vain; his feelings are as lively as ever.'

'But that bet?'

'I wish I had not told you. Of course he was chaffed into that by other fellows. If he wins it, what can be better? A first-rate match for Frank, and Val turned into a quiet member of society. I shall be truly thankful. If there is one product of civilisation I hate, it is a wild young woman.'

Lady Julia fanned herself, and looked thoughtful.

'Consider,' Mr. Hartless went on, 'she is certain to marry again. If not Frank, the first adventurer who gets round her. She has no eye for character; she is simply guided by the absurd fancy of the moment. Another miserable specimen like Golding, perhaps. Or in a fit of repentance for her follies, she might accept a serious young man, such as Roger Miles. Think how bored she would be in a week. Now, Frank is as wilful and as lively as herself, and has a temper and a will of his own. They may fight a little at first, very likely, but she will have to give in, and then there will be peace.'

'O yes, I know all that. I quite agree with you,' said Lady Julia.

While his brother and sister were discussing his prospects, Frank Hartless was walking along the Boulevard, looking forward to the happy accident of meeting Valentina. He did not take much notice of the people who passed him, but kept his eyes well in front. As he had often remarked, one knew Lady Val a mile off by her shoulders.

Frank was not at all a handsome man; his features were plain, and he wore no hair on his face to hide them. But he had a good figure, and looked like a gentleman. He had also what is called a clever face, with quick dark

eyes, a continually changing expression, and a mouth and chin of immense determination. He could look very pleasant or very forbidding, having two kinds of smile for the purpose, one with his teeth, the other with his eyes. Whether he was pleased or angry, he always smiled; and he had a quick, careless, off-hand manner, which was sometimes mistaken for frankness. Still he was not by any means made of ice, like his brother, and could be in very fiery earnest, for which reason many people liked him better than Robert. It was his fashion to be cool and satirical, but not his character. Old Starr the coachman used to say that Mr. Frank never gave in, and never forgave. He was certainly a good hater, and appearances seem to say that he was a good lover too. For, to do him justice, without inquiring farther into his motives, he would have been just as much bent on marrying Lady Val if William Golding had left her penniless.

He had not gone very far along the boulevard when he saw her, not a mile off, but close to him. She and her maid Laurette were just coming out of a silversmith's shop, whose glittering windows extended for many yards along the pavement. Valentina looked pleased, and was smiling on the obsequious man who opened the door for her. Frank stood outside and waited.

'There you are!' she said in her brightest manner; it seemed that she was in a mood of friendliness to all mankind. 'Come in here. I want to show you some things I have been choosing for a wedding-present.'

'Who is the happy receiver?' said Frank, following her back into the shop.

'Do you remember that pretty at Florence—Miss Lanyon,

the old clergyman's daughter? Well, she confided in me. She had been engaged for years to her cousin. He was a poor curate, and, in fact, they had not enough to marry on. I told her I very well remembered being poor myself, and how unpleasant it was, and I promised that her cousin should have that living when old Mr. Smith retires in the autumn. I wrote to Mr. Carleton about it. And I heard from her this morning that she is going to be married in September. So, don't you see, I have to get something for her.'

Lady Valentina said all this in English, very fast, while the shopman stood by respectfully. It was all news to Frank, and he was not particularly pleased to hear it, having long had an eye on old Mr. Smith's excellent living for a friend of his own. He now wished that he had made Billy promise it long ago. He had hardly given Valentina credit for knowing that she had a living in her gift, and certainly would never have suspected her of understanding the Benefices Resignation Act. Her independence was quite provoking. Billy had left everything entirely in her hands, without a trustee or a guard of any sort. She had only to give her orders to Mr. Carleton, and things were done like lightning.

Frank did not show his feelings, however. He smiled and said, 'But, my dear Lady Generous, the living is a fine wedding present in itself.'

'Nonsense; I should have to give it to somebody. Look here.'

Frank looked, and beheld all the plate that could possibly be wanted in a rectory house with a good income, according to Lady Val's own ideas, which were not small. She made the man show

him everything, laughing over it herself like a pleased child.

'Do you mean that to be the general style of your presents to your friends?' Frank said presently.

'When they are poor.'

'Then it will be a privilege to be poor, and to know you. There is only one danger.'

'What can that be? That they won't like to accept it?'

'No danger at all in that quarter. That your purse may not turn out to be inexhaustible.'

Lady Val stood still for a moment. Her smile went away, and she looked at him with grave sorrowful eyes.

'It will last as long as I want it,' she said.

Frank did not argue with her. They went out of the shop, and turned along the boulevard towards the hotel.

'O, do you know,' she said in her usual manner, 'I have had such a disappointment this afternoon. My Augustine ladies—I could not find them anywhere. I am sure the convent used to be at the end of a passage—Passage Miraflor. You went past a great many shops, and came out into a nice green place where the gates were. That part of Paris must be altered in these few years. I am so sorry.'

'What were you going to do at the convent? Not take the veil, I hope.'

'No, I am not good enough. Besides, Julia tells me that I am a Protestant. I don't quite see how I can be that, when mamma was Catholic—but, in truth, no one ever took much pains to teach me religion. The only religious person I ever cared for was the Mother of that convent. How good she was to me! I wish you would help me to find it. At least, I might go into retreat there

for a week, if they would take me.'

This new whim struck Frank as decidedly serious.

'Ah! and do you know what will be the end of that?' he said. 'These nuns—they may be excellent women, and may think they are doing right. But once they have got you, depend upon it their object will be to keep you. If I find this convent for you, I shall be acting against the interests of all your friends.'

'Still if you can do it, I am sure you will,' said Lady Val, looking up into his face. 'At least, I suppose you care for my wishes, don't you?'

'You judge me fairly there, at any rate,' said Frank.

'And I believe you know where the convent is quite well. We are walking away from it. Come!'

She turned round suddenly, saying to the startled Laurette, who was following them, 'Monsieur is going to take us to the convent.'

Frank did not actually oppose this idea; he had, at any rate, no objection to their walk together being lengthened as much as she pleased. He confessed in a gradual sort of way, as they went along the boulevard, that he knew the Passage Miraflor; there was a good glove-shop there; that he remembered the green space beyond, and finally the convent gates themselves.

'Still, I should be doing very wrong if I took you there,' he said, after delighting Valentina with his good memory. 'The cleverness of those people is astounding. And you are so young, and so impulsively generous, I am afraid—'

'Don't treat me like a child. I am not young at all. And you do them injustice; they are very good women. If I offered them

my whole fortune this afternoon, I don't believe they would take it, so set your mind at rest on that point. I should still have something left to buy presents for my friends.'

Frank was not inclined to joke now. He looked very earnest and grave.

'Talk about my doing injustice!' he said. 'You never did believe in my good intentions, did you? and I suppose you never will. It is a great trouble. I dare not speak to you, for fear of being misunderstood. I might talk till doomsday, for instance, without convincing you that I don't care an atom what you do with your money. As for this Mother Superior of yours not accepting your whole fortune when you kindly offer it—well, I hope for your own sake you are right. But as long as you yourself don't go and be buried there, I care nothing about it.'

Valentina certainly was not so flighty as she had been in former days when Frank tried to remonstrate with her. Perhaps he had learned lessons since then, and was doing it more cleverly. Anyhow she answered quite softly and sweetly,

'There is not much danger of that, I think.'

'Yes, there is. I know very well how you feel about everything. You hate society; it is all a blank to you. If it was not for the power of being good to your fellow-creatures, you would not care to stay in the world at all. Inside those gates—O, hang it, I know how it will be,' said Mr. Frank, striking his stick sharply against the pavement. 'Peace, and a pretty garden, and singing hymns, and being pitied and loved in a nice quiet way by good women with calm smiling faces. Don't you fancy it is just

the life to suit you at this moment?'

'Well,' she said in a low voice, 'if you knew what it was to feel so tired of everything—to want something new—'

'Exactly; and so you are planning to establish yourself in a place where, from year's end to year's end, there never can be anything new. Let us turn back, if you please. At least, I won't be instrumental in taking you there.'

'What a fuss about nothing!' said Lady Val, looking at him in surprise. 'I don't mean either to endow the convent or to enter it. I only want to go and see my poor old ladies once again, and, perhaps, arrange to stay a few days, if I like them. You can't wish to hinder me from having a little innocent pleasure like that. No, I will not turn back. I think you are very silly and tiresome.'

'Well,' said Frank, 'of course no mortal man can prevent you from having your own way. If you wished to shut yourself up in a lunatic asylum, I should have to take you to the gate. But I vow I won't do this, unless you make me three promises, meaning to keep them, mind.'

'I do keep my promises, now,' said Lady Val. 'I am not so changeable as when I was a child. What are they?'

'First, that you won't stay at the convent to-day more than half an hour, having compassion on me, who will be waiting outside.'

'O, certainly,' she said, smiling; 'I know you are very impatient.'

'Next, that if you do go into retreat there, which I disapprove of heartily, you will come out at the end of a week.'

'Why should I promise that?'

'For your friends' sake. And

because it is a condition of your going there now.'

'I forgot. Very well.'

'And third, if you find convent life suits you so well that you decide to take to it altogether—why, then, that you will stay in the world at least till you are five-and-twenty.'

'By that time I might have changed my mind.'

'You might,' said Frank, hiding a smile. 'Let us hope so. But after all, you haven't any fancy for the life, have you? So it can't do you any harm to make me that promise.'

'Five and twenty. More than three years. If I like it, why should I wait so long?'

'Let me remind you,' said Frank, 'that the Passage Mirador is at present undiscovered country.'

'Dear me! I wish I had found it for myself. Very well. I won't become a nun till I am five-and-twenty—if then.'

'If then,' Frank echoed with satisfaction. 'To your left. Here we are.'

## CHAPTER XX.

### MOUNTAINS.

VALENTINA kept her first promise, and her second too. The nuns welcomed her so affectionately, for her mother's sake and her own, that she determined to carry out her idea of spending a week at the convent. Her sister Julia was terribly shocked and vexed; she now regarded it as certain that Val would end her days as a nun. She thought it most ungrateful and heartless of Val; the maddest and worst of all her pranks. Nothing was too bad for the wicked deceitful nuns who had entrapped her. In fact, to Lady Julia this was a much

more serious trouble than her brother-in-law's death, and she could not understand the behaviour of Robert and Frank, who as Englishmen and Protestants might have been expected to oppose such a plan with all their power. Lady Julia became sarcastic in her indignation, and congratulated Robert on this new development in Frank's prospects. Robert only smiled and yawned, and observed that Frank knew what he was about.

This assurance seemed necessary; for Frank appeared to be doing all he could to smooth Val's path to the convent. He took her side in arguments, said nothing against the Augustine ladies, spoke respectfully of the Pope. Lady Julia could only suppose that he meant to become a Roman Catholic too.

Valentina went to the convent, and at the end of a week rejoined her relations at their hotel. She was in high spirits, and did not seem at all aware of the coldness with which Julia received her. That evening Robert Hartless took the trouble of advising his wife to consider the whole thing past and over, and to forget that the convent existed.

'That is not so easy,' said Lady Julia. 'We shall soon hear of her going back, and being received, and taking the veil. Neither you nor Frank seem to realise the danger in the least.'

'We realise all that there is,' answered Mr. Hartless quietly. 'It may comfort you to hear that Val has promised Frank to stay in the world till she is five-and-twenty.'

'Promised Frank?' This sounded so odd that Lady Julia took two or three minutes to think it over. 'Really!' she exclaimed, 'Frank must have a good deal of influence. More than I thought.'

'I told you he knew what he was about,' said Robert, with his lazy smile.

Paris, though still beautiful, was beginning to be very hot, and they found it pleasant to have their coffee after dinner in the great shady courtyard of the hotel, among the myrtles and orange-trees. There they sat till the lamps were lit everywhere, and up in a dark blue square of sky the stars were shining. Their party had been very dull for the last week without Valentina, who, in any of her moods, was always a centre of interest. Lady Julia had been in a state of dignified crossness, meant to show her companions how weakly and badly she thought they had behaved. Robert had been sleepy and indifferent, and Frank, if he was there at all, thoughtful and silent. It was a stupid group altogether.

But to-night everything was changed. That little conversation with her husband before dinner had improved Lady Julia's temper, though she still thought Val had behaved wrongly and ungratefully to herself. But she was softening every moment as she listened to Val's sweet voice, to her low merry laugh, and saw the smiles and looks that were passing between her and Frank, as he tried to make her confess that the convent was a horrid bore, and the nuns stupid inane women, who thought of nothing but needlework and jams.

'No, they are dears. We loved each other very much. I never was so petted before,' Valentina declared. 'But O, the want of space and fresh air! I feel as if I had been packed in a box; and at this moment I should like to run as far as Fontainebleau.'

'All right. Which will be there first, you or I?' said Frank.

He was at his best that evening,

so animated as to be almost good-looking. He had his little triumph, but did not show it disagreeably. Valentina could only feel flattered by his cordial welcome back into the world.

'Julia,' she said, leaning back, and looking over her shoulder at her sister, 'I suppose we can get away from here the day after to-morrow?'

'So soon! Where do you want to go to?' said Lady Julia in a little consternation, and even Frank gave a small whistle, and Robert looked up from his *Times*.

'I must go to Switzerland,' said Valentina. 'I feel a longing to climb mountains. I would go to-morrow, only you lazy people would not be ready to go with me. But Wednesday will give you plenty of time for all your arrangements.'

'Climb mountains! What an idea in this weather!' said Lady Julia dismally.

'The mountains would be better later on,' suggested Frank confidentially.

'When they swarm with tourists; thank you. No; I mean to do it thoroughly. It struck me one day this week, at dinner, when they were reading the *Life of Ste. Françoise de Chantal*, that I had never given mountaineering a fair trial.'

'The Alpine Club will rejoice,' said Frank. 'What was the connection with Ste. Françoise?'

'O, she was tiresome, and my thoughts began to wander. I have never ceased thinking of it since. It is settled, isn't it? We start on Wednesday. Where are Murray and Bradshaw?'

'Don't be in such a hurry,' said Lady Julia. 'We can't go on Wednesday, you know. There is the review on Sunday. I thought you all wanted to see that. I am

sure Frank does, for I heard him say so.'

But Valentina was quite decided that she could not wait till after Sunday. She did not care for the review; she wanted fresh air. In fact she was as wilful as she had been in her naughtiest days, and declared that, if no one chose to go with her on Wednesday, she would go by herself. Now, it was true that Frank had particularly wished to see the review. He liked to see and know everything, and was a little curious as to how they managed these things in France. It seemed as if he might find it rather hard work to submit in this instance. His brother and sister both looked at him to see what he would do.

'What a tyrant you are!' he said to Valentina, smiling agreeably. 'You absolutely won't let us stay for the review?'

'Of course you can do as you please,' she answered. 'I shall find guides and people to take care of me, no doubt.'

Frank looked at her for a moment without speaking. Perhaps he measured his power, and found it still a little wanting. He very discreetly gave in at once, shrugging his shoulders.

'Yes, you have a giant's strength,' he said. 'Do you mean to go on all your life using it like a giant?'

'Nonsense!' said Valentina, half-turning from him with an impatient movement, like a pettish child. 'I want to go away. I can't stay here all those days with nothing to do. I think a review is the most tiresome thing in the world; and you have seen hundreds. However, if you like it, pray stay for it. You can all join me in Switzerland next week, unless you are afraid of the mountains, and would rather go back to England.'

'A dissolution of partnership; that sounds serious,' said Frank.

'I don't care. There is no fun in being with people who are so slow, and won't do anything amusing.'

'Cruelty, blindness, unreasonableness, your name is woman,' said Frank, still gazing at her, and smiling. 'You know we are all your slaves; what can you want more? Perish reviews! Do you pretend not to know that this one was given up ten minutes ago, as soon as you pronounced against it? Robert has been thinking of the route, and Julia of her new gowns, which have not come home, and I of Mont Blanc and the Righi—not without trembling. You will promise not to push me into a crevasse?'

'I don't know. It depends whether you tease me. Mont Blanc and the Righi! They are not half difficult enough, are they?'

'I know nothing about them,' answered Frank. 'We must ask for the most dangerous mountains; especially those which female foot has never climbed. There's one thought that makes me miserable.'

'What is that?'

'Your complexion.'

'O, that does not matter to anyone but myself.'

Frank did not argue this point, except by looking and laughing.

'Well, have you two people settled anything?' said Lady Julia, who had been watching their confidences from a little distance.

'Everything,' said Frank. 'The caravan starts for Geneva on Wednesday morning.'

'I am sure you are most obliging, Frank. Val ought to be very grateful. I must send to Madame Caspar to-morrow morning. She won't have time; however, the things can be sent after me.'



'You are just as obliging as I am,' said Frank.

Valentina did not take the trouble to thank either of them.

A man could hardly have a more difficult part to play than Frank Hartless had during the next few weeks. He was not naturally very adventurous, liking streets much better than mountains; and, though he had plenty of courage, it is not easy for a man well over thirty to change all his habits, and become as active as a lad of eighteen. Roger Miles, who with all his quiet ways was much more of an athlete, would have made a better mountain companion for a daring young woman like Valentina.

Frank did not enjoy roughing it; he could not bear getting up before sunrise; the tremendous walks and irregular meals, which Val with all her delicate looks enjoyed immensely, were purgatory to him. His brother knew this very well, and could not resist offering satirical condolences.

'The game is worth the candle,' was Frank's answer; and his brother watched the progress of events with deepening amusement. Sometimes, when Frank gave in cheerfully to some specially preposterous notion of Lady Val's, he could not help reflecting that this young person was adding up a fine score against herself. Once she was his wife, the self-sacrificing Frank was likely to take a very different tone.

Mr. Hartless did not breathe these suspicions to his wife, whose love for her sister, though it might have been more still, naturally exceeded his. He was not in truth very fond of Valentina; for, like other quiet indifferent men of his kind, he had a great idea of his own importance. And his excellent memory often brought

back to him Valentina's little insolences in days gone by, the scornful glances that she took no pains to hide, her disrespect, her ignoring of his wishes and opinions, even when she was living as a guest in his house. Since Billy's death and the reconciliation, it was true that her manners had been much better, otherwise it would have been hardly possible to dance attendance on her for so long. But now she seemed to be breaking out again, and her brother-in-law thought with some satisfaction of the taming that was to follow.

It would not be easy to say what Valentina's thoughts were in these days, as she drifted through them. Probably she did not think much of the future at all. There was always something in her way of living like that of Nature's gentle beings of another creation. If her surroundings were happy and bright, she rejoiced in the sunshine; if they were sad, she was too miserable to live. She had never been trained like a reasoning creature; the instincts and influences of the moment were her laws. There could not be a sadder spectacle than such a life as hers, in some of its aspects, and yet its naturalness was beautiful. The stream flowed along in its own wild way, but it was clear and sweet; there were no dark depths in it; the blue sky was reflected in it purely. It laughed and danced in the sunshine with all its heart, and when the clouds gathered and the wind blew, it took dark colours too, and shivered and moaned.

In these days Valentina was happy among the mountains. The beauty and courage of the young English lady will long be remembered among the guides, and yet they speak of her with a sort of pity: even they could see

very well that there was something wanting in her life. Robert and Julia were kind, and ready to go anywhere. Frank was always to be depended on. Valentina had learnt in the last months to go to him with all her fancies. If she ever reflected at all, she thought that Frank was very much improved. He never used in old days to be so polite and kind. Once, perhaps, it struck her as fortunate that Frank had forgotten all that nonsense three years ago. And it may have occurred to her to wonder what made Frank so much nicer now than he was then. But she did not trouble herself to think much about it, and when the crisis came it found her honestly unprepared.

One day she was very much annoyed. They were staying in a romantic village near the shore of a small lake, and had been enjoying one or two glaciers in the neighbourhood, when Robert Hartless announced that he must go home for the shooting early in September. He was sorry if it did not suit Valentina, but one's home duties could not be entirely thrown to the winds. He hoped she would not dislike coming to Stoneycourt for a time. Of course, if she preferred staying abroad, some arrangement could be made. He would advise her to look out for some lady as a companion. But Julia would be very sorry to part with her, and it would be much the best way for her to come home with them.

Valentina was extremely disturbed, and behaved as usual childishly. She looked down, shrugging her shoulders, and did not speak for a minute or two. Breakfast was just over, in the noon heat of an August day. Valentina got up, took her shady hat, and walked towards the door.

Frank and Julia looked at her, and Robert took no notice.

'I wish you had no shooting,' she said, turning round at the door. 'I don't mean to go back to England, now or ever, and most certainly I shall not have a lady to keep me in order. I shall stay here for another month, and when you are all gone I shall set off to Greece, Egypt, and Constantinople, and Jerusalem, and then Damascus, and then I shall go and live among the Arabs in the desert, and ride about all day long.'

She ended with an odd little smile. They all listened to her gravely.

'Nonsense, Val! Come here and be serious,' said Lady Julia.

She shook her head, went out, and shut the door.

Lady Julia was beginning to exclaim, but her husband, after a moment of silence, turned to his brother.

'*Carpe diem*,' he said.

Frank nodded slightly, and went out almost directly afterwards.

'Really, Robert, how ill-mannered, to talk Latin before me!' complained Lady Julia. 'What did that mean, may I ask?'

'That girls like Valentina ought not to be allowed to wander alone in tourist-haunted valleys. Is that enough?'

'Too much, for you only said two words.'

'Nevertheless, they signified even more than that. The Latin language is very comprehensive.'

'So it seems. Dear me, how troublesome Val is! Will she go back with us, do you think?'

'How can I tell? All I know is that you and I will be back at Stoneycourt early in September.'

Frank knew pretty well where to look for Valentina. Behind the little primitive hotel a path

went climbing up the side of the valley, through the dark tall pine-trees that covered all the slope.

At a high point in this path there was a rustic bench, and here one might sit and look down through the deep shade of the wood to the lake, glittering white and blue in the sunshine, and then away along the green sides of the valley to where a range of snow peaks, changing every hour to some new wonder of brilliancy, stood clear against the deep blue of the sky.

They had been a few days at this little Sternensee—Lake of Stars, as its name was—and each day, in coming back from long rambles, Valentina used to stop and rest here. She had said once or twice that she loved the quiet view, and could never be tired of looking at those peaks, with one or two of which she had already made closer acquaintance. Frank did not keep to the path when he went that day to look for her, but climbed up through the trees, and found her, as he expected, sitting there in her gray mountain dress, with her shady hat and alpenstock beside her, and a troubled look in her face.

‘Did you think I had run away?’ she said, as Frank came up.

‘Started for Greece, yes; but I thought you would make your first halt here.’

‘But isn’t it enraging, to be forced back to England, to that stupid dreadful Stoneycourt! I have no wish ever to see it again. It would make me too miserable. I am quite serious, you know. I want to go about the world and have plenty of adventures.’ Then, as Frank, who was standing by her, made no answer at once, she leaned forward and looked up in his face. ‘Can’t you help me?’ she said.

‘I wish I could,’ said Frank, in an odd sort of voice. ‘I feel with you entirely. It is far too delightful, travelling about like this, for me to like the thoughts of going back to England. But these fellows with land, you see, they are always such selfish rascals. The British Constitution would be in danger if their shooting did not come off in proper time.’

‘What do I care for the British Constitution?’

‘Precisely. Or I?’

‘And how could Robert talk of my having a lady to go about with me? It would drive me mad. And, besides, one would think I was an unmarried girl.’ She paused, flushing a little, then went on rather quickly. ‘There is only one thing for me to do, to become perfectly independent. Don’t you see that? I can’t exactly say it to Robert and Julia, because they have been very good to me, and have given up all this time. It has really been so good of them. I daresay Robert was dying to be in England all last winter. But I can’t be joined on to them for ever, as if we were one family—can I? They must go their way, and I must go mine. When I have been all over the East, perhaps I may come and see them in England. But not now; there are many, many reasons. I can’t go to Stoneycourt now. Why don’t you give me your opinion?’

‘Because it will break my heart to part from you,’ said Frank, deliberately.

It was not exactly an answer to her question, but it did quite as well. He was not looking at her; he was standing beside her, gazing down the valley, and after he had spoken he still stood just the same. He was putting a restraint on himself; there was

none of the violent eagerness which once upon a time had made her run away from him.

'I want you to be happy,' he went on, as she said nothing. 'You don't want to go back to England—neither certainly do I—for it is only life to me where you are. If you will consent, we will let these people go, and I will take care of you.'

This time she made some sort of answer. 'You forget—' she began, but so low that he hardly caught the words. However, she was not vanishing into the woods, as he had feared and expected. He ventured to look at her, and saw that she was stooping slightly forward, looking very grave, her eyes downcast and her cheeks flushed. This nymph, or fairy, or whatever she was, looked wonderfully human.

'I don't forget anything,' said Frank. 'I am not afraid of remembering anything. I don't ask you to give me all I give you—it would be impossible. But you are alone—not fit to be alone—and I ask you to trust yourself to me. Don't you think I could make you happy, dear Valentina?'

'O, but I remember so many things,' sighed Valentina. Then she looked up at him, with her eyes full of tears. 'I think I am very much surprised, Frank. I think I ought to ask somebody's advice.'

'Whose advice, my darling? Your sister's? Nothing could delight her and Robert more.'

'I suppose so. I was not thinking of them,' said Val, in the most natural manner possible.

'Whose then? Who has a right to give you advice! I can only think of one enemy I might have.'

'Who?'

'Carleton. He might call me a few names, I daresay.'

'It is not his affair at all,' said Valentina.

'Nobody's affair but yours, as far as I know,' said Frank.

He had an undefined feeling that he was accepted, but it still seemed as well to be cautious; this prize was not of a tame nature, and might be seized at any moment with a wish to escape.

So Frank was very patient, very moderate. He did not say much more about himself, but he sat down by her and talked to her of all her fancies, of the free happy life they two could lead abroad, while Robert and Julia were gone back to their muddy acres. At last, when it seemed as well to come to a clear understanding, he said to her in a low quiet voice,

'Then you will?'

She looked up among the pines with sad dreamy eyes, not answering at once; but she did not snatch away her hand when he gently took it in his.

'Am not I very unnatural and changeable?' she said. 'I feel almost as if it was wrong, and yet I am so lonely.'

'Never lonely any more,' murmured Frank. 'I will take care of you.'

Presently she asked him if he was not very much changed?

'I never used to know you were like this,' she said; 'I used to be afraid of you.'

'Let us hope you know me better now than you ever did before,' said Frank. 'I am not changed. I daresay I have seemed a sulky fellow, but that may be explained by a want of happiness.'

'Frank, do you know what people mean by being in love?' asked this extraordinary girl after a long pause.

'Yes; remarkably well.'

'How funny! I don't.'

'You shall learn by example,

dearest—the best way of teaching.’

‘All that is no use. I was born without a heart, I believe. I like people very much when they are kind to me, but I can’t understand those things one reads about. It is my French blood, perhaps. *Mariages de convenance* are the only ones I can really understand.’

Frank thought for a minute about the past and the present. Poor Billy Golding might very well have been the subject of a *mariage de convenance*, but how about himself?

‘Then how do you explain your consenting to marry me?’ he asked her.

‘That sort of marriage need not always mean money, need it?’ she said absently.

With all his coolness Frank was mortified.

‘Thank you, dearest,’ he said. ‘You accept me because you want a courier. It is not flattering to a man’s vanity; but I would rather be tolerated on those terms than not at all.’

He was passing it off with a laugh, but there was a tone of vexation in his voice, which reminded Val what very odd things she was saying.

She turned to him with the greatest sweetness, and said, ‘Forgive me, Frank. I am very rude and wicked and ungrateful. But you must not misunderstand me. I only mean that you must not expect—what I have not got to give you.’

‘Whatever you give me, I am the most fortunate man living,’ said Frank; and so it appeared that he and Val quite understood each other.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### TOO LATE AGAIN.

ROGER MILES had spent most of that summer in Norway, boating and fishing with his old friend Harry West and one or two other young men. Now and then he wrote a few cheerful lines to his mother, who wrote back to him with any local news she had to tell. Early in August she told him that Mary Linton had been to see her, and had brought some news of the Stoneycourt people. They were all coming back for the shooting in September. ‘Mary seemed to think that this would interest you,’ said Mrs. Miles. ‘I did not tell her that she was not likely to meet you at any of the Stoneycourt gaieties.’

This letter was several days on the road, and reached Roger, in the out-of-the-way place which was his farthest point, on the anniversary of William Golding’s death. From various scraps of news he had picked up from Mary, it had seemed to him that Valentina must have pretty well recovered from the shock of her husband’s death. He could understand that her grief, though very violent, might not be very lasting. Now he supposed she was coming back to Stoneycourt, and he began to wonder whether some happy chance would give him a meeting. He thought of it sadly, being very well aware that they had better not meet; it could only be a renewal of old sorrows for them both; and yet the longing to see her was all the stronger in Roger’s heart, because he had been trying honestly to drive away the old dreams which would come tormenting him.

After this he was restlessly eager to get home, and as soon as his friends were ready they set off, and travelled back by way of

Hamburg. They stayed there one night, and Roger dreamed a dream which he remembered and told his mother afterwards; it was such a strange coincidence. He dreamed that he had a letter from Valentina, from some place abroad, telling him that she was alone, and asking him to come to her, to help her, and bring her back to England. He thought he set off and travelled night and day till he reached her. He found her very ill, lying on a sofa, thin and wasted almost beyond recognition. But she held out her hand and said she had always wanted him; why did he not come long ago? And then a door opened, and Billy came in, walking with a stick, and stood at the head of the sofa. So it seemed that she was not alone after all.

Sea and sunshine relieved Roger from the sad impression of the dream. He thought probably she was cheerful and well, and not wasting a thought on her old acquaintance; but she was in his mind when he got home, when he went into the library, after a long talk with his mother, and found a pile of letters lying there. Most of them had come within the last week or two, during which Roger and his friends had been moving about so constantly, that it was not worth while to forward them. He turned them over carelessly; most of them were business letters and circulars. But there was one which he took up and held in his hand, staring at it as people do, while his heart seemed literally to stand still, and then to rush on again at a pace that sent a quick flush to his forehead. A small thin letter from France, directed in a childish uneven hand that he had seen before. Valentina had been carelessly educated, and her writing was disgraceful.

Roger opened the letter slowly,

and took out a little sheet of note-paper with a few lines on it, written ten days before from a hotel in Paris.

'Dear Mr. Miles,—I should like to think that I have your good wishes. Do not call me cold and forgetful, but I have promised to marry Frank Hartless. I am not very much surprised; are you? But he is much nicer than you and I used to think, and you must not be anxious about me. I write because I know that you were always good and true and friendly, and I deserved all the hard things you may have thought of me. Do not give me up or forget me. We are to be married very soon, because my sister is in a hurry to go back to England. Do not blame me, please. I told you I could not live alone.

'Always your friend,

'VALENTINA GOLDING.'

Poor Roger! the news seemed at first to crush all the manliness out of him. His mother, coming into the room soon afterwards, found him in a terrible state, exclaiming, 'This is too much! I can't bear this! Mother, read that. Did you know? What shall I do? I shall shoot myself!'

Mrs. Miles was very sorry, and the letter brought tears to her eyes; yet nothing that Lady Valentina did would have surprised her much. It seemed at first impossible to scold Roger or reason with him. But she could not bear to see him in this state of wild despair, and as she stood at the foot of the sofa where he had thrown himself, stern words came to her lips.

'Roger, I am ashamed to see my son crushed like this by a foolish woman's letter. Where is all your moral courage gone? You bore her first engagement like a

man. You have always known that she did not care for you ; what did you expect ? Hold up your head ; you shock me more than I can say. Shoot yourself, indeed ! I did not know you were such a coward.'

'That is what I have been always,' said Roger, starting up. 'A fool and a coward. I have let everything slip through my fingers. That brute deserves his success, for he has been resolute. But she will be miserable.'

'She has chosen for herself.'

'Do you think so from that letter ? I think her heart mis-gives her, as it well may. I shall go to Paris to-night, and she may choose between me and him.'

'O, nonsense, nonsense ! You are out of your senses.'

'No, mother. I don't mean to lose my last chance, that's all.'

He hurried out of the room. Mrs. Miles followed, reasoning, entreating, commanding ; he listened to nothing. Half an hour later the amazed coachman was driving him back to the station to catch the London train.

Early the next day, after spending the hours of the journey in learning the letter by heart, and becoming more and more fortified in his resolution, Roger Miles, looking indeed a worn and bronzed traveller, turned into the courtyard of the hotel in Paris, and asked at the office for Lady Valentina Golding.

'Numéro 26,' said the man glibly ; then, as Roger was half turning away, 'Ah, pardon monsieur, the lady is gone. Is it not she who was married yesterday ?'

Roger looked vaguely round him ; somehow he had never thought of being too late. He made the clerk no answer, but stood still, and only after a minute or two became aware, by the movements of that object, that he

was staring hard at a slim well-dressed gentleman, who was standing a few yards off smoking a cigar, and regarding him with a little amusement. Then Roger knew that the object was Robert Hartless, and came to his senses.

Mr. Hartless shook hands with him, and asked him if he was staying in the hotel.

'Just come, I suppose ?'

'Just come, yes,' said Roger.

'Can't they take you in ? The place is very full.'

'No ; I don't want to stay here. I have business ; I am only passing through. Is Lady Julia quite well ? Are you coming to Stoney-court ? I heard something of it, but I have been in Norway all the summer.'

'Ah, that's a long way off. Do they give you anything to eat in those countries ?'

'Charming country.'

'Well, yes ; my wife and I think of going home next week. The responsibility that kept us abroad has arranged itself, very pleasantly for us all. Perhaps you have heard. My poor sister-in-law has consoled herself by taking a fancy to my brother.'

'I heard—is it over ? are they—'

'You think such things tragical ; so they are,' said Robert Hartless, smiling. 'They were turned off yesterday, at that wretched Rue d'Aguesseau Chapel—a depressing place to begin their double existence in. They are gone to Homburg for a week or two—Hôtel Sainte Marie. Are you likely to be passing that way ?'

'No. I am going back to England.'

'Off already ? Come in and see Lady Julia, and have breakfast with us. When did we meet last ? To be sure—at that unfortunate place, Visieux. What a

sad *fiasco*! Poor Billy! You liked him, I think?

Roger muttered something about 'Very much—good-bye—late for the train;' and abruptly left him standing in the courtyard.

It seemed to him, in his dismal journey back again, that he himself was as bad as any of these people. Only a year ago Billy Golding had been saying his last words to him; and now, poor fellow, he was worse than forgotten—remembered in a tone of heartless contempt! Nothing that was his had followed him—not even, as Roger told himself reproachfully, the faithfulness of an old friend. However, he did not altogether regret that he had gone to Paris. It was the last leaping up of the flame which must now die down for ever; and when he reached home his mother found that he was quite calm again.

It was not till two or three days after, when he could entirely trust himself, that he answered Valentina's letter. He wrote a few kind friendly lines, wishing her happiness, and simply telling her how it was that her letter had reached him so lately. He did not mention Frank, or his hurried journey to Paris. If she ever heard of Hartless's seeing him there, she would only think that he came back that way from Norway.

His letter was not exactly an answer to Valentina's. It could hardly be that, with the chance of Frank Hartless reading it. But she was pleased with it, and on the same day that she received it she wrote to him again. Having addressed the letter, she left it on her table to be posted later, and went out. Not long after her husband came into the room, and saw the letter lying there.

It had not yet occurred to his

wife to hide anything from him. There too, thrown down with her other letters, was Roger's note, which she had answered on the impulse of the moment. Frank, after standing by the table for a minute or two with a frowning face, took up that note and read it. Then he took up his wife's letter, which was fastened down, and turned it round in his fingers.

'Correspondence!' he muttered. 'This must be subject to supervision, my lady.'

Then, without any more hesitation, he tore open the letter and read it.

'I was very glad to have your few lines this morning,' Valentina wrote to Roger, 'for your long silence made me fear that you could not forget or forgive. At least I knew you would not forget, but I was afraid you had felt obliged to give up our old friendship. You must not do that, because I value it so much. I will make you smile rather grimly by telling you that I never am in Paris without thinking of a certain adventure of mine many years ago. What a naughty child I was then! I know you think I am not much better now, though you are too stiff and polite to say so. You always used to do as I asked you, and now I want you to forget all my wretched behaviour last year, which I dare not remember. And you must promise, whatever you hear of me, to believe that I am always the same, and that whenever I want to be good I think of you. I suppose I am happier than I have any right to be; but I hope I shall never forget to be good. Hom-burg is a horrid place; we shall not stay here long. Good-bye. Does your mother remember me? Do you ever see dear little Dick



Starr, or the Cradocks at the mill? My memory is dreadful to-day. It is your letter's fault. I sometimes wish I had none.—  
Yours most truly, V. H.'

Perhaps it was natural enough that Valentina's husband should not quite approve of such a letter as this, in which she opened her heart so freely to a comparative stranger.

'By Jove, this is a nice answer to a dry little stick of a letter like his!' meditated Frank. 'I wonder what she wrote to him before? This girl is a greater riddle than I thought; but one thing is quite clear—this style of thing must be nipped in the bud.'

He stood thinking for a minute or two, glancing over the letter again. He was in fact more amused than enraged, being quite clever enough to understand Valentina. This was only one among the proceedings that he meant to put a stop to; and it seemed a good opportunity to begin exercising his authority. They had been married a week, and he had not yet shown her that he meant to be master in the household.

As he stood there, with the letter in his hand, the door opened behind him, and Valentina came in. She was singing a little song to herself, as she often did; but she broke it off suddenly.

'What is that, Frank—my letter?' She came close up to him, and tried to take it out of his hand. 'I thought I fastened it down,' she said, half-playfully. 'Why, Frank, what business have you?—give it me!'

'In this shape,' said Frank; and, looking her straight in the face, he deliberately tore the letter into four strips, and laid them down on the table.

Her eyes flashed as she re-

turned his gaze, and she became very white. Then she turned away with a proud air, saying very low,

'I do not know what you mean.'

'Does it want explanation?' said Frank. 'It simply means this, that I prefer your not bestowing your sentimental recollections on Mr. Roger Miles.'

'What long words! I prefer that you should behave like a gentleman; for I did fasten my letter, and I could not have imagined that any one existed who would open and read a letter without leave.'

'It has not come within your experience, I daresay,' said Frank, smiling. 'It never struck you, probably, that your letters belong to me as much as yourself.'

'I don't belong to you.'

Frank lifted his eyebrows, and made no answer.

'What do you mean me to understand by tearing up that letter?'

'Must I tell you again? I mean that you are not to correspond with Mr. Roger Miles.'

'O, indeed! Why not? I shall correspond with any one I please.'

'You will find yourself mistaken; at least, if you write the letters, I shall read them, and shall reserve the liberty of tearing them up. Your letters to Mr. Miles I shall always tear up.'

'But why?'

It was more a little cry of astonishment than of anger.

'My reasons are my own affair. One is that I hate the fellow.'

'You hate him! He is twice as good as you are.'

'That is more than probable; but what a pity you did not find it out a little sooner.'

'You will beg my pardon for that, Frank, or I will never speak to you again.'

'Very well, my dear. I do beg your pardon,' said Frank, who saw that he had gone an inch too far. 'Only oblige me by attending to my wishes in this matter.'

'I shall do exactly as I please.'

Frank shrugged his shoulders, and walked out of the room.

Valentina stood in the little darkened *salon*, with its smart satin furniture, looking down at her torn letter, while a band in the public gardens not far off was playing that wonderful march of the Swans in *Lohengrin*. As Frank had been more amused than enraged by her proceeding, so she was more astonished than enraged or alarmed by his. An attempt to deprive her of her liberty seemed so ridiculous, so unheard of. Frank must have a lesson that would not encourage him to repeat it. He had certainly behaved very badly. She now supposed—the idea striking her for the first time, with real amusement—that he had always been jealous of her friendship with poor dear old Mr. Miles. It was too absurd. He must be teased, he must be punished; for she did not mean to forgive him directly, though she assured herself he would be penitent. He must be shown that such interference as his only made matters worse.

So Lady Valentina took the four strips of her letter to Roger Miles, folded them together, and put them into an envelope, adding to them a fifth strip, on which she wrote—'Good-bye. Do not write to me again. I shall send you something to keep for my sake.'

She sent the letter to the post at once, by the hands of her faithful Aurélie. She did not wish to risk Frank's pouncing on it again. Then she was very busy with her maids for some time, directing

the packing of a flat box, which was to be sent off by railway.

Frank knew nothing of all this when she went out with him into the gardens later in the afternoon. She was looking brighter and lovelier than usual, and was very animated; apparently she had forgotten all about the letter.

'Was there ever such a will-o'-the-wisp?' thought Frank, as he abated the dignified air which had been meant to show his displeasure. 'How distractingly pretty she is, and quite manageable, too. One has only to be a little firm with her.'

His heart was softened towards her, and he began to feel quite cheerful and contented as they strolled about under the trees, the air filled with lovely music. Then she turned to him, her eyes full of smiling mischief, and said suddenly,

'Frank, you remember that picture of me that was done in Rome? The one you did not like, and called *La Dolorosa*.'

'Didn't I like it? I did, though, and I always wished that you would give it to me. Where is it now?'

'That is a difficult question. I can't tell you exactly. Somewhere on the railway between here and England.'

'My dear girl, I hate riddles,' said Frank, with a short laugh. 'What have you been doing now?'

'Don't speak in that tyrannical tone of voice, as if I was always doing wrong. Perhaps you will tell me I could not do as I liked with the picture; but it is too late for any nonsense of that sort, my friend. I have sent it to Mr. Miles, to make amends for the torn letter.'

Frank's face darkened, and for a minute or two he said nothing. Then he laughed again.

'A capital idea! And you wrote him another letter, even more friendly than the first.'

'No,' said Valentina, 'that would have been too much trouble. I sent him the torn one.'

'You did! You are an original person.'

'I did not tell him that you had torn it; he may guess that. I added a line to say that he had better not write to me again.'

'That was weak,' said Frank; 'you should not have done that. You should have said, "Write to me once a week, and I will answer you with equal regularity. My husband shall never read either your letters or mine." You have not studied the part thoroughly yet, Val. You don't know how to be a really bad wife.'

'I am not—I don't want to be a bad wife,' said Valentina in an odd childish voice.

'A good wife obeys her husband,' said Frank with a high moral air, at which she began to laugh a little.

'A good husband obeys his wife,' said she. 'No, I don't mean that, but you must really let me please myself. It is my nature to please myself. I can't alter my nature.'

'It is not nature, it is habit,' argued Frank. 'Bad habits must be reformed, so you had better begin at once. Don't flatter yourself that you can have more liberty than other people.'

'I don't know about other people. I only know that I must do as I like. The more disagreeable you are, the worse I shall be. You are very angry with me to-day. Another day I shall be much worse, and in time you will be tired of being angry.'

'Angry!' laughed Frank. 'I am not angry, my dear, far from it. Your little performances have

not yet had that desired effect. They are only absurd. When you *do* make me angry you will see the difference.'

'What fun! I hope it will be soon,' said Valentina.

'Does it not strike you that we are making fools of ourselves?' said Frank, tired of the argument.

'Speak for yourself, dear friend,' said Valentina gently. 'Have not you felt that all the afternoon?'

Frank let the subject drop, and did not openly resent this last speech of hers. He thought he had kept his temper wonderfully throughout the whole affair. It seemed wise to begin thus, in leniency and moderation; his wife must learn by degrees that he was in earnest, and not to be trifled with. At present, hard as he was by nature, he could not be very hard with her; the attraction was still too strong. Her manner, that mixture of indifference and sweetness so entirely her own, made him hate and adore her by turns; and in these early days adoration was the strongest feeling of the two. He could afford, he thought, to be patient, for he meant to have the victory in the end. The adventure of the torn letter had not, certainly, ended very well for him. He learned from it that he must manage a little differently in future. The grasp must go on tightening by degrees, till herself, her correspondence, her friends, her expenses, all were in his hands entirely. Then, Mr. Frank Hartless thought, he should be satisfied.

Two days afterwards Roger Miles received Valentina's letter. He put it together and read it. That was not difficult, and he never dreamed whose fingers had torn it. To him it was only an extreme instance of her change-

ableness. She had written it, and then torn it, thinking it had better not go. Then perhaps, in some rush of old recollections, she had hastily put it up after all. Roger thought rather bitterly that her first idea had been the best. With all its kindness, it was a cruel letter to send him; yet of course she did not know that.

He sat down late that night and wrote a long, long answer to Valentina, covering many sheets of paper. This was not meant for the post; she was never to see it; he meant to obey her orders, and not write to her again. But it did the poor fellow good to fancy that he was telling all the history of his life to her. No doubt it was a morbid and foolish production. Roger's mental life for the last three years had not been very healthy. But when those sheets were written, and locked away safely in an inner drawer of his desk, he felt better and more cheerful again. Three years! He remembered very well when, on the news of her engagement to Golding, he had asked her if she was happy, her saying that he might ask her again in three years. Had she forgotten that, or were those words in her letter, in such different circumstances, meant as an answer to his old question, 'I suppose I am happier than I have any right to be.'

Well! Roger only hoped and prayed that he might have done Frank injustice all this time.

A few days later came the portrait in coloured chalks, a sad picture of her, truly, but still herself. Roger hung it up in his library, opposite his favourite chair. Mrs. Miles, too, often came to look at it, but always turned away hastily with some pained exclamation.

'O Roger, what a sad story there is in that face! She looks

as if she was a wanderer, and could find no home anywhere. Poor girl!' Roger was silent, but an unreasonable thought was in his mind. He thought that once upon a time his mother might have altered the whole course of their lives by giving Valentina a home when she asked for it. But she would not, and so the first step was taken towards the end.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### CHRISTMAS-EVE.

ROBERT HARTLESS and his wife were not wanderers by nature, and after their year abroad they seemed more inclined than ever before to settle down at Stoney-court. Except a few weeks' absence in London now and then, they were there almost entirely for the next three years, during which their brother and sister did not come back to England. Their character rose in the neighbourhood; they were becoming respectable stay-at-home squires, and were tolerably sociable with their neighbours. Mr. Hartless could never be really popular, but he did his duty, appeared at the Petty Sessions, in the hunting-field, asked people to shoot and to dine, and had his property in capital order. Lady Julia, though she made no friends, was charitable and good-natured in her way, and every year gave two or three agreeable dances.

Roger Miles went to the house now and then, but not often. He disliked and shrank from the place as much as Valentina did. His drives that way generally ended in the village, where he was always welcome at the Rectory. Mr. Linton used to look up from his study table rather anxiously, when he caught a

glimpse of two figures slowly crossing the lawn, pacing up and down deep in talk. It had occurred to him long ago, as well as to Mrs. Miles, that the young people would be a good match for each other, and he thought that now that troublesome girl, who had certainly attracted young Miles, was finally disposed of, the friendship which had grown out of long acquaintance might grow into something more. Mr. Linton did nothing to push matters on, for he was not a scheming man, except so far as to give Roger a general invitation to the Rectory. Roger availed himself of this pretty often, but perhaps the Rector would not have been quite so well pleased if he had known that in their paces up and down the two were generally talking of Valentina. Mary took a deep interest in her, and knew Roger's story as well as if he had told it all in plain words. She had constructed it out of hints that he had dropped, out of surmises of other people, out of recollections of her own. She thought it all very sad and romantic; she was full of pity for the quiet dark browed young man, so steady and straightforward, so gravely cheerful in his disappointed life. Mary was too honest a girl not to know, and confess to herself, that when Roger Miles went away she missed him, that his visits were the pleasantest events in her quiet life, that his affairs interested her quite as much as her own. She may even have caught herself wishing that everything had been different; but the sweeping foolishness of such a wish as this made it quite inadmissible into a reasonable mind like Mary's, and she kept her honest friendship without a shadow of envy or jealousy or any silly sentiment.

All this time Frank and Valentina stayed abroad. It seemed that she meant to carry out her words, and never to come back to England. On the rare occasions that Roger saw Lady Julia Hartless, he always asked after his sister, and Lady Julia would answer, 'Thank you, I believe she is very well. When we heard last they were in Egypt'—or at Constantinople, or Vienna, or St. Petersburg.

There was no reason to suppose that the couple thus travelling together were not happy and prosperous. Roger told himself many times that they were. Time, which does indeed work wonders, was slowly bringing him resignation; yet it was far harder to be contented now than in the old days when he had given her up to poor Billy Golding. In some strange way Billy's honesty and friendliness made it easier then. He was their friend then, the friend of both of them. Now, whenever he thought of her, he thought of Frank Hartless too, and that brought a sudden feeling of unforgiving rage as well as of deep anxiety; surely she could not long be happy with a man of Frank's nature. And yet, said reason, if they care even a little for each other, you have no right to suspect anything wrong.

It was Christmas-eve, and old-fashioned weather. All the earth was shining with hoar frost, the water was bound up in ice, and every one who had time was out skating. Roger's home was cheerful with children's voices: Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson and their three children had arrived a day or two before. Roger came down restless and out of sorts on Christmas-eve. He had not the natural feelings of an uncle, and the children bored him, nice little things as they were. Fanny spoiled

them, he thought; sh let them run wild all over the house, and the eldest boy Roger was just growing mischievous. So that day a drive to Stoneycourt Rectory, and a quiet luncheon with Mr. Linton and Mary, seemed altogether a pleasant idea. Fanny warned him that Mary would not want him; she would be very busy decorating the church. Roger observed that if he found himself in the way he would come home, but he seemed to think this state of things so unlikely that Fanny remarked afterwards to her mother that she supposed Roger and Mary understood each other. Mrs. Miles shook her head; she wished she could think so.

'Well, it looks very like it, at all events,' said Mrs. Tomlinson.

Mary received Roger with her usual calm friendliness, but there was a little excitement in her manner, a lively look in her quiet eyes, when she asked him if he was going to Lady Julia's dance on New Year's Eve.

'She asked us, and I believe my mother accepted,' said Roger. 'But no; I don't think I shall go. My dancing days are over. Unless Fanny insists upon it.'

Mary said no more about it then. Her father came in, luncheon was ready, and she wanted to ask about Fanny's children. But by-and-by, when Mr. Linton was gone back to his study, and Roger had followed her into the drawing-room, she looked up at him with a rather anxious expression which suggested that something was wrong.

'What is it? Am I in your way?' said Roger. 'Fanny said you would be doing the church, and I should be a plague to you.'

'No, no,' said Mary; 'the church is nearly done. I am going there presently, to put a

few finishing touches. It is only that I had something to say. Why won't you go to the dance? I hope you will.'

'Do you? You are very good, I'm sure,' said Roger rather dismally.

'You don't know?' said Mary, smiling a little.

'Know what?'

Roger turned upon her almost as sternly as on that evening long ago, at his own house, when she had mentioned Lady Valentina's name.

'That they are here,' said Mary.

'Have you seen her?'

'No. But I have heard—it is not nice to hear things through servants, is it?—but her old French maid Aurélie knows my maid very well, and she told her that Lady Valentina was not at all well. I could not make out what was the matter, but it seems as if it might be rather rash for her to come to England in this bitter weather.'

'If that fellow wanted to come to England for any purpose of his own—'

'Don't you remember,' said Mary, 'we agreed that we would not be prejudiced. It is just as likely to be a fancy of hers.'

'I hope it is.'

After this Roger became so silent and thoughtful that Mary presently proposed going to the church, and he walked with her to the churchyard gate. There he stopped. The church was quite near the Stoneycourt entrance; the low red sun, lighting up the clear white world with a rosy glow, shone on the windows of the great house; it stood there brilliant on its hill among its silvered fir-trees. All was very still and silent; no one was to be seen moving except those two figures that came along the road and paused under the boughs of the

great elms beside the churchyard gate. Mary looked rosy and fresh, the picture of health and goodness; she was just about to ask Roger why he stopped, when a peal of bells broke out from the gray tower, clanging and clashing as if they meant to shake the old church down.

'Shall you be twenty minutes? I'll meet you here again in twenty minutes,' said Roger, looking at his watch. 'I think I will just walk up to the house and ask for Lady Valentina. I shall not see her, most likely, but—I should like to do that.'

'Very well,' said Mary, cheerfully. 'But they skate all day, I believe, on the pool in the park. So I am afraid you will not see her. O yes, I shall be quite ready in twenty minutes, and if you are not come I will go home.'

'All right,' said Roger, and he set off at once, walking very fast. Mary proceeded rather gravely to her work.

She had not told him half that Aurélie had said to her maid. It had all been very painful and shocking, and she had seriously begged her good Elizabeth to let it go no further. In fact, Mary had felt that she was doing wrong while she listened. But the subject interested her so deeply that she could not help listening, though she believed that a great deal she heard might be mere gossip. It seemed incredible to her happy mind that such things should be. It would have been impossible for her to horrify Roger Miles by detailing them to him. As it was, the whole affair made Mary feel very uncomfortable. She seemed likely to have experience in real life of that state of things called 'sensation' which she was always careful to avoid in books. For by no puzzling of her  
 ns could she decide what was

to become of poor Lady Valentina.

Roger walked up the high avenue of firs that led to Stoney-court House. The ground fell away on each side to the park, with groups of firs and gray-trunked beeches scattered here and there. One or two side-paths climbed up the ridge and joined the main avenue, and as Roger approached the house, at the far end of one of these, moving slowly, and dark against the sunset, he saw the figure of a tall slight woman wrapped in a cloak. She was climbing the hill with a weary effort, as it seemed; now and then she paused for an instant, and looked back into the glades of the park, as if she expected to see some one following her. After first catching sight of her, Roger moved back a step or two, and watched her slowly coming through the red fir-stems. He had known from the first instant that it was Valentina. He reminded himself that he must expect to find her changed; they had not met for more than four years, not since those melancholy days at Visieux. Though Mary Linton had warned him that she was not well, he thought she would surely be much more cheerful than in those days; it would indeed be strange if she was not.

As she came nearer her movements struck him as so weak, so uncertain, that he felt a sudden fear of startling her, and moved on past the opening of her path on the avenue, thinking it best that she should see him going quietly on before her. But just as he stepped forward she saw and recognised him. She lifted up her hand and spoke. Roger could not hear what she said, but he took off his hat and hurried down the path to meet her. Before he reached her, he felt as if he must

cry out and ask her what she had done with all her beauty and youth. This poor frail shadow, with wasted features, leaning as she stood upon a cane, with a look almost of terror in her large dark eyes, and painful lines about her mouth, which trembled strangely as she tried to smile at Roger. Could this be herself, the wild girl of four years ago! She not only looked ill, she looked so utterly broken-down and miserable, that the colour flushed into Roger's face, and tears blinded his eyes, and he only wished that Frank Hartless was there, for he thought he could have killed him.

They looked at each other for a moment without speaking.

'Have you come to see me? I thought you would,' she said, in very low voice.

'Yes. I was in the village. I only heard just now that you were here. What have you been doing? You are awfully tired, said Roger eagerly.

'Yes—you need not tell me, I know—I know I am not the same,' said Valentina, shaking her head; and then glancing hastily round, as if she thought some one must be following her. 'It is just that. I am awfully tired. People are skating down there, and I stayed as long as I could. But it was so cold—foggy in the low ground, you know—so I am going in now. Let me take your arm, please. I have not been quite strong lately.'

She took Roger's arm and leaned upon it rather heavily as they walked slowly towards the house. Roger felt quite incapable of any ordinary talk. He could not have been much more shocked if he had found her lying dead among the pine-trees. He kept on telling himself, with a sort of vague insistence, that this was Valentina, his child friend, his one love, and then adding

with a chill horror—Frank Hartless's wife! He looked stern and grave; his face was thinner than it used to be, and his dark hair a little gray at the temples. Otherwise his companion, looking up at him with something too weak and tired to be curiosity, could see no change.

'I am so glad to see you again,' she said, when they were in the avenue, and were walking up together in full view of the many windows.

'I have often wondered if you would ever be in England,' said Roger. 'I have never thanked you for sending me your picture. You told me not to write again, and I thought it was best to obey.'

'O yes, much best—I quite meant it,' she answered rather hurriedly. 'And did you like the picture? Have you got it still?'

'Certainly. It is very like you. It is a great treasure.'

He thought that he had never known before how like it was. He had been accustomed to think of it as far too wistful and sad-looking, and had been half provoked, sometimes, when by gazing at it long, so long that he could almost see it breathe, he had failed to conjure the mouth and eyes into a smile. Now it seemed as if the picture was a prophecy. As for asking her *now* if she was happy, who could be bold enough? Not her old friend Roger, certainly. His first feelings of surprise, anger, and grief were deepening into one strong feeling of intense pity.

They went into the house together; and she took him straight into the small drawing-room, where Lady Julia, who was not an energetic skater, was sitting lazily near a large fire.

'You are come in, dear! I am very glad,' she said; and she



went to Valentina quite tenderly, and began to unfasten her cloak.

'I stole away. I was so cold, so tired,' said Valentina in a half-whisper. 'I thought you would stand by me, and say it was right.'

'Yes, yes,' murmured Lady Julia soothingly, as if to a child. 'There, now take your hat off, and sit in this comfortable chair. Mr. Miles, I beg your pardon! How do you do?'

Lady Julia's rosy face looked quite anxious and sad. She was uneasy till her sister was established quite close to the fire, had laid her head back, and smiled at her.

'Mr. Miles picked me up in the avenue,' said Valentina in low weary tones. 'So my walk was not quite so bad as it might have been. They said the ice was splendid; so I hope they won't be in for a very long time.'

'I daresay not. Do you skate?' said Lady Julia to Roger.

He found that he must talk to her while Valentina rested, and he did his best, though his eyes, as well as Lady Julia's, were constantly wandering towards that still languid figure in the chair by the fire. They dropped their voices as if by mutual consent, when Valentina's eyelids sank slowly, and the long dark lashes lay motionless. In a few minutes Roger thought he had better go.

He got up quietly. Valentina did not move; she seemed to be asleep. The trouble in Lady Julia's face, as she held out her hand to him, was so evident, that Roger's lips could not help forming the words, 'What is it?' He knew he had no right to ask; but Lady Julia did not look offended. For some reason she was softened, and glad of sympathy. She glanced at Valen-

tina, and then, looking at him, shook her head very sadly. That was all; and it only made Roger more miserable, giving him the idea that Valentina's suffering was not merely physical. As he went out of the room he looked back once at her still pale profile in the firelight.

He forgot his appointment with Mary at the church, and walked straight back to the Rectory, where, however, she had arrived first. She was anxious and curious to hear his adventures; but he said very little; she had never seen him so preoccupied. He only said that he had seen Lady Valentina; that she looked very ill and worn, and seemed out of spirits. Mary felt that she could have explained all this; but she did not volunteer, and they asked each other no questions. The afternoon was closing in, and Roger soon ordered his dog-cart and drove away home.

Mary sighed; she began to think it was a very sad world.

Late that night Roger told his mother all about it; the painful failing of Valentina's young life; Lady Julia's manner, which had struck him most forcibly, giving the idea of a pity and sorrow for her sister which conquered all conventionalism. It seemed much stronger than the feeling roused by ordinary illness; and Roger could not make out what the illness was. In consumption, for instance, she surely would not have been out so late on a frosty Christmas-eve. It was more like a general and indescribable failure of all her strength.

'That poor mother of hers, you know—' said Mrs. Miles.

'It is not that. Her mind is as clear as yours or mine.'

'But weakened, you say. *That* would account for Lady Julia's manner.'

'I think her manner might mean remorse.'

'What for?'

'For making up the match, which, of course, she and her husband did.'

'Ah, you think it is an unhappy marriage.'

'Miserable, I believe. I feel sure she is afraid of him.'

'She, afraid of any man?' said Mrs. Miles with a faint smile.

'Yes, mother; and just think what that must mean!'

Mrs. Miles was impressed. After some minutes she said,

'I should like to see her.'

'You shall see her. We will go to that ball.'

'Well, if I must—' said Mrs. Miles.

It was a great concession from her, who never went anywhere; but somehow it seemed to come in the light of a duty to Roger, who had drawn her very near to him of late by his frank confidence. So she made up her mind to go to the ball, and, considering her object in going, was not altogether sorry that Fanny and John found it necessary to go back to their parsonage before New Year's-day.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### NEW YEAR'S EVE.

A CHRISTMAS ball at Stoneycourt seemed a contradiction in terms; and yet the owners of Stoneycourt were only two among the thousands nowadays who think Christmas a bore, and its old-fashioned rejoicings only fit for tradespeople. However, they did give a ball, as other people do, and perhaps among their younger guests one or two may have enjoyed it a little more because it was Christmas-time, and felt a small thrill of added excitement

when they heard the bells ringing out the old year, and thought that they themselves were going to dance it out. But of course the great majority went either with no feeling at all but that of mere amusement, or else in weary fulfilment of the duty they owed to society. One of the few who still had a little romance left was Mary Linton. Her enjoyment of a dance, with all its accompaniments, was quite odd in such a sensible woman; and she also knew that old mysterious joy which Christmas still brings to perhaps a dozen souls in England. On the other hand, no two people ever went to a dance with graver spirits than Mrs. Miles and Roger. She looked very handsome in her diamonds, which she had hoped long ago to have made over to a daughter-in-law. Now she thought, sadly enough, that Roger would never marry. He was nearly four-and-thirty, and signs of old bachelorhood were beginning to show themselves.

There were a great many people at Stoneycourt that evening; but at first they did not see either Frank Hartless or Valentina. Presently, in a pause in a polka which he was dancing with Miss Linton, Roger caught sight of Frank at the other end of the room. He was dancing with a fast girl who lived in the neighbourhood, and who may, perhaps, have had a spark of womanly feeling under her paint and powder and arrangements generally. She was handsome; she had dark eyes, which flashed wonderfully; and when in another minute the music stopped, and she walked along the room with Frank, talking and laughing, their voices and appearance seemed somehow to silence everybody for the moment. People glanced at them, heard their loud clatter and rattle, and

then turned away their eyes with a smile or a frown, all but two or three foolish young men who envied Frank, admiring his partner.

'Look at him with Miss Jezebel—Miss Horsman, I beg her pardon,' said Roger to Mary, as they passed not far off.

'Don't you think he is very much gone off?' suggested Mary.

'Gone off! Well, he never had much looks to boast of. He looks more of a vulgar brute than he did.'

Just then Miss Horsman met somebody she wanted to talk to, and released Mr. Frank, who stared round him in search of acquaintances. He certainly was gone off, as Mary said. He had grown fat and red, and his expression was more definitely disagreeable than ever before; his air of careless good-humour seemed to have left him. His brother Robert, whose slim figure and pale face were unchanged, had now very much the advantage. Frank still looked clever; but it seemed as if he no longer cared to look pleasant, and thus he had lost his redeeming point, a certain geniality which made him popular.

'Hollo, Miles! you here! Haven't seen you for centuries,' said Frank, suddenly walking up to Roger, and holding out his hand.

Roger was almost amused by the man's coolness.

'Ah! About four centuries,' he said. He had not forgotten, if Frank had, their last talk in the street of Visieux.

'Four, is it? I should have said ten; but I am not good at dates, and no doubt you are. Isn't he, Miss Linton? Can't he repeat the English kings without a mistake?'

'I never heard him,' said Mary.

'He is too modest to boast of it, but if you try him, you will

find I'm right. Come, Miles, have you seen my wife? Don't you want to dance with her?'

'Is Lady Valentina dancing?' said Roger.

'She has not begun yet, but she will. She's lazy, she's shamming, she's hidden herself behind the curtains somewhere. Come along, and we'll look for her.'

Roger did not at all care for the idea of joining in a chase after Lady Valentina. He made some excuse and walked away with Mary.

Meanwhile Mrs. Miles, as she had foreseen, was finding herself rather out of her element. It was not so many years since she had taken Fanny to dances, but it seemed a very long time. She had never cared much for society at all, and, in this shape, had avoided it ever since those days. She disapproved of all the frivolity she saw around her, which had increased greatly, she thought, since Fanny was a girl. After talking to different people about their daughters, remarking to herself that Lady Julia was certainly one of the worst hostesses she had ever seen, watching Roger rather sadly as he danced and walked about with his friend Mary Linton, wondering whether Lady Valentina meant to appear, and concluding that if she did not, this was the last time *she* would take any trouble about her, Mrs. Miles at length made her way out of the dancing-room, stalked, an imposing figure in her black garments, along the drawing-room, where there were many groups of people talking, and seeing a door open at the farther end, passed through it, and found herself in the presence of the person she was looking for.

Lady Valentina, her white dress all crumpled and untidy, was sitting crouched in the corner of a

sofa, her head turned away, her face half-hidden against the cushion. Her husband was standing before her with his back to the door, where Mrs. Miles paused for an instant on seeing them.

'What do you mean?' he was saying angrily. 'You *will* dance. Do you want them all to think you are out of your mind?'

'Do they think so? I wish I was.'

'How can you be such a fool?'

At first Mrs. Miles thought of retreating, but something told her it would be right to put a stop to this scene, and she moved forward. Frank Hartless turned quickly round and met her severe eyes. He knew her very slightly, and had not seen her for years, but he claimed acquaintance with his usual readiness.

'Valentina,' he said, 'look here, rouse up, here's Mrs. Miles.'

Valentina rose slowly from her corner, looking even more frightened and miserable than before. Perhaps her recollections of Mrs. Miles were not very pleasing. And yet when that good woman pressed her hand and looked straight and kindly into her eyes, there came a sort of brightening, a momentary relief.

'Does Mrs. Miles remember me?' she said softly. 'And is your son here?'

'Yes, I tell you, and you are going to dance with him,' said Frank.

'It is not that I don't want to dance with Mr. Miles,' Valentina said, looking at Roger's mother; 'only I should be glad not to dance at all.'

'Did you ever hear such an absurd fancy, Mrs. Miles?' exclaimed her husband. 'I was telling her as you came in how odd and unfriendly every one would think it. However, she has come to her senses, and I shall

send her a partner directly. In the meantime she can pour out her wrongs to you, Mrs. Miles. Doesn't she look like a creature to be pitied?'

He said all this half-laughing, Mrs. Miles listening gravely, his wife looking away from both towards the fire. As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Miles sat down beside Valentina on the sofa. She was quite as much shocked as Roger had expected. She also found herself in a great difficulty, into which, however, she had certainly walked with her eyes open. How to speak to this poor girl she did not know. It was impossible to allude to what her careless mocking husband had just said. Even if Mrs. Miles's principles had not forbidden her to interfere between married people, there was in this instance no excuse for her doing so. She was not even an old friend. If it had been good for Lady Valentina to confide in her, she was hardly likely to take such a step here, liable to interruptions at any moment.

'You have not been here for a long time, Lady Valentina,' said Mrs. Miles at last, when the silence was becoming awkward. Valentina seemed to awake from a dream. She turned her face towards Mrs. Miles slowly, and with rather a vacant look. Then a smile crept into it gradually, and she startled Mrs. Miles by laying her hand on hers and saying, 'Have you any daughters?'

Mrs. Miles restrained her surprise, and answered this Lear-like question simply and quietly. She could not imagine why it was asked, or what her daughters could have to do with Lady Valentina's troubles.

'Yes,' she said. 'I have two; both married.'

'Are they happy?'

'Happily married? yes, I hope so. I think they are.'

'Did you choose their husbands for them?'

'No—not exactly. I approved of them.'

'Then what a happy family you are! You, and Mr. Miles, and his sisters, and their husbands, who are like two more sons. Do you love them all very much?'

'I suppose I do,' said Mrs. Miles. 'I have some little grandchildren too.'

'I don't care so much for the children. They have not such warm hearts. But how I should like to have a mother, and plenty of brothers and sisters, and to be loved and cared for by all of them. O, it would be heaven! But instead of that I get lonelier and lonelier, and I am like a poor prisoner behind iron bars, aching to get free. My heart is aching at this moment, because nobody loves me. That is nothing new, though; it aches always. O, if any one knew the pain!'

Mrs. Miles watched her steadily and thoughtfully. She had taken the hand that had been laid on hers, and was holding it gently, but Valentina had turned her face again towards the fire.

'Your sister loves you,' she said, after a minute's thought.

'She is rather sorry for me, because she thinks I am going to die, and none of them meant that. But she won't help me. When I complain to her, she tells me to be patient. Somebody told me once that patient meant the same thing as suffering. Well, I think I have suffered enough.'

'Ought you to be talking to me like this?' said Mrs. Miles gravely.

'I am only taking him at his word. He said I could pour out my wrongs to you—and certainly I have not done that. O, I am all made up of wrongs. You

must see it. Mr. Miles sees it, I am sure, and I know it grieves him. He likes me to be happy, but not heartless. He knows I did not mean it, and I was very sorry, but I had not courage to go on being unhappy for ever. I am one of those wretched people who don't know that they have a heart till somebody tries to break it for them. That takes a long time, and is most dreadful pain.'

'My dear, you must not say such terrible things,' said Mrs. Miles. 'And I think you are mistaken. You are ill, and these sad fancies come into your mind. No one can be trying to break your heart.'

'Fancies!' said Valentina with a little laugh. 'Now I will tell you the whole truth. I can trust you as I could him; your eyes are exactly alike, I see. Dear Mr. Miles's mother, I never, never have my own way now. I struggled for a long time, but it was no use struggling with him, and now I am just as bad as a slave, except that I never can feel like one. There is always something springing up against him, even when I do the most ridiculous things that he tells me. I dare not say I want a thing, for he never lets me have it. I never write a letter; I never buy anything to please myself. He chooses my clothes, and tells me what to wear. He laughs at me before people, and when we are alone he is unkind to me. You think I am ill, but there is nothing the matter with me except this. I was not made to be like this, and if death was not so dreadful I should not be a slave very long.'

Mrs. Miles sat listening and looking in horror. The poor thing had thrown off her languor for the moment, a flood of colour had rushed into her face, her eyes were shining, a strained, feverish, ner-

vous eagerness had seized upon her. She drew her breath quickly, and Mrs. Miles was terribly afraid of a burst of passionate tears, which, though they might have been a relief to that aching heart, would certainly have brought undesirable crowds from the next room. As it was, that bitter complaint had been partly overheard. Valentina had hardly paused in her quick speech, with a long sobbing sigh, when somebody in the room said under his breath, 'A wounded spirit who can bear!'

Valentina did not hear or notice it. Mrs. Miles looked round quickly, and was half glad, half sorry to see her son, who had come into the room by the farther door. In another moment she was quite glad, for Valentina's sake and her own, if not for his. She had never admired him so much before. He came up and spoke to Valentina with quiet friendliness, and then stood by her talking pleasantly and reasonably, as if she was any ordinary person. Mrs. Miles could not afterwards remember what he talked about, but she did remember the feeling of calm and safety, of effort and anxiety suddenly relaxed, which came to her in the sound of his voice, and the sight of him standing there. She watched Valentina curiously, for, much as she had heard of their friendship, she had hardly ever seen them together before. For the first few minutes Valentina sat with drooping eyes, hardly answering him, as if she was still too much agitated to speak; but presently something he said made her smile, and she looked up and gave him such a bright quick answer as might have belonged to years ago. And then there followed a few sentences of quite cheerful talk, during which her cheeks kept their colour and her

eyes their light without the feverishness, and Mrs. Miles, looking on with deep interest, was reminded of the strangely attractive young beauty who had come to her in her garden one summer morning when she was gathering roses and carnations. Mrs. Miles knew that she herself had softened very much since those days; still she did not see that she could have granted that girl's mad request. But now it seemed to her that she would willingly do anything, or let Roger do anything, to bring back life and happiness to the weary heart. That there was anything possible to be done, she could not see. Lady Valentina had chosen her lot in life for herself, and it could not be altered now. Frank had been no stranger, met accidentally abroad; she could hardly have thought—if she thought at all—that he was an amiable man, and perhaps Mr. Hartless and Lady Julia could not have been expected to warn her against their brother, especially as the match was so very advantageous for him.

Mrs. Miles, with all her pity, could not bring herself to wish that Roger had married this girl, though of course that would have been the happy fate for her. She thought her so very, very odd, so extraordinary, and, looking at her, she was constantly remembering the stories she had heard of poor Lady Weston's eccentricities. She, like Valentina, had married a bad man; and like her had descended from the state of a gay young beauty to that of a complaining, worn out, miserable woman. Mrs. Miles had heard that Lady Weston used to complain of her husband's unkindness to every one she met, and had cordially despised her for it. She was unwilling to think that her daughter resembled her also in that, which

she considered a depth of disloyalty and contemptible weakness indeed.

'You don't care to dance?' Roger said presently, encouraged by Valentina's cheerfulness.

'I was wondering how much longer I could resist the music,' she said rather absently. 'Yes, I will dance if you like.'

As they went out of the room she turned, and gave Mrs. Miles a strange sweet smile, which filled the good woman's heart with a vague uneasiness, and made her after a minute or two follow them to the dancing-room. There they were, waltzing together. Many eyes were turned upon them, and remarks were made which Mrs. Miles rather wished she could hear. Presently, before the dance was ended, she became aware that they were gone.

Out of the hall at Stoneycourt there opened a large conservatory with a domed roof, where palms and tropical trees and large ferns grew very tall. The place was heated, and lighted with hanging lamps which threw strange shadows of outlandish leaves on the floor. From the roof the long red blossoms of some foreign creeper hung down into the light. At the further side there was a door leading out upon a flight of steps, and down into the garden. Lady Valentina, when she was tired of dancing, made Roger take her into this glass house, and they wandered round and round there once or twice. By some miracle, or rather by Roger's extreme care, they had till now kept off dangerous subjects. But now she said suddenly, 'Frank hates this place. He never comes here; he says it stifles him. I like it, partly for that reason. Who is that wretch he was dancing with just now?'

'Miss Horsman. She is not a bad sort of girl, I believe,' said Roger.

'Nobody is bad, according to you. My idea of human nature has been lowered considerably, I must tell you, in the last three years. Have you ever wondered how I was getting on? O, I have learnt so much. I have learnt what lies people can tell, how cruel they can be, how false, how vulgar, and yet be considered just as good as anybody else.'

'A sad lesson,' said Roger.

'A lesson I never expected to learn, certainly, but I know it thoroughly by heart. I have been telling your mother all my history. She listened to me very kindly. I love your mother. There is something noble and good about her. I did not love her years ago, but I know better now. I wish I could live over again, and not make all those terrible mistakes. Are you sorry for me?'

'Yes!' said Roger in a low voice. 'But—may I say something, I wonder?'

'You may say anything you like. Are you going to scold me?'

He looked down at her, and could have thought they had both gone back six years, to that moonlit evening when they walked about in his garden, and he would not let her go straight to the stable-yard to try the young chestnut. The young chestnut was advancing in years now, and Lady Valentina had never been on his back yet. There was the same playful look in her face now, the same sweet childish tone in her voice—not quite the same, though, for to-night they both had a tremulous background; not very far behind them were sighs and tears.

'What business have I to scold you?' said Roger.

'That you know best,' she answered, still playfully. 'Perhaps you will say that you never did scold me; people are so forgetful. But go on with your speech.'

Roger found her variations almost too much for him. Anything earnest or serious seemed out of place now; yet another minute might bring her back to her former mood again, so Roger went on, feeling like a blunderer.

'Do you remember a letter you wrote to me from Homburg, soon after—'

'Soon after I married Frank? Yes, perfectly—every word of it.'

The answer was so gentle that Roger felt encouraged. He went on, smiling,

'Then you will forgive me if I remind you of something you said—that you hoped you would never forget to be good.'

'Am I not good?' she said very softly.

'Indeed you are; but there is a hard unattractive kind of goodness which is called for from some people. One doesn't always see the necessity of it; it is necessary, though, if one wants to climb any heights at all.'

'What is it?'

'Endurance.'

'Ah, that is very fine; but don't talk of climbing heights to me. You don't seem to know what a weak thing I am, and yet you might have found me out by this time. No; you are right; I have no endurance. I never could bear anything. If I suffer, I must cry. Don't make me talk about it, because I must not complain to you. But you see, my friend, I am miserable.'

'Don't tell me that any more,' said Roger. He spoke abruptly, and there was a sharp pain in his voice.

Valentina looked up at him, and instantly changed her tone.

'No,' she said; 'I will try not to be selfish. Now let us leave off being dismal. Listen to those bells. The year is done, thank

heaven! Can you open that door? I want to look out.'

Roger unfastened some bolts, and she walked out on the top of the garden steps.

It was a calm sweet night—not cold; white feathery clouds were drifting slowly over the moon, which was now high in the sky. The music indoors was for a moment still, and the noise seemed far off from them while those pealing bells were ringing in their ears, and echoing from all the buildings round. For a few minutes they listened silently. Roger stood against the door, two steps from Valentina, and thought that he at least knew what endurance meant—or perhaps only the struggle after it. Presently she turned to him, and he fancied that in her manner there was a certain gentle solemnity.

'I shall be twenty-five this year,' she said. 'How old are you?'

'Very old; I don't know—thirty-five,' said Roger.

'So much as that! It must be nine or ten years since we first met. How horrid I have been ever since! And yet you never seem to have actually disliked me. You have done me a great deal of good; thank you for it.'

'I have not been able to do anything for you at all,' said Roger.

'I don't do my friends much credit, certainly,' she said. She was not looking at him now, but away into the dim, spectral, moonlit landscape. 'Do you ever think of Billy?' she went on, in a low dreamy voice. Roger thought he must himself be dreaming; but no. 'Dear old fellow! Stoney-court always makes me think of him. I wonder why he was taken away from me! If only he had got better, I should have been so happy and so good. After he died I thought I could never be



more miserable; but I did not learn any lesson, you see. I forgot everything, and thought I would be happy again after all; and this is how it has ended.'

'Don't blame yourself; he would never have wished you to go on grieving,' Roger said earnestly.

She went on as if she had not heard him, almost in a whisper, as if she was talking to herself.

'Dear generous fellow! I have thought it over, and I know him very well now—better than I did when he was alive. He ought to have married some one steady and good, not an unfeeling creature like me, who was never anything but a plague to him. I wonder where he is now! Wherever he is, I think he must be happy; don't you?'

Roger was silent. In a minute she turned round and looked at him, awakening suddenly, as it appeared, from her dream.

'What am I doing all this time!' she said. 'You don't want to be here.'

'Unless you are catching cold, I am perfectly contented.'

He did not understand the new expression in her face. She seemed for once to be thinking of him, considering him personally, not as an abstract friend.

'May I say something to you, in my turn?' she said, beginning to smile, as if at some thought quite new and amusing. 'May I ask you a question? you won't mind it from me.'

'I shall be honoured,' said Roger quietly. He certainly could not guess what she was thinking of.

'I don't know why, but I feel surprised, because I never thought of your marrying. But since I came here I have heard some rumour about you and Miss Lin-

ton, and I do hope it is true. I should like you to be happy.'

Her voice faltered a little, for almost before the words were said she knew that it was all a mistake.

Roger coloured crimson.

'I like and respect Miss Linton so much,' he said, 'that we won't allude to her again, please. Your idea was quite right. I have no intention of marrying.'

'You must forgive me. I am very sorry. I ought not to have listened to the report at all.'

'People will talk in these country places,' said Roger. 'If it goes no further, there is no harm done.'

'Julia hinted something; but I am sorry I asked you,' said Valentina. 'It seems a pity, after all.'

'What?'

'That you should not marry—a good man like you, who would make his wife happy. It is all very fine, respecting her, and not mentioning her name, and all that. I believe she likes you.'

Roger made no reply.

'Are you angry?' said Valentina after a moment.

'No,' he answered. 'You don't know my history; if you did, you would understand.'

'Tell me,' she said, coming a step nearer.

He felt that he had her whole interest and sympathy, and that she had not the faintest idea of what was in his mind. In her tone there was surprise and a friendly curiosity. He looked down, looked away into the moonlight, and said in a low voice, as if the subject was almost too painful,

'Then I must trust you with my secret. There was somebody once—the only woman for me. That could not be, and so I made up my mind to be alone.'

'O, poor friend!' said Valentina under her breath. 'Then she died?'

'No; she is alive. She married. It is an old story, you understand.'

'Married somebody else! She must have been a very foolish girl. Do you ever see her?'

'Now and then. Don't let us talk about her any more. Surely you must be cold. Here is your sister coming. She would not approve of our standing out here.'

'Tell me—is she happy, do you think?'

'I hope so.'

'But she was a foolish girl. I am so sorry. When shall we have

another talk? You must come and see me in town; we have taken a house for the season'

Lady Julia came hurrying along the conservatory.

'My dear Val, how can you be so mad! Mr. Miles, you should not have allowed it; the least thing gives her cold.'

'Never mind; it has done me good,' said Valentina. 'We have had a pleasant talk of old times.'

Roger did not hear much of what Lady Julia said, as they went back into the house. In the midst of his sadness there was a certain exultation. He was not sorry to think that, even in this veiled fashion, he had told Valentina the truth.

*(To be continued.)*

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## LASCA.

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It's all very well to write reviews,  
And carry umbrellas, and keep dry shoes,  
And say what every one's saying here,  
And wear what every one else must wear ;  
But to-night I'm sick of the whole affair,  
I want free life and I want fresh air ;  
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,  
The crack of the whips like shots in a battle,  
The melody of horns and hoofs and heads  
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads ;  
The green beneath, and the blue above ;  
And dash and danger, and life and love.

And Lasca !

Lasca used to ride.

On a mouse-gray mustang close to my side,  
With blue *serapé*\* and bright-belled spur ;  
I laughed with joy as I looked at her !  
Little knew she of books or of creeds ;  
An *Ave Maria* sufficed her needs ;  
Little she cared, save to be by my side,  
To ride with me, and ever to ride,  
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.  
She was as bold as the billows that beat,  
She was as wild as the breezes that blow ;  
From her little head to her little feet  
She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro  
By each gust of passion ; a sapling pine,  
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,  
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,  
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.  
She would hunger that I might eat,  
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet ;  
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,  
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,  
One Sunday, in San Antonio,  
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,†  
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,  
And—sting of a wasp !—it made me stagger !  
An inch to the left, or an inch to the right,  
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night ;  
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound  
Her torn *reboso*‡ about the wound,  
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count  
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

\* Cloak.

† The principal square in the city of San Antonio.

‡ Headdress.

Her eye was brown—a deep, deep brown ;  
 Her hair was darker than her eye ;  
 And something in her smile and frown,  
 Curled crimson lip and instep high,  
 Showed that there ran in each blue vein,  
 Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,  
 The vigorous vintage of Old Spain—  
 She was alive in every limb  
 With feeling, to the finger-tips ;  
 And when the sun is like a fire,  
 And sky one shining soft sapphire,  
 One does not drink in little sips.

Why did I leave the fresh and the free,  
 That suited her and suited me ?  
 Listen awhile, and you will see ;  
 But this be sure—in earth or air,  
 God and God's laws are everywhere,  
 And Nemesis comes with a foot as fleet  
 On the Texas trail as in Regent Street.

\* \* \* \*

The air was heavy, the night was hot,  
 I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot :  
 Forgot the herd that were taking their rest,  
 Forgot that the air was close opprest,  
 That the Texas Norther comes sudden and soon,  
 In the dead of night or the blaze of noon ;  
 That once let the herd at its breath take fright,  
 That nothing on earth can stop their flight ;  
 And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,  
 Who falls in front of their mad stampede !

\* \* \* \*

Was that thunder ? No, by the Lord !  
 I spring to my saddle without a word.  
 One foot on mine, and she clung behind.  
 Away ! on a hot chase down the wind !  
 But never was fox-hunt half so hard,  
 And never was steed so little spared,  
 For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared  
 In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on :  
 There was one chance left, and you have but one :  
 Halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse ;  
 Crouch under his carcase, and take your chance ;  
 And if the steers in their frantic course  
 Don't batter you both to pieces at once,  
 You may thank your star ; if not, good bye  
 To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,  
 And the open air and the open sky,  
 In Texas, down by the Rio Grande !

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I felt  
For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,  
Down came the mustang, and down came we,  
Clinging together, and—what was the rest ?  
A body that spread itself on my breast,  
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,  
Two lips that hard on my lips were prest ;  
Then came thunder in my ears,  
As over us surged the sea of steers,  
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,  
And when I could rise,  
Lasca was dead !

\* \* \* \*

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,  
And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep ;  
And there she is lying, and no one knows,  
And the summer shines and the winter snows ;  
For many a day the flowers have spread  
A pall of petals over her head ;  
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,  
And the sly *coyoté*\* trots here and there,  
And the black snake glides and glitters and slides  
Into a rift in a cotton-wood tree ;  
And the buzzard sails on,  
And comes and is gone,  
Stately and still, like a ship at sea ;  
And I wonder why I do not care  
For things that are like the things that were.  
Does half my heart lie buried there  
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande ?

\* Wolf.

FRANK DESPREZ.

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## THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

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WHOEVER the original man with a 'grievance' may have been, and of what peculiar grievance he may have complained, it is our firm belief that, were we to probe into the hearts of Londoners in general, we should find a very respectable average of them more or less affected in a similar way; the sole difference being that the particular annoyance under which they fancy themselves labouring—instead of being hidden beneath a veil of mystery, and therefore only to be guessed at, like the acrostics in a weekly journal—would be openly and circumstantially communicated to any one who had the patience to submit his button-hole to the narrator. It is an undeniable fact that we citizens of the great metropolis have, or imagine we have, which is very much the same thing, a certain prescriptive right to indulge in the national privilege of grumbling, and are by no means slow in availing ourselves of it; every one of us has his pet grievance, and from sheer force of habit clings to it with such pertinacity, and airs it so complacently, that it is almost a question whether its removal would be more agreeable than embarrassing to him. Some rail at the fogs, others at the Augean stable-like aspect of the streets after snow; and, as far as these two nuisances are concerned, popular feeling is, we suspect, tolerably unanimous. One man has a constitutionally chronic objection to taxes in general and poor-rates in particular, another declaims against iron hoops and 'tip-cat,' and a third is painfully

eloquent on the fertile theme of barrel-organs. That each of these, it is to be feared, irremediable inconveniences may appropriately be classed among the 'little miseries of life,' few will be disposed to deny; and that, in our capacity of fellow-sufferers, we are justified in sympathising with those who complain of them, is equally admissible; but when, as is sometimes the case, we find our excellent friend the postman included in the catalogue, we protest most energetically against so monstrous a vandalism, and indignantly repudiate any possible connection between the obnoxious term 'grievance' and this invaluable—although, as it would seem, insufficiently appreciated—member of society.

For, setting aside for the moment the advantages we personally derive from his periodical appearance at our doors, are we not bound to acknowledge that, among all the busy workers in the great hive of London, none are more indefatigably laborious than our punctual visitor the letter-carrier? In all weathers and at all seasons, on the sultriest of the dog-days and the most cheerless of winter evenings, alike indifferent to the pitiless nor-easter that chills him to the bone and to the pelting downpour that wets him to the skin, he plods steadily along from street to street, from house to house, until his round is accomplished; to be followed, after a brief interval of hard-earned repose, by the same monotonous tramp over and over again. He has not even the pri-

vilege of varying his route; his beat is marked out for him, and he cannot diverge from it; and so it goes on from day to day, from year to year, until his legs altogether fail him, and another Mercury walks in his stead. We often wonder what becomes of these functionaries, when they have slipped for the last time their epistolary cargo into the familiar letter-boxes, and completed their final circuit of the streets which are henceforth to know them no more. Do they vanish into space, after the fashion popularly attributed to superannuated post-boys, or are they comfortably cared for, as they ought to be, in their declining years? They have at least a special claim on the gratitude of the worshipful company of shoemakers, among whose very best customers, taking into consideration the wear and tear of London pavements, they are, it appears to us, unquestionably entitled to rank.

If a further argument in favour of our *protégé* be necessary, we have only to imagine ourselves—although the bare idea of so disastrous a calamity is sufficient to paralyse any well-regulated mind—deprived by some unaccountable fatality of his periodical visits, and straining our eyes, like sister Anne, in the vain hope of discerning his well-known figure turning the corner of our street. Apart from the inconvenience necessarily resulting from his non-arrival, should we not miss the cheery rat-tat resounding at the doors of our neighbours, preparatory to its onslaught on our own? In the more densely-populated quarters of the town, where a single individual becomes a mere insignificant item in the crowd, his advent is comparatively unnoticed; but in those long, dreary, and

shopless thoroughfares on the north side of Oxford-street, where a passing vehicle is a rarity and the decorous solitude of the locality is seldom disturbed save by the lamplighter or the perambulating muffin-man, his coming is an event, infusing a temporary animation into these metropolitan Saharas, and affording to their inhabitants at least a semblance of communication with the outer world. Fancy Harley-street or Gloucester-place without a post-man!

'Sur les noires couleurs d'un si triste  
tableau  
Il faut passer l'éponge, ou tirer le rideau.'

There are, it must be confessed to their shame, certain individuals of an incurably bilious and misanthropic temperament who, far from hailing our friend's appearance as a pleasant intermezzo in the daily round of life, object to it on the plea that in nine cases out of ten he brings them precisely what they don't want. 'Nothing but bills!' says one. 'Tradesmen's circulars!' chim-es in another. Well, what then? If people owe bills, they certainly ought to pay them, and an occasional reminder will do them no harm; and as for advertisements, no one is bound to read them, much less to deal with those who send them, a deplorable weakness, from which, on principle, we invariably abstain. By the way, we wonder if anybody does respond to the offers of superlative sherry, Hamburg lottery tickets, cheap dentistry, and non-alcoholic beverages with which every householder is periodically besieged, either despatched by post and consequently deposited in his letter-box, or more economically dropped by seedy-looking men through the area-railings, or adroitly insinuated beneath the

street-door! It is presumable that, like the label on Bob Sawyer's medicine bottle, they are read by some one, or the game would be hardly worth the candle, and we should hear no more of them; whereas they seem to increase and multiply to an alarming extent, perhaps the most original and not altogether agreeable novelty being a neatly-printed miniature treatise warning us of the uncertainty of human existence, and, 'in order to insure perfect satisfaction,' volunteering a supply of coffins and other funeral requisites at reduced prices! For this last specimen of typography the postman was clearly responsible, as also for a gentle hint that our water-rate was slightly in arrear, both having evidently passed through his hands; and under such circumstances we can make allowance for a moderate degree of irritation on the part of the recipient. But, on the other hand, how fully he atones for these involuntary transgressions inseparable from his calling—to which, on reflection, we may add the inevitable requests to figure at public dinners in the capacity of steward, and the even less desirable summons to fulfil our civic duties as jurymen—by bringing us the welcome news that a distant relative whom we never saw, previous to going over to the majority, has thoughtfully bequeathed to us his entire property! Or, lest such unexpected windfalls should possibly appear unusual nowadays (except on the stage), are we not *almost* as much gratified by an invitation to the very identical country house where *la dame de nos pensées* happens to be staying? Is it not exhilarating to learn that our last article has been accepted—we prefer ignoring those 'declined with thanks'—and that the shares purchased by us in a moment of inspiration are at

a premium? And to whom are we indebted for these consolatory tidings but to our estimable and never sufficiently - to - be - valued postman!

We may be permitted to doubt if either our own particular Mercury or any of his colleagues would feel disposed to subscribe their mite towards the erection of a statue in honour of the inventor of Christmas and New-Year cards, their powers of endurance being heavily taxed by these annual distributions; nor is the extra labour thus entailed upon them, to our thinking, proportionally recompensed. They have their Christmas-boxes, it is true, but so they had before, and earned them with infinitely less trouble and fatigue; whereas the roughest calculation of the average number of 'compliments of the season' in all shapes and sizes allotted to each of them will give an idea of the additional burden the recurrence of these festive anniversaries obliges them to carry. We do not profess to be especially enthusiastic on the subject of these ornamental 'reminders,' nor do we believe that any one except the ladies who receive them really is; but we venture to suggest that, considering the amount of money expended every year in following the prevailing fashion, it would be only fair that those without whose aid these supplementary cargoes would stand a poor chance of ever reaching their respective destinations should not be altogether excluded from profiting by the outlay.

People who live in the country, and whose opportunities of receiving letters are necessarily limited to one or at most two deliveries a day, very soon accommodate themselves to circumstances, and regard what a Londoner would consider a serious privation as a matter of course.



It must not, however, be imagined, from the comparative rarity of his visits, that the lot of a rural postman is by any means a sinecure. On the contrary, he is, if possible, even harder worked than his metropolitan brethren, the distances he is obliged to travel being often considerable; and especially in winter, when he has to make his way through drifting snow, and brave the piercing blast and drenching rain, it requires a stout heart and a good pair of legs to enable him to attain his journey's end. Few of them live to an old age, ten or a dozen years of this incessant toil and constant exposure to the weather generally sufficing to undermine the strongest constitution; they are either crippled with rheumatism, or utterly broken down, as the following anecdote, not over flattering to the perspicacity of one of the parties concerned, will show. Not very long ago the leading medical man in a large provincial town, who was in the habit of giving gratuitous advice to the poor at a certain hour every morning, had just dismissed his last patient, and was on the point of leaving his consultation room, when an individual he did not recollect to have seen before knocked at the door and requested permission to speak to the 'doctor.'

'Come in, my man, and be quick

about it, for I am in a hurry,' said the physician, examining the new-comer from head to foot. 'Now then, what is the matter with you?'

Whereupon the stranger began a dismal tale of pains here, there, and everywhere, no appetite, sleepless nights, and a *Leporello*-like catalogue of miscellaneous woes, which the 'doctor' interrupted by abruptly inquiring how old he was.

'Forty-seven,' replied the other.

'I see,' remarked the local practitioner; 'your liver is out of order, my good fellow; you don't take exercise enough; a sedentary life is the worst thing in the world for you—the very worst. Office work, I daresay, and that sort of thing. Now, attend to me: you must walk at least five or six miles a day regularly, and be as much in the air as possible. Do you understand?'

The patient smiled faintly before he answered,

'That is just what I have been doing, sir, for the last ten years, and it is that which has brought me so low. I can't walk any longer, and have been obliged to give up my employment.'

'Eh, what?' exclaimed Hippocrates, utterly taken aback. 'What on earth is your employment?'

'Cross country postman!'

CHARLES HERVEY.

## A DAY AT HONOLULU.

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THE Sandwich Islands are certainly something to be thankful for in mid-ocean. Voyagers hail with gratitude a sight of land, after many days pent in a populous ship. Sickness and heat are alike forgotten in the eagerness to scamper ashore. The most ungracious cynics amongst our passengers forbear to damp the ardent expectations of strangers; for many of the travellers who bear us company are *not* strangers, having crossed the Pacific before.

A dozen or so of these lavish warm praise on the beauty of the island of Oahu, promising us a delightful day. When we anchor within the coral reefs at four A.M., a few feverish spirits are already on deck. Perhaps thoughts cast towards the blank pages of journals they labour at intervals to feed have inspired them to make capital out of a new scene. At about six o'clock, light refreshments of tea and biscuits are served in the saloon, where the ladies flutter forth in butterfly raiment. All the brave attire of the ship has been reserved for landing, and the 'Sunday go-to-meeting' feathers and furbelows which are forthcoming promise to astonish the natives. Dames and damsels who have hitherto spent their days sadly, reclining on rugs and invalid chairs, resume the perpendicular this morning, forgetting all bygone sufferings. There is a vast amount of excitement and disturbance, each inciting his or her neighbour to see or do something. Only the mammas of many children are rational, and wait calmly for the ship's break-

fast before conveying their offspring ashore. From the deck of the steamer very little of the island can be seen, as a huge building on the wharf, a long wooden shed which shelters cargo, shuts out the view of the town and surrounding hills. Upon the landing-stage a crowd of smiling decently-clothed natives squat or loiter. Some are in attendance on the little carriages, expecting to be chartered by us, and others wait patiently for our custom for their oranges and bananas. They do not beckon or gesticulate or persecute, after the manner of irrepressible Arab and Cingalese itinerant traders, but await our notice with a calm dignity. A row of gaily-dressed maidens, wearing the national long-flowing nightgowns of every hue, their dark tresses surmounted by a species of sailor-hat, trimmed with bands of feathers or wreaths of flowers, have branches of white coral and strings of brown seeds spread out for sale. The seeds are pierced and strung cleverly into designs, made up as bracelets, girdles, and baskets. Some of the more coquettish saleswomen wear necklaces of bright-hued flowers, which are very pretty, setting off their dark skins to great advantage, orange and deep crimson appearing the most popular colours.

Honolulu gives an immediate impression of prosperity. There is an unusual amount of life and energy about the streets, and the harbour is full of vessels of various descriptions. The wharves proved, indeed, inconveniently

busy with discharging cargoes; for more than once we were brought to a sudden halt by vigorous timber-lifters, and the brisk draught-horses apparently had a full intention of running over us.

A large business is done here in timber, various pine woods being brought from California to supply building demands, as the Sandwich Islands are destitute of wood of any size or use. As we proceed along the quay, the Ceylon is pointed out at anchor a few hundred yards from the shore. A six months' cruise has done some damage to her paint, for externally she is anything but a smart-looking vessel.

As the passengers pour forth from our steamer, a rolling tide of carriages sets towards the town and hotel. Queer little carriages they are, holding three people besides the driver, and being surmounted with a waterproof awning. Biding our time, we saunter on foot leisurely up the streets, making investigations as we proceed. We hope to find a clear field on our arrival at the hotel, feeling sure that every one will, in hot haste, set off for Pali, a spot some nine miles distant, where, at the summit of a hill, a fine view of the island is to be obtained. Clouds of dust in this direction denote the stampede, declaring the excelsior ambition of our countrymen. As we anticipate, the cool halls of the Hawaiian hotel only echo to the footsteps of Chinese waiters and visitors in residence, who stare at us with by no means a well-bred curiosity. The notable hostelry retires discreetly from the dusty highway, well screened in its own garden behind the shelter of a group of shady trees, genus unknown to us. The building presents an imposing frontage, with

deep shadowy balconies on each story. Glimpses of hammocks and luxurious lounging-chairs are invitations to idleness. A large airy coffee-room, delightfully destitute of furniture, beyond chairs and tables, proves to be equally void of human offence. We order breakfast tranquilly and eat it leisurely, doing full justice to Alpine strawberries, bananas, and fresh fish, without the customary clattering accompaniment of ships' meals. No evil genii in the shape of stewards worry our digestion; but a smiling obsequious Chinaman, in snowy linen, does our bidding with deft hands and a soft footfall. Cigars are forthcoming after the meal, and we who do not indulge in the weed lounge about the balconies, criticizing coming and departing guests. The flowers growing against the hotel are rich in colour and powerful in scent. Un-our and powerful in scent. As well as known tropical plants, as well as the scarlet hibiscus, plumbago, with a very free-growing bougainvillea, are backed up by banana-trees. At nine o'clock the sun is unpleasantly warm, though fortunately a sea-breeze somewhat tempers its fierceness. We watch the ladies of the place go by in troops, apparently returning from marketing expeditions, carrying problematic bundles, about which we hazard wild speculations, and more transparent baskets, whose contents of fish and fruit are discernible. These matrons stalk along, barefooted, in shapeless majesty, highly satisfactory, no doubt, to hygienic reformers. They all carry their heads erect, in spite of lofty edifices of hair, hats, and flowers. Their garments, long, loose, and of various hues, sweep up a continual dust, and have nothing trim or even graceful to recommend them. They probably are cool, which is

the best that can be said of them. Modesty at any rate ought to be satisfied, for the human form divine is not even suggested beneath them.

After a due amount of bargaining we hire two of the little carriages from beneath the avenue of trees, and set off in two detachments to visit the suburbs. In the vicinity of the town the roads are capital, and municipal authorities deserve the highest credit. We drive past the king's new palace, as yet unfinished, but which bids fair to rival the most magnificent modern mansion of any merchant prince. His Majesty is seated at breakfast in the upper story of a garden residence, and over the wall we catch sight of his august head as we drive slowly past. Huge feather brooms, or what look like them, are being waved by attendants, with monotonous mesmeric movements. These individuals had the appearance of dusting with great discretion some precious piece of pottery. Presumably the clay whereof kings are made is not easily matched. Leading the van, we soon distance our companions, and our carriage has to draw up in a shady avenue to await their tardy arrival. Meanwhile, our driver discourses glibly and intelligibly regarding Honolulu. He is a spirited young man of more than average intelligence, taking a lively interest in the welfare of the community, and expressing sore dissatisfaction of the 'heathen Chinese,' an importation encouraged by traders. He points out his private dwelling-place with becoming pride—a wide-spreading, one-storied wooden habitation with a deep verandah, situated in a well-planted garden, of which our friend was sole proprietor. The contrast between this merry, broad-shouldered, broadcloth-clad

cabby, and the dissolute unmannerly individual who is *our* native production, reminds us that civilisation eastward is still something short of perfection. We survey this landed proprietor who condescends to drive us with an additional degree of respect.

The natives unanimously entertain an aversion to Chinese emigration, which is, however, encouraged largely by influential magnates; the competition of these industrious Westerns, with their habits of order and perseverance, has had no little good effect on the less diligently-disposed Hawaiians.

Country residences are scattered for miles outside Honolulu, and are surrounded, often nearly buried, in masses of greenery. There is a look of care and cultivation about these homes which is pleasant to see, and the verdure of the smooth lawns, banana-trees, and unknown shrubs is exquisite. Water is laid on everywhere, and the hose appears to be constantly at work in every garden. The houses are, for the most part, built of wood, but they vary considerably in architecture. Some are nearly related to bungalows, while others rise ambitiously to three-storied grandeur, supported by Corinthian pillars. There are even Gothic gables looking comically distressed beneath palm-trees. The older habitations are all buried in creepers of the most luxuriant growth, and the large-leaved banana-trees hold their own in a plantation in the rear, much as an apple orchard does in humble dwellings at home. Neat coach-houses, and generally a stable, adjoin each residence. Every one drives here, and on the wrong side of the road, as we call it, of course. England and Rome only enforce the rule 'keep to the left.' All the ladies charioteer

the same description of vehicle as ours, and famous good horses generally rattle these light traps along the roads at a breakneck speed. We are driven up and down all the intersecting roads of the suburbs, through mazes of rich vegetation, past rice-fields and rows of cocoa-nut palms, with water gushing forth from artesian wells in every direction. Now and again we get glimpses of the sea, wonderfully blue and calm, except where it is tossed like carded wool against the coral reefs. Landwards, in the background of the pretty gardens and fertile fields, the rugged hills rise up grand and bold. They are rocky and sterile, of volcanic nature; but the outline is magnificent, and many dips and hollows vary the light and shade. Deep ravines and gullies, gloomy and dark, are relieved by patches of intensely green scrub and emerald-hued mosses. The rocks, which are flung irregularly here and there, as if in the sport of some careless wind, are fantastic in shape and highly coloured, chiefly a rich red brown. The colouring everywhere is exceptionally vivid. It is as though everything the eye rests upon was dipped in Nature's most enduring dyes. It is impossible to imagine a dull or faded landscape here. After more than two hours' driving we come back to the streets and scrutiny of the shops. There is nothing in the way of curiosities to be bought. The few Japanese and Chinese articles which find their way here are inferior in manufacture and very expensive. The photographers of course do a roaring trade with the visitors for portraits of royalty, as well as representations of native scenery. We are amused as we proceed to count the number of Chinese washing establishments. All the

laundry-work of the town appears to be done in open daylight by these deft-handed intruders. The linen is mostly hung and dried on the roofs of houses; naturally here there is no danger of smuts. The appearance of a flat roof with dozens of clothes-lines laid across it, furnished with inflated garments, is very odd.

It is midday, and the town is crowded with riders of both sexes. As we return to the hotel we meet a string of fifteen mules laden with sugar sacks, driven forward by red-shirted natives, riding on Mexican saddles enveloped in a multitude of mysterious cords, trappings, and cumbersome externala. Cavalcades of laughing young women coming in from the country, riding astride, according to the custom of the place, with no consciousness of our embarrassment, pass us with coquettish glances. They sit so well, and look so absolutely at ease in their marly attitude, that hostile criticism is impossible. We by and by discover that the glances and smiles are levelled at our Jehu. This young man carries on a running fire of comment or chaff against the fair equestrians who go by us. Judging from their sparkling eyes and ready retort, his remarks are regarded as favourable indications of his approval. That our cabby was a 'catch' in the matrimonial market, and his empty bungalow a coveted possession, raised him still higher in our estimation.

After lunch we gently cruise about the streets once more, meeting many hot and hungry acquaintance returning from Pali, scarcely vindicating the gain of an excelsior policy.

Finally, we land in the marketplace, an open square, with long narrow booths open at the sides, forming rectangular passages for

purchasers. Here elderly dames are purchasing *poi* and the simple adjuncts of their daily food. Quantities of uninviting-looking fish lie exposed on the stalls, advertising odoriferous staleness. Sweet potatoes and fruits are piled upon the ground beneath at the mercy of peripatetic poultry. We resist persuasion to buy or to eat. The octopus, we are informed, constitutes a Hawaiian delicacy; but we do not see any, and are chary of believing travelers' tales. As we pass along the streets we notice several American ladies, radiant in Parisian toilettes, descending from their buggies at different shops. We learn that Californians frequently resort to Honolulu for rest and change.

- There are also resident American merchants in the town, which probably accounts for the vigorous life of mercantile proceedings. The fertile soil and salubrious climate, a heat well tempered by sea-breezes and constant showers, make it a charming spot for a temporary residence.

As at last we turn our faces towards the sea, one of our number suggests that a visit to the Ceylon, to inspect the mariners who have compassed so many strange lands, will be the crowning accomplishment of our day. Steering for the nearest landing-stage, through the devious mazes of many timber-yards, we purpose to charter a boat to convey us out to the steamer. The courtesy of one of the Ceylon officers makes this an unnecessary labour. Overhearing our inquiries, he promptly offers to carry us out to the ship in his own boat. In the twinkling of an eye, eight brawny British sailors row us out to the veteran P. and O. steamer. Without any ado or ceremony, we are assisted on board, and quartermaster is immediately forthcoming

to show us over it. We inspect every corner of the comfortable floating hotel, envying the ladies their artistically-furnished drawing room, and comparing the length and breadth of the deck invidiously with that of the Pacific mail-steamer, and finally going below, to have our discontent augmented by a sight of airy cabins and a spacious dining-saloon. Having asked many questions, we offer thanks for our courteous reception, and depart as we came. Odious comparisons are murmured when we get back to our temporary home. It is late in the afternoon, and steam is getting up amidst the usual din preceding a departure. Huge trunks are sliding into the baggage-room, and the precarious life of fragile bonnet-boxes is sadly endangered by their entry. No British-manufactured portmanteau is equal to an encounter with an American ark. Departing guests are being sped by their friends continuing the journey; while coming ones are certainly not being welcomed by a distracted purser and aggrieved cabin-holders, irate at the introduction of a new member to a spare berth. Frantic rushes, false alarms, bells, whistles, gongs, straining ropes, rattling chains, make a hideous discord beneath the sound of the royal band, which has taken up its position on the wharf. 'The Girls we left Behind,' 'Home, sweet Home,' and other appropriate airs are dinned into our ears with brassy emphasis. The gangway is beset by an angry crowd. Late-returning passengers toil beneath the weight of pieces of rock and branches of bananas and coral, fettered further by flower necklaces. Some are crowned with feather bands and carry Japanese fans. All are covered with dust, and angrily jostle the

residents who have come to see us away, looking exasperatingly comfortable in shady hats and white garbs. Endless bags of sugar besiege the steamer at the last moment. In a frenzied discharge of the sacks from a truck many of them burst their bonds, and pour out a glittering stream on the wharf. Much unparliamentary Hawaiian language is the sequel of the disaster. Mahogany-skinned native boys swiftly divert our attention. These young athletes plunge into the water, and dive indefatigably for sixpences or larger coins. Glorious fights for the prizes go on in the green depths below. Brown arms and legs writhe and shoot about in what appears a human knot beneath the surface, and yet their owners extricate themselves from the entanglement, and come up smiling, amused at our fears, and ready to do similar battle for the next coin. They do not even appear

breathless after the longest contest, and the ease with which they move about seems to proclaim them of amphibious nature.

As we steam out slowly between the buoys which mark the narrow channel, we get a better view of Honolulu than it is possible to do at close quarters. The roof of the king's palace, the theatre, and all the larger and more important buildings, stand up encircled by rings of verdant foliage. The chain of mountains, which backs up the town, is seen to break down to the left, and on the right to be carried on to the verge of the sea, where it terminates in a lofty hill and an extinct crater. From afar the volcanic nature of the island reveals itself clearly. We do not lose sight of Oahu till the dusk falls, and after the stars twinkle out we still strain our gaze to get a final glimpse of its loftier peaks. With a final *vale* we go sorrowfully to rest.

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## AN OLD CUSTOM.

At the harbour-mouth of the little Norman seaport stands a lofty crucifix, high up against the sunrise and the sunset; the figure carved realistically enough, with eyes gazing over the sea, watching since time immemorial the outgoing ships. It is the last picture on the eyes of the fishermen as they sail away to northern latitudes for their hard cheerless labour off the Newfoundland coast, and the first high landmark that greets those of them who return; for of the frail vessels that venture thither sometimes no tidings comes again; and on those vessels sailing in, often some voice fails to answer when the women stream out to welcome them from the pier-head. For here there is a widow's dress in every young wife's wedding-chest. It was well thought to set it there; for who so mystically-minded as the sailor, ever face to face with the mystery and the majesty of Nature? A good thought for these simple minds to associate with the haven of their home when they start, as one of them finely expressed it, into the great waters to see the glory of God. So it stands there, and the rough sea-winds shake it, and the sea-swallows rest on the arms of the cross, and at times the spray rains over the three white figures at the base. A little while ago they built a scaffolding round it, and I saw that they were regilding the crown of thorns. To-day there was a great stir in the little town. From the old church, a mile up the inland valley, a long procession passed along the hillside road, and down the sloping streets to the port. Many children, all in white, and music, and many banners of many colours, came winding on below the great gray cliffs; little boys, in sailor's dress, carrying

a model ship; then the banner of our Lady, borne by the virgins of the town; something pathetic there also—old wrinkled faces, two of them yet dressed in the virgin white among the young girls, and a coarse jest in the crowd perhaps. The sea had never brought their lovers home, yet they followed, though their yearly prayers had little availed. Then the choristers singing—an old brass trumpet to give volume to the sound; then the priests with cross and candle; so along to the Calvary at the harbour-mouth. They are ranged round it now—the priests and choristers below, the fishermen and their banner in front, the white children in a wider ring, and all the people of the little town around. On one side the giant cliffs; on the other the calm sea, with its little sails drifting down the far horizon. Some one has crowned the plaster Madonna with a crown of white roses. A young priest is preaching at the foot of the cross. A few of the boys, in their festival dress, have broken away, and, climbing the steep grass bank that leans against the cliffs, are running races down it; but the crowd is attentive, silent, a few women crying. Then there is a prayer, and they all break up, and, chanting, form into procession again. A few peasant-folk linger, and go up to put their alms in the box by the altar; one old wrinkled woman kisses the feet of each saint in turns. All is silent now; the procession passes out of sight round the streets of the little town, and the crucifix stands lonely by the sea once more. So again to-day, perhaps, there was a regilding of the crown of thorns.

RENNELL RODD.

St. Valéry en Caux.



## TO MY BED.

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LET poets strike the tuneful wire  
In scornful Beauty's praise,  
Far be from me the vain desire  
To emulate their lays.  
A softer subject fills my brain,  
Inspires my grateful song—  
To thee, my bed, this humble strain,  
These homely rhymes belong.

My earliest friend ! how many hours  
Of rest I owe to thee !  
When friends are cold, and fortune lowers,  
Thou still art true to me.  
'Tis said that love's an empty sound,  
And friendship but a name ;  
But thee, my bed, I've ever found,  
Night after night, the same.

Visions of infancy arise,  
Of nursery days long fled,  
Of rosy cheeks and sleepy eyes,  
And tucking up in bed :  
A kiss, and then a soft good-night,  
And heavy eyelids closing :  
Who has not known the slumber light  
Of childhood thus reposing !

Sometimes to lie awake, and watch  
The moonshine on the floor,  
Or with a rapt attention catch  
The creak of distant door ;  
Or, if in winter-time, to peep  
The closed curtains through,  
And see the fire, while footsteps creep,  
And lights go to and fro.

'Twas so in childhood. Then in youth  
To thee, my bed, I owe  
The dreams, how far surpassing truth !  
That youthful sleepers know.  
Dreams of true love and friendship warm,  
That only come at night ;  
The dawning day dispels the charm,  
And fades the vision bright.

When wearied with the discontent  
Of others, or my own,  
Such consolation thou hast lent  
That all my cares have flown.  
And I have risen on the morn,  
With purpose good and strong  
That virtue should my life adorn,  
Content to me belong.

And in that time when tears are shed,  
And daylight looks like folly,  
Calm rest I find on thee, my bed,  
Alone with melancholy.  
Then times and places, scenes I trace,  
For ever passed by,  
And friends who've run their earthly race,  
And rest them in the sky.

Thus have I shown in rhymes uncouth  
How thou, my bed, hast been,  
Through playful childhood, hopeful youth,  
A friend in every scene.  
On thee, her quiet place of rest,  
How sorrow ceased to weep,  
How anger fled the ruffled breast,  
And yielded up to sleep.

And now, when evening breezes blow,  
And friends are hovering by,  
And age or sickness lays me low,  
And warns me I must die,  
Gently I hope to rest on thee,  
My old, my earliest friend,  
That where young life first greeted me  
Our fellowship may end.

J. E. P.

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## ANECDOTE CORNER.

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS BY E. S. DIXON—HENRY TURNER—CHARLES HERVEY—SURGEON-GENERAL COWEN—WILLMOTT DIXON—BYRON WEBBER—THE ANECDOTE HUNTER—THE EDITOR—AND OTHERS.

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### *Miss Ellen Terry's Early Days on the Stage.*

It is no disparagement to the memory of that perfect gentleman and excellent actor, Charles Kean, to assert that he was unduly sensitive to the success of a rival actor. We had almost written *keenly* sensitive. Macready, in his diary, records with shame how when he read of the success of Phelps in the character of Shylock, at the Haymarket Theatre, he experienced bitter feelings of envy and jealousy with regard to the new actor. Some five-and-twenty years ago, Miss Ellen Terry was playing Prince Arthur to the Hubert of Ryder, with Kean as King John. At the conclusion of the scene between Hubert and Arthur there was an enthusiastic call for both the performers. But the lessee forbade the acceptance of the invitation to appear before the foot-lights. 'Only a few noisy boys in the gallery, Mr. Ryder.' On the rising of the curtain in the

following scene, the King is discovered on the throne, with Hubert in attendance. The audience at once raised a shout. 'Go forward and bow, Mr. Ryder,' whispered the King. But Hubert stood motionless, and not till the request was repeated did Ryder acknowledge the greeting of his admirers.

On the following evening Hubert led Arthur before the act-drop, although the child was nervous and diffident as to the view which would be taken by Kean of the proceeding. As Ryder left Ellen Terry, tearful, at the door of her dressing-room, he said, 'Never mind, my child; you will be famous, rich, and celebrated when all your enemies are dead, rotten, and forgotten.' A garbled version of this was taken to Kean by some meddlesome listener, and the result was a coolness between both actors.

### *Manageriana.*

A MANAGER ought to possess (1) the diplomacy of a Talleyrand, in order to get rid, politely, of petitioners for private boxes, importunate authors, patrons of ballet-maidens, fanatic composers, starters of phenomena, and producers of stars; (2) the stoicism of a Brutus, to resist the caprices and

pretensions of the crowd, both feminine and masculine, assembled behind the scenes; (3) the self-denial of St. Anthony, to withstand the seductions of his actresses, and also the nose of St. Anthony's companion, to scent out promising attractions, possible celebrities, and whatever will draw; (4) the pa-

THE knowledge of courtesy and good manners is a very necessary study. It is, like grace and beauty, that which begets liking and an inclination to love one another at the first sight, and, in the beginning of an acquaintance, a familiarity; and, consequently, that which first opens the door and introduces us to better ourselves by the examples of others, if there be anything in the society worth taking notice of.—MONTAIGNE.

tience of Job, to support the demands of the public, the carping of critics, and the jealousy of rivals and competitors.

A manager need also be a man of letters, a musician, an economist, painter, architect, physiognomist, and especially a philosopher. He should have, moreover, the wealth of Cræsus, the strength of Hercules, the prudence of Ulysses, the hundred eyes of Argus, the hundred tongues of Fame, and the light foot of Achilles, in order to cut and run should circumstances require.

[Are not some few of these qualities desirable for the editor of any influential and popular periodical?]

The uneducated manager is liable to laughable mistakes. One of these gentlemen, *papa Castel*, was getting up a mythological ballet. His stage-manager was explaining the intended arrangement of the principal tableau. 'This raised scaffolding in the centre is Mount Olympus, where we will place all the heathen divinities; that to the left is Mount Parnassus, which we can cover with the poets of antiquity; on this, to the right, Mount Pindus, we will form three groups, composed of the nine Muses, the three Fates, and the three Graces.'

'No, no!' said *papa Castel*, 'that will never do; too unsymmetrical by far; too irregular. Let us have the five Muses, the five Fates, and the five Graces. That will be a much prettier arrangement.'

The most knowing managers are naturally those who have previously served in the dramatic ranks themselves. One of these, an ex-tenor who had made his fortune, and who, during his vocal career, by his hoarsenesses, his demands, and his caprices, had driven his employers half-crazy, became, when he took a theatre on his own account, the severest of task-masters and managers. The acquisition of power changes the nature of men, but very rarely to their advantage. He would suffer no poutings nor indispositions. The most trifling negligence was punished by a heavy fine. The least infraction of the terms of an engagement was met by legal proceedings—by gendarmes, if necessary.

In 1853, when he took in hand the direction of the theatre of L—, the municipality imposed on him the condition of engaging the tenor Oswald, whose talent was remarkable—especially for feigning illness at will. When Oswald took it into his head that he would not sing, he gave himself a fever by means needless to describe, but sufficiently mysterious to puzzle the doctors.

But the cunning old singer, who knew all the tricks of his trade, took his precautions in consequence. Every evening when Oswald sang, he dressed up a good-looking supernumerary in exactly the same costume as the fickle tenor, with orders to make himself conspicuous behind the scenes until the close of

CATO, being scurrilously treated by a low and vicious fellow, quietly said to him, 'A contest between us is very unequal, for thou canst bear ill language with ease, and return it with pleasure; and to me it is unusual to hear and disagreeable to speak it.'

the performance. The constant presence of this subsidiary personage soon grew into an actual annoyance to Oswald. So one evening, between two acts of the *Muette*, he asked his manager, 'Who is that fellow, dressed up exactly like me, who always sticks himself in the way every night I sing? What does he do here?' 'He is your *doublure*—your substitute.' 'For what purpose? on what account?' 'To take your place, in case of need. Your health is so delicate; you may any day have a fever fit, or be seized with sudden hoarseness. I don't want to be placed in the cruel necessity of closing the theatre, or returning

the money taken at the doors.' 'The deuce!' said the tenor, slightly flabbergasted, and scanning his duplicate with sidelong looks. 'Where did you pick up that muscular animal? Has he any talent—can he sing?' 'Divinely! Perfect phrasing; splendid *ut de poitrine*; pupil of Duprez. I discovered him in Paris. But you shall judge for yourself the first evening you feel a little out of sorts. He knows all your parts, and can take them at a minute's warning. We can hear him quietly in my manager's box.' During the eight months that the season lasted Oswald had neither a single loss of voice nor the slightest touch of fever.

### *Hamlet's Tombs.*

OSCAR COMETTANT and a friend went forth one day in search of Hamlet's grave. They traversed the whole town of Elsinore (which was only a fishing village until King Erik of Pommern raised it to the rank of a city in 1425), and they reached a hill on which formerly stood an abbey, at the extremity of the terraced gardens of Marienlyst, where, they were told, they would behold the sublime metaphysician's tomb. Finding nothing, they inquired of a passer-by, 'Hamlet's tomb, if you please?' 'Which tomb is the one you want?' 'Which tomb! Are there two Hamlets' tombs? He cannot have been buried in two places at once.' 'Possibly. Nevertheless, there have been three Hamlets' tombs, though only half of one is still remaining. I must inform you, if you don't know it already, that one single tomb was quite insufficient to satisfy

the curiosity of English visitors. At one time there was no Hamlet's tomb at all at Elsinore; for, as you are aware, the Danish Prince never set foot in Zealand, either alive or dead. But the English, who came in crowds to Elsinore, insisted on having one; and so somebody made them tomb the first. But the crowds of tourists increased to such an extent, and so annoyed the owner of the land where the monument stood, that, in order to divide, if he could not suppress, the flocks of pilgrims, he set up another tomb at the further end of his property. But that did no good; because the English—you know how curious they are!—*would* visit both the tombs. He therefore, driven to despair, erected a third tomb. The two first have disappeared, and only a portion of the third remains. I suppose the English have carried away the

THERE is nothing displays a genius (I mean a quickness of genius) more than a dispute, as two diamonds, encountering, contribute to each other's lustre. But, perhaps, the odds is much against the man of taste in this particular.—SHENSTONE.

rest of it piecemeal in their pockets, to enrich their Shakespearean museums.' At the indicated spot, M. Comettant found something like a milestone much the worse for wear, without any inscription, around which an English family,

father, mother, and five children (he ought to have made them twelve), were standing, apparently in earnest prayer; but on approaching, he found they were piously reciting the famous monologue, 'To be, or not to be.'

### *A Whistling Story.*

PERHAPS the man who whistles in an omnibus is a greater nuisance to his fellow-passengers than he who hums or sings. It is a matter of taste. That they are both intolerable is beyond dispute. An admonition conveyed to one of those abominable pipers by a well-known journalist and wit deserves to be recorded. He and his son were

occupants of an omnibus which also carried a whistler. 'Who is that lady who is whistling?' asked father of son, in a conspicuously audible voice. 'It is not a lady, papa,' replied the son; 'it is a gentleman.' 'A gentleman!' exclaimed the parent; 'you must be mistaken, my boy. No gentleman ever whistles in an omnibus!'

### *French-English.*

HALF-EDUCATED French folks write delightful letters, on account of the amusing absurdity of their spelling. The language lends itself to errors in orthography, and such writers take full advantage of the fact. Run through such an epistle with your eyes only, and it beats a prize-puzzle in incomprehensibility; but read it aloud, expressing the sounds indicated by the syllables, and you get clear ideas expressed in fairly proper language. It is a specimen of phonetic writing, like the eccentricities which spelling reformers have tried to introduce. Educated people—newspaper editors, for instance—who do write their mother tongue without serious blunders, seem to think correctness a needless quality whenever they quote an English word or phrase. They persist in knowing the views entertained on pass-

ing events at our 'Foreing' Office. Even M. Ferdinand de Lesseps complains that the Suez Canal was once run down as a 'bubble' scheme. The author of an amusing volume, who has travelled much and believed himself proportionally polyglot, nevertheless quotes 'the righth man in the righth place, as the English say;' adding, 'Times is money,' which is perfectly true, in whatever way we interpret it. He mentions a heavy cheque drawn on 'the Americain Banck,' and a serenade given by the 'New York Musical Fond Society.' An Englishman is made to declare, 'J (jay) am a philosopher.' The portrait of our George IV.'s favourites is sketched in three words, as every one of them 'Fair, fate, forty.' An English actor off the stage—namely, 'Old Grim'—combines politeness with profanity

THE great secret of giving advice successfully is to mix up with it something that implies a real consciousness of the adviser's own defects, and as much as possible of an acknowledgment of the other party's merits. Most advisers sink both the one and the other ; and hence the failure which they meet with and deserve.

by saying, ' Good-morning, young miss,' and then swearing ' by Good ! ' A lady is followed by twenty-five admirers, one of whom is an ' ele-

gant sportman.' The above specimens suffice to show what a rich collection of French-English might easily be made.

### *Two Royal Academy Stories.*

#### ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.

Some twelve or fifteen years ago, ere the Royal Academy of Arts had migrated from the National Gallery to Burlington House, there was a certain pompous and pragmatical R.A., who was anything but popular as a visitor with the students. He once rebuked a young gentleman in the painting-school for not using ' a gentlemanly palette,' whatever that might mean. It is related, however, that he on one occasion met with his match. He had been making himself especially disagreeable to the majority of the students, when it came to pass that a young Scotchman fell under his admonitory eye. After examining this student's work with severe attention, he turned to him, and, in a voice of depressing solemnity, said, ' Have you any private means ? ' ' I beg your pardon, sir ? ' replied the youth, literally in the Scotch manner. ' Is it your intention to make painting your profession ? ' ' It is,' rejoined the Scot. ' I am sorry to hear you say so,' pursued Mr. R.A., with

augmenting austerity, ' for you will never make a living as a painter.' ' I am not so sure about that,' observed the student. ' *You seem to have made a pretty good thing out of it.*' *Tableau !*



#### THE LATE SIR FRANCIS GRANT.

Towards the close of his long and honourable career, the late Sir Francis Grant, President of the Royal Academy, became somewhat oblivious of the changes which were taking place in the body of which he was the head. *His Associates*, the R.A.s, of course he knew ; but it was not easy for him to keep in mind the new Associates outside the sacred Forty. On one occasion he expressed a desire to know ' the name of the man with the red scarf ; ' and on another, impressed with the beauty of a picture which hung upon the walls at Burlington House, he said, ' Very clever, very clever ; we must have him amongst us.' Both men were then A.R.A.s. The former is now a full Academician ; the latter was the late Frederick Walker.

### *Nothing New under the Sun.*

#### THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH FORESHADOWED.

ARTHUR YOUNG, travelling in 1787, writes : ' In the evening, at Paris, to M. Lomond, a very ingenious and inventive mechanic. In electricity he has made a re-

markable discovery. You write two or three words on a paper ; he takes it with him into a room, and turns a machine enclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which

SO great is the love of compromise in modern times, that the highest order of men, if they be shrewd men, can hardly be distinguished from the owners of badly-managed shops in their tendency to demand terms much larger than those which they mean to accept. And thus the time of the world is squandered.—SIR ARTHUR HELPS (*Brevia*).

is an electrometer—a small fine pith ball. A wire connects it with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment; and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motions of the ball, writes down the words they indicate; from which it appears that he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance; within and without a besieged town, for instance; or for a purpose much more worthy, and a thousand times more harmless, between two lovers prohibited or prevented from any better connection. Whatever the use may be, the invention is beautiful. M. Lomond has many other curious machines, all the entire work of his own hands; mechanical invention seems to be in him a natural propensity.'



#### THE SUBMARINE CABLE ANTICIPATED.

Aldini, in his *Essay on Galvanism*, published in Paris in 1804, in which Essay he details his experiments on decapitated and strangled criminals, and that even if people do not feel after being guillotined, they possibly may after they are hanged, not only forestalled the

idea of a submarine galvanic telegraph, but actually accomplished the fact, which he then left exactly where he found it. The experiments made with 'artificial electricity' in the Lake of Geneva, by the celebrated brothers De Luc, and by the English natural philosophers on the Thames, excited Aldini to attempt analogous results in the sea itself. He took advantage of a visit to Calais to establish an electric communication, by three brass wires, between Fort Rouge (since demolished) and the western jetty. Two of these wires passed through the sea at the depth of three fathoms. He found that he could thus both give shocks to living persons on the other side of the water, and also cause convulsive movements in recently-killed animals prepared for the purpose. He afterwards was delighted to cause simultaneous contractions in the head and in the body of a little fresh-slain dog, although the two halves of its carcass were separated by an arc of more than two hundred yards, and on opposite banks of a rapid stream. He made the mouth grin and the eyelids wink in response to the jerks and kicks of the legs. The first subaqueous electric signals were the convulsive motions of dead animals.

### Novelists' Sayings.

GEORGE ELIOT.

THERE'S nothing kills a man so soon as having nobody to find fault with but himself. It's a deal

the best way o' being master to let somebody else do the ordering, and keep the blaming in your own



**A**N Italian philosopher expresses in his motto that time was his estate; an estate indeed which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and generally satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.—*Rambler.*

hands. It 'ud save many a man a stroke, *I* believe.—*Priscilla Lammeter, in 'Silas Marner.'*

How will you find good? It is not a thing of choice: it is a river that flows from the foot of the Invisible Throne, and flows by the path of obedience.—*Savonarola, in 'Romola.'*

*T. Tulliver:* Now, don't you be up to any tricks, Bob, else you'll get transported some day. *Bob Jakin:* No, no; not me, Mr. Tom. There's no law again' flea-bites. If I wasn't to take a fool in now and then, he'd niver get any wiser.—*'The Mill on the Floss.'*

I have long expected something remarkable from you, Dan; but, for God's sake, don't go into any eccentricities! I can tolerate any man's difference of opinion, but let him tell it me without getting himself up as a lunatic. At this stage of the world, if a man wants to be taken seriously he must keep clear of melodrama.—*Sir Hugo Mallinger, in 'Daniel Deronda.'*

Will not a tiny speck very close to our vision blot out the glory of the world, and leave only a margin by which we see the blot? I know no speck so troublesome as self.—*'Middlemarch.'*

What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labour, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting!—*'Adam Bede.'*

Let thy chief terror be of thine own soul:

There, mid the throng of hurrying desires

That trample o'er the dead to seize their spoil,

Lurks vengeance, footless, irresistible

As exhalations laden with slow death,

And o'er the fairest troop of captured joys

Breathes pallid pestilence.

*'Daniel Deronda.'*

### Parliamentary Hits.

SHERIDAN being on a Parliamentary Committee, one day entered the room when all the members were seated and ready to begin business. Seeing no vacant place, he looked round the table and said, 'Will any gentleman move—that I may take the chair?'

When it was proposed in Par-

liament to increase the judges' salaries, and the motion was carried by 169 to 39, Charles Townshend said that 'the Book of Judges had been saved by the Book of Numbers.'

Somebody maintained, in the presence of Canning, that poverty was a virtue. The Minister ob-

IT is one thing to indulge in playful rest, and another to be devoted to the pursuit of pleasure; and gaiety of heart during the reaction after hard labour, and quickened by satisfaction in the accomplished duty or perfected result, is altogether compatible with—nay, even in some sort arises naturally out of—a deep internal seriousness of disposition.—JOHN RUSKIN.

served, 'That is literally making a virtue of necessity.'

Lord Shelburne could say the most provoking things, and yet seem quite unconscious of their being so. In one of his speeches, alluding to Lord Carlisle, he said, 'The noble lord has written a comedy—' 'No, a tragedy,' interrupted Lord Carlisle. 'O, I beg pardon; *I thought it was a comedy.*'

Hearing that Mr. Calvert, ambitious of parliamentary distinction, was going to canvass the Borough, James Smith exclaimed, 'I am very glad to hear it; I got wet through yesterday between Guy's Hospital and Tooley-street.'

When Lord George Gordon asked Selwyn to choose him again for Ludgershall (where the latter's property lay), he replied that the electors would not have him. 'O yes; if you recommended me they would have me, if I came from the coast of Africa.' 'That is according to what part of the coast you came from. They certainly would if you came from the Guinea Coast.'

When Mr. Pitt was very young in office, several angry altercations

took place between him and Mr. Sheridan in the debates in the House of Commons. He once said to Sheridan, 'You had better withdraw your attention from politics, and direct it exclusively to the stage, where the display of your abilities cannot fail to amuse the public.' Sheridan was piqued at this professional allusion, and instantly replied, 'If I do turn my attention to the stage, I cannot be at a loss for a diverting character; I will certainly, in compliment to you, revive the part of the angry boy in the old play of the *Alchemist*.'

The Earl of Lonsdale was so extensive a proprietor and patron of boroughs that he returned nine members to Parliament, who were facetiously called Lord Lonsdale's *ninepins*. One of the members thus designated having made a very extravagant speech in the House of Commons, was answered by Mr. Burke in a vein of the happiest sarcasm, which elicited from the House loud and continued cheers. Mr. Fox, entering the House just as Mr. Burke was sitting down, inquired of Sheridan what the House was cheering. 'O, nothing of consequence,' replied Sheridan, 'only Burke has knocked down one of *Lord Lonsdale's ninepins*.'

### *A Forerunner of the Great Eastern.*

WE smile patronisingly when we read travellers' descriptions of the alarm of the untutored savage at his first sight of a steamboat or steam locomotive. But 'they didn't

know everything down in Judæe' some fifty or sixty years ago. In other words, some of the untutored inhabitants of these islands, where the steam-engine was invented

THE Irish Church revenue, said Sydney Smith, is made up of halfpence, potatoes, rags, bones, and fragments of old clothes; and these, Irish old clothes. What, he asked, then, is the object of all governments? The object of all governments is roast mutton, potatoes, claret, a stout constable, an honest justice, a clear highway, a free chapel. What trash to be bawling in the streets about the Green Isle, the Isle of the Ocean, the bold anthem of 'Erin-go-bragh'! A far better anthem would be 'Erin go bread and cheese'; 'Erin go cabins that will keep out the rain'; 'Erin go pantaloon without holes in them.'

and brought to perfection, were as much alarmed at their first sight of 'puffing Billy' and the first paddle-steamer as the noble savage has been since. It is related of an old lady, who was surprised in her unsuspecting wanderings on the banks of the Tees by the appearance of the packet, that she screamed when she beheld volumes of smoke issuing from the approaching funnel, and offered up a prayer. 'There's nowt to be flayed at, Betty,' ob-

served a wanderer of the male sex, who happened to be better informed than she; 'it's nobbut t' steam-packet.' 'I care not what it is, John, it'll niver prosper.' 'Why, how's that, Betty?' 'Leuk at it, John; leuk at it. T' tide yan way, and t' wind same, and it comin' on in their face. It'll niver prosper, John, because it's gine (going) agin baith God and Natur'!

### *A Turf Anecdote.*

ONE of the biographers of Blair Athol, and the best, relates how the schemes of the firm of book-makers, who had the management of the horse in the market prior to the Derby, were frustrated by the imprudence of the principal member of the combination, since dead. They had backed General Peel, winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, to win the Derby, and they 'stood' to win a great stake. In the case of General Peel's breaking down before the day, they had Blair Athol to run for them; but it was more to their interest, pecuniarily, that he should be withdrawn, and Lord Glasgow's horse allowed to win. It appears that Jackson, the owner of Blair Athol, escaped from his confederates, who knew he was not to be trusted alone, late one night at Newmarket, and repaired to the White

Hart, where he was 'bounced' by the company into backing his own horse to such an extent that the confederacy were compelled to send 'Blair' to the post. How he won, with General Peel second, is a matter of history. But he did not carry as much of the money of the party as 'the General' would have done. That White Hart has figured in more than one dramatic episode of Turf history. Some years ago, during one of the Spring Meetings at Newmarket, a *coup* was effected, which was, in its way, as remarkable as Blair Athol's sudden advancement in the Derby betting. In order to effect this it was necessary to wait until the gentlemen of the press had retired for the night. The wagering at the subscription-rooms, which are under the control of the stewards of the Newmarket race-

WHICH of the seven supports to human nature, under trouble and difficulties, can be most relied upon and least spared? The seven supports are good spirits, good temper, pride, vanity, power of endurance, hopefulness, and the love of others. To the above question a cynic answered, 'Without doubt, vanity.' Why? Because it is always present. Common parlance proves this fact. You can say of a man, He has lost his good spirits, his good temper, his love for others, his pride, his power of endurance, his hopefulness; but who ever heard any one say of another, 'He has lost his vanity'?—SIR ARTHUR HELPS (*Brevia*).

meetings, had that night been of an unexciting character, although the City and Suburban Handicap was very near at hand. The rooms were closed, the reporters sent off their last telegrams, the shutters were put up at the telegraph-office, and it seemed that everybody who had any business to transact in connection with the races had retired for the night. This, however, was not the case. No sooner had the reporters got clear away, than an adjournment was made on the part of a number of heavy speculators on the Turf to the White Hart, in which hostelry, unknown to the great but sleeping

world of Newmarket, a horse called Delight was backed for the City and Suburban Handicap to win a fortune. Next morning, long before the news became common property, the telegraph-office was besieged by bookmakers, backers, commission-agents, and touts eager to anticipate the defeated newspaper press, in apprising their agents or patrons of 'the good thing.' The result of that night at the White Hart is historical. Delight won the City and Suburban, as the chroniclers of such circumstances would express it, 'in a walk.'

### *How to become an Orator.*

It is related of one Job Walmsley, a Yorkshire advocate of teetotalism, who was humorous in a rough way as well as eloquent, that he was waited upon on one occasion by a young gentleman who was ambitious to shine upon platforms after the manner of Jabez Inwards, Simeon Smithard, and Mr. J. B. Gough. 'Tha wants to be a public speyker, dos' tha,

lad? An' tha thinks 'awm the chep to put tha up to a wrinkle about it? Tha's reight, I am. Now, harks tha. When tha rises to mek thy speych, hit taable an' oppen thy mawth. If nowt comes, tak' a sup o' watter an' hit taable again. Then oppen thy mawth wider than afoor. Then if nowt comes tak' thysen off, and leave public speykin' to such as me.'

### *Importance of Architects.*

THE Rev. J. Jessopp tells the following anecdote. The late Mr. Alexander, the eminent architect, was under cross-examination at Maidstone by Serjeant, afterwards

Baron, Garrow, who wished to detract from the weight of his testimony, and, after asking him what was his name, proceeded: 'You are a builder, I believe?'

HALF the evil in this world comes from people not knowing what they do like—not deliberately setting themselves to find out what they really enjoy. All people enjoy giving away money, for instance: they don't know *that*—they rather think they like keeping it; and they *do* keep it under this false impression, often to their great discomfort. Everybody likes to do good; but not one in a hundred finds *this* out.—JOHN RUSKIN.

'No, sir, I am not a builder; I am an architect.' 'They are much the same, I suppose?' 'I beg your pardon, sir; I cannot admit that; I consider them to be totally different.' 'O, indeed! perhaps you will state wherein this great difference exists?' 'An architect, sir,' replied Mr. Alexander, 'conceives the design, prepares the plan, draws out the specifications—in short, supplies the mind; the builder is merely the bricklayer or the carpenter. The builder, in fact,

is the machine; the architect, the power that puts the machine together, and sets it going.' 'O, very well, Mr. Architect, that will do. And now, after your very ingenious distinction without a difference, perhaps you can inform the court who was the architect of the Tower of Babel?' The reply for promptness and wit is not to be rivalled in the whole history of rejoinder: 'There was no architect, sir, and hence the confusion.'

H. L. G.

### *A Reminiscence of Balzac.*

M. CHARLES DIDIER, author of *Rome Souterraine*, once told me that, at the commencement of his literary career, having some business to transact with his publisher, he found him engaged in listening to a stout slovenly-dressed individual, who was eloquently describing to him the site and architectural details of a house he intended building. So gigantic was the plan, and so utterly regardless of the expense to be incurred appeared the speaker,

that Didier was literally astounded, and, on the stranger's departure, asked who he was. 'What! don't you know Balzac?' exclaimed the publisher. 'Never saw him before. He must have made more money than people give him credit for.' 'Possibly,' coolly returned the other. 'All I can say is, he came here to borrow five hundred francs in advance on a volume, of which he has not written a line, and, in all probability, never will.'

C. H.

### *Some Wits of the Past.*

ONE evening at Carlton House the Prince Regent observed to the author of *The Heir-at-Law*, 'Why, Colman, you are older than I am.' George replied, 'O no, sir; I could not have taken the liberty of coming into the world before your Royal Highness.'

posed for Fox, and some one was observing that it would require some delicacy, and wondering how Fox would take it, Selwyn said, 'Take it? Why, quarterly to be sure.'

—♦—

On hearing that an acquaintance had hurried across to the Continent to avoid his importunate cre-

—♦—  
When a subscription was pro-

ONE must be an inventor to read well. As the proverb says, 'He that would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry out the wealth of the Indies.' There is, then, creative reading as well as creative writing. When the mind is braced by labour and invention, the page of whatever book we read becomes luminous with manifold allusion. Every sentence is doubly significant, and the sense of our author is as broad as the world.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

ditors, George Selwyn observed, 'It is a passover that will not be much relished by the Jews.'

'it is a temptation to commit suicide.'

Professor Porson of Cambridge, awaking one evening after slumbering over his cups, and finding his candle extinguished, is said to have contented himself by uttering the familiar Greek antithesis *οὐτε τοῦς οὐτε τᾶλλο* ('neither this one here nor the other'). The words read slowly as English (the first and third being subdivided) express the doctor's meaning!

To all letters soliciting his subscription to anything, Erskine had a regular form of reply, viz. 'Sir, I feel much honoured by your application to me, and I beg to subscribe'—here the reader had to turn over the leaf—'myself your very obedient servant,' &c.

'My lord,' said Dr. Parr to Erskine, whose conversation had delighted him, 'should you die first I mean to write your epitaph.' 'Dr. Parr,' was the reply,

One of Curran's friends, a notorious and lucky gambler, getting entangled in conversation with him, gradually lost his temper, and at last said with great vehemence, 'No man, sir, shall trifle with me with impunity.' Curran corrected him by saying, 'Play with you, you mean.'

One evening, at a private party at Oxford, at which Dr. Johnson was present, a recently published essay on the future life of brutes was referred to; and a gentleman, disposed to support the author's opinion that the lower animals have an 'immortal part,' familiarly remarked to the doctor, 'Really, sir, when we see a very sensible dog, we don't know what to think of him.' Johnson, turning quickly round, replied, 'True, sir; and when we see a very foolish fellow, we don't know what to think of him.'

### *An Irish Barometer.*

KEEP him always reversed in your thoughts, night and day,  
Like an Irish barometer turned the wrong way.  
If he's up, you may swear that foul weather is nigh;  
If he's down, you may look for a bit of blue sky.  
Never mind what debaters or journalists say,  
Only ask what *he* thinks, and then think t'other way.  
He is all for the Turks? then, at once, take the whole  
Russian empire, Czar and all, to your soul.  
In short, whatsoever he talks, thinks, or is,  
Be your thoughts, words, and essence, the contrast of his.

FLOWERS seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity. Children love them. Quiet, tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow. Luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager's treasure; and in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers, in whose hearts rests the covenant of peace. Passionate or religious minds contemplate them with fond feverish intensity; the affection is seen serenely calm in the works of many old religious painters, and mixed with more open

### *A Recipe for Insomnia.*

'A FRIEND of mine,' says Lord Erskine, 'suffered from a continual wakefulness, and various methods were tried to send him to sleep, but in vain. At last his physicians resorted to an expedient

which succeeded perfectly. They dressed him in a watchman's coat, put a lantern into his hand, placed him in a sentry-box, and—he was asleep in ten minutes.'

### *Impromptus.*

BUSHE, the Irish Chief Baron, made this impromptu verse upon two agitators who had refused to fight duels, one on account of his affection for his wife, and the other because of his love for his daughter:

'Two heroes of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,

Improved on the Hebrew command:  
One honoured his wife, and the other his daughter,

That his days might be long in the land.'

Dr. Croly said very smart things and with surprising readiness. I was at his table one day when one of the guests inquired the name of a pyramidal dish of barley-sugar. Some one replied, 'A pyramid à *Macédoine*.' 'For what use?' rejoined the other. 'To give a *Philip* to the appetite,' said Croly.—  
W. H. HARRISON, *Reminiscences*.

Dr. Young was walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies (one of whom he afterwards married), when the servant came to acquaint him a gentleman wished to speak with him. As he refused to go, one lady took

him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the garden-gate; when, finding resistance in vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and spoke the following lines:

Thus Adam looked, when from the garden driv'n,

And thus disputed orders sent from Heav'n.

Like him I go, but yet to go am loth;  
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.  
Hard was his fate, but mine is more unkind;

His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.'

Sir George Rose, walking up Gower-street one day, was hailed by Jack Bannister (then an old man) from the opposite side. 'Stop a moment, Sir George, and I'll come over to you.' 'No,' replied Rose; 'I never made you cross yet, and I'll not begin now.' On his return home he wrote and sent to Bannister these lines:

'With seventy years upon his back,  
Still is my honest friend "Young Jack";  
Nor spirits checked, nor fancy slack,

But fresh as any daisy.

Though Time has knocked his stumps about,

He cannot bowl his temper out:

And all the Bannister is stout,  
Although the steps be crazy.'

and true country sentiment in those of our own Pre-Raphaelites. To the child and the girl, the peasant and the manufacturing operative, to the grisette and the nun, the lover and monk, they are precious always. But to the men of supreme power and thoughtfulness, precious only at times; symbolically and pathetically often to the poets; but rarely for their own sake. They fall forgotten from the great workman's and soldier's hands. Such men will take in thankfulness crowns of leaves or crowns of thorns—not crowns of flowers.—JOHN RUSKIN.

### *Quite Probable.*

A WELL-KNOWN member of a literary and art club, one of the most popular of the institutions of Bohemia, a gentleman who is sensitive on the subject of his manifold gifts, was undergoing a roasting on the subject of his voice. The chaff was gentle, and entirely good-humoured; but it was not taken in good part. Your 'Admirable Crichtons' are not the best-tempered creatures in the world. Well, this gentleman, who, in the course of one revolving moon,

could, if he were required, put the famous George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in the shade, was chafing under his club-fellows' humorous criticisms of his upper register and his lower register, his head notes and his chest notes, when a new-comer observed, 'There is one note which our friend Blondel has not got in his voice.' 'And what is that?' rejoined Blondel fiercely. 'What is that, sir?' The quiet reply put an end to the controversy. It was '*A bank note.*'

### *Truth and Impudence.*

AT the breaking up of a fashionable party at the West End of town, one of the company said he was about to 'drop in' at Lady Blessington's; whereupon a young gentleman, a perfect stranger to the speaker, very modestly said, 'O, then, you can take me with you; I want very much to know her, and you can introduce me.' While the other was standing

aghast at the impudence of the proposal, and muttering something about being but a slight acquaintance himself, &c., Sydney Smith observed, 'Pray oblige our young friend; you can do it easily enough by introducing him in a capacity very desirable at this close season of the year—say you are bringing with you the *cool of the evening.*'

### *Our Old Divorce Law.*

A MAN being convicted of bigamy before Mr. Justice Maule, the following dialogue took place: *Clerk of Assize*: 'What have you to say why judgment should not be passed upon you according to law?' *Prisoner*: 'Well, my lord, my wife took up with a hawker and ran away five years ago, and I

have never seen her since, and I married this woman last winter.' *Mr. Justice Maule*: 'I will tell you what you ought to have done; and, if you say you did not know, I will tell you that the law conclusively presumes that you did. You ought to have instructed your attorney to bring an action against



**W**ORK every hour, paid or unpaid; see only that thou work, and thou canst not escape thy reward. Whether thy work be fine or coarse, planting corn or writing epics, so only it be honest work, done to thine own approbation, it shall earn a reward to the senses as well as to the thought. No matter how often defeated, you are born to victory. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it. —R. W. EMERSON.

the hawker for criminal conversation with your wife. That would have cost you about 100*l*. When you had recovered substantial damages against the hawker, you would have instructed your proctor to sue in the ecclesiastical courts for a divorce *a mensâ et thoro*. That would have cost you 200*l*. or 300*l*. more. When you had obtained a divorce *a mensâ et thoro*, you would have had to appear by counsel before the House of Lords for a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*.

The bill might have been opposed in all its stages in both Houses of Parliament; and, altogether, you would have had to spend about 1000*l*. or 1200*l*. You will probably tell me you never had a thousand farthings of your own in the world; but, prisoner, that makes no difference. Sitting here as a British judge, it is my duty to tell you that this is not a country in which there is one law for the rich and another for the poor.'

### *A Just Pride.*

At a polytechnic exhibition, held at one of our northern towns some few years ago, there was exhibited a model of an iron river-steamer, which had been built in a neighbouring shipyard, and afterwards taken to pieces and despatched to India in sections. One one occasion a visitor to the exhibition, who was standing in the vicinity of the model, had his attention drawn to a sturdy-looking little fellow, apparently a workman, who was examining the object with an air of intense interest. Visitor number one approached the model and paused. Turning to him with great earnestness, the little man, speaking with a strong Northumbrian burr, said, 'Misthor,

can' thoo read?' On receiving an answer in the affirmative, the inquirer continued, 'Awwish thoo'd read what's written on this card.' The request was complied with. The description of the steamer was recited in distinct tones. 'Is that aal?' asked the querist, with a lugubrious air. That was all. 'Nawt else?' Nothing else. 'Is there nawt aboot the chep that rowled the plates?' On being assured that the name and achievements of that individual had been omitted from the legend, the little fellow exclaimed, in angry earnest, though it sounded funny, 'Why, misthor, aw's the chep that rowled the plates, and they hennot put my neyame on the card!'

### *American Notes.*

**AN IRISH-AMERICAN BULL.**  
The American Congress-man of the present day is a mild individual compared with some of the orna-

ments of the senate who flourished about the time when 'Bon Gautier' wrote the 'Alabama Duel.' A prominent member of that

**WISDOM OF THE HEAD AND OF THE HEART.**—The greatest intellects ought not to rank at the top of their species any more than the means rank above the end. The instinctive wisdom of the heart can *realise*, while the all-mooting subtlety of the head is only doubting. It is a beautiful feature in the angelical hierarchy of the Jews that the seraphs rank first, and the cherubs after; that is to say, Love before Knowledge.—ANON.

glorious set was one Mullins from Tennessee. He would dance and kick up his heels in a very kittenish manner, and he had a cheerful habit of hitting his fellow-members a whacking blow on the back when they least expected it. He is best remembered, though, by a funeral oration which he delivered on a Virginian member who had been killed in a row by the Ku-Klux. More lies had been told about the lamented deceased than could be collected from the inscriptions in a fashionable cemetery in the course of a week, when Mullins was called upon. It was a great speech, but by far the finest part of it was this passage: 'He has gone down to his grave wrapped in the peaceful soliloquy of his own blood.'

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SOMETHING LIKE A SPEAKER  
AGAINST TIME.

It is calculated to sadden the hearts of the Parnellites generally, and those of the members for Sligo, Wexford, Cavan, and Dungarvan in particular, to learn that the champion parliamentary speaker against time is a Canadian who was born in the United States of America. His name now is Amor de Cosmos; in his youth it was Alexander Smith. Before the formation of the Dominion he was a member of the Victoria Parliament, and, in a hopeless minority, opposed an iniquitous bill designed to rob many settlers of their land. The majority, sure of success, delayed passing the bill until near the close of the session. At ten

o'clock one morning De Cosmos rose to speak against it; at noon he had reached 'in the first place,' and sunset found him at 'thirdly.' The alarmed majority tried to break him down, but with no success, and finally settled down to watch his desperate struggles. Without a moment's respite to eat or rest, De Cosmos kept on talking all through the weary night and the following morning, until, just as the clock struck the hour of noon, exhausted nature gave way, and, with blood streaming from cracked lips and with staring eyes, he fainted in the arms of his friends. But his triumph was complete, for at that moment the Parliament was by law adjourned *sine die*, and the offensive measure was dead.

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AMERICAN ADVERTISING.

The declaration is truer now than ever it was. We have much to learn from our American cousins in the art of advertising. This is the kind of alluring invitation which is posted up near the ticket-offices of the railway-stations: 'Remember Ashtabula! where, out of a hundred persons killed, eight had accident policies in the Traveller's, amounting to 32,000 dollars. It cost them only 252 dollars 50 cents. Get a policy before you start.'

—\*—  
THE HUMOURS OF EXAMINATIONS.

In a list of incidents of examinations of candidates for scholastic

HIS training had been that of the old Persians, 'to speak the truth and draw the bow,' both of which savage virtues he had acquired to perfection, as well as the equally savage ones of enduring pain cheerfully, and of believing it to be the finest thing in the world to be a gentleman; by which word he had been taught to understand the careful habit of causing needless pain to no human being, poor or rich, and of taking pride in giving up his own pleasure for the sake of those who were weaker than himself. For the rest, he never thought about thinking or felt about feeling, and had no ambition whatever beyond pleasing his father and mother, getting, by honest means, the maximum of 'red quarrenders' and mazard cherries, and going to sea when he was big enough. Neither was he what would be called nowadays by many a pious child; for though he said his Creed and Lord's

honours and 'the ministry,' which is given in an American journal, we meet with not a few replies that bear a striking family likeness to some that have passed into the humorous literature of this country. A number, however, are new and good. Here is one: 'Is life worth living, professor?' elicited the sage reply, 'That depends on the liver.' Here is a scene in a recitation-room at Columbia. The bell has just rung, and the class is impatient to leave. Professor:

'Now, gentlemen, I have a mortgage on you for a few minutes yet.' Mr. H.: 'And, sir, you don't get much interest from us either.' Similar was the case when the professor, looking at his watch about the close of the recitation-hour, observed, 'As we have a few minutes left, I should like to hear any one ask a question, if he be so disposed.' Thereupon came the pertinent inquiry, 'What time is it, please?'

### *Variorum.*

A LONDON tradesman, who had hired a few months ago a lodging for his family in the neighbourhood of Blackheath, was much alarmed, from what he read in the papers, at the prospect of being robbed on his way home. 'Take a pair of pistols with you,' suggested one of his friends. 'Money thrown away,' he replied. 'If I did, the thieves would be sure to steal them.'

ances without paying. The manager of the theatre in a small country town complained bitterly of this, to him, unprofitable arrangement, and petitioned the great man to restrict the right of free admission to one or two of his followers. 'They would make but little difference in my receipts,' he said; 'but monseigneur will allow that a certain number of pages form a volume.'

A governor of one of the French provinces never travelled unless accompanied by a long train of pages, each of whom enjoyed, among other privileges, that of attending all dramatic perform-

A little girl, accompanying her mother on a visit to an old lady, the latter showed the child her parrot, in a cage by the window, warning her at the same time not to go too near, lest he should

Prayer night and morning, and went to service at the church every forenoon, and read the day's Psalms with his mother every evening, and had learnt from her and his father that it was infinitely noble to do right, and infinitely base to do wrong; yet (the age of children's books having not yet dawned on the world) he knew nothing more of theology or of his own soul than is contained in the Church Catechism. It is a question, however, on the whole, whether, though grossly ignorant according to our modern notions of science and religion, he was altogether untrained in manhood, virtue, and godliness, and whether the barbaric narrowness of his information was not somewhat counterbalanced both in him and in the rest of his generation by the depth, and breadth, and healthiness of his education.—CHARLES KINGSLEY (*Amyas Leigh in 'Westward Ho'.*)

bite her. 'Why should he bite me?' she asked. 'Because, my dear, he doesn't know you.' 'Then please tell him that I am Mary Anne.'

Lord Chesterfield, hearing that a man of low family had married the daughter of a lady not renowned for her morality, remarked that 'nobody's son had married everybody's daughter.'

An old lady, residing in one of the charming villas near Tours, observing that her watch had stopped, told her maid to see what o'clock it was on the sundial in the garden. In a few minutes Mdlle. Nicole returned, quite out of breath, and carrying something heavy in her apron. '*Ma foi, madame,*' said she, 'I can't make out what it says, so I have brought it in here, that madame may look at it herself.'

Amongst Europeans and the English-speaking peoples the out-and-out vegetarian is rare. Vegetarians of the type of Cardinal Newman (who would leave the edible fowls of the air either to die a natural death or be slain by 'the divine dexterity' of birds and beasts of prey) are very excep-

tional beings. Ardent vegetarians claim Benjamin Franklin as an exemplar of their principles. Hear him, ye followers of the late Mr. Brotherton, M.P., and drop him for evermore: 'During a calm which stopped us above Block Island, the crew employed themselves in fishing for cod, of which they caught a great number. I had hitherto adhered to my resolution of not eating anything that had possessed life; and I considered on this occasion, agreeably to the maxims of my master Tyron, the capture of every fish as a sort of murder committed without provocation, since these animals had neither done, nor were capable of doing, injury to any one that should justify the measure. This mode of reasoning I conceived to be unanswerable. Meanwhile I had formerly been extremely fond of fish; and when one of these cod was taken out of the frying-pan, I thought its flavour delicious. I hesitated some time between principle and inclination, till at last recollecting that, when the cod had been opened, some small fish were found in its belly, I said to myself, "If you eat one another, I see no reason why we may not eat you." I accordingly dined on the cod with no small degree of pleasure,

HE that will give himself to all manner of ways to get money may be rich; so he that lets fly all he knows or thinks may by chance be satirically witty. Honesty sometimes keeps a man from growing rich, and civility from being witty.—SELDEN.

and have since continued to eat like the rest of mankind, returning occasionally to my vegetable plan.'

'What are your political opinions?' asked A. of B. 'That depends,' replied B., 'on the person I am talking to.'

A striking illustration of the invincible indifference of the new generation to the guides, philosophers, and friends of the old was supplied by an episode in the Hyde Park riots, when a surging crowd broke down the park railings. There was, of course, a mass meeting in Trafalgar-square, at which much mild sedition was poured forth, and many pockets picked. In fact, there were a series of mass meetings. At one of these, held contiguous to the left ear of one of Landseer's lions, there appeared a portly figure surmounted by a bearded face and what phrenologists call 'a fine head.' His hair was white—with years. Silence having been obtained, he exclaimed at the top of a voice that had seen service (if a voice can see), 'Gentlemen, I think it right to tell you that I am HENRY VINCENT.' The once famous orator paused, and—*nobody cheered.*

Returning from hunting one day, George III. entered affably into conversation with his wine-merchant, Mr. Carbonel, and rode with him side by side a considerable way. Lord Walsingham was in attendance; and watching an opportunity, took Mr. Carbonel aside, and whispered something to him. 'What's that? what's that Walsingham has been saying to

you?' inquired the good-humoured monarch. 'I find, sir, I have been unintentionally guilty of disrespect. My lord informed me that I ought to have taken off my hat whenever I addressed your Majesty; but your Majesty will please to observe that, whenever I hunt, my hat is fastened to my wig, and my wig is fastened to my head, and I am on the back of a very high-spirited horse, so that if anything goes off we must *all go off together!*' The king laughed heartily at this apology.

Louis XII. one day reproached a prelate with the luxury of his manner of living, and told him that the clergy did not live so splendidly in the early ages. 'No, sir,' replied the prelate, 'not in the time of the *shepherd kings.*'

Dr. Parr, who was neither very choice nor delicate in his epithets, once called a clergyman a *fool*, and there was probably some truth in his application of the word. The clergyman, however, being of a different opinion, declared he would complain to the bishop of the usage. 'Do so,' added the learned Grecian, 'and my Lord Bishop will *confirm* you.'

Nobody was more bitterly witty than Lord Ellenborough. A young lawyer, trembling with fear, rose to make his first speech, and began: 'My lord, my unfortunate client—my lord, my unfortunate client—my lord—' 'Go on, sir, go on,' said Lord Ellenborough; 'as far as you have proceeded hitherto, the court is entirely with you.'

## THE COMET.

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DARK is the sky to-day, and overcast,  
Pale, gray, and cloudy; wrinkled with sad lines,  
As the wan face of one whom grief and pain  
Have kept from sleep and seared with mournful signs;  
And yet, gray sky, no sad night-hours were thine,  
For in thy calm serenest atmosphere  
The crescent moon was seen; supremely fair  
She gleamed ere setting on our hemisphere.  
Thy happy stars—the 'fixed,' the 'wanderers'—  
Sang to each other all the wingèd time,  
And told God's glory in those silver tones  
That best beseeem them and their theme sublime.

Why, in that radiant region of delight  
Rose there a mist to vex the pearly night?  
Why, from the circle of earth's horizon  
Strayed one wild cloud, a 'mare's-tail,' into sight?  
Nay, as it beat up in its onward course  
It grew more like the broom of childhood's lore,  
Which was to sweep all cobwebs from the sky,  
And let them gaze through the empyrean door  
Unchecked upon the shining strands of gold  
For ever, with their pure bright childish eyes—  
And then this cloud changed to a sheaf of corn,  
Bound with our praises and for Paradise.

'O watcher on the earth, yet watch awhile,'  
So sang a star's voice, soft and clear;  
'No children's dream is this bright mystery,  
No sheaf nor angel's flashing wing is here.  
Look on, dear mortal, through your window-pane,  
Soon, soon, enchanted you will recognise  
The bright starred head just turned away,  
The fiery pilgrim through your northern skies,  
The mighty traveller of the realms of space,  
Soft-bearded, bright, who now within our sight  
Moves under autumn's grave Copernicus.  
O, welcome him, dear comrade of the night!'

K. G.

## AN EVERY-DAY IDYL.

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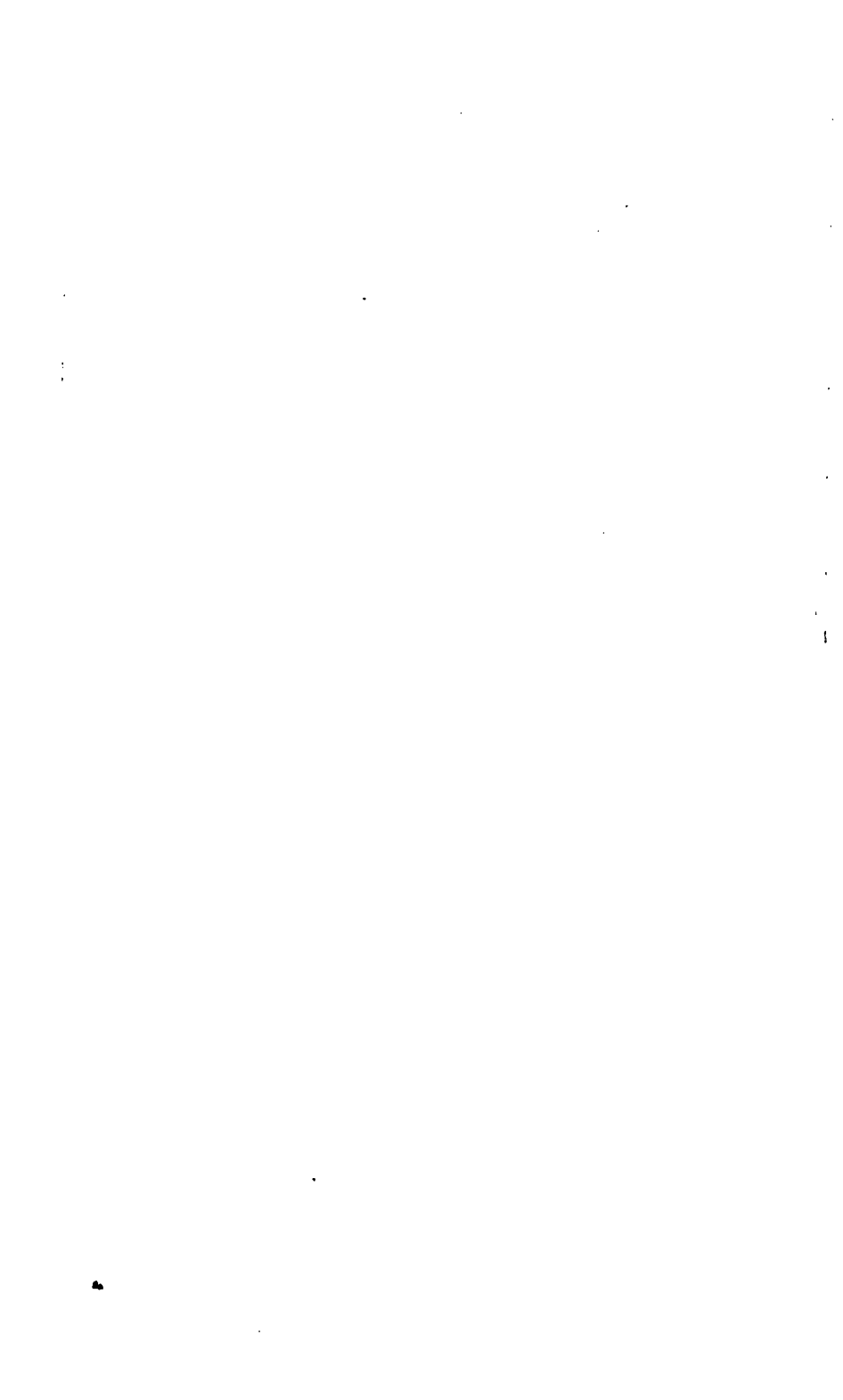
How small the world is ! Even Love  
Cannot take wing from grove to grove  
Without some awkward meeting.  
I preach no pretty paradox  
About a modernised Miss Fox,  
But love that breaks through walls and locks—  
The story bears repeating.

Six months ago, at Almack's ball,  
This loving couple chanced to fall  
In love with one another ;  
And for the space of one short night  
They danced beneath the electric light,  
And sat in corners out of sight  
Of chaperon and brother.

All through the soft sweet month of May,  
And part of June, they met each day,  
Till love grew single-hearted.  
And so the summer passed, until,  
Alas ! they quarrelled—lovers will—  
About some other Jack or Jill,  
And, sad to say, they parted.

They sent Love's letters back by post ;  
They saw in every dream Love's ghost ;  
But pride is hard to smother.  
O, what so strong as circumstance  
To help the author of romance ?  
They met in this bleak lane by chance,  
And recognised each other.

So far their story's known ; the rest  
I have unpublished 'by request,'  
As all the world disparages  
The little scandals that surround  
All those that Love with bliss hath crowned.  
What should be known is always found  
'Neath 'Births' and 'Deaths' and 'Marriages.'







THE MILLER'S EXPLOIT.

A scene from the story of the Miller of the Rhine.

# LONDON SOCIETY.

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DECEMBER 1882.

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## THE HERMIT NATION;

Or, *Corea and its Society, Past and Present.*

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WHERE and what is Corea? Its misfortunes have lately brought up its name from the almost infinite depths of ignorance, distance, and indifference; and yet nearly all that is currently understood in the average Western world about this secluded peninsula of the far East is, that it is probably the least known region of any on the surface of this planet which have a less than absolutely fatal climate, or are not absolutely without the limits of accessibility. It is a country all but utterly without alliances, and friendless, in whose ultimate destiny nearly all the interest that is felt, is the interest, not of sympathy, but of selfishness. This condition of things is a penalty which the Coreans pay for a system whose cardinal article of faith it is that the sun and moon rise in the east and set in the west of their country for their particular benefit; and which excludes every notion of sharing these advantages with the foreigner. Their isolation is all the more serious on account of their military incapacity; for they are, as a nation, entirely unarmed, and in the art of war mere children. Yet it does not follow that their unwarlike attitude is to be confounded with martial inaptitude;

and if they are frightened with strange sights and sounds even, it is the timidity of ignorance which they exhibit, and not that of a craven spirit. Physically, they are the finest people of Eastern Asia, and have a bearing the manliness of which is greater than is generally supposed. For the 'red-headed devils of the West,' who from time to time come to fight and then run away, they have a not unintelligible contempt. 'A brave people,' the Reverend Alexander Williamson calls them; 'excellent friends, but dangerous foes.'\*

Either Mr. Williamson is too complimentary in this summary, or the estimate of Henry Hamel, a Dutch sailor, who was shipwrecked in 1653, and thereafter spent thirteen years amongst the people of Corea, falls into the opposite extreme of depreciation. The Coreans, indeed, may have improved in the interval of over two centuries; but in his time Hamel describes them as 'much addicted to stealing, and so apt to cheat and lie, that there is no trusting of them. They think over-reaching a good action, and, therefore, fraud is not infamous

\* *Journeys in North China, Manchuria, and Eastern Mongolia, with some Account of Corea, 1870.*

among them; yet the law will redress a man who has been cheated in a bargain. They are, withal, silly and credulous. The Dutch might have made them believe anything they would, because they are great lovers of strangers, but chiefly the religious men. They are an effeminate people, and discover very little courage; they are not ashamed of cowardice, and lament the misfortune of those who are obliged to fight. They abhor blood, and fly when they meet with any. They are much afraid of sick folks, and particularly those who have contagious distempers.\*

The past exclusiveness of the Coreans would seem to have been royal or governmental rather than popular. Dr. M'Leod, and Captain Basil Hall, variously describe, for instance, the dilemma of an old chief, who, on the occasion of the visit of the *Alceste* to Corea, in 1816, wished to be hospitable and friendly with the officers of the expedition, and yet feared to be fatally compromised when they manifested a desire to penetrate ever so small a distance into the interior. 'The old chieftain,' says Dr. M'Leod, 'hung his head, and clasped his hands in mournful silence; at last, bursting into a fit of crying, he was supported, sobbing all the way, to a little distance, where he sat down upon a stone, looking back at the officers with a most melancholy aspect. His feelings appeared to be those of a man who imagined some great calamity had befallen his country in the arrival of strange people; and that he was the unhappy being in whose government this misfortune had occurred.†

Of the same lachrymose noble, who, it appears, feared for his head when the visit of strangers within his jurisdiction should become known at the capital, Captain Basil Hall says that 'as he went along, he not only sobbed and wept, but every now and then bellowed aloud.' And yet in his normal condition, the dignity of the afflicted gentleman was such that, according to Dr. M'Leod, if he had been 'divested of his broad-brimmed hat, he would not upon the whole have made a bad representative of old King Lear.' And Captain Hall describes him as 'a fine patriarchal figure, seated in state under the umbrella; his full white beard covered his breast and reached below his middle; his robe or mantle, which was of blue silk, and of an immense size, flowed about him in a magnificent style; his hat measured three feet across the brim; his sword was suspended from his waist by a small belt; and in his hand he carried a slender black rod tipped with silver, about a foot and a half long, with a small leather thong at one end, and a piece of black crape tied to the other.\*

A like feeling of apprehension seems to have operated on the mass of the natives of Sir James Hall's Group, an archipelago off the middle of the west coast of Corea, who 'exhibited, by signs and gestures, the greatest aversion to the landing of a party from the ships—the *Alceste* and the *Lyra*—making cut-throat motions by drawing their hands across their necks, and pushing the boats away from the beach; but offering no serious violence.'

The exclusiveness imposed upon the Coreans by the higher powers was too strong even for cupidity to overcome. They appeared, Captain Hall relates, to hold in no

\* *Travels of some Dutchmen in Korea.*

† *Voyage of His Majesty's Ship Alceste to China, Corea, and the Island of Loo-Choo.*

\* *Voyage to Corea and the Island of Loo-Choo.*

estimation anything which was shown to them except wine-glasses; yet even these they were unwilling to receive, and, indeed, returned after having received, especially if they had been presented to one Corean in the presence of another. 'We saw bullocks and poultry,' says Captain Hall; 'but the natives would not exchange them for our money, nor for anything we had to offer.'

The same general treatment had been encountered by Captain W. R. Broughton, of the *Providence*, who visited Corea in 1797, and who received presents of salt fish, rice, and seaweed from the natives; who, nevertheless, during a few days' detention of the vessel, were painfully and tremblingly anxious for her departure. The visitors wanted wood and water, which were freely offered for nothing; but no cattle or other live stock could be procured, although they were seen feeding along the shore in numbers provokingly plentiful. To one of his 'principal friends,' who 'seemed particularly pleased at our preparations for sailing,' Captain Broughton, on leaving, presented 'a telescope and a pistol, the only articles he seemed desirous of possessing; and we parted with mutual satisfaction.'\*

'Money appeared of no value,' testifies Captain Broughton; and again, 'money, at least of European coins, they had no idea of.' And Captain Hall records that 'they refused dollars when offered as a present.' As a commercial nation and conversant with trade, although in the fewest possible channels, it is singular to note this indifference to the most convenient and portable articles and instruments of exchange. There is reason to suppose that it may

have had its basis to a great extent in a superstitious over-estimate of the sacredness of royalty. A sentence or two from the valuable work of M. Ch. Dallet, *missionnaire apostolique de la Société des Missions étrangères*, may throw some light upon the matter when so regarded.

'The effigy of the Corean king is not struck upon the coins, on which are inscribed only certain Chinese characters. They believed it insulting to the king so to place his sacred face upon objects which pass into and through the hands of the most vulgar people, and which often fall to the earth, and roll about in the dust or the mud. There was no other portrait of the king than that which was made after his death, and which is preserved, with the utmost respect, in a special apartment of the palace. When French ships of war first visited the Corea, the mandarin who was sent on board to open up communications was horribly scandalised to see with what levity the Western barbarians treated the face of their sovereign (Louis Philippe), represented upon a piece of money, with what carelessness it was placed in the hands of the first comer, without any question as to the degree of respect or otherwise with which it was likely to be treated.'\*

As an addendum to these remarks upon Corean exclusiveness, it may be mentioned that the recent assassination of the Queen, with other seditious and insurrectionary movements, are, *inter alia*, the expression of the disgust of the reactionary or anti-foreign party at the novel and alarming liberality of the treaties recently concluded with the United States and with Great Britain.

Under a system of loneliness so extreme, it is not wonderful

\* *A Voyage of Discovery to the North Pacific Ocean: performed in His Majesty's Sloop Providence and her Tender, in the Years 1795, 1796, 1797, and 1798.*

\* *Histoire de l'Eglise de Corée, 1874.*

that the ethnology and the philology of Corea should be so far placed among the questions which have been very incompletely ascertained, if not amongst those which human impotence has been regretfully forced to regard as insoluble. It is safe, however, to state that the inhabitants of the peninsula are of the Mongol type, resembling the Chinese and Japanese, but of greater physical development than these, being both taller and stouter; and a peculiarity of their toilette is that they knot their hair like the people of Cochin China. Their appearance may be illustrated by a reflex process. Monseigneur Berneux tells us that 'what strikes a Corean most in the physiognomy of a European is the prominence of his nose. When they speak of coming to pay the missionaries a visit, they say "they are going to see the long nose of the Father."' 'They have,' says Mr. Williamson, 'a curious custom relating to boys. They allow the hair to grow long all over the head, afterwards it is parted in the centre, and the back portion plaited into a long tail. At marriage this tail is cut off and sold to the Chinese. Hence the quantities of human hair for sale at all the fairs.'

The language of Corea is described as being different from the Chinese and the Manchu; although there is no doubt that it has borrowed many words from both languages, especially from the former. Most names of dignities and public functions, many names of professions, trades, and those relating to natural history, instruments, and utensils have been taken from the Chinese; and in the transfer have undergone but little alteration. Indeed, in the spoken language the people combine native words with Chinese to express even the commonest things. The Corean

has not adopted many words from the Japanese, although it has a few striking grammatical affinities with that language. The Corean alphabet—and, considering their geographical and political relations, it is rather extraordinary that they should have an alphabet at all, and that they have not imitated the Chinese in their written character—the Corean alphabet has thirteen vowels and fourteen consonants; and, with a linguistic hospitality unknown to the social life of the country, has five other characters, which are used for the transcription of foreign words. The substantives are for the most part composed of only one or two syllables; and the whole language is an illustration of the principle of employing a minimum of inflections.

It is probable that at one time there existed an extensive native literature. There is an official translation of the sacred books of Confucianism, in which it is criminal to change a single word without the order of the Government; and a sibylline book, prohibited by the authorities, circulates secretly among the people.

It is difficult to arrive at the religion of Corea; and among the educated classes nearly the only system having any manifest vitality is the worship of their ancestors. Their deities thus being eminently mortal deities, the ceremonies of religion group themselves very much around funerals, sepulchres, and mourning. Still the mass of the people are reputed to be adherents of Buddhism, which, according to Corean tradition, was introduced into the peninsula in the fourth century of our era. For a considerable period it had the honour of being the official creed, but gave place in the fourteenth century to the doctrine of Confucius, which continues to the

present moment as the established religion. In its main features the Confucianism of Corea is identical with the Chinese system, but its secularism is relieved by its assimilation of various popular superstitions. The belief in evil spirits, for instance, is wide-spread, and the serpent, as in some other regions of the East, is an object of superstitious respect. Instead of killing it, the Corean feeds it as regularly as his domestic animals. Of first importance for the happiness of a family is the preservation of the ancestral fire; and every housewife has all the responsibility and anxiety of a vestal virgin. Corea is the paradise of astrologers and fortune-tellers, who swarm throughout the country. The blind have the reputation of being seers and prophets, endowed with a special aptitude; and it not unnaturally follows that a large proportion of the persons thus afflicted make a market of the superior mental vision with which they are credited. In the capital these blind seers are formed into a corporation, legally recognised, and their services are in great request for the discovery of secrets, the foretelling of the future, and the exorcising of devils. In performing this latter function they rely mainly on the noise they make to frighten the spirits, whom they ultimately catch in a bottle and carry off in triumph. The bottle would thus appear to be the receptacle for evil spirits all the world over.

But along the warp and woof of Corean religion, or irreligion, a thin thread of Christianity, for the most part concealed or undistinguished, but now and again vivid and scarlet with the band of recurring persecutions, has coursed deviously since the latter part of the sixteenth century. Its introduction was an accident of a Japanese

expedition to the peninsula, when the commander-in-chief of the invading force and many of his soldiers were ardent Christians, who spread amongst the conquered Coreans the faith they had themselves received at home. Some sixty years afterwards it reappeared under remarkable circumstances, when a young Corean noble named Li, who, whilst studying mathematics with the missionaries at Peking, embraced their creed, and so successfully propagated it, on his return to Corea, that in less than five years the Christians in the royal city and the adjacent country numbered four thousand. For many years the movement was carried on without priests; and it was not until 1794 that the sacraments were administered by a young Chinese priest among the converts, who, in the year 1800, had increased to about ten thousand in number. His presence led to an inquisition, to persecutions, and martyrdoms, bravely sustained; but for thirty-one years thereafter Corea was again without priests, and it was only in 1835 that the first European missionaries, MM. Maubant and Chastan, trod the soil which in a few years they were destined to water with their blood.

It was in May 1856 that Monseigneur Berneux, Bishop of Capse, and Vicar Apostolic of the Corea, effected an entrance into his province. The Christians at that time enjoyed comparative peace; for the presence of several French men-of-war upon the seas between Corea and China disquieted the Government of the latter. Troubles and persecutions came presently, however, in the course of which the converts, young and old, male and female, manifested an extraordinary degree of fortitude and tenacity. In the year 1864 the King of Corea died; and, as he left no

children to inherit his throne, the regal power devolved upon a woman, the widow of a previous sovereign, who adopted a child, the son of a Corean prince, and placed the government in the hands of his father. This change of monarchs, which produced likewise a change of ministers, was the beginning of the great disasters which followed for the Corean church. Petitions were presented to Government demanding the restoration of all ancient customs, and the entire destruction of the Christian religion; for the more thorough uprooting of which Monseigneur Berneux was finally led to execution, March 8th, 1866, together with three other French priests and a few native converts of the laity. From this date Christianity may be said to have ceased to be a factor in Corean society.

It was the arrival of the French missionaries in 1835 that paved the way for some degree of external knowledge of the interior phenomena of Corea; with the ordinary life and conditions of which they identified themselves, to an extent that was unattainable by Hamel and his fellow-sufferers, with their uneducated powers of eliciting truth, and the disadvantage of a system of surveillance incidental to a condition of slavery.

The peninsula of Corea, which, besides its own political history, at the present moment is of considerable interest as a possible object of Russian intrigue and acquisitiveness, is separated from China by the Yellow Sea, and from the insular empire of the Mikado by the Straits of Corea and the Sea of Japan. It is about 500 miles long, and about 150 miles broad; and in its physical aspects bears a strong resemblance to the kingdom of Italy. Thus, it is characteristically a highland country; and

whilst the mountains appear, as Mr. Williamson observes, 'tumbled about in all directions,' the prevailing course of the ranges is north and south. It boasts of few plains, but is principally formed of rich valleys, irrigated by the numberless torrents which fall on all sides from the mountains above. Although situated in the same latitude as the south of Italy, the climate is extremely severe, on account of its extensive forests and lofty mountains, many of which are covered with perpetual snow. Monseigneur Imbert has recorded that in January the wine in the chalice froze during the celebration of the divine mysteries. The whole peninsula, indeed, is subject to greater extremes of heat and cold than are found to alternate in a corresponding latitude in Europe. The valleys of the Corea may be held to be nothing but great rice-fields. The ox is the only beast of burden; horses would be unable to live in the rice-fields, which are perpetually under water. The Corean himself is almost amphibious; all day long he works in the water. The fruits are the same in kind, but far inferior in flavour, to those of France.

Regarding the west coast but little is known as yet, and indeed the only part which has been accurately surveyed is the mouth of the Hankiang River, a partly navigable stream leading to Seoul, the capital. It is, for the most part, a flat and uninteresting coast, inhabited by a class of people reported to be rude and inhospitable, and dangerous to navigation on account of rapids and high tides. 'The east coast, on the contrary,' according to the Shanghai correspondent of the *Times*, who a year ago professed himself indebted for his information to one of her Majesty's consular officers

who accompanied H.R.H. the Duke of Genoa on his cruise along the Korean coasts—the east coast is a magnificently wooded series of mountain spurs, running down from the axial range of the country close to the water's edge, and visible many miles at sea. It is continuous with the coast of Russian Tartary, and has been accurately surveyed again and again by Russian men-of-war, as may be guessed from the Russian names with which the headlands and bays are dubbed even in our own Admiralty charts. The whole coast is one grand succession of hills and mountains, forest clad at their summits, and covered on their lower slopes with a jungle of dwarf creepers, stunted pines, and a dense undergrowth of shrubs and grasses of every variety. Tigers abound, and pits to catch them may be seen close to the villages with which every valley is studded. I may say here, in parenthesis, that if this noble beast is fairly driven from the Terai jungles, our sportsmen will find ample occupation in hunting them in Corea, whenever this, their peculiar paradise, is opened. At present they are the pest of the land in the eyes of the poor villagers of the east coast, who are without weapons to defend themselves against their depredations, and who would hail as public benefactors English sportsmen bent on their destruction.' This is a happy suggestion for our Alexanders of the chase, who need not prematurely weep over the exhaustion of the possibilities of new conquests.

Corea is richly furnished with mineral resources—gold, silver, copper, iron, and coal are all said to be of frequent occurrence. Gold-mining, however, is strictly prohibited; the working of the silver

ore, after a period of allowance, has been again interdicted; the copper mines are neglected, whilst copper is imported from Japan, and, for domestic purposes, is used with a mixture of zinc; and the general use of coal is confined to certain districts only.

Corea, or Chosen, as it is called by the natives, appears for the first time in Chinese history in 1122 B.C., as affording an asylum to the refugee Viscount of Ke; and since that period it has been claimed as an integral part of the Chinese Empire. About the year 1392 of our era, the Chinese imposed on the Koreans the use of their chronology and calendar. Under Siong-Siong, who occupied the throne from A.D. 1506 to 1544, the Koreans carried on a war with Japan; but in 1597 the great Japanese monarch, Taiko-Sama, retaliated by the remarkable invasion to which we have referred as having been accompanied by the introduction of Christianity into the peninsula. According to the journal of O-o-gawutsi, a Japanese general who took part in the expedition, the force consisted of 163,000 horsemen; three-fourths of the country was occupied, and several of the oldest cities destroyed, in spite of the fact that two Chinese kings appeared to assist the Koreans with a force of 100,000 horsemen. The death of Taiko-Sama in 1598 led the Japanese to abandon their conquest; and in 1615 peace was definitely signed, but only on conditions of great hardship for the Koreans. A tribute was exacted, and the port of Fusan-kai was retained; and the Korean king till 1790 had to send an embassy to Japan to announce his accession. When the Manchu dynasty ascended the throne of China, the Koreans defended the Mings; but being defeated by



the new power, they had in 1637 formally to recognise the Manchu sovereignty, and to pay henceforward a heavy annual tribute. Since 1636 there has been no war with China or with Japan, and the Coreans have maintained with regard to every other nation the most complete isolation. The ambassadors sent annually to Peking have been the means of conveying some little knowledge of western nations to their countrymen; but the effect has rather been to make them more exclusive.

The existing result of all the dealings, whether friendly or hostile, between the Coreans and the Japanese, is stated by the *Times* correspondent already referred to, as follows: 'At the south-east corner of the peninsula, where the great axial range loses itself among ignoble sand-hills, is another harbour, only less commodious than Fort Lazareff. It has often been visited by British men-of-war; it is accurately drawn on our charts, and accurately described in the Admiralty publications. It was formerly known by the name of Chosen Harbour, and more recently by the name of Fusan. The Japanese have for 200 years had a garrison here, and two or three years ago it was opened by treaty between Corea and Japan to trade, as between the merchants of these countries. As the Japanese have now a large settlement on its shores, numbering over 2000 souls, and a considerable trade, the vested rights they have acquired will have to be taken into account by any foreign power which seizes the place. Although the harbour would answer admirably every end which Russia can possibly have in these seas, whether of peace or war, it is not likely that she will seek in Fusan that new point of departure which Russian

newspapers are at present (1881) crying out for. Its annexation would necessarily carry with it the annexation of the whole peninsula, and for such a bold and violent step I can scarcely think Russia is at this moment prepared.'

With regard to the Celestial Empire, it may be said that the course of events has left the King of Corea practically a vassal of China; to the Emperor of which he periodically sends an embassy with a tribute. The selection of the Corean sovereign, and his more important political acts, are also subject to the ratification of the over-lord at Peking. Within his own dominions, however, the ruler of Corea is an absolute monarch, with power of life and death over both people and nobles. The king, indeed, is only less than a divinity; it is sacrilege to utter the name which he receives from his suzerain, and that by which he is known to history is only bestowed upon him after his death by his successor. It is not, therefore, the king himself who is named, so much as the commemorative *effigies* of him which occupies a place in the memorial chapel of departed royalty. To touch the person of the sovereign with a weapon of iron is high treason; and so rigidly is this rule enforced that Tien-tsong-tai-oang voluntarily suffered death from an abscess rather than submit to the contact of the lancet. Every cavalier must dismount from his horse as he passes the royal palace; and whoever enters the presence-chamber must fall prostrate before the throne. Should the ignoble body of a subject be touched by the royal hand, the honour thus conferred must be ever after commemorated by a badge. The king is expected to provide for the poor of his realm, and there are

always a large number of pensioners on the royal bounty. The princes of the blood are most jealously excluded from power, and their interference in the slightest degree in a matter of politics is regarded as treason. The nobles, however, have within the present century extended their influence, and infringed on the royal prerogative. The palaces are relatively stately, or seemed to be so in Hamel's time, and to his observation; more cultivated criticism has discovered that they are poor buildings, in connection with which, however, an extensive harem and a large body of eunuchs are maintained. It is a *peculium* of the king to rear sheep and goats, which are kept for the purpose of being sacrificed in religious ceremonies. The popular place of mutton as an article of food is occupied by dog's flesh, which, with the Koreans, is a favourite diet. The coasts are so fringed about with archipelagoes and insular satellites, that Dr. McLeod says his Korean Majesty may be well called the 'king of ten thousand isles.'

Two parties dispute the possession of power — the *Sipai*, or moderate, and the *Piokpai*, or violent party. The latter are the implacable enemies of the Christians, and it is when they have been in power that the persecutions have arisen. The monarch, although absolute, suffers from the usual bane of despotism; the management of affairs is generally left to a few family favourites, who make use of their power in order to amass wealth. 'The oppressions under which the people groan in consequence,' writes Moneigneur Berneux, 'have forced them into a state of chronic insurrection, not indeed against the king, whom they love, but against the mandarins, many of whom have been

expelled, while the people revenged themselves by demolishing their houses. . . . There are three classes among the Koreans: the nobles, the middle, and the lower class, amongst which latter slaves are to be found. The privileges of a noble are very great. He may neither work nor employ himself in trade. He therefore lives on the people, who may refuse him nothing. His dwelling is sacred; even the mandarins dare not search it without grave reflection, as, should there be no proof of guilt attached to the noble, the mandarin and the agents of the police would suffer a severe penalty for their intrusion. Not a Korean but desires most ardently this title to nobility.

'The Corea is divided into eight provinces, which are again subdivided. The chief town is the only one of any importance, and here alone can be found in any degree the conveniences of life. It is situated in the midst of mountains, and enclosed by thick high walls, with a large population, but ill-constructed.\* With few exceptions, the streets are narrow and winding; the houses low and miserable; the rooms are very small; and tables, beds, and chairs are unknown. Seated cross-legged, tailor fashion, from the king to the peasant, the Korean eats, works, and talks; he knows no more convenient posture. . . . The houses, though small, are clean; they are warmed from beneath (as in Hamel's time), and the floors are covered with a kind of oil-paper, which is carefully wiped every morning. This cleanliness is particularly necessary, since the Korean, in his robe

\* 'The capital is called Seoul by the natives, and King-i-tao by the Chinese. It is in the province of Kiengieto, and has good water communication with the sea.' — Williamson's *Journeys in North China, &c.*, with some Account of Corea.

of white linen, sits upon it from morning till evening. Glass being unknown, paper alone fills the window-panes.'

We have already made a particular acquaintance with the costume of a Corean gentleman; and now in addition, and more generally, it may be said, beginning at the lowest point of the toilet, that the shoe or sandal of ordinary use is formed of straw, and leaves the great-toe exposed. Stockings, which in Europe are claimed as due to the inventive delicacy of a Venetian lady, are worn by all. Wide pantaloons and a long vest are the principal articles of attire; the well-to-do wearing also a large overcoat, which the peasant uses on gala occasions only. The national hat is composed of a framework of bamboos, covered with an open kind of hair-cloth; but it offers no effectual protection either from rain, cold, or sun, and is altogether very inconvenient. The principal material of the wearing apparel is cotton cloth, rough in texture, and of its natural colour; but amongst the wealthier classes a rude kind of silk fabric is not uncommon.

'One particular feature,' the Abbé Pichou remarks, 'of Corean costume, is their mourning, which consists of a coarse dress of unbleached linen, and an immense osier hat, which covers the whole head down to the shoulders. A man in mourning is as one dead; he sees no one, he hardly looks up to the sky. If he goes out, his face is veiled; if he is interrogated he may decline to reply. To kill any kind of animal when one is in mourning is a crime. Whilst travelling, mourners keep aloof from every one, and at the inns on the road they require a separate room, and refuse communication with any one else. This custom

was favourable to the missionaries, who put themselves into mourning without any scruple.\* The same custom is traced, on the contemporary testimony of Hamel, the Dutch sailor, to the seventeenth century, in the third quarter of which he was a reluctant sojourner in Corea. His observations are to the effect that when a freeman dies his children mourn three years, during which time they live as austere as religious men; they are not capable of any employment, and those who are in posts must quit them. If any children are born during the time of mourning, they would not be accounted legitimate. It is not permitted them to be in a passion, or to fight, much less to be drunk. The mourning they wear is a long hempen robe, without anything under it but a sort of sackcloth made of twisted thread, almost as thick as the twine of a cable. On their hats, which are of green reeds woven together, instead of a hat-band they wear a hempen cord. They never go without a great cane or cudgel in their hand, which serves to distinguish who they are in mourning for, the cane denoting the father, and a stick the mother. During all this time they never wash, and, consequently, look like mulattoes.

Speaking of the present century, and especially of the Christians—whom, however, there is every reason to regard as typical, in this respect, of the entire needy community—M. Pichou says that, with regard to the food, the ruined condition of the Christians had reduced them to such extreme poverty that they had great difficulty in securing such of the necessities of life as fell to the share of the poor. 'The poor people,' writes Mgr. Berneux, 'live on wretched food; a little rice boiled

\* *Vie de Monseigneur Berneux.*

in water, with a turnip or a few cabbage-leaves chopped up raw, and seasoned with salt and pimento, constitute the whole of their nourishment from one end of the year to another. Happy is he who never lacks these ! And the missionaries, the Abbé Pichou asserts, 'fared no better.'

The Coreans have, however, a certain lightness of heart which stands them in good stead in the midst of their privations. They are represented as active and vigorous, fond of rest, but ready and willing to work when required. In summer, in fact, they work all day, and sleep but little. They are fond of music, and the villagers always possess some rude kind of instruments upon which they make a noise which is not inharmonious, and to which they sing and dance for a few minutes, and then return to their toil. Hamel puts the tendency to pleasure, *more nautico*, a little more broadly. 'There are in the country abundance of taverns and pleasure-houses, to which the Coreans resort, to see common women dance, sing, and play upon musical instruments.' Their hospitality is that of a primitive people; and the realistic Dutch seaman has recorded that 'they have no inns to entertain passengers, but he who travels goes and sits down, at night, near the pales of the first house he comes at. Presently those within bring him boiled rice, and dress meat enough for his supper. He may stop thus at as many houses as he will. Yet in the great road to Sior—the Seoul of an amended orthography—there are inns, where those who travel on public affairs have lodging and diet at the public charge.'

The rights of women have not yet become incorporated into either the social or the legal

system of the Coreans; and politics are by hypothesis, and as nearly as possible in fact, without the pale of female influence. The Mahomedan doctrine that women have no souls seems exaggerated in Corea into a formula which denies them intellect. They are scarcely reckoned responsible for their actions; and they pass their lives in a continuous state of pupilage. Yet, as compared with the practice of so many Oriental nations, they enjoy a considerable amount of freedom; and it is only among the upper classes that they are kept in seclusion. The personal *tabu* cannot be expected, in any place, or under any circumstances, to enter into the etiquette of poverty. Hamel records that the Coreans in his time—and the past and present of a society which stereotypes rather than develops its institutions are necessarily identical—used their wives little better than slaves; putting them away according to caprice, and upon the most flimsy of pretences. In thus summarily divorcing a wife the husband has no compunction in substituting her by another; and very little in forcing upon the discarded woman the care and maintenance of their common offspring. It need scarcely be said that this privilege of repudiation is a masculine prerogative only; and that the woman has no such ready means of escape from the condition of an unfortunate union.

At the best there is little social intercourse between husband and wife; both men and women confining their intimacy to persons of their own sex. Amongst the lower orders it is permissible for a widow to enter a second time into matrimony; but among the nobles the marriage of a widow is as disreputable as with the Hindus, and the children of such a

union are tainted with illegitimacy. It has been stated that polygamy is an institution of the Coreans, although there is no proof that it was ever admitted. The impression would seem to have been caused by the prevailing toleration of a rather extended concubinage.

The preliminaries of marriage are as unromantic as its fulfilment and its status. The bride and bridegroom have no opportunity of seeing each other until their first unrapturous meeting on the marriage platform, when they ceremoniously bow to each other as man and wife. The terms of marriage are settled by the heads of the respective families interested in the alliance; and what in the West is generally more or less an affair of the heart, becomes in the far Orient peninsula an affair chiefly of calculation and etiquette.

The feeling and reciprocity of affection in the direct family line, whether of ascent or descent, is one of the most engaging features in the domestic or social life of the Coreans. The length of the period and the thoroughness of the manner of mourning, to which we have referred in the case of death, find their counterpart in the degree of affection with which the father in life regards his son, and of the reverence which the son exhibits towards his father. Filial piety, indeed, or its expressions as exemplified by the conduct of a son, is reduced to a science, and is formulated into a code of innumerable regulations. If, for instance, a young man should meet his father on the way, he is bound to do him the humblest obeisance; if he writes to him, he must employ the most respectful terms known to the language; if the father is sick, the son must attend him; if the father is in prison, the son must

be at hand without; and if the father is exiled, the son must accompany him on his journey. On the death of his father, the eldest son becomes the head of the family, responsible for all the duties of a father towards his brothers and sisters, who receive no share in the patrimony, but merely dowries and donations on marriage. Between the various members of a family, even after they have separated from the domestic hearth, there remain the greatest intimacy and affection; and the slightest connection of blood is recognised as a bond of attachment. Infanticide and the exposure of children are so rare as to be almost unknown; and in order to guard against the extinction of families, a system of adoption is frequently resorted to; the selection of the child to be engrafted on the barren stock being controlled, as are most of the more important transactions of the Coreans, by the rules of the most rigid ceremony and precedent.

Another noteworthy custom of a family kind amongst the Coreans is the observance of the Hoan-Kap, or the sixtieth anniversary of their birth, which they celebrate with every description of rejoicing. The poorest people will starve half the year rather than not provide a sufficiently gorgeous feast on this occasion. But when this anniversary occurs to any member of the royal family, the tax upon every member of society is oppressive in the highest degree, as, if the presents offered are not sufficient, the whole province falls into disgrace, and the governor in all probability loses his head.

Dr. McLeod observes that the Coreans are said to have so great a veneration for books that the act of purchasing them is, in fact, a religious ceremony. After so

graphic an assertion it would be a mere platitude to say that learning is held in very high estimation among the Koreans, and especially among the higher classes. All public officials must pass certain examinations, for which the candidates are allowed to prepare themselves in any place or manner, or under any teacher, at their own discretion or convenience. The examiners, who are appointed by the Government, take account of nothing but results; a practice which finds its analogue in the action of our own University of London. The most important examinations are held once a year in the capital, and candidates flock thither from all the provinces. After the examination is over, those who have passed put on the robes of their new title, and proceed on horseback with the sound of music to visit the chief dignitaries of the State, the examiners, and others. Then follows a burlesque initiation, which, although not enforced by law, is rendered imperative by custom. The novice has his face stained with ink and besprinkled with flour, and is otherwise subjected to whimsical insults.

In the matter of literary studies and public examinations, as M. Ch. Dallet informs us in his *Histoire de l'Eglise de Corée*, there are two notable differences between Korea and China. In the former the studies are absolutely denuded of all national character. The books read by the students are Chinese books, and the language which they study is Chinese, not Korean; the history which interests them is that of China, whilst the annals of Korea are slighted or ignored; the philosophical systems which attract disciples are Chinese systems. And thus it follows that, as the copy

is universally inferior to the model, the *savants* of Korea are far below the level of those of the Celestial Empire. In China, again, a democratic equality, under an absolute master, is the characteristic of society; and its examinations accordingly offer a fair field and no favour. It is not so in Korea, where, by strict right and the letter of the law, every subject is eligible for competition at the examinations, and, if successful, for an appointment in the public service. In fact, it is only the nobles who present themselves as candidates, and the aspirant who does not conjoin nobility with his other qualifications scarcely obtains the most humble of offices, and even these without the remotest expectation of advancement. It is a thing almost unheard of for a Korean, even a noble, to have been named to any important *mandarinat* without having received his university diploma; but it is stranger still that, with all possible degrees and dignities, a Korean not noble should be honoured with any high function.

The future of Korea, and of its nine or ten millions of people, must of necessity be influenced by the extent to which it adheres to its traditional policy of isolation, or departs from it. Its commerce, as so far conducted, has been derided as 'insignificant, peddling, or cumbrous barter.' Its civilisation and government are of that archaic type which alone, beyond all others, defies change—the patriarchal Confucian; and that dreadful bane to a country, the Chinese written language, is in universal use among rich and poor, old and young, governing and governed. Still, it is possible that the instincts of trade may be quickened in the national heart of Korea; and even that the in-

instinct of self-preservation, which has for so long a succession of centuries dictated her seclusion, may at length, and speedily, force an appeal for her reception into the comity of nations.

With regard to the danger likely to be incurred by persistent isolation, Korean statesmen have not been left without friendly and neighbourly warning. It would be easy, according to the Shanghai correspondent of the *Times*—by whose very suggestive communication of the 25th of October 1881, on 'Russia and the Corea,' we have already profited—at any time to get up a frontier dispute between the Russians and Coreans on the Tumén River boundary. There are thousands of Coreans already living as Russian subjects on Russian soil, and the constant friction between them and their old authorities might soon be turned to account. The Korean Govern-

ment are perfectly well aware of the risk they ran in 1880, in the case of hostilities between their two powerful neighbours. They were then warned by Li Hung-Chang, the Chinese statesman, that the best thing they could do was to come out into the world, and try and make friends with European countries.

It is not unnatural to presume that the recent treaties between Corea and Great Britain, and between Corea and the United States of America, have been concluded in pursuance of the advice so tendered by Li. If the ratification of these treaties has, for the present, issued disastrously to one of the high contracting parties, it can only be taken as a proof that even the royal and despotic unit of a nation cannot safely move far in advance of the opinion of his advisers or his immediate *entourage*.

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## A SONG OF TIME.

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How worn a theme is that of time  
Then why do I begin to rhyme  
Upon it now

Because to-night the air is filled  
With voices that will not be stilled—  
They will not cease.

And always sing the same refrain  
Of Time that ne'er will come again,  
Of Time that flies.

Of all that Time sweeps in his flight  
The voices sing to me to-night.  
Time cures all care

That is what I would fain believe,  
My heart therewith I do deceive,  
With faith in Time.

O voices singing, be you mute,  
You touch a chord on my heart's lute  
But seldom played ;

Yet filling all the air around  
With a sweet melancholy sound,  
A song of Time !

Of Time that was, of days so fair  
When all was young, and love was there—  
Long days ago !

Be still ! be still ! that sad refrain !  
I dare not listen once again  
To that same song !

Maybe I hold those days too high,  
And yield them far too oft a sigh,  
Those days long since !

Yet as they were the fairest yet  
Of all my days, then why forget  
That happy time ?

Though if it still should be my fate  
To live yet happier days, the date  
Of that sweet time

I'll bury, then, within the grave  
Which holds all things forgotten, save  
The present time.

Nor heed a voice which whispers low,  
'The sweetest song is that you know  
Of long ago.'

So with the voices in the air  
I mingled mine, and, lo, was there  
A song of Time !



## COUNT VON MÜLLER OF THE RHINE.

### A Tale of Feudal Law.

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I SHALL never forget the autumn holiday that I once spent, many years ago, roaming about on foot over the hills and through the woods and glades of the beautiful Rhineland. There were no Cook's tourists there in those days, no steamboats, no trains, no Grand Hotels. Instead of meeting at every turn the inevitable British tourist with his check suit and *Bradshaw's Guide*, I found myself a guest amongst a foreign people; and as I fortunately spoke German, though in a left-handed sort of way, I was everywhere received with a grave and simple hospitality. And then I was young and active and high-spirited, and youth had a sunshine of its own which it shed freely over every landscape, however Phœbus might misbehave himself; so that now when I look back through the vista of years, I feel (if I may somewhat alter the words of the poet) that

'Of all the beautiful pictures  
That hang upon Memory's wall,  
That one of the beautiful Rhineland  
Seemeth the best of all.'

I had a little touch of romance, too, in my character, and as a boy I had read with rapture the histories and legends of mediæval Germany. I knew something of the Conrads and the Ottos and the Sigismunds, and I was far more familiar with the achievements of Barbarossa than with those of his Most Gracious Majesty King William IV. So I spent my time in exploring the old spots consecrated by the memories of a thousand years, at

one time toiling up some rugged hill to dream away an hour amid the ruins of the castle of a long-forgotten Crusader, at another trudging along with my knapsack on my back to find the shattered fragments of an old abbey which mediæval saints had immortalised.

It was on a lovely September evening, just when the autumn sun was shooting its last arrows over the horizon, that I turned suddenly into a quiet valley, through which an impetuous little stream babbled importantly into the swift Rhine. It was a great joy to me, for I had just left the capital of the insignificant Grand Duchy of Wolfsteinberg, where I had, indeed, intended to spend the night; but I had no sympathy with its stucco palace, and its trim new grounds, and its toy soldiers who marched up and down in the bright uniform of his Serene Highness the Grand Duke. I could find nothing old or venerable in the spick-and-span grand ducal city, if I may except one old and battered stone about five feet high which I remember stood in the park, a few yards from the new schloss or palace. When I examined it, I could just make out an old carving of what appeared to be a wolf's head; but a passer-by to whom I spoke about it could only tell me that that was the *wolf-stone* from which Wolfsteinberg was supposed to be named. I was glad enough then to turn my back on the unromantic city, and plunge once more into the wild scenery of the surrounding country. I had scarcely walked

for more than an hour when the rocky hills upon the right suddenly opened out into the charming valley that I have already alluded to, and I determined to leave the main road and explore its leafy recesses. A little mountain-road rising rapidly along the hillside soon carried me into a lovely landscape; and as I turned a corner, thinking that I was getting far away from all human dwelling-places, I was quite startled by what I saw, for suddenly an imposing castle broke upon my astonished eyes. It stood like another Schloss Rheineck which had renewed its youth, and had blossomed once more into inhabited beauty. It towered up grandly from its rocky ledge on the opposite hillside, and its old walls were covered with a rich tapestry of ivy; but its windows were draped with scarlet curtains, and evidences of wealth and prosperity surrounded it. A pretentious banner floated from its highest tower, and my field-glass told me that over its entrance-gates was a bold escutcheon, bearing the heads of three animals and a grotesque weapon.

I confess that my pleasure was a little mingled with disappointment. If I had found a charming, old, dilapidated ruin, I should have been delighted; but my romantic feelings received a kind of shock when I saw that the old castle was evidently full of life—commonplace nineteenth-century life. However, I trudged on, and soon reached a quaint little village called Hammersdorf, half hidden amongst apple-trees laden with their autumnal treasure. I made my way to the solitary Gasthaus, which rejoiced in the possession of a very rickety signboard, exhibiting a rude picture of a big yellow star, which justified its name, *Zum Goldenen Stern*.

Mine host, a phlegmatic square-built Teuton, was quietly hospitable. Could I sleep there? Yes, certainly; he had an excellent room with three beds. I was more than satisfied.

Could I have dinner? *Ya wohl!* He had eggs and sourkraut, and he would tell the *fräulein* to kill a plump chicken for the well-born stranger. All this being amicably arranged, I asked him if he could tell me who lived up yonder in the great schloss on the other side of the valley. What, did I not know? There lived the Graf von Müller.

'Müller, Müller' said I, in astonishment; for I never knew that any one with such a plebeian name as Müller (which is as common a German patronymic as the British Smith or the Cambrian Jones) could boast of the prefix of 'von,' much less be a real German count, holding a high place amongst the proudest aristocracy in the world.

'But have you travelled so far through the Rhineland, even to the borders of the Schwarzwald, and never heard the story of the Counts von Müller, who are related by marriage to the reigning house of Wolfsteinberg?'

'Never, indeed!' I replied.

And then and there it was arranged that when I had satisfied the cravings of nature (for he was a considerate host, and knew that even romance is sometimes thrown away upon an empty stomach), he would join me in a pipe and a bottle of his best Markgräfler, and tell me the full history of the noble family which, in spite of its plebeian name, owned the big schloss, and boasted of the proud escutcheon which I had observed over the tall gateway. The arms, he told me, by way of forestalling his story, were three wolves' heads and a bloody

cleaver. If the gentle reader cares for a quaint German story, highly characteristic of the thoughts and prejudices of the people, I will try to reproduce the history which my good host told me in his own fashion, as I smoked my pipe and sipped my glass of Markgräfler on that beautiful autumn evening.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE EXPLOIT OF FRITZ THE MILLER.

IT is more than five hundred years since this little valley and all the surrounding country were ruled over by the good Margrave, Otto the Hunter.

'Now, indeed,' said my host, with a sigh, 'his descendants have abandoned the noble old title of Margrave, and style themselves Grand Dukes. They have cleared away miles of the forest; and where the merry sound of the hunter's bugle used to be heard, and where our stout forefathers were trained up to be brave hunters and stalwart soldiers, there stands now our finicking grand-ducal city, which borrows all its fashions from Paris, and apes the ways of the Frenchmen.'

'But surely,' I said, 'you ought to be proud of your good city of Wolfsteinberg, the capital of your duchy, with its fine shops, and its palace, and its theatre, and its grand-ducal park.'

'Psha!' growled mine host, with a rather ill-sounding expletive—and German expletives are particularly ill-sounding—'I wish Germany had a Kaiser who could bring back the good old days when French nonsense had never reached the banks of the Rhine. And as for the new-fangled dukes and grand dukes, we Germans love better the memory of our old-fashioned Margraves, who hunted the wild boar instead of capering

to French dances, and loved the music of the hunter's horn instead of the squalling of Italian opera-singers.'

'Well, well,' I said good-humouredly, for in my heart I rather sympathised with him, 'we shall never get on with our story if we begin to discuss such questions as these. It cannot make any difference to the Counts von Müller, about whom we are concerned just now, that the country is no longer a stretch of hunting-land, but is covered with a modern city and a modern schloss.'

'Ah, there you are quite wrong,' said my host, after two or three quiet puffs of his pipe; 'you will soon think differently. If the new schloss and the new city had never been built, there would have been no Counts von Müller. But patience, and you will see.' And with this my host returned to his story.

Otto the Hunter (he told me) was a brave old man, who, in his younger days, had borne arms against the Kaiser in the Palatinate, but afterwards he did fealty to the Emperor, and became one of his bosom friends. He had three stalwart sons (who have nothing to do with this story) and one only daughter, the blue-eyed Ermentrude, a little fair-haired child of twelve years old, who was the light of her old father's eyes, and whom he hoped to marry one day to some other Margrave or Elector.

Now in those days there were wolves in the Rhineland. Not many, indeed, for his ancestors had pretty well hunted them down; but in the cold winter days they would sometimes steal out of the Black Forest, and be seen prowling about in search of prey.

The old castle of the Margrave, which, about a century afterwards, was battered into ruins

by a French army, stood in those days on a craggy hill overlooking the fair plain on which the city of Wolfsteinberg now stands. Surrounding it was nothing but a noble stretch of woodland, where the great oaks and pine-trees made miniature forests here and there, diversified with broad open glades, which the wild flowers in the spring-time turned into natural gardens. It was in one of these glades, exactly where the Grand Duke's new schloss is now standing, and on the bank of the little stream that has now been used to form the artificial lake in the new park, that in those days Fritz the Miller had his rude hut and his water-wheel. Fritz Müller, as he was called, was a hale and hearty man in the prime of life; and many and many a time did the little lady from the castle wander down, sometimes with her nurse, sometimes alone, to gather the wild flowers on the banks of the brook, and watch the mill-wheel and the rushing water that foamed beneath it.

Now the Margrave, amongst his other good and generous acts, had published a solemn decree on the subject of wolves. There were many knights within the confines of his territory who hunted the wild boar and the deer, and it occurred to him that if they would only be as zealous in destroying wolves as in bagging big game for their own tables, it would be far better for the poor people whom he ruled. Otto was a friend of the poor. His noble wife, whom God had taken to Himself when the little Ermentrude was born, had been accustomed to go down to the cabins of the low-born serfs, and care for them in her own gentle way. And Otto the Hunter loved the poor people for his dead wife's sake. And the edict which he published about the wolves

was to this effect: that whoso should slay a wolf with his own hand should, by that very act, become the owner of the spot on which he spilt its blood, and of one square acre round about, to hold unto himself and his heirs for ever.

It was a good law, and a generous one; but, after all, the wolves were rarely seen. During the five years following the edict only one had been slain, and that was by the knight Werner von Felsberg, on a craggy hillside, where there was not a blade of grass. So, although the acre was duly won, and a wolf-stone was duly erected on the spot to commemorate the deed, the honour was not a very profitable one.

And now came a great and terrible event. It was a lovely November afternoon, in what is called in Germany, as well as England, 'All Hallows' Summer,' when Fritz the Miller was busying about his mill, and moving carelessly to and fro amongst the piles of sacks that lay by his cabin-door. He had been splitting wood for his winter's fire, and his cleaving-axe was in his hand. Suddenly he heard a wild scream, and his blood ran cold; for the voice that pierced his ears was surely that of the little lady from the castle. He rushed to the door. Flying towards him, with her arms thrown forward, and her long hair floating in the wind, was little Ermentrude, and a few yards behind her were three full-grown wolves in hot pursuit.

Fritz dashed forward with the speed of thought. He was just in time. His axe was still grasped in his right hand, and he only just reached the child, and snatched her from the ground with his left, at the very moment when the wolves were making a fierce spring at her. In their headlong charge

they swept right past; and Fritz, seeing a tree at some little distance in front, made for it, and reached it before the wolves could check their course and turn round again. Fritz saw at a glance that there must be a fight for life. The wolves were splendid specimens of their breed, and he saw hunger and ferocity gleaming in their eyes. Planting himself with his back to the tree, and his little charge pressed firmly against his left shoulder, he brandished his axe above his head and waited for the attack.

Headlong came on the wolves, with their usual impetuosity; but happily, in turning round, they had scattered, and one was before the other. The first that made a spring at the miller received his death-blow right in the centre of his forehead. The miller's nerves were firm as steel, and he dealt the blow as truly as if he had been cleaving a log of wood for his fire. But the second wolf was too quick for him. Before he could bring his axe round again, the wolf was at his throat. Its teeth grazed his flesh, and fixed themselves in the leathern apron that was tied round his neck. This gave way, and down fell the wolf. Fritz took two steps to one side, to give his arm room to strike, and, with a quick blow, half-severed the brute's head from its body. But he had still to try conclusions with the third, which was the largest and fiercest of the three. When Fritz had first caught up the child, the third wolf's headlong speed had carried it far beyond its companions; so that it came to the attack several seconds after both of them had fallen. But when it did come, it came in grim earnest. With a fearful howl, it leaped right at the brave miller's throat. He stepped aside a little, causing it

to miss its aim; but as it dropped the brute caught his right hand in its mouth, and bit it horribly. It again returned to the charge, and this time managed to get hold of the miller's jerkin with its teeth, where it hung, for a second or two, pendulous. The miller could not strike, and was at a sad disadvantage, because his left hand was firmly holding his precious charge, who never uttered one cry, but clung to his neck with trembling arms. But he shook himself free from his assailant, which, however, again and again renewed the attack, bounding up time after time, evidently with the purpose of seizing the miller by the throat, and giving him no chance of making a fair blow with his weapon. All the time the brute was howling in a fearful manner, and the stout miller, whose blood was now flowing freely, was beginning to think that his hour was come. But the thought of the precious charge that he sheltered on his shoulder buoyed up his courage, and mustering all his strength he gave a sudden jerk to free himself from the beast, and, running several yards, turned round in a new position. With a savage howl the wolf rushed at him again open-mouthed; but this time the trusty axe and the true hand did their work, and the red blood spurted into the air from a death-wound between the eyes.

Thus did Fritz slay the three wolves, saving the little lady of the castle from a ghastly death, and her father's noble house from bitter mourning. The fame of the deed flew far and wide, and the name of Fritz Müller was soon in all men's mouths. Bonfires were lit on every hill in Otto's territory, to show the people's joy at the saving of his daughter's life. Men and women came by hundreds from all parts to shake hands

with the brave Fritz, and congratulate him on his victory. Nor was the Margrave behind his subjects in his gratitude to the saviour of his child. With noble warmth he pressed him to his bosom, peasant though he was, and told him that he had saved two lives, his daughter's and her father's; for if she had fallen a victim it would have brought his own gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. He at once gave orders for a wolf-stone to be cut and set up on the spot where the deed was done, and for three acres to be measured round it, to be handed over for ever to Fritz Müller and his descendants.

But here a little thing cropped up that marred the joy of all the people, and for a time caused bad blood between the nobles and the peasantry. The Kaiser had lately renewed an old decree of the empire, that no German soil could lawfully be held by any one but a German and a noble. Fritz, brave as he was, had no claim to belong to any but the peasant class, and the great men who had the ear of the Margrave took good care that he should not forget the law. And so it came to pass that the brave Fritz, though he saw the wolf-stone set up to commemorate his deed (the selfsame stone that I had looked on in the grand-ducal park a few hours before I heard the story), yet was debarred from the more substantial fruit of his victory by an imperial law which was almost obsolete. But Fate has sometimes in reserve a more than poetical justice, and after four hundred and fifty years had passed away the wolf-stone was heard of again.

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## CHAPTER II.

## FRITZ MÜLLER, THE COURT TAILOR.

OUR story skips over several centuries.

The social earthquake of the French Revolution, which set up and pulled down so many royal houses, had left the dynasty of Wolfsteinberg untouched. The Margrave of the day had been one of those who so unpatriotically assisted the Great Napoleon; but the only reward that he received for his perfidy was the substitution of the grand-ducal title for the time-honoured name of Margrave. The old castle where Otto the Good had lived his time had long been in ruins, and a new palace had gradually grown out of a hunting-castle, built close to the spot where Fritz the Miller had immortalised himself. Their Serene Highnesses the first and second Grand Dukes had enlarged and decorated it in the style of the period, and the burghers of the new city that grew up round about it thought that Versailles itself could hardly eclipse it. It certainly was a fine building in the Renaissance style, with a bronze statue of the first Grand Duke in front of it, and two fountains and a prettily laid-out garden. The great dining-room was decorated with scenes from the histories of the old Margraves; and conspicuous amongst them was a picture of Fritz the Miller clutching the little Ermentrude to his bosom and defying three ferocious wolves. The ballrooms and other apartments were all sumptuously fitted up. Attached to the palace was the Court Theatre, with which it communicated by an arched passage in the east wing. Behind the palace was the grand-ducal park, with broad walks and stately trees and an artificial lake embowered in shrubs, where

stately swans disported themselves with an almost royal air. In front of the schloss sentinels in bright new uniforms marched up and down, just as they do before the palaces of kings and emperors ; and altogether it seemed as if his Serene Highness of Wolfsteinberg possessed all that the heart of a Grand Duke could desire.

But, alas, there was a very big skeleton in the grand-ducal cupboard. His Serene Highness was woefully in debt. He owed money everywhere. He was in arrears with his soldiers, and his court musicians, and his purveyors, and his Ministers. Above all, if the truth must be told, he was terribly in debt to his court tailor. He had not a large family to support, having only one son and one daughter ; but they were both old enough to help their illustrious father in piling up a heap of bills. The heir-apparent had achieved a great success in that line both in Paris and in Vienna ; and the beautiful Princess Gertrude, who had just reached her twenty-first year, was as clever in making debts as in making conquests. Her dresses were the wonder of her father's subjects ; but, sad to say, none of them had been paid for.

I have already hinted that the creditor who gave his Serene Highness the greatest cause for anxiety was the court tailor. His name was Heinrich Müller, the only son and successor of the late Herr Müller, who had made a considerable fortune in military tailoring during the wars of Napoleon, and who had bequeathed to his son not only a handsome business, but a name which, in one sense, was as illustrious as that of the Grand Duke himself. For, although he was only a tradesman, he was the lineal descendant of the heroic Fritz the Miller, whose

deed of valour I have already chronicled. Add to this that the present court tailor, Heinrich Müller, was a well-educated and handsome young fellow. He had studied at the University of Strasburg ; and if a slight scar, which he got in one of his many duels there, took anything from his good looks, it certainly made him more interesting, and almost made up in popular opinion for his want of aristocratic blood. It was thought that when his old father died he would throw up the business, and take a commission in the army ; but, to the astonishment of every one, he did no such thing. He still continued to measure his serene master for pantaloons, and the Princess Gertrude for riding-habits.

If any one supposed, however, that Heinrich was without ambition, he was very much mistaken. It was often noticed how fond he was of getting into the great dining-room at the schloss, and feasting his eyes on the picture of his brave ancestor slaying the wolves ; and he had made a model of the old wolf-stone in the park, and placed it on top of the great china stove that stood in his workshop.

Under the circumstances, Heinrich Müller was a little bit of a mystery ; but at last a rumour got abroad that struck every one dumb ; and when it was carried by the Prime Minister, old Baron von Dernfeld, to the grand-ducal ears, his Serene Highness almost fell down in a fit. It was said that the rich and handsome young tailor was in love with the Princess Gertrude.

The hint having once got abroad, a thousand circumstances seemed to corroborate it. It was noticed amongst other things how frequently he thought it necessary to measure the young lady for

her riding-habits, though surely one measurement might have served for all, and how long he was about it. Then whenever the Princess went out riding, the court tailor seemed to consider it part of his office to see her mount; though at first this was attributed merely to the fact that he was naturally proud of seeing her turn out in a habit of his own making. Soon, however, matters were placed beyond a doubt; for after the Princess Gertrude had refused the hand of Baron von Ringsdorf, a wealthy Hungarian noble, who might have paid some of her father's bills, the crafty old Prime Minister, Baron von Dernfeld, determined to set a watch on her.

One lovely autumn evening, when the moon was shining romantically bright, and the young lady was supposed to be in her own boudoir, the old Baron's suspicions were more than justified; for while he sat in a quiet nook amid the shrubs by the artificial lake in the park, keeping his eyes open, he saw two figures meeting one another close to the old wolf-stone under the trees. He could not mistake the figures; they were Heinrich and Gertrude—and the murder was out.

There was a long and anxious conference that night between the Prime Minister and the Grand Duke. The sun was already slanting his rays in at the window before they separated; but turn the matter over as they could, they found no sufficient answer to the terrible question, 'What is to be done?'

been for the horrible pile of bills that were due to the aspiring tailor. Now it was clear why he had been so accommodating. He had never once asked for a single mark. He had supplied suits for the grand-ducal family, and court dresses for the servants, and theatrical dresses for the stage, and only a few months before he had supplied new uniforms to all the army—about sixty-two privates and thirty officers—without so much as a murmur. What was to be done?

Baron von Dernfeld was a shrewd old man. In appearance he was not unlike a weasel; but his blood was as blue as his master's, and he felt, as only a German could feel, the terrible disgrace that threatened the grand-ducal house. He was nearly sixty years old, and he had spent a tolerably long life in advising two successive Grand Dukes. He was a diplomatist too, of the old school, and nobody appreciated more than he did the great diplomatic axiom that speech was given to man in order to conceal his thoughts. He was rather slow in seeing his way in any emergency; but the reason of this, perhaps, was that his way was always so roundabout, that it took a very long time for his mind to get over the ground. Consequently it was not surprising that, although he had spent a whole night in discussing the great family difficulty with his serene master, he was as far from seeing his way out of it at the end as he was at the beginning. He had got far enough, however, to appreciate the situation in all its gravity. The Princess was evidently in love with the tailor; the tailor was certainly rich and handsome, and the Grand Duke was certainly hopelessly in debt to the tailor. But his diplomatic

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### CHAPTER III.

#### WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

THE matter would have been easy enough to settle, if it had not



mind did not give up the great conundrum. For several days he secluded himself in his own apartments in the palace, and it was reported that he smoked more tobacco and drank more beer during those days than he had done for many a long year before. But, as the old adage goes, all things come to those who wait; and at length the bright idea flashed into the old Minister's mind, and he hurried away to the grand-ducal chamber to pour his advice into his master's ear.

It was to this effect: the tailor must be dealt with diplomatically. He must be treated with the utmost cordiality, just as if his amorous designs were utterly unknown and unsuspected. The bills must be all paid, not in the coin of the realm—for that was impossible—but in some other equivalent; for princes can give gifts which aspiring young men who are not poor prize more than money. And when once the bills were receipted in full, then the audacious tailor should be duly kicked out of the palace and the grand duchy. This was the Baron's scheme.

The Grand Duke fully indorsed his adviser's opinion, as, indeed, he always did. It was therefore determined that the tailor should be smiled on, and that confidential *pourparlers* should be commenced, with a view to induce the tailor to forego his pecuniary claims in consideration of his being made a 'von.' No one who has not been in Germany can understand the boldness of this step. To be a 'von' is to be a nobleman, even though no title stands before it. It raises a man at once above the class of *bourgeoisie*, and places him amongst the aristocracy. And not only himself, but all his children and descendants for ever. Nay, more, it has a backward as

well as a forward effect, and ennobles his family root and branch, ancestors and descendants.\* Consequently such a patent of nobility was and is beyond price; and if the Grand Duke could only bring himself to confer it upon Heinrich Müller, he would be more than repaid for all that was owing to him. It was, however, a bold and unusual step to take; and Baron von Dernfeld would scarcely have ventured to make such a suggestion to the Grand Duke, even under the pressure of the heaviest difficulties, if he had not been prepared to back it up by weighty diplomatic arguments.

But this is how he reasoned: 'This impudent tailor is secretly in love with the Princess Gertrude. He, as a German, fully understands that between him and her stands the impassable gulf that yawns between the common people and the nobility. If we offer to create him a "von," he will think that Heaven itself is favouring his suit, that the chasm is about to be filled up, and that when he is a real VON MÜLLER he may be able with some hope of success to declare his passion. We will make him a "von," then, in order to get out of his financial clutches; and that once done, leave the rest to us.'

The scheme was not ill-conceived. Heinrich Müller had no inkling at all of what was going forward; but if he had been a diplomatist he would have suspected that some mischief was brewing, from the fact that both the Grand Duke and the Minister were so

\* This is no misstatement. A German would not consider that a man was thoroughly ennobled unless his ancestors were ennobled at the same time. Indeed, in many cases this is essential, for in order to hold certain offices a German must be able to show four or five generations of nobility; consequently to ennoble him alone would not give him sufficient qualification.

extraordinarily polite to him. They smiled at him whenever they passed him in their carriages; and the old Baron actually went down to the shop himself to be measured for a new court-dress. Shortly after, a valet from the schloss brought him a command from his Serene Highness to be at the castle the next evening after dinner. He obeyed, and was closeted for a short time with the Prime Minister, and then for a short time with the Grand Duke. Everything was arranged without a hitch. The Minister commenced by explaining that the high character and education of Herr Müller had evidently raised him high above his position, and that his Serene Highness had come to the conclusion that he could efficiently fill a court office if he would retire from all connection with trade. The Grand Duke, therefore, had for a long time contemplated asking him to give up his present occupation, for which there could be no further necessity, seeing how great was his well-known wealth, and thereupon conferring on him a diploma of nobility and creating him a 'von.' One only difficulty stood in the way. His Serene Highness felt bound in honour to liquidate all outstanding liabilities to him before making any such proposition, but to tell the candid truth he began to fear that it would be several years before he would be able to do this in full. The Prime Minister, therefore, anxious to be of service to such a superior young man as Heinrich, took upon himself to let him know what was designed for him; and, in the interests of all concerned, ventured to suggest that it would be far better for Heinrich, in view of his future career, which was certain to be distinguished, to secure the honour *at once*. He could certainly do

so, if he would generously forego his pecuniary claims, and give a receipt in full for all that was owing to him by the court.

Heinrich listened to all this with grave attention. There is no denying that his heart beat fast as he heard the unexpected good news. Willingly, indeed, would he have paid thrice the sum that was owing to him in order to become a 'von'; and, without a moment's hesitation, he accepted the offer. But he was not a simpleton. He took all the courteous sayings of the old Minister for exactly what they were worth; and, as he shook hands with him at the conclusion of the bargain, and was shown to the Grand Duke's apartment, he mentally told himself that the 'noble scruples' and 'long-cherished intentions' of his Serene Highness were fictions of the Minister's brain, and that, as a matter of fact, he was buying his *vonship* with a certain number of thousands of marks. The Grand Duke himself was all affability and condescension; and it was agreed that in the course of a few days the patent of nobility should be drawn up and formally bestowed upon him, and that at the same time he should sign a receipt for all moneys due to himself or to his father.

And now a curious circumstance occurred. During the few days that elapsed between the promise of the Grand Duke and its performance, Heinrich Müller made a journey to the city of Strasburg, where, it may be remembered, he had studied at the university. It was generally understood that he had gone there on business; and the Prime Minister and his master thought it only natural, as he would no doubt have plenty of matters to arrange in connection

with retiring from trade. But as a matter of fact, Heinrich, as soon as ever he found himself in the learned city, betook himself, not to any tradesman, but to a certain snuffy old gentleman named Dr. Schlippenhammer, a man whose name was famous throughout the Fatherland as a learned jurist, and the highest living authority on feudal and imperial law. What passed at the long interviews between Heinrich and the doctor need not here be related; but suffice it to say that many ancient tomes were consulted and compared, and the statutes of emperors and diets, ranging over hundreds of years, were unearthed and pondered over, while the two students, like true Germans, smoked innumerable pipes and drank countless tankards of beer. After three days, Heinrich returned to Wolfsteinberg; and it was observed by every one that he seemed brimful of happiness.

On the day before he was summoned to the palace to receive his patent, he casually met Baron von Dernfeld in the park. They greeted each other most cordially; the old man was gushing and fatherly, the young man was smiling and full of reverence; but an observant bystander would have been puzzled to decide which had the more diplomatic eye.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE DIPLOMA OF NOBILITY.

In due time his Serene Highness the Grand Duke of Wolfsteinberg commanded the attendance of Heinrich Müller at the schloss. With a firm quick step the young man hastened to obey the summons. The gorgeous lackeys of the palace, whose plush suits had been made at his own

expense, ushered him with great respect into the state dining-room. Heinrich was pleased at this, for the thought flashed through his mind that nowhere could the scene that was to follow be more appropriate than in that great chamber where the heroic deed of his brave ancestor was commemorated on the wall. On entering the room he found the Grand Duke and his Prime Minister chatting quietly by the table. Evidently the affair was to be merely a formal one. Perhaps Heinrich was a little disappointed at this, for he had thought that the Grand Duke might have made a court ceremonial of the affair, and so invested it with more dignity. But no matter. He was received with quiet politeness—cool politeness would perhaps be more accurate.

‘His Serene Highness,’ said the old Baron, ‘has been graciously pleased to affix his seal and signature to this document, whereby, in virtue of the rights and privileges granted to his house by the Emperor Conrad IV., he is authorised to ennoble any of his subjects who have done good service to the commonweal. It will now be my pleasing duty to countersign it, while you will have the goodness to place your signature to the receipt which I have here prepared for you.’

There was something so stiff and even hostile in the smoothness with which this was spoken that Heinrich’s face grew very pale. For a moment he suspected treachery.

‘Will you allow me, Baron, to read the diploma?’

‘Certainly,’ said the Minister, spreading it out on the table.

Heinrich, with the quick eye of a student, read it from beginning to end. It was correct in every form, so that he felt sure that not

even the forensic acumen of his friend Dr. Schlippenhammer could have questioned its validity. He ran his eye over the receipt which had been prepared for his signature, and that also was correct.

The Minister handed a pen to Heinrich, and, taking another himself, they each signed their names, Heinrich putting his to the receipt, the Baron countersigning the diploma.

'I think that business is finished,' said the Baron, handing the receipt to the Grand Duke.

'Shall I now retire?' said Heinrich, with equal coldness, folding up his diploma, and placing it in his breast pocket.

'No, not quite yet,' said the old Baron, glancing quietly at the Grand Duke, who, all the time, had stood silently on one side, giving an occasional twirl to his Napoleonic moustache—'not quite yet. To be candid with you, Herr von Müller, this is a mere preliminary to the real business that we have to discuss together.'

'A preliminary, Baron? Pray explain your meaning!'

'I will do so in the fewest possible words. You, sir, have up to the present time had certain heavy claims upon the house of Wolfsteinberg. Those claims are now paid off, and it is my painful duty to charge you with an act of audacity which has determined our sovereign to expel you from his dominions.'

A quiet smile stole over Heinrich's face as he said, 'Go on, Baron; pray go on.'

'We are not so blind, sir, as to be unaware of the fact that you have taken advantage of your position as the court tailor—'

'I note your sarcasm, Baron; pray go on.'

'Taken advantage, I say, of your position to try and win the affections of the Lady Gertrude,

an act of insolence and audacity which is beyond pardon. I have only to say, therefore, in the name of his Serene Highness, that, without a day's delay, you shall leave the grand duchy, and never venture to show your face here again. I hope you understand me. We will now say good-evening.'

'Yes,' chimed in the Grand Duke, 'you are a detected intriguer, and I give you fair warning that if you remain in my capital for more than four-and-twenty hours, I will order my officers to expel you by force.'

With another twirl of his moustache, the Grand Duke marched towards the door, followed by his Prime Minister, leaving Heinrich standing by the table.

'Stay!' cried out Heinrich, still quiet and collected, but with a strange light in his gray eyes. 'Your Serene Highness has been good enough to express your views to me; I have now a few views to express to you.' Saying this he stepped forward quickly, and placed himself between his sovereign and the door. 'You will have to hear me, and you may as well hear me at once.'

If all the German heroes who were painted on the wall had jumped down into the room, the Grand Duke and his Minister could not have appeared more thunderstruck.

'Donner und Blitz!' shouted the Grand Duke, laying his hand upon his sword; 'what does this mean?'

'It means, your Highness, that in the last half-hour you and I have changed places. Do you know who I am?'

'What in the name of Heaven do you mean?' stammered the old Baron.

'Do you know, I ask, who I am? and do you know the feudal

laws of Germany? But I see you are hopelessly in the dark. Look yonder to that fresco on the wall, and tell me if you remember the deed of my great ancestor Fritz the Miller?

'What do you mean, base-born varlet?' cried the Duke. 'What has that old legend to do with us?'

'I am no longer base-born,' replied Heinrich. 'I am a noble, with the patent of nobility in my possession, and not only all who come after me, but all who went before, in my house are noble. Yonder hero, who slew the wolves on this very spot, was noble, and being noble this land and all that stands on it is his, and in his right I claim it. This is no madness, sire; this is the old law of the empire, and I will enforce it.'

'Great God!' cried the Grand Duke, as the gravity of the situation dawned upon him; 'can this be true, or is it all a hideous dream?'

'Nay, more,' continued Heinrich, 'I have searched the feudal statutes of the last four hundred years, and I find that, by a solemn decree issued at the time when the old castle of the Margraves was destroyed and this schloss was erected in its stead, the Margravate of Wolfsteinberg was attached for ever as a fief to the owner of this castle; so that if I am the owner of Wolfsteinberg, as owner I surely am, I am also by that very fact Margrave and Grand Duke. I claim, therefore, that by my becoming a nobleman the only bar has been removed that stood between me and the throne, and that it is no longer you but I who am the master here.'

The Grand Duke stood like a statue. He was simply thunder-struck. Even the old Baron's diplomacy was at fault, and he

was at a loss for words, when suddenly the door by which they were all grouped was opened, and in walked the Princess Gertrude.

'I have come to congratulate you,' she said, with a beaming smile, 'on your new rank. I hope I am the first to do so.'

This was an awkward speech; for what Heinrich's rank at that moment precisely was perhaps no one was quite sure—not even the great Schlippenhammer. However, Heinrich accepted her proffered hand, and, saluting it respectfully, thanked her gravely for her good wishes.

'Gertrude,' said the Grand Duke (if we may still give him this title), 'we are engaged on serious business. We have discovered some unexpected difficulties in our way.'

'Then, papa,' replied the maiden, with a smile, 'perhaps I can help to solve them. I know that you have determined to get rid of Heinrich; but I may as well say now as later that for six months we have been betrothed to one another, and nothing you can do and nothing you can say will ever make me give him up.'

A dead silence fell upon all the company at these firm and impassioned words. Had the Princess made this declaration half an hour sooner, her father would certainly have burst out into a storm of grand-ducal indignation, and discharged a volley of Teutonic expletives that would have made the palace ring. But at the present moment he was quite cowed. He covered his face with his hands, and sank into a chair without a word. Even Heinrich was touched at the sight of the old man's sorrow; and while Gertrude sprang to her father's side, and tried to take his hand into her own—for she was a gentle, womanly creature after all, and

loved her father dearly — the young man who was the cause of all the trouble plucked the old Baron to one side, and hastily suggested that nothing further should be said at present, but that they should meet again to-morrow, and look at the situation calmly.

‘But remember this,’ said Heinrich, with a return of firmness: ‘as sure as there is law in Germany, I have your master in my power. You know now what I really want. I love the Princess with all my soul, and she loves me; and I will risk everything I have to win her. That done, I care for nothing else besides.’

Saying this, he gave one passionate glance in the direction of the now weeping Gertrude, and walking rapidly down the long hall, passed out at the further door.

The thought flashed into the old Minister’s mind, as he watched the retreating figure, that just as they had bought off the tailor’s bills with a diploma of nobility, they might now be obliged to buy off his new and extraordinary claims by the hand of the Princess. Alas for the glory of the old house of Wolfsteinberg!

It is not necessary to give a full account of the anxious conference that took place that same evening between the heart-broken Duke and his crafty Minister. They both commenced by declaring emphatically that Heinrich’s claims were preposterous and absurd. But then there was an unpleasant look of reality in them nevertheless. Certain it was that the grand-ducal schloss stood upon the land on which Fritz Müller several hundred years ago slew the three wolves. There was the wolf-stone still standing to prove the fact. And certain it was, too, that the land would have passed into the possession

of Fritz and his descendants, if only he had possessed the rights of nobility; and now, by the very terms of the patent which the Duke had that day signed, not only Heinrich Müller, but *all his ancestors in the direct line*, were ennobled. It might be argued that this posthumous nobility could not carry absolute rights back with it; but, on the other hand, it was notorious that the very object of ennobling ancestors was that in law they might be held to be the owners of some rights at least which the children could not enjoy unless their ancestors had enjoyed them. Altogether the situation was grave. Then, if the land belonged to Heinrich, all that was built upon it was certainly his; and if the margravate had been attached by the Emperor Conrad to the present schloss, the feudal law would certainly vest the margravate in the present owner of the schloss. On the other hand, however, they felt pretty sure that the grand dukedom, which had been conferred on the present Grand Duke’s father by Napoleon I., was probably safe, seeing that it was not a creation of feudal law at all; but what was the value of the title of Grand Duke if everything else were lost?

Then it was that the Grand Duke began to thank Heaven that he had a daughter. He sent for her to come to him at once, and before she left him it was agreed that if she could induce Heinrich to relinquish all claims upon the property and the title of the Grand Duke, he might have her hand. Furthermore, for the honour of the family, he should be created a count, and the old and long-disused castle of Hammersdorf should be handed over to him and his bride and their descendants for ever.

That very evening Heinrich was closeted once more with the Grand Duke. Documents were drawn up, and signed and sealed; and the next day the little world of Wolfsteinberg was electrified by the news that their fellow-townsmen, the rich tailor, had been created Graf von Müller, and was shortly to be married to the only daughter of the Grand Duke. The diplomatic old Prime Minister went about to all his friends, explaining to them that in the grand-ducal archives secret instructions had been found in the handwriting of successive Margraves of Wolfsteinberg to the effect that the great deed of Fritz the Miller was never to be forgotten by the family, and that if ever his lineal descendant and heir should distinguish himself in arms or letters, he was forthwith to be ennobled, and to be married to a princess of the reigning house, seeing that his great ancestor had saved the life of a princess. The old Baron was certainly clever at fiction, if at nothing else.

And so everything was amicably settled, and the rich young tailor had the old castle of Hammersdorf prepared for his bride in the lovely valley near the Rhine. In due course the wedding was celebrated in the grand-ducal schloss by the Prince Archbishop of Mayence with much pomp and ceremony. Great was the interest all through Germany, and amongst the wedding presents was a silver casket presented to the bridegroom by the Kaiser of Austria, on which in high relief was a picture of

Fritz the Miller clasping the fair Ermentrude to his breast, and brandishing his cleaver in defiance of three galloping wolves.

And now, gentle reader, I have told you the story which my good host of the Golden Stern told me long ago in the queer little village of Hammersdorf. It took him till long after midnight; but before we retired to rest, we strolled out for a few minutes to have another glimpse of the fine old castle. There it stood high on the cliff at the opposite side of the valley, its quaint gray towers lit up by the moon, and here and there a twinkling light in the windows.

'The present Count,' said mine host, 'is the son of the Heinrich we have been talking about. He is a kind and hospitable gentleman, and he is very proud of his family. He often fishes in the stream here, and sometimes brings a friend or two with him. A little time ago he had a young lawyer on a visit with him, whom I heard was called Herr Schlippenhammer; and one day when they had turned into my inn during a shower of rain, and were smoking their cigars over a bottle of wine, I heard the Count say to his companion, with a merry laugh, "Well, Schlippenhammer, my friend, I firmly believe that if it had not been for your queer old grandfather, I should never have been born a count, or have owned yonder castle of Hammersdorf." And I think, stranger,' quietly added my host, as we turned in to go to bed, 'I think that is about the truth.'

T. W. TEMPLE.

## VALENTINA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A FRENCH HEIRESS IN HER OWN CHATEAU,'  
'MRS. LANCASTER'S RIVAL,' ETC.

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### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### LADY JULIA'S ANXIETY.

ONE day, about a month after the ball, Lady Julia Hartless paid a visit to Mrs. Miles. This was a thing that did not happen very often, and there was something in Lady Julia's manner which suggested to Mrs. Miles that she might have a particular reason for coming. She was rather abstracted, and yet nervous; her usual placidity had for the time disappeared. Mrs. Miles, who had heard nothing of Valentina since that New Year's Eve, but had thought of her many times, and had talked of her much with Roger, guessed correctly that some anxiety connected with her was weighing on her sister's mind. It seemed only natural to inquire for her, which Mrs. Miles accordingly did at the first pause.

'Thank you. She is in London; not very well, I'm afraid,' said Lady Julia.

She fixed her eyes on Mrs. Miles with a peculiar expression. It seemed as if she wished to look into Mrs. Miles's mind, and see her thoughts; an end hardly likely to be attained by the eyes of Lady Julia.

'She is wondering how much I know—but why?' thought Mrs. Miles. She was not inclined, however, to betray Valentina's confidence, even to her sister. Her face remained grave and immovable. Lady Julia soon saw that her scrutiny was useless, and

took her eyes away, sighing deeply at the same moment.

'I fear you are anxious about Lady Valentina,' said Mrs. Miles.

'Ah, yes; but that is nothing new,' said Lady Julia, in a low voice. 'I have always been anxious about her—always—ever since she was a child.'

'But more than ever now that she looks so ill,' said Mrs. Miles, in an assenting sort of tone.

'She does look ill; but the most curious thing is that no one knows what is the matter with her.'

'Ah, indeed!'

'You have not seen much of her,' Lady Julia went on; 'but you must have heard and seen enough to show you that she is eccentric—very different from other people.'

Mrs. Miles thought this rather odd. She answered quietly, after a moment,

'I know very little of Lady Valentina, as you say. But no one could know anything of her without feeling a great deal of kindly interest.'

There had been a time when Mrs. Miles's own interest in Valentina, though strong, was not exactly kindly. But no one could blame her if pity had driven harshness out of the field, and even out of memory.

'Yes, I daresay—no doubt—you are very good, I am sure,' said Lady Julia. 'And I need not tell you how sensitive she is, so that really one must not judge her like other people. Indeed, Mrs. Miles, she has great peculiarities,



and her views of things are often very extravagant. That sort of thing is so often the cause of unhappiness. You agree with me, don't you ?

'I quite see that your sister is sensitive,' said Mrs. Miles. 'Yes, indeed, such a nature as hers wants very tender handling.'

Lady Julia seemed only half satisfied. She sighed again. Mrs. Miles waited and listened ; she was not yet sure what all this might mean.

'When any one like Valentina takes up violently strong views on any subject, and does not consider that reserve may sometimes be a duty,' Lady Julia began again, 'don't you think that it is best not to encourage—not to sympathise *too* much, as if there could be no exaggeration. I assure you people like her are so apt to misunderstand—to think that a few kind words mean all sorts of things—'

Lady Julia made these disjointed remarks in a very confused manner, colouring, looking into the fire, and quite without the self-confidence natural to a woman in her position. Mrs. Miles began in a vague way to see what it all meant. With a native disdain and horror of beating about the bush, she determined to bring her visitor to the point at once.

'If you don't mind, I should like you to speak to me quite plainly,' she said. 'Let us understand each other. Have I done any mischief ? unconsciously, I'm sure.'

'O, no—no mischief,' said Lady Julia, brightening up at once. 'At any rate, I know your motives were as good as possible, and when I have explained a little you will understand the whole thing. You remember, at our ball—I knew nothing at the time, but she has told me since—my poor sister allowed herself to talk to you in a very, very strange way.'

'Yes, I remember,' said Mrs. Miles gravely.

'What she said, of course, I don't know ; but, according to herself, she told you all her troubles. You must have thought it most extraordinary. It would have been unpardonable in anybody else—and at such a time too. I cannot understand how even Valentina could do it.'

'She seemed very much excited, and very ill, I thought,' said Mrs. Miles. 'I soothed her as well as I could ; and I need hardly tell you that her confidence was and is sacred.'

'Poor thing ! Yes. She says you were as kind as an angel,' said Lady Julia ; and then she added hurriedly, 'when she leaves her husband, she means to take refuge with you.'

For a moment there was dead silence. The words left Lady Julia almost out of breath, and Mrs. Miles, startled, could not at once reply.

'You will believe me,' she said at length, 'that this is the first I have heard of it—of one thing or the other.'

'I had her letter this morning,' said Lady Julia. 'It made me very miserable, and I thought I had better come to you, so that we might at least understand each other. It is a double misery to me—Frank Hartless being my husband's brother, you see—and I must move heaven and earth to prevent such a scandal. You know all. Can you advise me ? What am I to do ?'

Lady Julia drew a quick breath, and dried her eyes. Mrs. Miles sat looking very grave and stern. Her feelings were mingled—intense disgust at being mixed up in anything of this kind, and yet an all-mastering pity for the unhappy Valentina. Lady Julia's own trouble, which seemed mostly

selfish, had not much power to touch her sympathies. Still the appeal must be answered, and Mrs. Miles had nothing of the broken reed in her character.

'I am very sorry,' she said. 'I hope Lady Valentina will not be driven to do anything so foolish. But I don't by any means know all. What did she say about her plans—about me?'

'Just what I tell you. She said she could not stay where she was any longer, that she had confided in you, and that you were so good, she felt sure you would give her a home. It would be the first home, she said, that she had ever known. Poor girl! she talks so wildly. But her coming here would be such a dreadful thing—worse even than the fact of her leaving Frank.'

'Why?' asked Mrs. Miles.

'Well, altogether—so near Stoneycourt—and besides—O, I am sure you see a thousand reasons. It would, of course, be out of the question. I don't think about it, for you never could. My one anxiety is that she should not leave Frank.'

Lady Julia disclaimed her anxieties loudly in this manner, and Mrs. Miles, listening, believed as much as she chose. Perhaps she wondered, if Lady Julia felt so very secure of her discretion, why she should have troubled herself to drive ten miles that foggy afternoon. And even as she listened, with an inward contempt for the speaker, she heard the words hurrying out—'Of course we know your son has always been a friend of Valentina's. But he would not wish this. He would see—'

Mrs. Miles made a little dignified movement with her hand, which checked Lady Julia on this new ground of hers.

'We will leave my son out of the question, please,' she said.

'I should not think of consulting him about this. I must decide for myself, if there is any need of a decision. Now I wish to speak quite plainly. From the very little I have heard or known, it seems to me that your brother-in-law is entirely in the wrong. I daresay his wife may be peculiar, but I suppose you will not uphold to me that all she told me was false. And if it was true, I must say, speaking in the mildest terms, I think it is a case of terrible mismanagement. A course of rudeness and severity, varied with mockery, must be ruin to a sensitive young woman—the nearest way to stupify her mind and break her heart.'

Lady Julia stared, and coloured scarlet again. For a moment it seemed as if she was offended by these strong deliberate words, spoken thoughtfully and slowly in Mrs. Miles's deep-toned voice. But apparently remembering that they were alone together, and in spite of herself respecting her companion, she thought better of it, and answered very mildly, after a moment, 'I don't wonder, really, at your feeling all that. It is a little unfair to Frank, you know; you have only heard one side, and Valentina always did exaggerate.'

'You think she has no reasonable cause of complaint?' said Mrs. Miles, still severely.

'Now, Mrs. Miles, you are a little unfair to me,' said Lady Julia, with patient good-temper, though her eyes once more filled suddenly with tears. 'I regret poor Valentina's marriage with all my heart, and I am sorry I ever wished for it. I never imagined, you will believe, that it could turn out like this. Don't you see? She, poor girl, had been spoilt and petted always, till she invariably had her own way in everything.'

But Frank Hartless was not a man of that indulgent character. He liked his own way, and was determined, and could not endure opposition, especially from her. I wish she could have given in more easily, and, indeed, I wish he had been gentler with her all along. It was very difficult for both of them. But now I think she has given up resisting. It is a dreadful kind of peace, for she seems wretched, and he does not understand her, and never will, I suppose. She still rebels, you see, though she can't resist, and that makes her talk of leaving him. Her illness I really can't understand. She has no disease. It is the mind acting on the body, I suppose. Nothing absolutely mental, you know. I don't mean that. But a sort of dejection and weariness that seems to conquer everything.'

'In fact, what is commonly called a broken heart,' said Mrs. Miles.

'O, that sounds too dreadful.'

'It is dreadful, and incurable, I imagine. Unless her husband could change his nature and his ways, and become as tender as he has been hard to her. If it is not too late! I am sure your sister is very generous. Could not his brother speak to him?'

'I don't know that he would like to interfere,' sighed Lady Julia. 'And my speaking would be of no use at all. It is such a painful, difficult thing altogether.'

'Generally, I think interference in those cases is a mistake. But here it seems as if it was the only chance. May I tell you, Lady Julia, what I should do in your place?'

'O yes, pray do. I shall be only too glad of any advice.'

'You implied just now that your husband would not use his influence. I am sure you are

mistaken in thinking that you have none. If I were you, I should go to town to-morrow, see them both, and tell them that there is a home with you for your sister, if her husband makes it impossible for her to stay with him. In fact, if I may say so, you should be prepared to bring her back with you, if you find things looking very hopeless. That would be better than her running away from him.'

'He would never let her come,' said Lady Julia, shaking her head. 'I could do no good, none whatever. I must write and tell her to bear up as well as she can. I am sorry, but what is one to do? At any rate, I may depend on your not encouraging her. You would never think of receiving her here? That would make every one so dreadfully angry.'

At this moment Mrs. Miles felt heartily inclined to say that Lady Valentina was welcome to her house and everything she possessed. It did seem too hard that these people, refusing to befriend their unhappy sister themselves, should wish to deprive her of the only friends in whom she trusted. At least, Mrs. Miles was determined to bind herself by no promise. She was not going to range herself against Valentina, on the side of her family.

'Her complaining to you was really most wrong and inconsiderate. That alone shows you how odd she is, poor thing,' said Lady Julia, anxiously, finding herself not at once reassured.

'I was not thinking of her faults just then,' said Mrs. Miles. 'I was thinking about her coming here to me. It would not be desirable; there I agree with you.'

'Of course—you could not think of it for a moment. Preposterous!' exclaimed Lady Julia, much relieved.

'I did not say that,' replied Mrs. Miles, in her provoking, deliberate way. 'All I say is, that her proper refuge is with you. As long as your house is open to her, that ought to be enough. I don't suppose she will write to me, but if she does, I shall tell her that.'

'O, thank you; quite right. She knows she can come to me at any time. I don't know what could make her think of going anywhere else.'

Roger's step in the hall put an end to this conversation, and Lady Julia soon after went away. Mrs. Miles was reserved with her son, and only told him that the account of Lady Valentina was very melancholy. For the next three or four weeks she was a good deal abstracted, and seemed to herself to be waiting from day to day for what would happen next.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

LADY JULIA answered her sister's passionate letter by a long confused rigmarole of advice and scolding, mixed up with a little sympathy. She gave her to understand, 'on the best authority,' that no help or shelter was to be expected from Mrs. Miles. 'I always thought her a disagreeable woman,' wrote Lady Julia. 'She is as stern and hard as possible, and thinks it quite unpardonable for a wife not to stick to her husband. I found this out in a talk I had with her yesterday; and this will convince you, dearest Val, that Robert and I are always your best friends.'

What Lady Val thought of this letter did not appear, for she never answered it. The spring weeks came hurrying on. Lady Julia and her husband did not

mean to go to town before May, and in the mean while Frank Hartless wrote a few lines now and then to his brother, in which he mentioned incidentally that Val was 'as bad as ever.'

There was a station on the main line to London, less convenient to Roger Miles than to the Stoneycourt people, in spite of which he sometimes drove there when he wanted to catch the fast morning train. One of the best towns in that neighbourhood lay a mile away from the station, which in fact was quite out in the country, and in summer its red gabled buildings and broad platforms were a picturesque bower of trees and flowers. Even early in April it was beginning to be pretty; the banks just outside were starred over with primroses, and the other way, looking towards London, the low meadows were golden with Lent lilies. At this pleasant station, one morning in April, Roger Miles met his friend Mary Linton. They were both going to town, he on business—he seldom went anywhere for pleasure—she to spend a week with a gay and kind aunt, whose house was generally too full to hold nieces from the country. They were in good time, and the train was a little late. They strolled up and down together, admiring by turns the primroses and the Lent lilies.

'The two trains will be almost in together to-day,' said Mary. 'I always think that must be confusing for the porters.'

'There are seldom many passengers from London so early. I came down by that train once, I remember, when I was young and lively.'

'What time does it leave London?'

'Six o'clock, I think. There is the bell; here it comes; more

punctual than ours. I suppose you are taking parasols and things? it will be quite hot in town, if this weather lasts. The idea of leaving the country at its freshest and prettiest! I wonder at you.'

'But London too is most charming in spring. I hope this weather will do poor Lady Valentina some good. I wonder if I shall see her, by any chance. Are you going to call?'

'I have not made up my mind,' said Roger. 'To tell you the truth, that fellow is almost too great a trial. When there is no good to be done, perhaps one had better keep away.'

'But you never can tell,' said Mary, enthusiastically. 'There might be some good to be done. If I were you, knowing them both so well, I should certainly call. Even if he was worse than he is—yes, all the more.'

'You really think so?'

'Indeed I do.'

They were now standing still, having forgotten to walk on while they talked of Valentina. The train from London had steamed slowly into the station, and presently began to move out of it again. The few passengers were slowly and by degrees shown to Roger and Mary. Both of them gazed instinctively at the same person; a lady, moving as it seemed with pain and difficulty, and leaning on the arm of a French maid, who was chattering vehemently to a porter in broken English, as she pointed to the two or three bags which represented their luggage.

'Why!' exclaimed Mary Linton, turning round, and looking up into Roger's face with something like consternation—'Do you see—it is indeed—'

Disregarding the rules of the best managed of stations, quite forgetting his companion, and his

dignity as a landlord and magistrate, Roger sprang down from the platform and dashed across the rails.

'Ah, there, monsieur will take care of milady!' exclaimed Aurélie with relief, resigning her mistress hastily to Roger, seizing a bag, and attacking her porter anew. 'See here, portare—I vill ave cabs—comprenez-vous!'

Lady Valentina wore a thick veil, put on perhaps with some idea of hiding herself. It was long and black; she had thrown it back in the train, but now it had fallen partly forward, and made a sort of penthouse shade over her forehead and eyes. She took Roger's arm without speaking, without any sign of surprise or pleasure at seeing him, and leaned on it heavily. He looked anxiously into her face, which was very thin and white, with deep purple circles round her eyes; she was terribly changed, even since the winter. She returned Roger's earnest look, but there was no expression in her eyes, except of a vague hopelessness.

'Where are you going? Can I do anything for you?' said Roger.

'No, I am going to Stoney-court; very tired; but I can't rest till I get there,' she answered, in a low, cold, indifferent tone.

'What have you been doing? did you leave London this morning?'

'Nothing,' she said with a slight shiver. 'I am going to Stoneycourt.'

Roger was silent; he had after all no right to inquire into her doings. Aurélie came hurrying back. He led Valentina out of the station and put her into a fly which was waiting there. He looked at Aurélie with many questions in his eyes, but she was quite occupied with her mistress, and either did not, or would not notice him. When the door was

shut, Valentina suddenly leaned forward and put out her hand to him.

'A message,' she said, so faintly that the words hardly reached him. 'Tell her I heard what she said. It was not very kind. I wanted her to love me, but I suppose she is too good.'

'Who?' said Roger, completely bewildered; but she fell back, with a little parting wave of her hand.

At the same moment the fly started off, and a porter came running out of the station to Roger.

'Your train, sir! Just going!'

Roger hurried back and caught his train. Mary Linton was looking out of her window, expecting him to join her, but it must be confessed that he had forgotten her entirely, and she did not see him again till they both descended on the Paddington platform, when he made up for his unfriendly conduct by extra politeness, even promising to go and see her on one of his three days in town.

All the way up, Roger had been repeating to himself that message of Valentina's. He could not understand it. He almost thought she must have been dreaming or wandering when she gave it to him. That afternoon he wrote to his mother and told her the adventure and the message.

Robert Hartless had been strolling about his grounds that morning, and happened to be near the entrance when Valentina drove up in her fly. It was about eleven o'clock, a perfectly beautiful day of sunshine and soft westerly airs; all nature seemed happy and at peace; the birds and the budding leaves and flowers brought life and tender sweetness, even to the cold grandeurs of Stoney-court. Catching sight of his sister-in-law's pale profile in the

fly, Mr. Hartless made a long face and whistled; then he hastened his lazy steps a little, and reached the front steps in time to receive her there. His manner was fairly kind. When he saw how weak and weary she was, he gave her his arm, and took her slowly up the steps, and across the hall into the library, where he put her into his favourite easy-chair. Except a word of greeting, neither of them had said anything. When she found herself alone with Robert, Val turned away from him, towards the window; her lips trembled, and a faint flush came slowly into her face; still she said nothing.

'This is an unexpected pleasure,' said Mr. Hartless, after gravely regarding her for a moment. 'Or did Julia know?'

'What?' she said under her breath, as if she only half understood him.

'I asked if Julia expected you.'

'I should think so.'

'Come, Val, don't be so tragic. Has anything happened? anything very bad? What brings you down at this time of day?'

'Nothing new. I am very ill, Robert; don't talk to me.'

'No wonder. What was Frank thinking of, to let you turn out at five in the morning?'

'He did not know. He went to Brighton yesterday, so I escaped. When he comes back this afternoon, he will find that the prisoner is free.'

'You left word for him, I suppose, in what direction you had fled?'

'No; nobody knows.'

'Romantic, but an unfortunate way of doing things, on the whole,' said Mr. Hartless. 'I must telegraph to Frank at once, you know.'

'No, no, no, Robert!' cried Valentina, starting up, and walk-

ing towards him with such trembling steps that he instinctively held out his hand, as if to help a child who was trying to walk for the first time. She caught his arm and clung to it with both hands. 'You must not telegraph. He shall not come here. I won't see him again.' She looked into Robert's face with wild appealing eyes. 'Can't I die in peace?' she said. 'Why should I be tormented to the very end! Three years and a half—that is enough misery for any one, I should think.'

'Hush, hush! be quiet. Don't excite yourself, Val; it is quite unnecessary,' said Mr. Hartless, not unkindly. 'I am sorry you don't hit it off with Frank; but in those cases people have to make the best of it. If you go on like this, we shall have a public scandal, and even you couldn't wish for that. There, sit down; you are tired and wild, and don't know what you are saying. Julia will be here directly. Have you had any breakfast?'

'You won't telegraph?'

'My dear, he must know where you are—to-morrow, if not to-day. I shall not ask him here. You can pay us as long a visit as you please, and after that things may improve.'

'Never! I shall never go back to him.'

'Come, don't indulge yourself in talking nonsense,' said Mr. Hartless, and he looked round in some relief as his wife entered the room.

'There, quiet her if you can! She is half out of her senses,' he said in a low voice, going to meet her, and immediately making his escape.

'My poor dear darling Val, what is the meaning of this?' exclaimed Lady Julia, hurrying to take her sister into her arms.

'My sweet, how ill you look! Have you come from London this morning?'

'Yes. Are you surprised?' said Val.

She was falling back into the state of weary half-conscious indifference, from which Robert's threat had roused her for the moment. She endured her sister's caresses, listened without reply to her exclamations and remonstrances. Lady Julia perceived that it would not do to talk about past or future; the present, and Valentina's strange state, were the only things to be considered just now. So she showered a great deal of kindness and affection on her poor sister, and made her as welcome as she could. In the mean time Mr. Hartless, in another room, was writing an enigmatic telegram to his brother. He naturally shrank with horror from confiding these family griefs to the post-office.

'Safe here. Perhaps as well for the present. What you wish about return done at once, but in my opinion delay is best.'

Valentina knew nothing about this telegram. She asked no questions, showed no interest in anything, but lay on the sofa all that afternoon and the next day in a sort of stupor. Lady Julia hovered about her, and suggested sending for the doctor, but Aurélie, of whom she stood in awe, shook her head with a sad contemptuousness.

'None of your doctors can help her, milady,' she said. 'It is peace and joy she wants, not medicine. The absence from monsieur her husband may do some good, possibly.'

'Aurélié!' said Lady Julia, feeling that this remark called for reproof. She said no more, however, not quite liking to meet the resolute eyes of the Frenchwoman,

but went down to her husband and suggested a doctor to him.

Mr. Hartless also discouraged the idea. In the first place, he agreed with Aurélie that no doctor could 'minister to a mind diseased.' Not that he put it so elegantly, for he said Val's complaint was half ill-temper, and that as long as she chose to sulk, nothing could do her any good.

'Just like her mother,' he observed. 'She was half-mad with temper—nothing else. Besides, a gossip like Dr. Pratt is better away.'

So for some hours poor Val was left in peace. She seemed half unconscious, but sometimes talked a little to herself. Julia was frightened at first, and thought she was wandering, but caught something about Billy, and a dreadful fog, and concluded that it was only Val's eccentricity, and that she was amusing herself, in her dreamy state, with counting up all the strange adventures of her life.

The master of her fate, meanwhile, came home from Brighton to his empty house and his brother's telegram.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### ORDERED HOME.

'DEAR Val, I suppose you are proud of having taken yourself off so cleverly, and at such an unearthly hour in the morning. Nobody would have given you credit for so much sharpness. It was not a very pretty or usual thing to do, but we will talk that over when we meet, which I hope will be soon. You are to come home at once on receiving this letter. As you managed your journey down so well, no doubt you will return with the same ease. Aurélie

can come back with you, after which she will be discharged. I will not have a servant in my house who plots against her master. I have only to add that if you do not turn up by the end of the week, you need not trouble yourself to turn up at all.—Yours,  
'F. HARTLESS.'

Lady Julia brought this letter to Valentina, and watched her while she read it. It seemed to bring back life and energy for the moment. Val's eyes brightened, she shivered from head to foot, as if every written word was a blow, and then she tore the letter across and threw it on the floor.

'That was what you did once to a letter of mine!' she said, in a clear strong voice that startled her sister. 'Ah, I am sorry I tore it. Read it, Julia; can you? and then put it in the fire. My poor Aurélie! she has borne with me long enough; she will not leave me now.'

'Did milady call?' said Aurélie, appearing from another room. 'Ah! what is the matter?'

Her quick eyes glanced from her mistress's excited face to Lady Julia and the letter. 'Ah—ah!' she said in a sort of drawl, half under her breath.

'Nothing,' said Valentina. 'Only a letter from monsieur, to say that we are to go home instantly; and that you are to be sent away, because you came down here with me.'

Aurélie muttered a few exclamations, one or two of which reached Lady Julia's ears and shocked her seriously.

'Aurélie,' she said with dignity, 'I think you are forgetting yourself. Really, Val, this is very improper—very disrespectful. However, I am sorry Frank is in such a hurry; but I told you so, dear, didn't I? What is to-day? Wed-



neaday! At least I suppose you can stay till Saturday! The little change will do you good.'

'Do you actually think I am going back to him?' said Valentina, staring at her sister with a faint smile.

'Hush, hush, dear! nonsense! Don't talk about it now. Don't excite yourself. Robert will advise you. I am going to him now.'

'I don't want Robert's advice,' said Val, but Julia pretended not to hear this.

'May I take Frank's letter?' she said.

'Do what you please with it; only don't bring it back to me.'

Lady Julia was at no time fond of deciding for herself. She did not like or understand responsibility or even independent thought, and it was a comfort to her to be married to a man who, in spite of his indifferent manner, was always convincingly cool and unwavering. At this crisis in her poor sister's life, Lady Julia felt that she did not at all know what to do. She could not turn her out of the house—she could not keep her in spite of her husband; yet she supposed it would come to that, for if Valentina would not go, how was Frank to enforce his wishes! Lady Julia came for strength and comfort to Mr. Hartless, who had also received a letter from his brother on the subject.

'The whole thing is a horrid bore,' he said, with a discontented frown, having glanced over the torn letter that his wife brought him. 'Why didn't she go somewhere else?'

'Surely this was the natural place!' said Lady Julia, faltering a little. 'Her only near relations.'

'All the more reason for keeping away. What does she expect us to do for her?'

'What can we do? that is the question.'

'Nothing, of course; absolutely nothing. It is a disgraceful freak. Frank has every right to be angry. What do you suppose he would think of us, if we received his runaway wife and kept her here against his will?'

'There are excuses for poor Val, I am sure,' sighed Lady Julia.

'That is nothing to the purpose. Suppose you ran away from me, and took refuge with Frank and Val. What would they do?'

'Val would stand by me,' said Lady Julia with another sigh.

'Very likely, as far as she could; she is a fool. But Frank would not; or, if he did, I should quarrel with him.'

'Robert, what am I to do? I can't be cruel to the poor thing. She is ill and miserable, and declares that nothing will induce her to go home.'

'If she flatters herself that Frank is to be disobeyed, she is mistaken.'

'But I can't make her go.'

'Nonsense!'

'Frank is terribly hard and unkind to her. Hers is not a spirit that bends; it must be broken; he has broken it. I think she has borne from him as much as she can bear. If it goes on much longer I think she will die. I do indeed.'

'He married a very troublesome woman,' said Mr. Hartless, after a pause.

'He did not take the right way to make her less so. Robert!'

'Well?'

'I wish you would write to Frank, and ask him to let her stay here for a month. Then we can all go to town together, and she may be a little better by that time, if she keeps perfectly quiet. And I really think you might ad-

wise him to be more gentle with her.'

'Frank can manage his own family affairs, without interference from me; and I see no use in putting off the evil day. The end of a month would find her more unwilling to go back than she is now. If we try to meddle between husband and wife, we shall have the worst of it. She married him with her eyes open, and she must take the consequences. A woman must obey her husband. She has no personal ill-treatment to complain of. Incompatibility of temper is all nonsense.'

'Personal ill-treatment! I should think not,' said Lady Julia with a slight shudder.

'Well, I mean that is the only thing which could justify us in aiding and abetting her. She may as well make up her mind to go back to-morrow.'

'She will never go.'

'I think she will. I am not going to quarrel with Frank to please a foolish woman.'

'You can't say that Frank is entirely in the right.'

'Probably not. He has been stupid, and has mismanaged her. But what was he to do? He could not be an abject slave like Golding. Before they were married I foresaw there would be a struggle. I daresay it has not been such a pleasant life for him either. A man does not enjoy quarrelling all the days of his life.'

'He has grown fat upon it, at any rate,' remarked Lady Julia.

Robert laughed. 'Yes, the old boy thrives on his stalled ox certainly.'

'I have never liked Frank so much,' his wife went on, 'since you told me of that dreadful bet; do you remember?'

'Yes. The taming business

has been a stiffer one than he bargained for.'

'I wish he and Val had never seen each other?'

'That misfortune was the consequence of your marrying me.'

Mr. Hartless had talked himself into a better temper; but his wife gained no comfort from him, except a knowledge of his resolution, if that was any good to her. She was really very unhappy, feeling powerless to help her sister, and really grieved at the harshness which was forced upon her. She saw Robert's side of the question; of course he did not wish to quarrel with his only brother; yet, in a vague, uncertain sort of way, she thought he ought to do something to protect poor Valentina. She could not feel her usual satisfaction in his quiet resolution. Afterwards, with bitter tears, she regretted that she had not strained her influence as far as it would go for Valentina, even to risking Robert's anger. That morning, before leaving him, she made one more little attempt in her sister's favour.

'I never cared so very much for Aurélie. She is familiar; not always very respectful. But do you think we could ask Frank not to send her away? I am afraid Val would miss her terribly. She does everything for her now.'

'Would you like Frank to interfere with your servants? to remonstrate if you chose to dismiss any of them?'

'No; but in such a case as this—'

'Cases don't alter principles,' replied Mr. Hartless, taking up his newspaper.'

'And what am I to say to Val?' asked his wife, after a minute of rather dismal silence.

'Haven't I told you? As Frank wishes her to go home at

once, the carriage will be ready to take her to the 2.30 train tomorrow. That is all you need say.'

As Lady Julia went slowly upstairs she thought of Mrs. Miles, and devoutly wished she had not interfered to prevent Valentina from flying to her in her trouble. If that had come to pass, however angry the men of the family might have been, she herself would have been spared the too sad and painful task of refusing a home to her unhappy sister. She was also very uneasy about Valentina. She did not think her fit for travelling; and she did not see how any one in such a weak state was to bear the excitement, the passion, the reproaches, all the horrors of such a return. She thought Frank had written an odious letter to his wife. Altogether it was in a very unhappy frame of mind that she went back to Valentina's room, wondering how Robert's decision was to be made known to her.

'Milady sleeps. Do not wake her, please,' said Aurélie, meeting her at the door; and Lady Julia was only too glad to go away, and put off the dreaded interview for a little while.

All the rest of that day Valentina lay half asleep, or perhaps half unconscious, for she breathed strangely, and sometimes, though her eyes were open, she did not seem to notice anything. Her sister came and looked at her many times, and a thought made its way into her mind. If Val was in this state, or worse, tomorrow, she surely could not be allowed to travel. Illness would have come as a friend to save her from what she dreaded so much more. Frank was not actually made of stone, and Robert's heart would surely be softened if he could see that pale helpless crea-

ture lying there. Julia resolved that if things went on like this, he should see her in the morning; her looks would plead with him better than any arguments.

Late that night Lady Julia came and sat by the fire in Val's room, where she was still lying quietly on the sofa. When Aurélie had tried to persuade her to go to bed, she had cried out pettishly to be let alone. Aurélie had gone away shaking her head; all she could do was to leave the poor thing in peace. Suddenly, in the uncertain light, Val lifted her head and looked about her, letting herself fall again when she saw Julia sitting by the fire.

'Why don't you go to bed?' she said, in a voice that sounded worn out and weary and gentle, as if after a long, long struggle rest had come at last.

'I like to be with you, dear,' said Lady Julia. 'I am not at all sleepy.'

'What did Robert say? I have been dreaming for hours, and somewhere out of this world I came to such a dear old house, a river, and two old people; do you know who they were?'

'No, dear. Robert thinks—'

'They had a little room looking into a garden, and it was all blue.'

'The garden? Forget-me-nots, I suppose?'

'No, no. I am glad you don't know where it is.'

'I suppose it is in dreamland? I don't often dream, I am glad to say.'

'Did Robert say I must go back to London?'

She was so quiet and gentle that Lady Julia thought it best to tell her the whole truth. She felt immensely relieved when it was over, and Val had made scarcely any remark. She only just asked, half indifferently, 'Why won't he let me stay?'

'If you consider,' said Lady Julia, 'it is a difficult position for Robert; of course, he does not wish to be unkind to you; but he can't risk quarrelling with his only brother.'

'That would be dreadful, indeed,' said Val, smiling.

Lady Julia felt hurt, and repelled for a moment by this little speech. She recovered herself immediately, however, and went on to say kindly,

'If you don't feel equal to the journey to-morrow, we will persuade him to telegraph to Frank, and keep you here till the end of the week.'

'No,' said Val. 'He will be tired of telegraphing to Frank. I shall go to-morrow. Where is Aurélie? I should like to go to bed. Good-night, Julia.'

Lady Julia rang the bell, and then came to kiss her sister. Val did not move or take much notice of her; but just as she was going out of the room she called her back.

'Come here,' she said. 'It is not your fault, poor old Julia. I think you would be my sister if you could.'

Lady Julia knelt down beside her, hiding her face, and for a moment held her very tight in her arms. 'Yes, you know that,' she whispered.

Val, half sitting up, looked down at her with a sort of tired pity.

Aurélie's approaching step separated them, and Julia went away to her own room in tears.

The next day, it seemed as if Valentina had called into action all the pride and strength of her character, the silent endurance of English, the high defiant spirit of French, ancestors, to help her in this effort of going back to her husband. She declined to see Robert in the morning, and met

him for the first time when the carriage was at the door. She looked him haughtily in the face. A new strength seemed to have come to her, and she walked firmly and erectly along the hall. A little tremor about her mouth was the only sign of weakness. To Mr. Hartless her look and bearing said so much, that he could not let her go without an attempt at softening things off.

'I wrote to Frank yesterday,' he said to her confidentially. 'I hope all will go on better now. I am glad you feel strong enough—able to take it in a right spirit and all that. Don't think me a brute. If you will look at it reasonably, you will see I could have done nothing else.'

Lady Val listened. She was not in the least moved by these remarks, and the look in her eyes reminded Mr. Hartless disagreeably of years ago, when she used to take no pains to hide her scorn of him. All she said was, 'Frank will be obliged to you.'

And so for the last time she drove away from Stoneycourt. Of course the servants knew pretty well what was happening, and old Starr, who was still coachman, had remarked to Aurélie that morning that he would be glad to drive my Lady Valentina anywhere, except to the London train. But Starr had had his orders, and must obey them.

As they passed through the village street, Mr. Linton was walking there, and caught sight for an instant of a pale face at the carriage window. He took off his hat, and wondered where Lady Valentina was going. Mary had told him in a letter of her mysterious appearance that morning at the station.

In the carriage, Aurélie kept an anxious watch upon her mis-

tress, who sat upright as she had left Stoneycourt, looking out, but with eyes that seemed as if they saw nothing. Presently, when the village was left behind, and they were driving along quiet country roads towards the town, Valentina suddenly began to speak, and the first thing she said was, 'Do you know, Aurélie, I have no money.'

'What are we to do, then?' said Aurélie. 'Nor I, indeed. I have not enough for two tickets to London. I remember very well, milady had not enough when she started.'

'Yes; you lent me some. Long journeys were not considered in my pocket-money,' said Valentina. 'Do you think now, at this moment, that we are going home?'

'Milady knows better than I do,' answered the cautious Aurélie.

'Then listen. I told you I would never go back, and I never will, unless they carry me. It was not possible for me to stay at Stoneycourt, because I was not welcome to Mr. Hartless. My sister would have kept me if she could; remember that. But I am going where I shall be welcome.'

'Où ça!' muttered Aurélie.

'You will see by and by. Tell the coachman not to drive straight to the station, but to stop in the street—at the post-office—anywhere. I shall have money enough to take me where I want to go.'

Aurélie could only obey. She could not feel seriously alarmed for her mistress, poor, sick, persecuted, forsaken creature as she was, as long as she herself was with her, and she suspected that any wild adventure would be better than going back to monsieur. She kept her black eyes

wide open, and was ready to fight for her mistress at any moment.

Starr, obeying his orders, stopped at the post-office, in the clean broad street of the little town. He intimated respectfully that there was not too much time to catch the train. Aurélie smiled as she took out the bags from the carriage, the footman standing by, almost too surprised to help her. Lady Valentina stood on the post-office steps, with her hand against the door, and looked up at the old servant on the box.

'You need not wait, Starr,' she said.

'Not wait, my lady!'

'No. I am not going by this train. If I want a cab, I suppose I can get one at the inn there.'

'Yes, my lady, to be sure—but—I can put up, if you please, and be ready to take you down to the five o'clock.'

'No; you can go home. I shall not want the carriage any more.'

Starr was very much surprised. He had seldom in his life been so thoroughly startled and put out. Something was wrong, he felt sure; what good could it do Lady Valentina to be left adrift without a carriage in the High-street of Railston? What could be her object? Starr strongly suspected that she was not going to town that day at all—and in that case where could she be going? His brain was old and slow, and not till he had driven his horses half-way home did he hit on the idea that she was going by the down instead of the up line—that she had some plan of running away altogether and being lost—taking the 3.30 down express, and travelling right away westward, so as to be heard of no

more. Poor old Starr! he had always loved the pretty young lady, since the days when she used to come and sit in his cottage among the red geraniums, and talk so kindly to him and his old dame. And he often chuckled over the remembrance of her mad expedition with his good-for-nothing grandson Dick, who was still hanging about the place as an under-keeper, not without suspicion of a little sympathy with poachers now and then.

Oddly enough, the lively Dick happened to be in Railston that day on business of his own. He kept out of his grandfather's way, but saw him drive up the street, set down Lady Valentina and her maid at the post-office, and, after a minute's delay, turn and drive off home again.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### SHELTER.

THE mists of that spring evening were stealing up round Cradock's Mill. They brooded over the gently-plashing river, over the quiet mill-pond; they crept along the low green meadows, bathing trees and hedgerows in a soft and indistinct white flood. Slowly moving, fresh-smelling, they came and hovered about the doors and windows of the heap of gray gabled buildings that stood down there by the water in a garden of cherry-blossom and primroses.

Mrs. Cradock, the pale and slender old woman, who looked herself something like a shape of mist and twilight, glided out of the door to speak to her sturdy husband. They looked at each other with an air of anxious mystery.

'Do you know what it means,

old woman?' said the miller, glancing at a lattice-window overhead. 'From what that furrineering lady's-maid says, it means our losing the Stoneycourt Hall custom.'

'Ah! and what would you wish to do, then?' asked Mrs. Cradock satirically. 'To turn the poor thing out o' the house, I suppose—that would be your idea. And as for her maid, it's no sin to be born French—anyhow she couldn't very well help it—and it happens she's a most respectable person, Oreeby by name, who's been with her ladyship all the days of her life, and was a kind fellow-servant to our Lucy. You may say what you like, master, but my nephew owes his life to my Lady Valentina, and I don't see as her marrying again makes any difference, except to herself, poor thing. And I'm right heartily glad to have the chance of obliging her ladyship. She's not long for this world, I tell you; and if Mr. Hartless is that mean to revenge himself on you, why, I can't help it.'

Mrs. Cradock said all this in a quick eager whisper. Her face and manner were unusually excited. Her old husband listened patiently.

'Well, my dear,' he said, 'was I making any objections? who brought her here, if it wasn't me?'

'I don't understand, now, how you came to pick them up,' said Mrs. Cradock, hopelessly shaking her head. 'All I know is, I never had such a start in my life as you gave me, driving up with her in the trap beside you. And then, when the poor dear thing, changed so as it broke one's heart to look at her, let herself drop as it were off the step into my arms, and says, "I've no home, Mrs. Cradock; will you take me in, please?" Never shall I forget it, if I live longer than Methuselah.'

But I'm mystified, all the same. Whatever had Dick Starr to do with it?

'Here he is. He'd better tell you that much himself,' said the miller. 'I'm a bad hand at explaining things.'

Dick, a tall young fellow with a bright face, advanced from the mill-dam, where he had been examining the eel-traps. His story was soon told. He had watched Lady Valentina go into the post-office, and come out again, leaning on her maid's arm, and looking ready to drop. Feeling curious, for of course all the gossip of the servants' hall had reached a lively youth like him, and he had felt ever since Christmas how he should like to punch Mr. Frank's head, he strolled slowly along the pavement and touched his hat to her ladyship. She did not know him at first, but the maid told her who he was, and then she tried to say something kind about remembering him, but somehow the words didn't come easy, and she asked him all of a sudden if he would go over to the Red Lion and order a fly to take her to Cradock's Mill. Then he told her that Mr. Cradock himself was in the town, for he had seen him in the yard of the Red Lion ten minutes before. Then she sent him off to find Mr. Cradock, and fetch him to speak with her, while she sat down and waited in the post-office. And it so happened that Mr. Cradock was just starting off home, and Dick met him driving out of the yard, so of course he drove straight to the post-office, and Dick minded the horse while he went in to speak to her ladyship. Why she changed her mind about having a fly from the Red Lion, and chose to drive out in the trap, which was far from comfortable, neither Dick nor the miller knew. Their plain

course had been to obey her orders.

'Of course there will be inquiries made,' said Mrs. Cradock, 'and my lady thought the quieter she moved about the better. I see it all, bless you. Don't you go telling tales at Stoneycourt, Dick?'

'Who? Me? I ain't going home to-night, to begin with,' answered Dick.

Mr. Cradock was just as kind-hearted as his wife, but he was not so imaginative or sentimental, and found no pleasure, as she did, in this unnatural state of things. Of course he would never have dreamed of refusing hospitality to Lady Valentina; still the fact of her being established in the best bedroom up-stairs made him supremely uncomfortable. Nothing of the sort had ever happened before, to his knowledge—a lady of rank with no home, driven to shelter herself at an old mill—it seemed thoroughly unnatural and wrong. Mr. Cradock did not know what to make of it. He stood at his door and whistled a melancholy tune.

'I wish I saw my way clear out o' this business, Dick,' he said to the young under-keeper, who was still loitering outside. 'It's mighty awkward for all of us. The missus—she likes having my lady here—it comes natural to tend upon her and that—but where's the end of it, Dick, my boy? If it were to rain, now—the water always drips through the ceiling of that room.'

'It ain't going to rain, though,' said Dick, staring up into the misty sky.

Probably the miller's wife and Valentina were the only people in the house quite satisfied in their minds. Such an occasion as this called into action all the romance in good Mrs. Cradock's nature;

she was filled with enthusiasm, and, accepting the situation in a kind of exalted way, did not trouble herself to think how far her best arrangements fell below Lady Valentina's usual level of comfort and luxury. It was what her ladyship fancied for herself in the way of peace and shelter; and she was truly welcome to it.

And Valentina lay in the large bare room with its uneven floor, with blue checked curtains, and a patchwork quilt which had cost the miller's mother years of thought and careful stitches, on pillows that smelt of wood-smoke and lavender. There she lay, and dropped away to sleep like a tired child. At first she talked a little, saying that she would never move again.

'Now I am not myself any more,' she said. 'I am quite in another country. Why have I had such horrid dreams for so long? No! which was real? Aurélie!' with a sudden start, 'this is real, isn't it?'

She seized the patchwork quilt in both thin hands, opening her eyes wide. Mrs. Cradock was standing beside her.

'Yes, my dear, yes, it's all real,' said the good woman tenderly. 'Go off to sleep, my pretty one; there's nothing to hurt you here.'

'Dear old nurse!' said Val softly; and then she smiled, nestling her head into the pillow, and soon fell asleep.

So passed Thursday night and most of Friday. She did not rouse herself at all, and when she was awake hardly seemed to know where she was; the insensibility of extreme weakness was creeping over her. As the day went on, Aurélie became very anxious. The responsibility was almost too much, to be alone in this remote corner with her unconscious mistress and these two old people,

who, however good and kind they might be, were English and stupid, hardly seemed to understand when she talked to them, and had no idea of what was best to be done under the circumstances. Aurélie was in despair, and began to think that her mistress would die in this dreadful damp old place, and that she herself might be held responsible by the family. She was really at a loss what to do. They had been turned away from Stoneycourt; going to London was out of the question. She knew of no friend of her lady's to whom she could apply for advice and help—except, perhaps, Mr. Miles; but she feared he was not in the country. Even Dick was gone, the only link, as it seemed, between the outer world and Cradock's mill. She had looked out of the window that morning, and had seen him set off whistling on his way. At that time she had not realised how much she might want a messenger, or, at least, an intelligent being to consult with. Birds were singing in the garden and orchard, and flying to and from their nests in the old deep eaves; there was a noise of bees, the mill-wheel was working merrily, a ring of gnats were dancing on the foam-splashed water, and a warm bright sun had driven away the mists of the night before. The old mill looked, indeed, like a home of cheerful peace, where an aching heart, as poor Val had fancied, might forget all its woes. But the curtains at her window shut out the spring brilliancy: her tired head and eyes only wanted darkness and a pillow. All the beauty of the day was equally wasted on Aurélie, who had no ear for birds or bees. But at last, towards evening, a sound of hurrying wheels and horses' feet made her heart rejoice. What could this carriage be, com-



ing at such a great pace up the lane to the mill? Had Mr. Hartless and Lady Julia repented of their unkindness? or could it possibly be Monsieur himself, who had tracked his poor unhappy wife to her hiding-place?

'If he takes her to London to-night he will be a murderer, that is all,' decided Aurélie; but the prospect of an encounter with her angry master was better than nothing; and it was with a sort of awful joy that she heard the carriage drive up and stop on the mossy paving-stones in front of the mill.

She went to the window and peeped behind the curtain, being repaid by the surprising sight of Mr. Miles's coachman, whom she had seen now and then at Stoney-court.

'Ah, ah, well, they are good people, they won't do us any harm!' muttered Aurélie.

She went to the bed to look at her mistress, who was lying quite white and still, with closed eyes. Aurélie did not think that she was exactly asleep, but it was plain that the wheels had not disturbed her—she was almost too weak to be disturbed. Aurélie stood gazing at her with a stern puzzled face. It was impossible to watch her from day to day without seeing how fast she was fading, growing thinner and paler, eating nothing, caring for nothing but rest. The change had been going on for a long time, very slowly at first; but each fresh tyranny of Frank's, each step in his fine series of disciplines, while it crushed and darkened his wife's spirit and brightness, had thrown her into a wilder state of irritable misery, and the reaction from that seemed to be this slow death that was creeping over her. The faithful old servant, who had tended her mother's last days, saw an

immense difference between the two cases. She said, in her strong fearless way, that while one was a furious demon, the other was an angel with broken wings. With lips quivering, and fierce black eyes dimmed, she confessed to herself that milady could never be happy out of paradise. As she stood with her hand on the spindly bed-post, looking at Valentina, Mrs. Cradock came cautiously up the creaking stairs and peeped in.

'Is she asleep?' she whispered.

'She does not hear you,' answered Aurélie; but then she looked round rather indignantly, for Mrs. Miles had followed the miller's wife up-stairs, and was now standing in the doorway.

She only paused there a moment, however. Her eyes just travelled round the low old-fashioned room, and then she came forward, with the quick light step of a young woman, and stood beside the bed, looking at the face on the pillow. For an instant she turned pale, then murmured something under her breath, which the other women could not hear. She did not speak to Valentina, or attempt to rouse her; but, after a minute, she turned to Aurélie, and said, in a whisper,

'Would it be safe to move her, do you think?'

Aurélie shrugged her shoulders. 'Where, madam?' she said.

'To my house,' said Mrs. Miles.

'Perhaps. Anywhere but home—that would kill her.'

'I know. She is not asleep—will you leave me with her for a few minutes?'

'As madame pleases. I shall be within call,' said Aurélie; and she vanished out of the door at once, taking Mrs. Cradock with her.

Mrs. Miles had seen Valentina's eyelids quiver as she spoke to Aurélie. But that was the only

sign of life or waking : she hardly seemed even to breathe, a picture of unconscious calm, with the dark hair lying soft and damp on her forehead. Mrs. Miles sat down and watched her. The distant mill-wheel, the occasional stamp of a fidgety horse on the stones, only seemed to deepen the stillness of that strange sick-room. Mrs. Miles looked round it again, noticing the low ceiling with its heavy beams, the clean uneven boards of the floor, on which strips of worn old carpet were laid here and there, the old-fashioned chest of drawers, tall and clumsy, with brass handles, the black-framed looking-glass dim with age. The Cradocks had never been rich people, their old house was ill-furnished and tumble-down ; yet with all its bare plainness this room had an air of refinement not always found where upholsterers have had it their own way. All the linen was fine and delicate. On the table stood a cut-glass tumbler with a bunch of prim-roses, whose faint tender scent seemed to mingle in the room with its more usual atmosphere of dried rose-leaves and lavender. There was plenty of space in the room ; it had two smallish latticed windows, now closed, and darkened with blue checked curtains. A whole rainbow of odd old-fashioned colours, some of them faded with the repeated washings of years, glowed on the patchwork quilt that covered Valentina. The picturesque simplicity of this room had an attractiveness of its own. Mrs. Miles, however, though she took it all in, though no touch of dainty cleanliness was lost on her, was painfully impressed with the discomfort of it. Solid mahogany, crimson damask, armchairs, thick noiseless carpets, doors and windows that would not rattle in a storm—Mrs. Miles's own rooms

were the perfection of this sort of comfort, the ideal, one may say, of thirty years ago—and to her Mrs. Cradock's best bedroom was little better than a barn. She shook her head, and pressed her lips together. 'No, impossible! she cannot stay here,' was the thought that passed through her mind. Then looking again at Valentina, she saw that the dark eyes were open, and fixed upon her with an expression of wonder, and not altogether of pleasure.

'Why did you come?'

It was so faintly said that Mrs. Miles only just caught the words.

'Because I found that you were here, and ill,' she answered gently.

'I thought you were so angry. You said—'

'What, my dear? What did I say?' said Mrs. Miles, bending towards her, with great earnestness of manner.

'That you would not have me in your house.'

'Who told you that I said so?'

'Julia.'

'She was mistaken. She misunderstood me.' Let me ask you—that message you gave Roger the other day at the station—was it meant for me?'

Val made a sign of 'yes.'

'Then listen, my poor child. If my love can be any help to you, you have it, from my heart.'

Mrs. Miles leaned over the bed and looked into the wonderful depths of those wistful, appealing eyes. They seemed to tell of a lonely terror, of the helplessness of a creature that yet had to depend upon itself for safety.

But gazing up at Mrs. Miles they softened, something of welcome came into them. Val made a little movement, half lifting her head from the pillow, and in instant answer Mrs. Miles stooped forward and kissed her tenderly.

'I like you to call me your child,'

Val whispered to her. 'Don't go away.'

'I will not leave you. Will you come with me to my house?'

'If you like. Only keep me safe. Promise—promise one thing.'

'Yes, my child.'

'Yes, yes—then I must belong to you. Don't let Frank catch me, don't let him have me. You must guard me, and drive him away. Promise!'

Mrs. Miles felt what she was doing, but she did not shrink. In ordinary life, no one could have respected law and propriety more, but in this exceptional case her resolution was firm: she had thought it over in her drive that afternoon. Not all the husbands and brothers and authorities in England, she was resolved, should snatch this broken-hearted creature out of her hands. She had a full and quiet confidence in herself, and a deep belief in the moral strength of her cause. She could not imagine that Mr. Frank Hartless would use physical force to bring his wife back to him, and to defeat anything short of that Mrs. Miles relied on her own will.

Roger had not yet returned, and she saw no reason for consulting him: this was her own affair. So she was quite prepared to set Valentina's mind at rest.

'I promise,' she said, in deep steady tones, 'I will guard you. No one shall take you away from me.'

Valentina smiled faintly as she spoke; it seemed as if each one of those strong kind words was a staff for her tired spirit to lean upon. Her eyelids sank again, and she lay still. Mrs. Miles watched beside her in the silent room.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

MRS. MILES.

VALENTINA never asked or even wondered how this friend had come to her, in whose faithful care she was able to rest so peacefully. The fact was that the searchings of heart consequent on Roger's letter had driven Mrs. Miles to Stoneycourt that Friday afternoon. After their talk a few weeks before, she did not think Lady Julia would be surprised to see her. She found Lady Julia in a state of grief and bewilderment, miserably anxious about her sister, and not knowing in the least whether she had gone home or not. The coachman had brought word of her strange proceeding, her insisting on being left in the High-street instead of going on at once to the station. Starr thought it his duty to bring this news himself to his master, and added a few hints about trains and routes which alarmed Lady Julia, though Mr. Hartless was inclined to laugh at them. Lady Julia gave Mrs. Miles confidentially a sketch of the events of the week. She did her best to justify herself and her husband. But Mrs. Miles only hoped, as she drove away, that she had not shown Lady Julia too plainly the stern contempt she felt for her. She was now determined to do her best for Valentina, without any more reference to these people—cruel, selfish, cold-hearted, she called them to herself. She had already told her coachman to drive to Railston, being resolved to make inquiries at the station and the hotel there, when just outside the Stoneycourt avenue she saw old Starr bustling along in a great hurry.

Mrs. Miles knew Starr of old. She stopped her carriage instantly,

and calling him up to her, asked point-blank whether he could tell her anything about Lady Valentina. Starr confessed that he had just had news of her, and was hurrying up to the Hall with it as fast as he could go. In a few minutes, therefore, Mrs. Miles knew all that Dick Starr had told his grandfather. She also knew that Cradock's Mill, though it was ten miles from Stoneycourt, was not more than six by cross country lanes from her own house. She ordered her coachman to drive to Cradock's Mill, and left old Starr to carry his news to Lady Valentina's brother and sister.

Mrs. Miles arrived at the mill with the full intention of taking Valentina home with her, giving her the refuge that she had vainly asked for, at least once in her life. The idea of staying at the mill had never once crossed her mind, either for Valentina or herself. But now, as she sat beside the still helpless form, the thought slowly gained upon her that it would be cruel, if not impossible, to insist on another move, and, as was generally the case with her, thought led on without delay to action. She quickly decided on a plan in her own mind, thinking it out in all its details as she watched Valentina. No harm could well come to the poor thing in one night, with these two good women to nurse her. Mrs. Miles thought she had better go home, receive Roger, who was coming by the evening train from London, prepare that night everything that could possibly be wanted, in case of a long stay at the mill. Then in the morning she would come back, having appointed a meeting with her own old doctor from Midborough, who should decide whether the patient was fit to be moved. The thought of thus spreading the story did

not trouble her in the least; all its discredit belonged to the Hartlesses, and they might as well have what they deserved. If the doctor decided that a move would be dangerous, as Mrs. Miles expected, she would send for her supplies from home, and the old Cradocks must arrange their house as best they could, in its new character of an inn. They would have no trouble or expense that Mrs. Miles could spare them.

Presently Aurélie came back into the room followed by Mrs. Cradock, shyly anxious to know how my lady was. Mrs. Miles got up and beckoned her to the window, where in low tones she told her what she was thinking of, and asked if she could possibly accommodate herself and her maid in addition to her present guests. Mrs. Cradock rejoiced, she was enthusiastic; the tears came into her pale quiet eyes. Yes, she said, and with pleasure. There were plenty of rooms in the old place, and though no one knew better than herself how little fit they were to receive the quality, she could at least make Mrs. Miles heartily welcome to what she had. Anything, anything in the world, she would be glad to do for my Lady Valentina.

'You are very good,' said Mrs. Miles, shaking hands with her. 'It may not be necessary, you understand. I shall consult Dr. Crisp.'

'O yes, ma'am, I understand,' said Mrs. Cradock, sighing.

'Is my carriage still at the door? I had better say good-night now. I shall be here quite early in the morning.'

Mrs. Miles paused a moment; she was thinking whether she had anything more to say to this good woman. A sound from the bed startled her, something between a cry and a moan. She

turned round, and saw Valentina sitting up, with a miserable look of terror in her face, and both arms stretched out.

'What is it, my dear?' exclaimed Mrs. Miles, hastening to her. Valentina curled one arm round her neck, and nestled her head on her shoulder, hiding face and eyes. She was trembling very much. Mrs. Miles supported her in her arms. 'What is it? Are you in pain?' she asked tenderly.

'No—but you said—did you mean it?'

Mrs. Miles glanced up at Aurélie, who was standing by.

'Milady heard madame say something about good-night, and her carriage. She started up just then,' said Aurélie, with a grim smile.

'You promised to stay,' murmured Valentina in her friend's ear.

'Can't you let me go home for this one night?' said Mrs. Miles. 'To fetch things that I want. I shall not leave you again. You must go quietly to sleep, and I will try to be here when you wake in the morning.'

But Valentina still clung to her, unpersuaded. She began to whisper something, which Mrs. Miles at first hardly understood, her ears having lost a little of their youthful quickness.

'He will come in the night and take me away. Don't leave me—O, don't leave me!'

It was impossible to argue with her, though Mrs. Miles thought nothing more unlikely than her husband's appearance that night. She gave in at once, almost surprised at herself for doing so.

'Very well,' she said. 'I will not leave you, even for this one night. Don't be frightened, my child. You are perfectly safe.'

Then Valentina lay down again,

with a sigh of pleasure and repose.

Mrs. Miles, turning away from the bed, asked the miller's wife for some ink and paper; the carriage must go home empty, and a note must be sent to Roger with the history of these strange events, asking him also to send for Dr. Crisp in the morning.

Mrs. Miles now hoped for a quiet night. Her patient seemed to have fallen into a kind of stupor and lay quite still, in a state which, if not sleep, was something very like it. She sat beside her most of the evening, watching her and thinking of the past. How well she remembered the first time she had seen Valentina, the lovely graceful creature, all in white, at Fanny's wedding dance! How she had dreaded and disliked her then, how she had opposed Roger and despised his romance! Now her heart was so entirely softened, pity for this poor crushed butterfly was proving itself so near akin to love, that she was ready with tears to confess herself mistaken. It was a sweet nature, as Roger had assured her then, and might have been trained by tenderness to anything. But the tenderness in Mrs. Miles had only sprung up when it was all of no use, when the sad story of a spoilt young life was written and done with, when nothing remained but to soothe the last days of weakness and suffering.

All the world outside was full of misty moonlight, quite silent, not a breath of air sighing or moving on the quietly sleeping country. One shaded candle was burning in Valentina's room. Aurélie had gone to lie down in a little cupboard-room near by, which she had taken possession of, and Mrs. Miles was keeping guard, thinking her own thoughts

of sorrow and self-reproach, in a large chintz armchair by the bed. It was nearly ten o'clock. She heard a little movement downstairs; the old Cradocks, having finished their supper, were fastening doors and windows before going up to bed. They were later than usual, having had many things in the way of household arrangement to do that evening. The miller, with a delicate consideration for his guests, had gone out to smoke his pipe in the mill. Suddenly another sound, quite distinct from their shuffling movements and smothered voices, fell on Mrs. Miles's ear. She lifted her head and listened intently. Yes, wheels were coming. Roger probably, in his dog-cart, bringing her maid and some of the things she had asked for. She had half expected to see him that night, though she had particularly begged that he would not come till the morning.

But no; listening a moment longer, Mrs. Miles became convinced that the approaching carriage was something much heavier than Roger's dog-cart. It came rumbling down the lane. Two horses, certainly, and four wheels, a heavy conveyance altogether. Mrs. Miles's heart misgave her, though at the same moment she called her wits and her courage together, for she now felt convinced that it was the Stoney-court carriage which rolled thundering up to the door. Mrs. Miles got up and looked at Valentina. She did not seem disturbed by the noise, but just as her friend stooped over her she opened her eyes and smiled sweetly and peacefully, as much as to say, 'No matter; I am safe with you.'

But the next moment her look changed, for through the ill-fitting doors and thin partitions of the old house there came the

sound of a rude loud voice, talking in a bullying way to the miller at his front door. Val said nothing; she moaned a little, and her eyes were full of terror. At the same moment Aurélie dashed into the room with a shawl thrown round her, exclaiming,

'Ah, diable! what are we to do now? Here is monsieur come to fetch us.'

'Be quiet; stay here. I will speak to him,' said Mrs. Miles. She kissed Valentina on the forehead, and whispered to her, 'Don't be afraid.'

'Mon Dieu! he is coming upstairs!' cried Aurélie. 'Those old idiots have let him in.'

Mrs. Miles hurried to the door, and went out upon the dark staircase, shutting it behind her. A man was coming up, with his hat on his head. He had nearly reached the top of the first flight of broad, uneven, uncarpeted steps. Behind him came Mrs. Cradock, with a candle in her hand; it threw his shadow forward, on the stairs and the white wall, and lighted up her face as she followed him, pale with awe and consternation.

'Who is this?' said Mrs. Miles.

She came down one or two steps, and stopped facing these two, so that without actually pushing her aside they could not go on. The new-comer paused with one foot in advance, evidently much against his will. He saw her more plainly than she saw him.

'Mrs. Miles, is it?' he said roughly. 'Will you let me pass, please?'

Mrs. Miles was a proud high-spirited woman, and this man's brutal manner, the fact of his striding up-stairs so noisily, keeping his hat on even when he spoke to her, made her so angry that any nervousness vanished,

and she knew that her courage was quite equal to the occasion.

'Who are you? What do you want here?' she said, barring the way so effectually that he was forced to stand still.

'Don't you know me? My name is Hartless. I want my wife.'

'You Mr. Hartless? A gentleman? Impossible!' said Mrs. Miles.

Frank gave a sort of laugh, snatched off his hat, and turned so that the candle-light fell on his face. 'There! you see I am nobody else,' he said. 'Now have the goodness to let me pass.'

'Stay a minute,' said Mrs. Miles. 'What do you want with your wife? she is not in a state to see you. She was asleep just now—the noise you made waked her—but any sudden terror, such as the sight of you, might even kill her.'

'O, come, she has been romancing to you. I know her tricks. She is not so ill as all that. I am used to her, I can tell you. One more glimpse of me won't kill her.'

'You will not try the experiment,' said Mrs. Miles calmly.

'You don't mean to encourage her in such a freak as this?' Frank went on. 'Such a mad gipsy prank—burying herself in this beggarly place, with the bright idea that nobody would find her! You seem to have found her, though, Mrs. Miles—and no doubt you mean to be very kind—but this is a case, don't you see, in which kindness is thrown away. Well, if you won't let me go to her, just tell her, please, that the carriage is here, and that Julia wants her to come back. She does—that's true enough.'

'What, now? Do you expect

her to get up, and be dressed, and go with you now?' asked Mrs. Miles.

'The sooner the better. She can't stay here, you know. If you knew everything, you would say I was behaving rather handsomely,' said Frank.

'I do know everything, as it happens. I know that you made her home so miserable, that she left it and came to her sister. And yesterday, being turned out by her sister, and feeling it impossible to go back to you, she came and took refuge here. Now you want to take her back; but I do not understand that you are, any of you, at all sorry for the past. You only wish to avoid the public disgrace of her escaping from you.'

'We are rather in public now,' growled Frank, suddenly taking the candle from Mrs. Craddock, who retreated trembling to the foot of the stairs. 'I don't see the meaning of all these arguments. I daresay you have some good reason for interfering, but I don't know what it is. Our affairs concern no one but ourselves.'

'At the same time,' answered Mrs. Miles, 'I have promised your wife to guard her against you, and I mean to do it. Of course, if you choose to use actual force, you can carry her off before my eyes, but the consequences will not be pleasant to you and your relations. I tell you,' she went on, in a low, solemn, determined voice, 'I believe your poor wife has not many days to live. Her only chance of life is perfect rest and quiet. The mere sight of you, if it does not cost her her life, would probably have some dreadful effect on her reason. You cannot be so wicked as to insist on seeing her, when I tell you that.'

Frank seemed slightly impressed, but then he shook his head and smiled. 'I know her, you see, rather better than you do,' he said.

'You can hardly boast of having managed her successfully, with all your knowledge.'

'That is because of her diabolical temper,' Frank replied coolly. 'But what, in Heaven's name, do you mean to do with her, now you have got her?'

'I mean to take her home to my house, and nurse her there, till she is quite well—in one way or another,' said Mrs. Miles. 'I shall not admit you. You may as well leave her entirely to me.'

'This is the most extraordinary state of things that ever existed!' said Frank. 'A man doesn't agree with his wife—a common enough case that—but a stranger steps in and carries her off before his eyes, and tells him if he forces his way to her, it will be over a dozen or two of dead bodies.'

Mrs. Miles was very far from being in a joking humour. She looked in grave disgust at this monster of hardness and flippancy. Frank stared past her up the stairs for a moment, as if he was calculating the chances of a bold dash forward, and a battering entrance at that door, which he rightly guessed to be Valentina's. Then he smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

'Upon my word, Mrs. Miles,' he said, 'I should never have guessed you were so formidable. Well, I must give it up for to-night, because it would be a pity to come to blows—would rouse the patient effectually. Good-night. I must try again another day.'

'When she asks for you, you shall see her, and not till then,' said Mrs. Miles.

Frank Hartless said no more,

but turned and went down stairs. Mrs. Miles could hardly believe that she had conquered so easily. In case he should change his mind, and run up again, she kept her post on the stairs till he was really gone. It seemed that there was a little bustle in front of the house before his carriage drove away. This was soon explained by the appearance of Roger with Dr. Crisp, who had been dragged at this late hour from his comfortable armchair at Midborough. Mrs. Miles could not be angry with Roger's zeal. She went down and met them at the foot of the stairs. Her son looked unusually excited: he was very pale, and his eyes were bright. He came up to her and took her by both hands.

'What have you done to Frank Hartless, mother?' he asked eagerly.

'Nothing, Roger. Only sent him away.'

'Well done!'

Mrs. Miles smiled. These two words gave her heartfelt pleasure, though indeed she was sad enough. She turned to the doctor—a thin, tall, old man, with a clever face, stooping slightly from age. He had almost given up his practice, which had been the largest in the county, and now only attended a few old favourites, of whom Mrs. Miles was one.

'This is a very strange case, Dr. Crisp,' she said. 'Do you know—has Roger told you about it?'

'I may say that he has,' answered Dr. Crisp, with a bow. 'Mr. Frank Hartless also, meeting us at the door just now, asked me if I was on the committee for making away with his wife. He added, with much feeling, that I should see a curious instance of the effects of unbridled temper.'



'He ought to have meant his own,' said Roger.

'He did not mean his own,' said Dr. Crisp. 'You have taken a great responsibility on yourself, Mrs. Miles.'

'That is nothing. You will see it was the only thing I could do. I want you to tell me if I can move her to Fair Oaks tomorrow. Mrs. Cradock, will you take my son into the parlour?'

'No, thank you; I'll walk about outside,' said Roger; and he escaped into the moonlight.

'Now, what is the matter with this poor young lady?' said the doctor to Mrs. Miles, as they went up-stairs together.

'Something, I fear, which I never quite believed in,' answered Mrs. Miles very gravely. 'Were you ever called in to such a case?—a broken heart!'

'Ah, yes!' said the doctor, sighing. 'It is a disease that we know only too well.'

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### HOME.

AND the spring days followed one another, ever warmer and more beautiful as April advanced: the mill-garden was full of violets, leaves were breaking out of the soft willow-catkins, pink and white fruit-blossoms were budding everywhere. The birds who always haunted the hospitable mill sang loudly and sweetly under its windows. Even the swallows came, flying like flashes of light across the blue shadowy water, and hastening to build their nests under the deep mill-eaves—happy nests where, in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Cradock's tender heart, they could bring up their children safe from any cruel

devastators. It was the time of year when Valentina had first visited the mill—had lingered through a few pleasant hours, which she remembered long after the boredom that ended them was forgotten. She had carried the old place away in her heart, which she thought so inconstant—had dreamed of it often, had longed for it among foreign gaieties and home troubles, had told herself more than once that it would be a good place to die in. And now, by the strange turns of human events, there she lay dying.

For Dr. Crisp, or all the doctors in the world, could do no good to a creature without the faintest wish to live. She had never been used to any effort or self-discipline; and now, when he tried to rouse her, she only fell back into the same state again—a state in which all power of body and mind seemed to have left her, except now and then the power of fretting and grieving; for sometimes she would begin to cry suddenly over the pains and troubles she had suffered, and would work herself into such a state of feverish miserable excitement that they were obliged to quiet her with opiates. In the first day or two Dr. Crisp thought it might be possible to move her, but she set herself against it, and begged to stay; so that he and Mrs. Miles agreed it was a pity to trouble her. The idea of carrying such a shadow from place to place was almost cruelty.

So the days went on, and it seemed quite a matter of course to Mrs. Miles that she should be living at the mill, nursing this poor girl who clung to her with such a painful eagerness, followed her about with her weary eyes, and was never for a moment at rest when she was out of the room. Things did not seem as if

they could ever have been otherwise. Yet the whole arrangement was strange, unheard of, unnatural. Not many weeks before, Mrs. Miles would have thought it out of the question that she, with her strict notions, could ever be the moving spirit of such a state of things. Roger came over every day, and hung about the mill for hours. His mother would come down and snatch a little talk with him in the garden, enjoying the fresh air, and carrying back some violets to her patient. But the strangest feature in the case was the daily inquiry from Stoney-court. Frank did not come again; he was gone back to London for the present. But they all seemed to have acquiesced in Mrs. Miles's charge of Valentina, and even to be grateful for it in their way. Lady Julia certainly was grateful. She came herself several times to the mill, and was admitted to Valentina's room. Her sister hardly seemed to know her, made no response when she kissed her. Mrs. Miles was quite sorry for Lady Julia once or twice, when she met her crying sadly on her way down-stairs.

The other people who came were Mr. Linton and Mary. Valentina wished to see Mary. She smiled at her, and held her hand, seeming more awake than usual to what was going on round her.

'Good-bye! I wish it had been you,' she whispered, when Mary went away.

None of them knew what she meant.

That evening she talked a great deal to Mrs. Miles, who was sitting beside her, and who had to strain her ears very hard to hear all she said. Much of it was very painful. She talked of her dread and horror of death, asked strange questions, which thrilled the loyal

and well-taught soul of her nurse to its centre.

'You think I am insensible as I lie here,' she murmured; 'but my brain is always working, working; and now that I am not afraid of Frank any more, there is death to be afraid of. O, I sometimes wish I had not made up my mind to die. Twenty-five is so young, isn't it? Could one live four times that? No; but three times? I wish I had said something else now, because it seems almost more dreadful than living. I only remembered it a few weeks ago, and then it came all suddenly, and I wished for it, and made up my mind; but I did not know how cold and lonely it would be.'

'What do you mean, dear? What did you make up your mind about?' asked Mrs. Miles, quite puzzled by the low wandering words.

'It is such a long old story, I can't tell you,' said Val. 'It was only that I once promised Frank I would stay in the world till I was five-and-twenty. He was afraid of my going into that Paris convent—the Augustine ladies, you know. He did not know then what the promise meant—nor did I, till the other day. Yes, I shall have kept my promise, so it won't matter.'

'You must not let yourself fancy such things,' said Mrs. Miles earnestly. 'There is no reason why you should die, if you will only resolve to get better. You had better not brood over death; but if you must think about it sometimes, let me tell you what a good man said once—that to die is as natural as to be born.'

'Ah, but he had not died,' Val murmured in answer. 'I have heard that before. Mr. Miles told it to me once, I think; he used to talk like you. Does he come

here often? I heard his voice down-stairs to-day.'

'Yes, he comes very often.'

'May I see him?—to-morrow, please. I want to ask him something. Do you mind?' she added very sweetly.

'No, my dear; why should I? If you feel equal to seeing him to-morrow, certainly you shall.'

'He will not be afraid to talk to a dying person?' said Val, in her strange childlike way. 'Let him know that. Let him know it is good-bye. But don't tell him how very much afraid I am, because he would not understand, and he would think it silly. And don't tell him or anybody that I am going to die on Sunday.'

'On Sunday!' Mrs. Miles could not help repeating, with a sort of momentary terror. She thought the poor thing's brain was giving way.

'Yes; but that's a secret—that is why I am so afraid,' Val rambled softly on. 'I shall be twenty-five on Sunday—my next birthday—my last birthday. No presents—all alone—' and she broke into weak miserable sobs, which Mrs. Miles could not for a long time succeed in soothing. She was very restless that night—more awake, and more inclined to talk, than she had been for many days. There was something almost terrible in the way she wandered on about the end that was so near. It seemed better that she should have lain on in a forgetful stupor, if there was nothing for her poor soul to do but wander and grope in the darkness. All the future seemed a blank to her, and Mrs. Miles, who had been brought up in a silent undemonstrative religion, could only pray for her. In the near presence of death she was seized with a great shyness, almost a fear, and felt unable to intrude

on Valentina any words of hers, though she longed with all her heart to speak to her the peace she believed in. This strange creature—how could one know how she would take it, whether she would listen and understand, or whether holy words would float past her like thistle-down in the air, only lighting for a moment, if at all? 'And yet I cannot let her die like this!' thought Mrs. Miles. 'If I only knew what to say to her!' and she felt humble and ignorant in her mind, failing utterly in the presence of this great need. She remembered a night, many years ago, when a little girl of her own was dying, the only child she had lost, and when for hours, as long as the failing ears could hear, she had repeated to her over and over again the hymns she used to learn when she was well:

'Every morning the red sun  
Rises warm and bright,  
But the evening cometh on,  
And the dark cold night.  
There's a bright land far away,  
Where 'tis never-ending day.'

The old familiar words came crowding into Mrs. Miles's mind now; she had not forgotten the hymns, or which verses they were that her little Alice's weak voice used to say after her. Mrs. Miles sat dreaming, with quiet tears running down. Then she was roused by Valentina's speaking again.

'Mr. Miles told me once that he had a little sister who died. Were you sitting beside her, as you are by me?'

'Yes, yes, I was,' said Mrs. Miles, astonished.

'Was she afraid? What did you say to her?'

'No; Alice was not afraid,' answered the mother, her voice trembling a little. 'She was very quiet. I used to say verses to her—hymns that I had taught her.

She was very fond of them. But you know she was a little child, only eight years old.'

'Poor Alice! how much younger than me! But I daresay she knew all about it, better than I do.'

'My darling believed what she had been taught,' said Mrs. Miles.

'I have never been taught,' murmured Val. 'Think I am Alice, please, and say the hymns to me. I shall learn, perhaps.'

'Thank God!' thought Mrs. Miles. It seemed as if the pure and happy spirit of her Alice had been allowed to come down and help them both, to bring these thoughts into their minds. She was troubled no longer by want of words. Val listened to the simple hymns as if they were an echo of heaven. When the shrinking dread, the terror, the vague asking and wondering came upon her, as they did often and often again, Mrs. Miles knew how to bring a gradual calm into her mind. Presently she would hear the low pathetic notes of Val's voice joining in with her own deeper tones, as her little child's voice used to do long ago.

In obedience to the summons from Valentina, Roger came to her door the next afternoon, and his mother let him in. Though he had not seen her since that day at the station, he had been very near her all through this time at the mill—very near her in the body, and nearer still in the spirit. She was never for one moment away from the deepest thoughts of her friend. Those slow spring days had been a time of tormenting anxiety to him, who could do nothing for her but wait in the background. Now one more sweet calm evening was stealing on. It was Saturday; work was over at the mill; and through Valentina's window, open behind the shading curtain, no

sound came in but the singing of birds, and a low splashing of water over the weir.

Roger had always stooped a little, but to-day he came slouching in like a man under a weight of years; his dark face was worn and pale, and his eyes were cast down. He lifted them eagerly to Val's face on the pillow, and let them fall again, as if the sight was too painful to be borne. She looked at him with her large sad eyes, as if she hardly knew him, but recollection seemed to come back to her when his mother signed to him to take her hand, which was lying on the counterpane. He took it and held it very gently; it did not look like a thing to be touched by mortals.

'Here is Roger, dear child,' said Mrs. Miles. 'Sit down here, Roger. She will speak to you presently.'

Mrs. Miles moved away to the window. Roger sat down, as he was told, still holding her hand, which made no attempt to draw itself away, but lay still and thin and very cold, till his clasp brought a faint warmth into it again. He gazed at her, and now could not take his eyes away. His heart felt very desolate. The birds might sing outside, and the water dance. They were only cruel and heartless, poor Roger thought, while the centre of his world lay in this old room dying.

As he gave way to these despairing thoughts—for he dared not expect comfort in any imaginable future—he suddenly knew that Valentina was looking at him and smiling; at the same time a faint tinge of colour seemed to light up her face.

'Thank you for coming,' she said, in a whisper. 'I wanted to see you again. Your mother said you would not be afraid.'

'Afraid!' repeated Roger, smil-

ing too. A living look and a word from her seemed to bring him back to himself, to remind him that there was still her peace and pleasure to think of, and that he had no right to give way to his own selfish grief, or to let himself sink in the bitter ocean of tears which had just now seemed to be swelling round him. She had always trusted in him, and what was the long friendship worth if it failed her now?

'I am only grateful to you for letting me come,' he said.

'I like to see you,' Val murmured. 'You are one of the good things I have to remember. But I want to ask you a question—a very, very strange one—and if you answer yes, then, dear friend'—she stopped, frowning a little, while her eyes wandered round the room. It seemed that she could not collect thoughts enough to carry her sentence to the end. Roger tried to recall her by gently pressing her hand. She looked at him, and her face became more tranquil.

'I will answer your question truly, if I can,' he said.

'Truly—I know—but you will understand. If it is yes, then we must say good-bye, and never see each other again. But I won't forget you—where the trees are always green—I will remember you, good Roger.'

'Ask me your question, then. I hope the answer will be no,' said Roger, his voice trembling.

'Do you? Do you remember—on New Year's-eve—telling me about a woman who married—and that was why you never—yes, I see you remember. Tell me—did you mean me?'

The last words were whispered so low as scarcely to be spoken at all; but Roger heard them, and understood all her thought, and saw with dimmed eyes, in that

supreme moment, that she had turned her face away from him. She was right; confession must mean banishment; for after that he could not act the kind old friend to her any more. At the same time, no denial was possible. He told himself with agony that this was indeed the end, for only dying lips could have asked him such a question; yet mingled with the pain there was a thrill of joy that she should know all, and should carry his life's secret away with her.

He said nothing, but quietly knelt down beside the bed, and laid his lips and then his forehead on her hand. She did not move or speak, and for several minutes there was perfect stillness. Mrs. Miles looked round once, but hastily turned away again from that sad mystery of good-bye.

At last, after many minutes, Roger was aware that the dear hand he caressed was being gently withdrawn from him. He made no resistance, no effort to keep it; in these last hours Lady Val must surely have her own way. He felt that her hand was not quite gone; it was lingering with the softest, lightest touch upon his hair, while his head remained bowed in the same place. He was hardly conscious of himself in this sharp mingling of joy and pain. If his life could have saved hers, he knew that he would have given it eagerly; but he could do nothing. Presently he felt that her hand was no longer near him, and he heard a faint uncertain whisper, 'Thank you! now good-bye.'

He pulled himself up, trembling, dazzled, and bewildered, so that he could not walk steadily across the room. But he did manage to reach the door safely, and went out without daring to

look back, stumbled down-stairs, and out, and away into the meadows, where the mists were already rising, and where, in a lonely dell, he threw himself face downwards on the grass, and did his best to fight through a worse agony than death.

Valentina was not agitated like him; why should she have been! But she was touched, though hardly realising all, and when Mrs. Miles came to her, she said softly, in her childish way,

‘God will bless him. He has been very good to me.’

Roger never saw her again in life. His mother, who was not so completely engrossed with her patient as to be free of anxiety for him, was glad to have an excuse for sending him off next morning to Stoneycourt. He did not wish to go, but could not refuse, for it was on Valentina’s business. She had said in the night that she would like to see her sister, had sent her love to Frank, and had said half to herself, ‘Most of it was my fault, you know.’

Mrs. Miles, who, like a good faithful woman, thought a great deal of the relationships of this world, at once resolved to give Frank Hartless the opportunity of asking his wife’s ready forgiveness for all he had made her suffer. She wrote a hurried note to Lady Julia with these messages, and sent Roger off with it very early without troubling herself to tell him the contents.

In the early part of the night, after saying these things to her nurse, Valentina had been seized with some of her old terrors, had cried piteously that it was the last evening, had wandered and moaned about twenty-five. ‘O, how young! Why should it be so young?’ She was soon wearied out, and sank into a sort of sleep,

which yet was not natural sleep. Mrs. Miles generally took turns with Aurélie in watching her through the night; but on this night she would not leave her, and only went out of the room for a moment to give Roger the note. It was five o’clock, and just sunrise. Mrs. Cradock crept up-stairs and followed her back into the room, whispering something about a beautiful morning. In the darkened room Val lay so still that they hardly knew she was breathing.

Mrs. Miles went to the window, and looked out into a world of golden glory, long tender shadows, white mists rolling away before the light and warmth that had just rushed up above the horizon. The water was beginning to glitter and dance. Across the opposite meadow, an early bird, Dick Starr, came softly whistling for news of my lady. It was the morning of Val’s birthday: this great illumination was for her.

‘Can this be death?’ said a voice in the room, clear, loud, and sweet. Mrs. Miles turned from the window with a sudden start. Val was sitting upright, her eyes wide open and shining, her arms stretched out. Though not a ray of light had made its way into the curtained dimness, her face was bright with the radiance of the morning. She did not see Mrs. Miles, or know that her kind nurse’s arms were instantly round her. She said the words again, more faintly, but with a sweet wonderful smile which lingered on her face for many minutes, long after she had laid her head down, in a peaceful nestling way, on Mrs. Miles’s shoulder, and the weary heart was at rest.

And they all came. Roger hurried back from Stoneycourt, Lady Julia and her husband fol-

lowed him quickly, Frank Hartless arrived from London in the afternoon. Mr. Linton and Mary drove over in the evening, having heard a report that she was worse—their coming brought no joy or trouble to her. The homes and relations and friends of earth, all that had been so cold and dreary to her, were of no consequence any more. Her sister and brother and husband could only look at that smiling face, that peace so far removed from them, and wonder, and say nothing. Frank came to Mrs. Miles and shook hands with her, but did not look her in the face.

'Thank you for being so good to my poor wife,' he said.

'She told me last night to give her love to you,' said Mrs. Miles, more abruptly and sternly than she knew.

Frank turned away and walked out of the room.

So this is the end of the story of Valentina.

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## CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

BY MRS. TRISTRAM.

ON coming home from India with my children, I have heard all this story. The beginning Roger had told me, when he visited us years ago, and towards the end, my mother's letters often mentioned Lady Valentina, who won upon her by degrees, it seems, till she was almost as dear as one of her own children. For my part, I cannot so easily forgive the woman who ruined and wasted my brother's life. Brighter and better prospects were never clouded. Now, his best years over, he leaves the dear old house and all his interests here, or what ought to be interests enough for any man in health of body and mind, he

leaves our mother, and me, and the children, at Fair Oaks, and sails for America, to find something new to think about. No one knows how long it may be before he comes back to us.

I walk through the old rooms and I sit down, where they tell me he has spent so many hours, before that portrait on his study wall. If he had never met that woman, he would have been a happy and useful man. I feel rebellious as I look at her, and I fail to see the wonderful attractive sweetness that he found in her face. To me, knowing her story and not herself, that face is a tragedy. Her profile is long and pale and delicate; her dusky hair lies softly on her forehead; her eyes in this picture are wild, hopeless, and helpless; they might belong to a creature without a soul. Only the mouth is red and young, and looks as if it could cheat Fate with a smile. Probably she was beautiful, as Roger says, for the shape of her head and throat and shoulder is exquisite. There is a strange dreamy delicacy in the whole picture. I do not know who drew it, but he would have been a worthy pupil of one of those old Italian masters who loved faces with a story in them. I look at it till the charm seizes on me too, and, in spite of my reason to be angry with her, I see that weary face through a mist of tears.

Her story is one of those which people reading it would call unnatural as well as sad. It is like some of the saddest of the old tales, where a man falls in love with a goddess, or a mermaid, or a fairy, and, giving up his life to her who has no use for it, walks on earth as if he was in a dream. From all I have ever heard of her, and all her picture says, this woman must have been like one

of those enchanting, irresponsible beings from a border-land.

Well, poor thing, she found herself hardly placed in a world and a century that does not understand such people, and if my brother was any good or comfort to her, I suppose I ought not to lament over him. He has had a long trial, but no doubt there were moments now and then when he regretted nothing. And I am sure that even now, when

he is leaving his country and his friends and his old associations, and going away to try what distance and change will do to make a man of him again, he will not once wish that these ten years had been spent differently. His mother and I may look sadly on them, but he is satisfied ; and as for *her*, neither love nor hate nor devotion nor cruelty can reach her any more.

THE END OF 'VALENTINA.'

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## THEODORE HOOK AS AN IMPROVISATORE.

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THE gift of improvisation is rare in England; but when it is met with, it smacks of the soil, and has a distinctly national form, as different as possible from what one finds in Italy, which has from time immemorial been the recognised home of the *improvisatore*. The Italian creature is a rhapsodist of a serious cast, who pours forth romantic platitudes in 'unpremeditated song,' and strings together graceful, and sometimes impassioned, verses in the irregular metres to which the most musical of languages so readily lends itself. The English *improvisatore* has seldom much of the divine frenzy of the poet in his composition; he is a humorist, a wit, sometimes only a wag, who can reel off comic 'patter' in verse with the sole object of creating a laugh. He needs conviviality to inspire him, and cachinnation to encourage him. In neither case, probably, would it be advisable to have a shorthand writer present to take down the impromptu lucubrations for sober perusal on the morrow. For improvisation is only a species of intellectual legerdemain, meant to astonish and dazzle for the moment by the suddenness of its spontaneity, not to bear the test of deliberate criticism. Though we fancy the improvisations of Metastasio would bear the test better than those of Theodore Hook. Of all artists the *improvisatore* is the one whose triumphs are most evanescent. His virtues, in England, at any rate, are writ in wine, and of his powers it is possible to form only the vaguest

idea from the impressions of those who, when they heard him, were themselves more or less elated by vinous enthusiasm. But beyond doubt, the talent is a most fascinating one, and secures its possessor a social popularity and fame which no other species of 'lion,' however brilliant his gifts, can hope to attain.

Now, unquestionably the greatest of English *improvisatori* was Theodore Hook; and, indeed, as far as our knowledge goes, England has never had any really successful performer in this way except the author of *Gilbert Gurney*. For men like Charles Sloman and other professional *improvisatori*, though undeniably clever, lacked the *abandon* and prolific ingenuity of Hook. He first gave evidence of the possession of this marvellous faculty in his twentieth year, and one of his earliest displays in improvisation was at the complimentary banquet given to Sheridan in Drury Lane Theatre. From that moment he became a 'lion' of society. No dinner-party, among those who prided themselves on such entertainments, was considered complete without Theodore Hook. And he must have been extremely attractive and fascinating as a young man. His slim graceful figure, his fine head covered with clustering black curls, his wonderful play of feature, the compass and music of his voice, his large brilliant eyes, capable of every expression, from the gravest to the most grotesquely comical, the perfect grace and aptness of every attitude and gesture, com-



THEODORE HOOK AS AN IMPROVISATORE,  
See the Anecdotal Sketch.



bined to make him the idol of every circle which was fortunate enough to secure his presence. His fame spread like wildfire. The Prince Regent heard him with delight at the Marchioness of Hertford's, in Manchester-square, and declared emphatically afterwards that 'something must be done for Hook,' whence that unfortunate Mauritius appointment. People used to give him subjects the most unpromising. Campbell, who calls him 'a wonderful creature, who sang extempore songs, not to my admiration, but to my astonishment,' once gave him 'Pepper and Salt' as a topic, and confesses that 'he seasoned the impromptu with both—very Attic salt.' His skill in introducing the names of the company present was remarkable. On one occasion there was a Danish gentleman in the room named Rosenhagen, and a bet was made that Hook would have to omit such an intractable patronymic from his song; but he amazed and amused them all by thus cleverly solving the problem:

'Yet more of my muse is required,  
Alas, I fear she is done!  
But no, like a fiddler that's tired,  
I'll *Rosen-agen* and go on.'

Of course he failed occasionally; either early in the evening or very late, he did it but indifferently. When the call was well-timed, and the company such as excited his ambition, it is impossible to conceive anything more marvelous than the felicity he displayed. He accompanied himself on the pianoforte, and the music was frequently, though not always, as new as the verse. He usually stuck to the common ballad measures; but one favourite sport was a mimic opera, and then he seemed to triumph without effort over every variety of metre and complication of stanza. About the complete

extemporaneousness of the whole there could rarely be the slightest doubt; if he knew who were to be there, he might have come provided with a few palpable hits; but he did the thing far the best when stirred by the presence of strangers; and, as Mrs. Mathews observes in the life of her husband (Charles the elder), the staple was almost always what had occurred since he entered the room, or what happened to occur whilst he was singing. 'The first time,' says a friend of John Gibson Lockhart, from whose admirable sketch of Theodore Hook we quote,—'the first time I ever witnessed it (*i.e.* Hook's talent for improvisation) was at a gay young bachelor's villa near Highgate (the residence of the late Frederick Mansell Reynolds), when the other lion was one of a very different breed, Mr. Coleridge. Much claret had been shed before the *Ancient Mariner* proclaimed that he could swallow no more of anything, unless it were punch. The materials were forthwith produced; the bowl was planted before the poet, and as he proceeded in his concoction, Hook, unbidden, took his place at the piano. He burst into a bacchanal of egregious luxury, every line of which had reference to the author of the *Lay Sermons* and the *Aids to Reflection*. The room was becoming excessively hot. The first specimen of the new compound was handed to Hook, who paused to quaff it, and then, exclaiming that he was stifled, flung his glass through the window. Coleridge rose, with the aspect of a benignant patriarch, and demolished another pane. The example was followed generally. The window was a sieve in an instant; the kind host was farthest from the mark, and his goblet made havoc of the chandelier. The roar of laughter was

drowned in Theodore's resumption of the song, and window and chandelier, and the peculiar shot of each individual destroyer, had apt, in many cases witty, commemoration. In walking home with Mr. Coleridge, he entertained — and me with a most excellent lecture on the distinction between talent and genius, and declared that Hook was as true a genius as Dante—that was his example.' But was there ever a more ludicrous scene! The grave admiration of Coleridge must have been very funny to witness, almost as funny as his solemn smashing of the window-pane. Clearly the philosopher was vanquished by the *improvisatore*. But we question whether on appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober that high eulogium on Hook's genius would have been sustained.

We have suggested that the most brilliant displays of improvisation could hardly bear the test of being taken down in shorthand, and read over soberly the next morning. We will, however, give one or two examples of Hood's improvisations as stenographically reported, and the reader may judge for himself.

One evening, at Brighton, at a large party at which Hook was the lion of the occasion, the conversation turned upon a Miss Cox, at that time one of the reigning belles of London-super-Mare. Hook had sat down to the piano as usual, and asked for a subject; some one suggested King William IV. 'That won't do,' said he. 'A king is *no subject*.' Then Miss Cox's name was mentioned, whereupon Hook sang an elaborate song of *one-and-twenty stanzas*, of which the following will serve as an example:

'When straying alone on the shore,  
A-picking of weeds from the rocks,  
I beheld (I ne'er saw her before)  
The charming and pretty Miss Cox.

I followed this grace to a door,  
When she gave to the rapper some  
knocks;  
She entered; I dared do no more  
But learn that her name was Miss  
Cox.

\* \* \* \* \*  
I'm wearing and wasting away,  
And had I the strength of an ox,  
To a shadow I soon should decay  
If frown'd on by charming Miss Cox.

But she knows not my name nor my  
means,

If I'm poor, or have cash in the stocks;  
She's haunted by lords and by deans,  
And I shall be robb'd of my Cox.

I'm shy and I'm pale and I'm thin,  
And I wear fleecy hosiery socks,  
Fleecy hosiery next to my skin,  
Which perhaps might not please sweet  
Miss Cox.

My hair is perhaps getting gray;  
I'm pitted a bit with smallpox,  
My limbs, too, are wasting away—  
O, would I were pitted by Cox!

If she's kind, I shall quickly get sound,  
My hair will grow curly in locks,  
No flannel about me be found,  
If warm'd by the smile of Miss Cox.

When I walk on the beach and I see  
Little children a-playing, in frocks,  
I think what a thing it would be  
If I should get married to Cox.

\* \* \* \* \*  
To church let me lead her, and then,  
With a service the most orthodox,  
Put an end to this teasing affair  
By changing the name of Miss Cox.'

Perhaps Hook was seen at his best among the *roués* of the gaming-clubs, for there no restraint was laid upon his wit, and he could select his similes with Rabelaisian freedom. One or two specimens of his improvisation in such company have been preserved, but they will not bear quoting here. As a proof, however, of his popularity among the men about town and the fast *jeunesse dorée* of his day, we may state that when Hook gave up dining at one particular club at which high play was carried on every night, the daily diners at once fell off to the extent of three hundred. At the supper-tables of the gaming-houses he was a frequent visitor, and he gathered round him a circle of clever men

of rank and station, who attended with no other intention than passing an agreeable hour in his society, but who often dropped a cool hundred or two over a bottle or more of sparkling wine.

With what boisterous fun Hook often accompanied his improvisations may be gathered from the following amusing anecdote which the late Mr. J. R. Planché gives in his *Recollections and Reflections*. 'I had often,' he says, 'met Hook in society without being introduced to him, but our acquaintance and intimacy dated simultaneously from the evening of a dinner at Horace Twiss's in Park-place, St. James's, the precise period of which has escaped me, but not the circumstances connected with it. It was a very merry party. Mr. John Murray (the great Murray of Albemarle-street), James Smith, and two or three others remained till very late in the dining-room, some of us singing and giving imitations. Hook being pressed to sing another of his wonderful extemporary songs, consented with a declaration that the subject should be John Murray. Murray objected vehemently, and a ludicrous contention took place, during which Hook dodged him round the table, placing chairs in his path, which was sufficiently devious without them, and singing all the while a sort of recitative, of which I remember only the commencement :

'My friend, John Murray, I see, has arrived at the head of the table,  
And the wonder is, at this time of night,  
that John Murray should be able.  
He's an excellent hand at a dinner, and  
not a bad one at a lunch,  
But the devil of John Murray is, that he  
never will pass the punch.'

The eminent publisher was inclined to grow angry over this humorous persecution at the time, but subsequently he used

to laugh till the tears ran down his face at the recollection of that singularly undignified, but irresistibly comical, procession.

Theodore Hook did not always spare his friends, and indeed sometimes made some severe demands upon their good-nature. Here is an instance in point which happened at a symposium in the house of the witty and agreeable barrister Mr. Dubois. Among those present were Hook, the elder Mathews, a clergyman, and Thomas Hill, the most innocent and ignorant of the bibliomaniacs—the *Hull* of Gilbert Gurney, the Tom Hill of all the realm of Cockayne—a good-natured and harmless little man, the most patient and long-suffering of Hook's victims. The clerical gentleman was led to give a very interesting account of a casual interview he once enjoyed in a stage-coach with a brother of Burns, and had repeated in a most touching manner some unpublished verses of the poet addressed to this relation.

'Sir,' said Mathews at the conclusion of the recital, which elicited universal applause, 'I would be willing and well-content to commence life again a beggar if I could but deliver those beautiful lines with half the pathos you have just thrown into them.'

'O Matty, Matty!' interrupted Hook, 'you have no idea how exquisitely ludicrous your enunciation would have made them; but you shall hear.' Whereupon he commenced a display of mimicry, memory, and improvisation united; furnishing forth, verse by verse, a complete and perfect parody upon the poetry in question, and adopting the while an imitation of Mathews's expression, tone, and gesture that, even to those familiar from boyhood with his power and his genius, ap-

peared little less than miraculous. Mathews alone kept clear of ecstasies; no man, perhaps, is qualified to appreciate a caricature of himself. His deep reverence for the sentimental and pathetic being outraged by the profane burlesque, he maintained a moody silence, adding the finishing touch to the comedy by the look of indignation and contempt which he threw upon the performer. It was not, however, long before his good-humour was thoroughly reestablished, and he himself entertained the company with one or two of his admirable songs, calling at last upon Tom Hill, whose honest face was beaming with punch and pleasure, to contribute a specimen of his vocal abilities.

'Sing!' exclaimed Hill; 'I sing! Come, come, Mat, that's too bad; you know I can't sing; never sang a song in my life; did I, Hook? Pooh, pooh!'

'No,' replied Theodore, 'I can't say I ever heard you as yet; but sing you shall to-night, by proxy.'

And again he burst forth, giving an extemporaneous versification of what were supposed to be Hill's adventures; raking up the most grotesque medley of anachronous events, and weaving them into a sort of life of his tercentenarian friend (Hill was popularly supposed to be as old as Methuselah, and there was a joke that his baptismal register had been burned at the Great Fire of London), each stanza winding up with a chorus:

'My name's Tommy Hill,  
I'm jolly Tom Hill;  
I'm fat Tommy Hill, I'm little Tom Hill;  
I'm young Tommy Hill, I'm old Tommy Hill.'

All were again convulsed with merriment with the exception of Hill himself, who nevertheless struggled manfully to conceal his chagrin, muttering between his

forced attempts at laughter, 'Excellent! admirable! clever dog! damn him! too bad—old friend. Pooh, pooh, Hook!'

The subject of this joke died at the age of eighty-three, though the general impression was that he was at least a hundred. No human being would, from his appearance, gait, or habits, have guessed him to be sixty. Till within three months of his death, he rose at five usually and brought the materials of his breakfast home with him to the Adelphi, after a walk to Billingsgate; whilst at dinner he would eat 'like an adjutant of twenty-five'! Hook once said of him that he believed 'he was one of the little Hills that are spoken of as skipping in the Psalms.'

But if Hook was sometimes rather cruel upon his friends, he did not even spare himself. Just before he quitted the sponging house in Shire-lane, the sheriff's officer Hemp, who kept the place, gave him a farewell banquet, at which many ornaments of the literary and theatrical world were present, among them William Maginn; and Hook astonished the company with a ballad in which he made sport out of his own disgrace and calamity, every stanza ending with the chorus:

'Let him hang with a curse, this atrocious  
pernicious  
Scoundrel that emptied the till at Mauri-  
tius!'

Reference has already been made to the attempts to pose Hook by suggesting subjects apparently the most hopelessly incapable of treatment in impromptu verse. There is no instance on record, however, of his ever being at a loss for rhyme or reason in his topical songs.

We here give an example of his ready wit and rapid power of rhyme. He had been idle for

a fortnight, and had written nothing for the *John Bull*; the clerk, however, took him his salary as usual, and, on entering his room, said, 'Have you heard the news? the King and Queen of the Sandwich Isles are dead' (they had just died in England, of the small-pox); 'and,' added the clerk, 'we want something about them.' 'You shall have it,' said Hook, 'it is done!

"Waiter, two sandwiches!" cried Death;  
And their wild majesties resigned their  
breath.'

There is an anecdote which has been often told in illustration of Hook's occasional depth of feeling, of which several versions are given, but the following seems to us the most probable and the most finished. It was at Prior's Bank, Fulham, then jointly occupied by Messrs. Baylis and Whitmore, the latter a son of General Sir George Whitmore, K.C.B. There had been a large party, and Theodore had been in one of his most brilliant moods, though his best friends were pained to see how constantly he sought inspiration in what one of them euphemistically termed 'the mahogany mixture.' One last song was solicited: such eyes and such lips were not to be refused; Hook, fresh as ever, at once responded to the call, taking as his subject, and pointing every stanza with, the words 'Good-night.' Suddenly, in the midst of the mirth, someone threw open a shutter close by the end of the pianoforte; the sun was rising, and forced its early light into the apartment. On the instant the singer paused; a boy, with his wondering eyes fixed upon him (and there were few auditors he loved better), stood by his side. Like old Timotheus, he 'changed his hand,' and, turning from the fair dames—the boy's mother among them—clustered

round, in a voice of deep pathos apostrophised the child, and thus concluded:

'But the sun, see, the heavens adorning,  
Diffusing life, pleasure, and light!  
To thee, 'tis a promise of morning,  
To us 'tis the closing Good-night!'

'The effect of this momentary impulse,' observes one who was present, 'was indescribable; it was indeed a touching moral wherewith to conclude one of those joyous days of which he was the centre and the soul.'

There is more than ordinary interest attaching to this anecdote, because the occasion was one of the last on which Theodore Hook displayed his powers as an improvisatore. But those who remembered him in his youth could hardly recognise in the stout bald man with the pallid flabby face, the hair elaborately brushed to conceal as far as possible his baldness, the laced, bandaged, padded figure elaborately made up to conceal its ungainly, unshapely corpulence, the 'young Apollo,' who had once borne, as one enthusiastic admirer had said, 'the stamp and seal of genius upon every lineament of his face and every movement of his graceful form.' The tailor and perruquier did their best for him, and he was presentable by candle-light. But he needed to be well primed with copious draughts of brandy before the old inspiration came to him as his fingers ran lightly over the keys of the piano. Then the lines of care and dissipation vanished for the moment from his haggard face, the mobile mouth caught something of the old humorous smile, the eye twinkled with something of the lustre of his bygone youth; and the eager listeners heard and saw enough to remind them still that they were in the presence of the prince of English improvisatori.

W. D.



## ABOUT JOHN.

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DEAREST Bee, you would hear  
About John ?  
People tell me that Cupid is blind ;  
In some cases, no doubt ; but you'll find—  
So I think—that mine's an exception ;  
I never expected perfection  
In John.

He's stalwart and tall,  
Has blue eyes,  
Auburn hair, and an all but Greek nose ;  
A mouth rather—well, I suppose  
You would say rather large. To my mind  
A large mouth's not unpleasing, combined  
With blue eyes.

As to temperament—well,  
I must say  
That he's choleric, dear—hot and glowing—  
Has tropical methods of showing  
His feelings. That's nothing, of course :  
I like energy, fire, and force,  
I must say.

Has he talent ? you'll ask.  
It is plain  
He could write, for he talks very well,  
Will be—so I fancy—a swell  
At the Bar ; for he's steady though slow ;  
And that work is far better than show  
Is quite plain.

I should like you to know  
My dear John ;  
I feel sure you would quite think with me  
That a better man never could be ;  
Not perfection, of course—I'm not blind ;  
I never expected to find  
That in John.

DAR.

## THE MILLS AND CARLYLE.\*

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WITHOUT travelling through Mr. Froude's recent biography of Carlyle, we propose to point out some interesting illustrations of that life in connection with the elder and the younger Mill. Memoirs of a very peculiar character come before us in two volumes of biography written by Professor Bain of Aberdeen. These are examples of the philosophical memoir, an unusual class of biography, and one that never fails to be instructive and stimulating. The career of the two Mills measured exactly a hundred years in the history of literature and politics. In English history and politics their influence is still a vital and expanding influence. John Stuart Mill fills the larger space by far in the popular mind; but James Mill not only produced his own writings, but his son John—his highest work by far—who gave point and permanence to so many of his father's ideas. Professor Bain—who will be entitled by and by to a biography of his own—calls his work on James Mill 'a biography,' and that on John Stuart Mill 'a criticism.' It would probably be more correct to say that the so-called criticism is more of a biography, and the so-called biography more of a criticism. These two lives of Carlyle's two

friends offer many points of contact with Carlyle. Mr. Froude's biography of Carlyle is incomparably richer in incident and in interest, but it is hardly a philosophical biography in the way in which Mr. Bain's books are. So far as abstract thought is concerned, it is mainly a presentation of Carlyle's own philosophy, chiefly of the *Sartor Resartus* kind. But, as beings 'of large discourse,' we have, as Shakespeare says, to 'look before and after;' and 'looking before,' we see that the two volumes of Carlyle's *Reminiscences* frequently interfere crosswise with the present volumes—repeating their contents over again, or sending us to them for further information; and 'looking after,' we see that Mr. Froude considers that his biographical labours are now at an end, and that henceforth he intends to leave narrative alone, and only publish Mr. Carlyle's letters with annotations. Mr. Froude's two volumes have therefore an anomalous character, and cause a measure of disappointment and annoyance. The critics have also shaken their heads severely at Mr. Froude, and say, not without reason, that he has published many things about which he ought rather to have kept quiet. We quite agree with the critics, and severely condemn the fault; but we suspect that both the critics and ourselves are not at all ill-pleased that the fault has been committed. Mr. Froude's volumes are a real contribution to the literary history of the century. Popular as his his-

\* *James Mill: a Biography.* By Alexander Bain, Emeritus Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. (Longmans, 1882.)

*John Stuart Mill: a Criticism, with Personal Recollections.* By Alexander Bain. (Longmans.)

*Thomas Carlyle: a History of the first Forty Years of his Life.* By James Anthony Froude. (Longmans.)

torical works have deservedly been, we think that in point of popularity his biographical writings will leave his historical writings far behind. Mr. Froude has learned the true secret of success in biography—that self-effacement is real triumph. In reading his volumes we forget all about Mr. Froude, and are only concerned with Carlyle.

We think that we may be doing some humble service if, avoiding the separate treatment which these works have received from the critics, we look at them in their combination, and in the order of the affiliation of ideas. These three men may be called fathers of that school of philosophical Radicals whose influence is so great and so growing at the present time. It would be possible at some length to trace the intellectual pedigree, and to group together the different personages. 'The people among whom an eminent man spent the days of childhood and youth, the character of his parents and teachers, and the style of behaviour which they manifested towards him, ought always to be an object of peculiar attention.' James Mill writes these words; but though they are true of his illustrious son, they are not applicable to his own case. Like Carlyle, he was intended for the ministry of the Church of Scotland, and, unlike Carlyle, for some little time he was really in that ministry. He preached often, but Carlyle only preached once. It would have been edifying to hear Carlyle discourse on the text, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray,' &c., and still more so to have sat under a whole course of sermons delivered by James Mill. It must have been a wonderful revulsion of feeling that drove both these men to a negative, and indeed a destructive,

system of religious thought. In each case there appears to have been much honesty and independence of mind, but at the same time an amount of self-will, obstinacy, and pride that was hardly favourable for the growth and development of religious feeling. As for John Stuart Mill, he explains to us that he had never the chance of being anything else than an unbeliever. He was taught to look upon the forms of religion that existed around him as just as true or untrue as the pagan systems of which he read in Greek and Latin literature. No such plea is available for the father. He hated religion with all the hatred of a renegade. It is only necessary to quote a single passage in proof of this assertion: 'In ecclesiastical language, the wealth and power of the clergy are religion. Be as treacherous, be as dishonest, be as unfeeling and cruel, be as profligate as you please, you may still be religious.' Now, this is untrue, and James Mill must have known that it was untrue. But in respect to theology, he had that unhappy state which Bacon so deplores, the *mens sibi permessa*. It is singular that a man who cultivated the philosophic spirit so successfully in many directions should lose all fairness of mind when he came to the contemplation of the highest of all subjects.

A philosophical memoir may be considered very dry reading. But it is impossible to eliminate the influence of woman from even the driest lives, and her presence always lends a ray of feeling and imagination. In the case of each of our three philosophers the presence of a lady does much to warm and lighten up the page. Such influence is least distinct in the case of the elder Mill. He was employed by Sir John Stuart, one of the Barons of the Scottish

Court of Exchequer, to become tutor to his daughter. The relation was very much the same as that old famous one between Abelard and Eloisa. No such reference is made in any of the formal biographies; but we have seen the supposition definitely put forth. Miss Stuart found what was probably a much happier destiny in marrying a country gentleman of character and fortune. 'Whatever you do, my dear, never marry a genius,' is what Mrs. Carlyle used to say to her young lady friends. Mary Chaworth was probably much happier in marrying Mr. Musters than if she had married Lord Byron, and Petrarch's Laura and Dante's Beatrice had too much common sense to care greatly for their immortal lovers. James Mill must have been a hard man for any woman to live with. From Sir John Stuart the younger Mill derived his Christian names. It is also said that Sir John Stuart gave five hundred pounds in order to send him to college. His father, however, who had lavished extraordinary pains on his son's education, thought that his son knew quite as much as the University of Cambridge would be able to teach him, and that he would do better for him by procuring him a good post at the India House when he was only seventeen. Indeed, to understand the character of James Mill, we ought to have recourse to the autobiography of John Stuart Mill. He writes about his father with conspicuous fairness and respect, but with hardly the slightest spark of affection. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that James Mill was an unamiable man, hard and stern. The fact remains, however—one most creditable to him—that, while he was working diligently at his *History of India*,

he incessantly busied himself at the same time with the education of his children. John Stuart Mill owed everything to his father. The father got him the appointment in the East India Office, which made him independent; introduced him to the celebrated circle of philosophical Radicals; helped him to write his first long article in a quarterly. The son points out that the father's great merit was that which, unless in an indirect way, is lost to the public at large—his wonderful colloquial power. It is a pity that he has not preserved for us some of his 'table-talk,' as we have that of Luther, of Selden, of Johnson, of Coleridge. When Macaulay wrote his celebrated hostile review of Mill's *Essay on Government*, the son began to suspect that there might be an error on his father's side.

We are all acquainted with the extravagant eulogiums which Mr. J. S. Mill passed on the lady who became his wife. Let us hear what Carlyle says of her: 'Mrs. Taylor, a very will-o'-wispish iridescence of a creature—meaning nothing bad either. . . . The Mrs. Taylor business was becoming more and more of questionable benefit to him; but on that subject we were strictly silent, and he was pretty still.\* This is from the *Reminiscences*. In Mr. Froude's *Life* he speaks rather differently. 'Mill I have not seen yet again. Mrs. Austin had a tragical story of his having fallen *desperately in love* with some young philosophic beauty (yet with the innocence of two sucking doves), and being lost to all his friends and to himself and what not; but I traced nothing of this in poor Mill; and even incline to think that what truth there is or was in his adventure may have done him good.

\* *Reminiscences*, ii. 177.

Carlyle came to know the lady, and was evidently very much impressed with her. 'Our most interesting new friend is a Mrs. Taylor, who came here for the first time yesterday, and stayed long. She is a living romance heroine, of the clearest insight, of the royalist volition, very interesting, of questionable destiny, not above twenty-five: James is to go and pass a day with her soon, being greatly taken with her.' Carlyle describes her husband—'an obtuse, most joyous-natured man, the pink of social hospitality.' He was a drysalter in Mark-lane. 'We dined with Mrs. Platonica Taylor. She herself did not yield unmixed satisfaction, I think, or receive it. She affects, with a kind of sultana noble-mindedness, a certain girlish petulance, and felt that it did not wholly prosper.' Taylor himself was a very benignant and unconventional man. Twice a week for several years Mrs. Taylor and Mill used to dine together at Taylor's house, and on these occasions Taylor himself used to dine elsewhere. Old James Mill, the father, taxed his son with being in love with another man's wife, and expressed his strong disapproval. John Mill's reply was 'that he had no other feeling towards her than he would have towards an equally able man.' He considered her a genius, and used to call her 'an apostle of progress.' There is a curious account given of the formation of the acquaintance. She was married when only eighteen, and she and her husband attended the chapel of the Unitarian minister, the Rev. W. J. Fox. She complained to her minister of the want of sympathy that there was between her and her husband, and Mr. Fox was the means of introducing her to Stuart Mill.

This was done at a dinner-party, at which Harriet Martineau says she was present. Harriet Martineau looked very grave at this state of things, as also did Mrs. Grote and Mrs. Austin, and, consequently, John Mill gave 'the cold shoulder' to these illustrious ladies. The two friends used to attend Carlyle's lectures together. Carlyle himself writes in his journal: 'Yesterday set out to go and see Mrs. Taylor, Jane with me. Mrs. Taylor, with her husband, make their appearance, walking; pale she, and passionate and sad-looking; really felt a kind of interest in her.' He used to call her 'veevid.' Twenty years after their acquaintance, Taylor having died, John Stuart Mill married the widow. Professor Bain, we may observe, sums up very heavily against her possessing all the qualities which the devoted Mill attributed to her.

In the Carlyle journals and correspondence Mill appears in a very amiable light. He gave up his design of writing on the French Revolution in favour of Carlyle, lent him a hundred books, and no doubt assisted him with ideas. The two men understood and appreciated each other, although as time went on the divergence between their points of view became more marked. Mill could almost repeat by heart the whole of Carlyle's article on Johnson. 'A remarkable sort of man,' quoth Carlyle; 'faithful—one of the faithfullest (yet with so much calmness) in these parts.' It will be remembered with special interest at this time—now that the great American philosopher has so soon followed the great American poet—that John Mill introduced Ralph Waldo Emerson to Carlyle. Mr. Froude has had the privilege of examining the many letters addressed by John Stuart

Mill to Carlyle. 'Thinly sprinkled with information about common friends, they related almost entirely to the deepest questions that concerned humanity; and the letters of Mill are remarkable for simplicity, humility, and the most disinterested desire for truth. . . . He spoke tenderly and reverently of the personal character of the Founder of Christianity; and on this part of the subject he wrote as if he was confident that Carlyle agreed with him. But below the truth of any particular religion there lay the harder problem of the existence and providence of God, and here it seemed that Carlyle had a positive faith, while Mill had no more than a sense of probability. Carlyle admitted that, so far as external evidence went, the Being of God was a supposition inadequately proved. The grounds of certainty which Carlyle found in himself, Mill, much as he desired to share Carlyle's belief, confessed that he was 'unable to recognise.' What Carlyle liked in Mill was his 'reasonableness;' he called him sensible, honest, and genuine. Such words meant a great deal in the Carlylean vocabulary, where, indeed, they are not often found. We find Carlyle, however, writing the following trenchant and significant passage, which has certainly not lost its meaning in the present day: 'Mill himself, who would be by far the best of them all, is greatly occupied of late times with a set of quite opposite character, which the Austins and other friends mourn much and fear much over. I am, and I often say, "Before all mortals beware of friends of the species."' There was one occasion when Mill had pecuniary relations with Carlyle. At such a time he could not avoid being liberal, and, indeed, he evidently desired to prove himself

such. This was on the occasion of Mill's servant burning the first volume of Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution*. 'Mill was penitently liberal,' writes Carlyle; 'sent me 200*l.* (in a day or two), of which I kept 100*l.* (actual cost of house while I had written burnt volume); upon which he bought me *Biographie Universelle*, which I got bound and still have. Wish I could find a way of getting the now much-macerated, changed, and fanaticised "John Stuart Mill" to take that 100*l.* back; but I fear there is no way.'

There are not many external facts in the life of John Stuart Mill. For three-and-thirty years he was in the India Office, beginning on his thirty pounds a year as a humble clerk, and rising to be head of his department, with a salary of 2000*l.*; and then retiring on three-fourths of his pay, when the government of India was transferred to the Crown. The most important fact in this national history was his visit to the East, of which, curiously enough, Professor Bain has nothing to say. Neither does Mr. Bain seem to have had access to his correspondence—to such personal letters and notices as we find, for instance, in the journals of Miss Fox of Penjerrick, to which he just alludes.

Carlyle's life had its heroine in his wife, Jane Welsh Carlyle. It is sad to say that in the closest of all human relationships Carlyle does not come out well. She was not his first love, and he was not her first love. The affection had originally been between her and the illustrious Edward Irving. But Irving was engaged to an uninteresting woman somewhere down in the provinces, and though his affection was departed, he thought it the proper thing to carry out his engagement. This

is a nice question in social ethics, and Irving's way of settling the question has caused, we are afraid, an immense amount of misery in the world. Carlyle's first love was the Blumine of *Sartor Resartus*, who is certainly one of the prettiest things about which Herr Teufelsdröckh has to tell us. Jane Carlyle's story is a very touching one. The ultimate result of her experience was, 'Carlyle has surpassed my most ambitious expectations, and I am a miserable woman.' The philosopher, in his rough Scottish farmhouse, would permit his young delicately-nurtured wife to do menial offices—bake bread and scrub the floor—while he complacently smoked his pipe. Carlyle suffered tortures from indigestion. He felt as if a rat were gnawing him internally; and although this did not prevent his living to an advanced age, it certainly did not improve his temper. He was a sort of man who thought little of any one but himself and his blood relations. He was absurdly susceptible and abominably rude. *His* comfort, *his* feelings, *his* dignity must always be consulted. He was totally destitute of patience and forbearance. His wife had a fiery little temper of her own, and sometimes came out in a way that must have puzzled and confounded the philosopher. Sundry little circumstances might have shown Mrs. Carlyle the life that lay before her. Carlyle had proposed that they should make their hymeneal journey in a public stage-coach, and that his brother should be the companion of their travels. He had obstinately refused her wish that her mother might live with them. It would have been a good thing for the Carlyles if they had had children of their own, but this was not to be. He took her for a time to

Edinburgh, where her life acquired some freshness and brightness; and then remanded her back to the monotony and dead calm of those long years at Craigenputtock. Mr. Froude very sensibly says: 'That Carlyle could contemplate with equanimity being unpraised, unmoneyed, and neglected all his life, that he required neither the world's pudding nor its breath, and could be happy without them, was pardonable and perhaps commendable. That he should expect another person to share this unmoneyed, puddingless, and rather forlorn condition was scarcely consistent with such lofty principles. Men may sacrifice themselves, if they please, to imagined high duties and ambitions, but they have no right to marry wives and sacrifice them. . . . The hardest part of all was that he did not see that there was occasion for any special acknowledgment. Poor men's wives had to work. She was a poor man's wife, and it was fit and natural that she should work. He had seen his mother and his sisters doing the drudgery of his father's household without expecting to be admired for it. Mrs. Carlyle's life was entirely lonely, save so far as she had other friends. He consulted her judgment about his writings, for he knew the value of it; but in his conceptions and elaborations he chose to be always by himself. He said truly that he was a Bedouin. When he was at work he could bear no one in the room; and, at least through middle life, he rode and walked alone, not choosing to have his thoughts interrupted. The slightest noise or movement at night shattered his nervous system; therefore he required a bedroom to himself. Thus from the first she saw little of him, and as time went on less and less. . . . When

he was busy she rarely so much as saw him, save, as he himself pathetically tells, when she would steal into his dressing-room in the morning, when he was shaving, to secure that little of his society. . . . He had deranged the faith in which she had been brought up, but he had not inoculated her with his own; and a dull gloom, sinking at last almost to apathy, fell upon her spirits.'

The change to London was to her a distinct gain. Carlyle took the little house at Chelsea which he made so famous, where he abode so long, and which in his prosperous days he would exchange for no other. In time he was able to set up his carriage; but long after he was able to afford it, his delicate wife was obliged to trudge on foot or wait for omnibuses. She gradually gathered a very brilliant and select society around her in Cheyne Walk, where she reigned as a kind of queen—as indeed she was. But she was never happy; and only after her death did he come to understand how unhappy he had made her. For himself, the change to London was not so propitious. At Craigenputtock the retirement, the fresh air, the simple food, the regular hours, the freedom from interruption, did wonders for his dyspepsia, and set him free for vigorous thought and work. But he in town still continued the same moody, irritable, discontented, self-absorbed man. Parting for a moment from Mr. Froude, we take up a graphic description, which we find, embedded in much padding, in Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's *Recreations of a Literary Man*:

'He was scarcely ever induced to dine out, save at one or two houses, and then on a very rare occasion. I am speaking of a time about six or seven years ago. The few that were invited had a rare

treat; for the occasion came but once or twice in a year—notably on a Christmas-day, when he went to his old friends. It was a privilege to be asked to meet him. On this high solemnity a servant was despatched to purchase and select with care a yard-long "churchwarden," with a screw of the seer's favourite tobacco, our host finding a pleasure and sacrifice in thus consenting to what was perhaps odious to him. On this high solemnity we would discuss Browning or Reade, or it might be the present Lord Lytton. And after dinner the sage drew in his chair, and, the "churchwarden" being lit, a picturesque figure enough he looked, as he puffed and discoursed his quaint wisdom. Once, an Irish gentleman being present, the state of his country was discussed; whereon the sage thus delivered himself, I recollect well, in his not unmusical tones:

"Ye see, the Airish may have their grievances, and they have been hairshly treated; but I tell you, sairs, before I'd listen to one waird from 'em, I'd just, wi' sword and gun, shoot and cut and hew 'em a' until I'd taught them to respect human life and give up their murdering. Then I'd listen to 'em." The Irish gentleman proceeding to argue that they would not accept the existing domination or be reconciled to it, "Then what would ye propose, sir? There is no remedy," said the sage. "Yes," said the gentleman; "they think you ought to go away—go home." With flashing eyes and fierce burst, "We'll cut a' your throats first!" cried the sage. Those present—Mr. Browning was—will recall the roar which the vehement sally evoked. It was like Johnson assailing Boswell on Scotland before company.

'He then went on to dwell, in



a very interesting way, on that country; and the reader will not be surprised to find him deploring the abolition of the Irish Church. He said that the presence of an educated clergyman in the wilder districts was a wholesome evidence of civilisation.'

Mr. Froude, since the publication of his *Carlyle*, has issued, with a preface, *Carlyle's Journal* kept in Ireland in 1849. It really adds extremely little either to our knowledge of Carlyle or of the condition of Ireland. Carlyle did not keep the journal while he was on his travels, but sat down when he came home to put together what he could recollect. He somewhat snubbed the Lord-Lieutenant, refused his invitation to dine, and declined his offer of letters of introduction. A whole generation has passed away since Mr. Carlyle made his observations, and they are as true in their description as if written at the present day. He does not hesitate to contravene Burke and bring an indictment against an entire nation. If we read Mr. Carlyle's book in the light of the conversation which Mr. Fitzgerald reports, we perceive that he would use very drastic measures at the time of a crisis. An admirer of Oliver Cromwell would hardly do less. He sees no good in Ireland that has been effected by Irishmen.

What is the sum of what Carlyle has really contributed to the delight and instruction of the world? What has 'the sage of Chelsea' achieved by his wisdom and learning? We remember the time when every young man of promise had a Carlylean fever in his day. Such a one was terribly in earnest, and called every one he met his 'brother,' and was eagerly discussing the 'eternities' and 'immensities,' and perhaps jeered at 'Hebrew old clothes.' A great

deal of this has passed away. Carlyle's services to the race as a philosopher do not seem to us to have been considerable, but as an essayist and historian they have been great. The *French Revolution*, to those who have an adequate acquaintance with the facts, is really a wonderful work. It sets the heart and imagination of the reader all aflame, as was the case with his own, when he wrote it with his own heart's blood. His work had a singular effect on the mind of Charles Dickens, who, in his *Tale of Two Cities*, has thrown it in part into a romance. The *Frederick the Great*, in the earlier volumes, at least, is very interesting, and he gave it the unintermitting toil of fifteen years; but we imagine that the later volumes do not sustain the interest of the first, and the conviction seems gradually to have come over Carlyle that his hero was a very unheroic personage. Our impression is that the *Essays*, miscellaneous compositions, written almost entirely in his Scottish solitude, for the purposes of knowledge and intellectual stimulus, will be found of chief service to general readers. In the beginning of his second volume, Mr. Froude has endeavoured to probe and exhibit Carlyle's deeper opinions. He has done this mainly with the help of *Sartor Resartus* and a manuscript fragment, entitled *Spiritual Optics*. We have given our very best attention to this double constellation of Froude and Carlyle, but not much has come of it. Mr. Froude believes himself able to tell us what Carlyle's 'originating principle'—by which he means his religion—really was. He was the Calvinist, *minus* the Calvinistic theology. Carlyle used to tell his very orthodox Presbyterian mother that he and she thought ex-

actly the same thing, though they expressed their thoughts in very different ways. To say the sheer truth, this was simply an amiable bamboozlement. He, and apparently his biographer also, reject the miraculous. They do not credit Revelation, at least in the ordinary sense. But Carlyle believed in two great facts, which were absolutely ignored by the Mills, *père et fils*—in God and in the soul. He worked himself into the idea that he had solved the riddle of humanity by an apt illustration. He thought that just as people in an express train appear to see objects in motion, while they are simply in motion themselves, and the objects are really stationary, so man, in his own fever and unrest, imputes characteristics to objective things which really are found only in his own nature. 'O my friend,' writes Carlyle, in characteristic Carlylese, 'I advise thee to awake to that fact, now discovered of the inner eyesight, as it was long since of the outer, that not the sun and stars are so rapidly dashing round, nor the woods and distant steeples and country mansions are deliriously dancing and waltzing round accidental centres; that it is thyself and thy little doghole of a planet or dwelling-place that are doing it merely.' It is difficult to believe that Mr. Froude makes the assertion seriously when he says that these words 'contained his real conviction, a conviction that lay at the bottom of all his thoughts about man and man's doings in this world.' We have here one more instance of the tendency of the human mind to be misled by analogy, and, like the architects of Laputa, to build a vast superstructure on a foundation of air. Was Mr. Carlyle the first to discover the difference between real and apparent

motion? In the moral and spiritual region was he unaware that all the thinkers, including writers of rejected revelation, had contrasted the microcosms of human nature with the macrocosm of outward nature? Just as every human being makes allowance for errors of vision when in motion, so every one who knows anything of the weakness and infirmity of his own heart is on his guard against its deception and its deceivableness. The only true revelation to Carlyle, according to Mr. Froude, was 'experienced fact,' more especially the facts of history. Carlyle's way of putting it is that 'all history is a Bible.' Even supposing that it were possible for men who, like Mr. Carlyle, had nothing else to do than study and write, to develop a Bible out of history, from Herodotus and Thucydides to Guizot and Hallam, how would it be possible for the workaday world to construct such a Bible out of their historical researches? They might just as soon put away the loaf that is placed in their hands, and insist on growing their corn and making their bread out of their own kitchen-gardens. Such thinness of meaning lies under such magniloquence of language.

We must ask our readers to bear in mind that we are not giving a full discussion to Mr. Carlyle's views; we are trying to show them what those views really are. We must be very careful, however, lest we do less than justice to departed greatness. After all, the character of Carlyle looms out very grandly. He was pure-hearted, honest, true. His honesty and fidelity in all the relations of life were admirable. A better son and brother could not be found. It is obvious that he loved his relations even better than he loved his wife. His mother certainly

held a higher place in his affections. And he spoke so nobly and honestly to his own domestic circle! No man speaks earnestly to his own people except from the depths of personal truth and purpose. In his moral characteristics, in his intellectual force, in his traits of character, he belongs to that order of men of whom Samuel Johnson was the most conspicuous example. He is like Johnson also in his prolonged struggle amid the cares and uncertainties of literary life; exemplifying Johnson's own words, 'Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.' He even shows a still higher and more stubborn order of literary virtue than Johnson possessed. He absolutely refused to write either for praise or gain, unless he felt that he had something to say, and that it was his duty to say it. He was content to have his manuscripts returned on his hands to the extent of hundreds of pounds, when a hundred pounds was a question of existence or no existence to him, rather than pander to popular tastes, and sink below the dignity of the course which he had sternly defined to himself. Only a mind of great originality, amply endowed with varied erudition, could have endured the long years of the exile of Craigenputtock, or the still more perilous position of being a great literary lion of the metropolis. No lesson in morality can be finer than the intense purpose, the unconquerable perseverance, with which he toiled year after year in amassing the material of his works. Circumstances, indeed, were very helpful to him. He was, just as Coleridge had been, a great interpreter between the mind of Germany and the mind of England. His intimacy with Lord Jeffery threw open to him some of the

best avenues to literary society and distinction. But Carlyle refused to use any external advantage; indeed, threw away chances which other men would eagerly have grasped at, rather than yield an inch to the slightest circumstance that contravened his ideas. Thus it was that in the course of time he built up a personal character that transcended his literary fame. True, there was much in that character that was offensive and regrettable. The egotism was intense, the rudeness unbearable. According to him, Macaulay, Leigh Hunt, Coleridge, Brougham, and many other great men, were all poor creatures 'destitute of divine ideas.' He set up an absurd idol of force which trampled down all sensitive feelings, and made allowance for none. After diligent examination, we cannot see that his philosophic system amounted to much, and what he had seems to us to have been hopelessly wrong and confused. But there was something great and granitic in the man's character. People resorted to him as to an oracle. The sayings which he uttered, the notes which he wrote, were handed about with hushed whispers of veneration and awe. As he passed from Chelsea through St. James's Park to the London Library, men regarded him, as he really was, as one of the grandest sights of London. They had come to understand, albeit indistinctly, the intrepid integrity which had marked all his ways, the real kindness which was shrouded beneath that rough interior, the treasures of humour and wisdom which he had accumulated through those years prolonged far beyond the usual limits of the life of man. Some knew also something of the tenderness and remorse of the solitary years that followed the time when he and his aged

were 'strangers yet.' He had come to be the centre of a circle of minds, from which his indirect influence radiated in every direction. It was known that the poorest and least befriended man of genius would not seek admission to that circle in vain. We have to travel over the long tract of ages until we encounter the grand grotesque form of Socrates for the nearest analogue to Carlyle, nearer even than Johnson. His writings, as time rolls on, will perhaps possess only a di-

minishing degree of importance. He is read, not by reason of his style, but in spite of his style—a style whose tendency is to become more obsolete every day. His intellectual disciples will be drawn away into other schools and sympathies. But his remarkable personality will never cease vividly to arrest the imagination. The recollection of what was best in him will long survive—

ἔνθεϊς ἄλλ' οὐ σέο λελόσμενοι ἔσμεν,  
'Αχιλλεύ.

F. ARNOLD.

## 'HANDSOME AND SWEET SEVENTEEN.'

(Thoughts while looking at the Photographs of some Young People.)

FINE youths and maids, who never will be seen  
More blithe and gladsome than at seventeen;  
Though you may think not so, yet, as your mien  
We view and scan, we say, bright seventeen,  
Ne'er will you be more happy than you've been  
(O golden lad and lass!) at seventeen;  
No sorrows deep are yours—at least, I ween  
You are not much depressed at seventeen.  
How happy Lady Grey ere she was queen,  
So fair, so learned, so good at seventeen!  
And fresh you seem; though some look not so green  
As others are at verdant seventeen.  
Or rich or poor, form *embonpoint* or lean,  
You're much to be observed at seventeen.  
In broadcloth clad, or silk, or bombazine,  
O, how we envy you at seventeen!  
Before you know this sharp world's practice keen,  
You're artless at true honest seventeen;  
Alas! soon passes off this pretty scene;  
You cannot always be fair seventeen;  
Clouds may, ere long, obscure your sky serene,  
And storms may ruffle e'en calm seventeen.  
How will you all turn out, Jane, Imogene,  
Alonzo, Charles? Who knows, at seventeen?  
A risky time for Patrick and Kathleen—  
In fact, for any one at seventeen.  
Be wise and harmless, and, behind the screen,  
As sweet be as you seem at seventeen!

## ANECDOTE CORNER.

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS BY E. S. DIXON—WILLMOTT DIXON—H. BARTON  
BAKER—CHARLES HERVEY—BYRON WEBBER—THE ANECDOTE  
HUNTER—THE EDITOR—AND OTHERS.

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### *Two Anecdotes of Rossini.*

AMONG many other antipathies, Rossini had a particular horror of being asked to write in an album. An indefatigable autograph collector, profiting by the composer's presence at an evening party to which he was also invited, seized a favourable opportunity for accosting the great man, and, producing his richly-bound volume, which he had carefully deposited in a corner of the room, solicited the favour of a contribution, if it were only two words, adding that he was on the point of leaving Paris, and might not have another chance of presenting his request. Rossini,

unable to escape, took the album, selected a blank page, and confined himself to the exact limits of his tormentor's demand by inscribing thereon '*Bon voyage!*'

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At one of his own *soirées*, a lady, whose vocal powers were by no means on a par with her artistic pretensions, having been requested to favour the company with an air from *Semiramide*, turned to her host and bespoke his indulgence, assuring him that she was terribly nervous. 'Not more than I am, madame, I promise you,' coolly retorted Rossini.

### *Anecdotes of Robert Burns.*

THE poet was kind to such helpless creatures as are weak in mind and saunter harmlessly about. A poor half-mad creature—the Madge Wildfire, it is said, of Scott—always found a mouthful ready for her at the bard's fireside; nor was he unkind to a crazy and tippling prodigal named Quin. 'Jamie,' said the poet one day as he gave him a penny, 'you should pray to be turned from the evil of your ways; you are ready to run now to melt that into whisky.' 'Turn!' said Jamie, who was a wit in his way; 'I wish some one would turn me into the worm of Will Hyslop's whisky-still, that the drink might rin continually through me.' 'Well said, Jamie!'

answered the poet; 'you shall have a glass of whisky once a week for that, if you'll come sober for it.' A friend rallied Burns for indulging such creatures. 'You don't understand the matter,' said he; 'they are poets; they have the madness of the Muse; and all they want is the inspiration—a mere trifle!'

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Burns disliked to hear people talked about more than they deserved. One who was in his company kept saying the Earl of such a place said this, and Duke So-and-so said that. 'Have done, sir!' exclaimed the poet; 'you are stopping our mouths by a royal proclamation!'

**PERFECT AND PARTIAL TRUTH.**—At least, in the midst of its malice, misery, and baseness, it is often a relief to glance at the graceful shadows, and take for momentary companionship creatures full only of love, gladness, and honour. But the perfect truth will at last vindicate itself against the partial truth; the help which we can gain from the unsubstantial vision will be only like that which we may sometimes receive in weariness from the scent of a flower or the passing of a breeze.—JOHN RUSKIN.

Burns loved praise, and loved it not the less when it came from the lips of an accomplished lady. 'Madam,' said he to Mrs. McMurdoe, 'your praise has ballooned me up to Parnassus.' 'My merit is not all my own,' he said to Robert Aiken of Ayr, 'for you have read me into reputation.'

To one who was frugal of his wine at table, and who was standing holding up a fresh bottle, saying, 'Do allow me to draw this one cork more; I ask it as a favour.' 'Sir,' said Burns, 'you hold the screw over the cork like Abraham holding the knife above his son Isaac; make the sacrifice!'

Of the farm of Ellisland, when some one said it was good ground, Burns answered, 'And so it is, save what is stones. It is not land; it is the riddlings of the Creation!'

While at Moffat once with Clarke, the composer, the poet

called for a bumper of brandy. 'O, not a bumper,' said the musician; 'I prefer two small glasses!' 'Two glasses!' cried Burns; 'why, you are like the lass in Kyle, who said she would rather be kissed twice bareheaded than once with her bonnet on.'

Even on his death-bed Burns's wit still flashed out in the face of death. When he looked up and saw Dr. Maxwell at his bedside, 'Alas,' he said, 'what has brought you here? I am but a poor crow, and not worth plucking.' He pointed to his pistols, took them in his hand, and gave them to Maxwell, saying they could not be in worthier keeping, and he should never more have need of them. This relieved his proud heart from a sense of obligation. Soon afterwards he saw Gibson, one of his brother Volunteers, by the bedside, with tears in his eyes. He smiled, and said, 'John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me!'

### *Anecdote of Washington.*

**DURING** the American War the captain of a little band of soldiers was giving orders to those under him about a heavy beam that they were endeavouring to raise to the top of some military works which they were repairing. The weight was almost beyond their power to raise, and the voice of the superintendent was often heard shouting

'Heave away! There it goes! Heave ho!' An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the superintendent why he did not render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turned round with all the pomp of an emperor, and said, 'Sir, I am a corporal!' 'You are, are you? I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal,' and, taking

THE STARS.—Look up, and behold the eternal fields of light that lie round about the throne of God. Had no star ever appeared in the heavens, to man there would have been no heavens, and he would have laid himself down to his last sleep in a spirit of anguish, as upon a gloomy earth vaulted over by a material arch—solid and impervious.—THOMAS DE QUINCEY (*Analects from Richter*).

off his hat, he bowed, saying, 'I was not aware of that.' Upon this he dismounted, and pulled till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. And when the beam was raised, turning to the little great man, he said, 'Mr. Corporal,

when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your commander-in-chief, and I shall gladly come and help you a second time.' The corporal was thunderstruck. It was Washington.

### *The Shoulders of Melchisedek.*

WHILE Dr. Chalmers was very busily engaged one forenoon in his study, a man entered, who at once propitiated him, under the provocation of an unexpected interruption, by telling him he called under great distress of mind. 'Sit down, sir; he good enough to be seated,' said Dr. Chalmers, turning eagerly, and full of interest, from his writing-table. The visitor explained to him that he was troubled with doubts about the divine origin of the Christian religion, and, being kindly questioned as to what these were, he gave, among others, what is said in the Bible about Melchisedek being without father and mother, &c. Patiently and anxiously Dr. Chal-

mers sought to clear away each successive difficulty as it was stated. Expressing himself as if greatly relieved in mind, and imagining that he had gained his end, 'Doctor,' said the visitor, 'I am in great want of a little money at present, and perhaps you could help me in that way.' At once the object of his visit was seen. A perfect tornado of indignation burst upon the deceiver, driving him in very quick retreat from the study to the street-door, these words escaping among others—'Not a penny, sir! not a penny! It's too bad! it is too bad! And to haul in your hypocrisy upon the shoulders of Melchisedek!'

### *'That's no bad!'*

Mrs. SIDMONS used to describe the scene of her probation on the Edinburgh boards with no small humour. 'The grave attention of my Scottish countrymen (says Campbell, the poet, who wrote her life) and their canny reservation of praise till they were sure she deserved it, had well-nigh worn out her patience. She had been used to speak to animated clay; but

she now felt as if she had been speaking to stones. Successive flashes of her elocution, that had always been sure to electrify the south, fell in vain on those northern flints. At last, as I well remember, she told me she coiled up her powers to the most emphatic possible utterance of one passage, having previously vowed in her heart, that if *this* could not touch

WE often suffer ourselves to be put out of all our bearings by some misfortune, not of the most serious kind, which certainly looks very black at the time, but which, from its nature, cannot be lasting. We are thus like ignorant hens that insist upon going to roost in midday because there is a brief transitory eclipse of the sun.—SIR ARTHUR HELPS (*Brevia*).

the Scotch, she would never again cross the Tweed. When it was finished, she paused and looked to the audience. The deep silence was broken only by a single voice, exclaiming, "That's no bad!" This ludicrous parsimony of praise

convulsed the Edinburgh audience with laughter. But the laugh was followed by such thunders of applause that, amidst her stunned and nervous agitation, she was not without fears of the gallery coming down.'

### *Lord Byron caught in a Shower:*

LEIGH HUNT relates the following: 'I remember when I was showing Lord Byron and Moore my garden whilst in prison for publishing what was called a "libel" on the Prince Regent, a smart shower came on which induced Moore to button up his coat, and push on for the interior. He returned instantly, blushing up to the eyes. He had forgotten the lameness of his noble friend. "How much better you behaved," he said to me afterwards, "in not hastening to get out of the rain! I quite

forgot, at the moment, whom I was walking with." I told him that the virtue was involuntary on my part, having been occupied in conversation with his lordship, which he was not; and that to forget a man's lameness involved a compliment in it, which the sufferer could not dislike. "True," said he; "but the devil of it was that I was forced to remember it by his not coming up. I could not in decency go on; and to return was very awkward." This anxiety appeared to me very amiable.'

### *Two Anecdotes of Daniel Webster.*

DANIEL WEBSTER was noted for a great mind and an ugly face. Concerning the latter, the following little story is told: Webster was obliged to make a night journey from Baltimore to Washington. The man who drove the wagon was such an ill-looking fellow himself, that before they had gone far Mr. Webster was almost frightened out of his wits. At last the wagon stopped in the midst of a dense wood, when the man, turning suddenly round to his passenger, exclaimed fiercely, 'Now, sir, tell me who you are!' Mr. Webster replied, in a faltering

tone, and ready to spring from the vehicle, 'I am Daniel Webster, member of Congress from Massachusetts!' 'What,' rejoined the driver, grasping him warmly by the hand, 'are you Webster? Thank God! thank God! You are such a deuced ugly chap, that I took you for a cut-throat or highwayman!'

—\*—  
When Daniel Webster was asked by a student who was about to graduate whether the profession of the law was full, he replied, 'The lower story is crowded, but there is always plenty of room up-stairs!'



ONE of the greatest artifices the devil uses to engage men in vice and debauchery is to fasten names of contempt on certain virtues, and thus to fill weak souls with a foolish fear of passing for scrupulous, should they desire to put them in practice.—PASCAL.

### *A Graceful Compliment.*

Among the charming women who, in 1784, adorned the Court of Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (or, more properly to speak, the English capital, for scarcely could that queen be said to have any court), might well be accounted Lady Payne, afterwards Lady Lavington. Her person and manners were full of winning grace. At her house, in Grafton-street, the politicians of her day frequently met; and Erskine hav-

ing once dined there, found himself so indisposed as to be obliged to retire after dinner to another apartment. Lady Payne, who was incessant in her attentions to him, inquired, when he returned to the company, how he found himself. Erskine took out a bit of paper, and wrote on it:

'Tis true I am ill, but I cannot complain,  
For he never knew *Pleasure* who never  
knew *Payne*.'

### *'Old Pam' and 'Old Abe.'*

LORD PALMERSTON had a rich vein of pleasantry in his conversation. 'You English,' said Madame de Staël to him, 'speak a language far inferior in poetry to our language. For example, what exact equivalent have you for our beautiful word "sentiment"?' 'A very good one, madam, which expresses to a nicety the "sentiment" of the French, namely, "'Tis all my eye and Betty Martin,"' rejoined Lord Palmerston.



Among the many anecdotes which have been told of President Lincoln

is the following: A German officer who had emigrated to the States succeeded in being admitted to the late President Lincoln, and by reason of his commendable and winning deportment and intelligent appearance was promised a lieutenant's commission in a cavalry regiment. He was so enraptured that he deemed it his duty to inform the President that he belonged to one of the oldest noble houses in Germany. 'O, never mind that,' said Old Abe; 'you will not find that to be an obstacle to your advancement.'

### *Three Sturdy Scots.*

OLD Lord Auchinleck was an able lawyer, a good scholar, after the manner of Scotland, and highly valued his own advantages as a man of good estate and ancient family. He was a terribly proud aristocrat, and great was the contempt he entertained and expressed for his son James—the immortal biographer of Johnson—for the nature of his friendships and the

character of the personages of whom he was *engoué* one after another. 'There's nae hope for Jamie, mon,' he said to a friend; 'Jamie is gaen clean gyte. What do you think, mon? He's done with Paoli—he's off with the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican; and whose tail do you think he has pinned himself to now, mon? Here the old judge summoned up

THERE is no harm in being respected in this world, as I have found out; and if you don't brag a little for yourself, depend on it there is no person of your acquaintance who will tell the world of your merits, and take the trouble off your hands.—W. M. THACKERAY (*Hoggarty Diamond*).

a sneer of most sovereign contempt. 'A dominie, mon—an auld dominie; he kept a schule, and cau'd it an acaademy.'

arrived he claimed his meal, but was told he had been hoaxed. 'It may be sae with the meal,' he said coolly, 'but I took care of the saxe-pence mysel'.'

A canny Scot had got himself installed in the eldership of the Kirk, and, in consequence, had for some time carried round the ladle for the collections. He had accepted the office of elder because some wag had made him believe that the remuneration was sixpence each Sunday, with a boll of meal at New Year's Day. When the time

A plain-spoken old Scottish lady, Mrs. Wauchope of Niddry, being very ill, sent for aunt Soph, and said to her, 'Soph, I believe I am dying; will you always be kind to my children when I am gone?' 'Na, na, tak' y'r spoilt deevils wi' ye,' was the reply, 'for I'll hae naething ado wi' them.'

### *A Proper Pride.*

LORD SANDWICH, when dressed, had a dignified appearance, but to see him in the street he had an awkward careless gait. Two gentlemen observing him when at Leicester, one of them remarked, 'I think it is Lord Sandwich;' the other replied that he thought he was mistaken. 'Nay,' said the gentleman, 'I am sure it is Lord Sandwich; for, if you observe, he is walking down both sides of the

street at once.' There is another anecdote concerning this nobleman, told by himself: When I was at Paris, I had a dancing-master; the man was very civil, and on taking leave of him I offered him any service in London. 'Then,' said the man, bowing, 'I should take it as a particular favour if your lordship would never tell any one of whom you learned to dance.'

### *Irish Gratitude.*

AMONG the professional reminiscences of Daniel O'Connell when at the Irish Bar was the following unique instance of a client's gratitude. He had obtained an acquittal; and the fellow in the ecstasy of his joy exclaimed, 'Och,

Counseller! I've no way here to show your honour my gratitude! but *I wisht I saw you knocked down in my own parish*, and maybe I wouldn't bring a faction to the rescue!'

### *A Smoking Story.*

MR. — was a good-humoured Methodist preacher, whose 'flock' was greatly afflicted at his Parr-like passion for tobacco, a failing which did *not* lean to virtue's side

in the eyes of his congregation. 'There you are, Mr. —, at your idol again!' was the gibe of a displeased elder. 'Yes, brother—I *am burning it!*' was the witty reply.

CHARLES LAMB is gone. His life was a continued struggle in the service of love the purest, and within a sphere visited by little of contemporary applause. Even his intellectual displays won but a narrow sympathy at any time, and in his earlier period were saluted with positive derision and contumely on the few occasions when they were not oppressed by entire neglect. But slowly all things right themselves. All merit which is founded in truth, and is strong enough, reaches, by sweet exhalations, in the end a higher sensory—reaches higher organs of discernment, lodged in a selecter audience. But the original obtuseness or vulgarity of

### *Cobbett of 'The Gridiron.'*

At one time Cobbett was called the 'bone-grubber' in consequence of the respect which, with ostentatious bad taste, he paid to the memory of Thomas Paine, whose remains he brought to England

from America. Lord Norbury, a famous judge of that day, on being asked what Cobbett meant by importing the bones, is said to have answered that he supposed he 'wanted to make a broil.'

### *A Shrewd Calculation.*

REYNOLDS, in his *Life and Times*, tells of a free and easy actor who passed three festive days at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of — without any invitation,

convinced (as proved to be the case) that, my lord and my lady not being on *speaking terms*, each would suppose the other had asked him.

### *Good—for a 'Poor Brother.'*

BARHAM (*Ingoldsbys Legends*) tells this story of the late Archdeacon Hale, Master of the Charterhouse: The Archdeacon was a bit of a martinet, and on one occasion sent for one of the Brethren of the Charterhouse, and took him to task sharply for appearing in chapel without having paid sufficient attention to the

cleanliness of his person. 'Are you aware, sir, of the hatefulness of such a condition,' asked the Archdeacon; 'have you forgot that vermin were sent as a plague upon the Egyptians?' 'Ah, sir,' sighed the old man, 'a worse plague than vermin was sent to them—*Hail* was sent.'

### *French Ideas.*

'WHAT, M. Béranger,' said a lady to the great French poet one day at dinner, 'you drinking water? you who have sang so well the pleasures of wine?' 'What would you have me do, madame?' was his lively answer; 'tis my Muse who drinks all my wine!'

—\*—  
While Privat d'Anglemont, one

of the most notoriously impecunious Bohemians of his day, was accompanying on foot, as is customary, to Père la Chaise the modest funeral procession of a literary colleague, who had recently died of consumption in his twentieth year, a heavy storm of rain came on, and the unprotected mourners were drenched to the

feeling that thwarted all just estimation of Lamb in life will continue to thwart its popular diffusion. There are even some that continue to regard him with the old hostility and the old unmitigated scorn. And we, therefore, standing by the side of Lamb's grave, seemed to hear on one side, but in abated tones, strains of the ancient malice, 'This man, that thought himself to be somebody, is dead, is buried, is forgotten!' And, on the other side, seemed to hear ascending, as with the solemnity of a saintly requiem, 'This man, that thought himself to be nobody, is dead, is buried; his life has been searched, and his memory is hallowed for ever.'—THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

skin. 'Poor fellow, how sad to die so young!' remarked a companion walking beside him; 'he is really to be pitied!' 'Not more than other people,' replied Privat, with a rueful glance at his boots, which let in the water at every step; 'he is not obliged to walk, as we are!'

A rich Parisian financier received one day an anonymous letter couched in the following laconic terms: 'Sir, I have wagered twenty francs that you would lend me a thousand. Should you refuse to do so, be good enough at all events to send me a louis by bearer, that I may pay my bet.'

### *Speaking to Posterity.*

DURING the delivery of one of those tedious and interminable speeches which are sometimes inflicted upon the House of Representatives in America, as well as on our own House of Commons, a member who had occupied the floor for several hours was called to order on the ground that his re-

marks were not pertinent to the question before the House. 'I know it,' said he; 'I am not speaking for the benefit of the House, but for posterity.' 'Speak a little longer,' said John Randolph in an undertone, 'and you will have your audience before you.'

### *Rebuking a Duchess.*

MR. PITT went one evening into the Duchess of Gordon's box at the Opera-house. Not having seen him for some time, she addressed him with her usual blunt familiarity, 'Well, Mr. Pitt, do you talk

as much nonsense as you did when I last saw you?' 'I know not that,' said Pitt, 'but I have certainly not heard so much nonsense since I had last the pleasure of seeing your Grace.'

### *The Book of Nature.*

IN Lord Ellenborough's time, the counsel for the East India Company was a very ostentatious declamatory speaker, who despised all technicalities, and tried to storm the court by the force of eloquence. Once, when uttering

these words, 'In the book of Nature, my lords, it is written,' he was stopped by this question from the Chief Justice, 'Will you have the goodness to mention the page, if you please?'

THERE is nothing makes a man suspect much more than to know a little ; and, therefore, men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother.—LORD BACON.

### *Gone amongst Strangers.*

A CLERGYMAN called on a poor parishioner, whom he found bitterly lamenting the loss of an only son, a boy about four or five years old. In the hope of consoling the afflicted woman, he remarked to her that one so young could not

have committed any very grievous sin, and that no doubt the child was gone to heaven. 'Ah, sir,' said the simple hearted creature, 'but Tommy was so shy—and they are all strangers there.'

### *Three Drolleries.*

WHEN Bolingbroke invited Swift to dine with him, he talked of the dishes he would offer. 'A fig for your bill of fare,' said Swift; 'show me your bill of company.'

Colonel Barré was blind of one eye, and the other was far from strong. Lord North was long blind. The Colonel paid his lordship a visit, who received him kindly, saying, 'Colonel Barré, nobody will suspect us of insin-

cerity if we say that we should always be overjoyed to see each other.'

The following facetious inscription is copied from a churchyard in Essex :

'Here lies the man Richard,  
And Mary his wife;  
Their surname was Pritchard,  
'They lived without strife;  
And the reason was plain—  
They abounded in riches—  
They had no care or pain,  
And the wife wore the breeches.'

### *A Hint to Mr. Irving.*

DURING the last run of *Hamlet* at the Lyceum, a simple-minded provincial friend of a member of the company was, under favour, allowed a sight of the performance. He was in town for the purpose of doing 'the lions,' and clearly Mr. Irving's *Hamlet* was one of them. It is reported that he sat through the tragedy unmoved, except by the wonderful completeness of the production, from a scenic

stage-carpenter's and costumier's point of view. In his day he had seen many *Hamlets*. On rejoining his friend he expressed his admiration in general terms; but there was one drawback to his satisfaction. He was quite astonished, he said, that a man like Mr. Irving had not introduced some new dialogue and 'business' into the gravediggers' scene !

### *A First Night Story.*

AMONG anecdotes of first nights of new pieces, the following deserves a place. It was the first night—and morning—of *Monte Cristo*, a drama which, for its length, might have been of Chinese origin. At a quarter before one in the morning the curtain rose upon the last act. Mr. Charles

Fechter, in the character of the hero, is discovered seated in a contemplative attitude. Like the ghost in *Alonzo the Brave*, 'he moved not, he spoke not;' but there came from the gallery, in a clear, somewhat sad, but gentle voice, these words : 'I hope we are not keeping you up, sir.' The effect may be imagined.

ALL the means of action, the shapeless masses, the materials, lie everywhere about us. What we need is the celestial fire to change the flint into transparent crystal, bright and clear.—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### *Yellow Moon's Last Swim.*

IN spite of the ruthless march of civilisation, with its decimating customs and its levelling influences, the Red Man, where he does exist, remains true to the traditions of his race. The recent death of Yellow Moon, head chief of the Comanche Indians, demonstrates this in a manner which takes one back to the time when Fenimore Cooper was writing his immortal romances. The grizzled old warrior died of pneumonia. Though fast failing, on the day of his death he jumped

upon his pony, rode to the river, and indulged in a good swim, after which he returned to camp and stretched himself out in the broiling sun. When the grave was filled up, according to the custom that prevails among the Indians, his best pony was shot, and his saddle was buried with him, in order that the spirit of Yellow Moon might ride to the happy hunting-grounds behind the cloud-capped hills.

### *Acrid, but Clever.*

FOOTE went to spend his Christmas with Mr. B——, when, the weather being very cold, and but bad fires, occasioned by a scarcity of wood in the house, Foote, on the third day after he went there, ordered his chaise, and was preparing to depart. Mr. B——

pressed him to stay. 'No, no,' says Foote; 'were I to stay any longer, you would not let me *have a leg to stand on*; for there is so *little wood* in your house that I am afraid one of your servants may light the fire with *my right leg*,' which was his wooden one.

### *A Puzzled Academician.*

ONE of the most learned members of the French Academy was equally noted for his *naïveté*. He had two cats to which he was particularly attached—one of unusual size and beauty, the other extremely diminutive; and, in order that they might have free ingress into the room where he was accustomed to study, sent for a carpenter, and bade him bore two holes,

one large and the other small, beneath the door communicating with the adjoining chamber. The carpenter stared. 'Monsieur,' he replied, 'there is no necessity to make two holes; the large one will answer the purpose.' 'My good man,' remarked the Academician, with a pitying smile, 'if you only make the large one, pray how is the little cat to come in?'

### *Anecdote of Hood.*

FROM an unpublished letter addressed by R. B. Peake, the dramatic author, to Charles Mathews the elder, and dated December

10, 1824, I extract the following interesting passage, which gives one of the earliest glimpses of poor Tom Hood: 'I met at the house

THE Duke of Devonshire, on one occasion visiting his Irish estates, said to a child, 'Well, my good girl, how long have you lived here?' 'For what we have received,' &c. The girl had been thus tutored: 'When you see the Duke you must not speak to him as to any common person; you must always say *your grace*.'

of my worthy colleague, John Hamilton Reynolds, an odd, quaint being, by name Thomas Hood. He appears to be modest to let a pun, but when it is effected he is capital. On better acquaintance (although he is the most shy cock

I ever encountered) I think I perceive, under his disguise, one of the shrewdest wags of the age. I predict, before your present authors are worn threadbare, he will be your man.'

H. B. B.

### *Speech is Silvern, Silence is Golden.*

DR. ABERNETHY, the celebrated physician, was never more displeased than by hearing a patient detail a long account of troubles. A woman, knowing Abernethy's love of the laconic, having burned her hand, called at his house. Showing him her hand, she said, 'A burn.' 'A poultice,' quietly

answered the learned doctor. The next day she returned, and said, 'Better.' 'Continue the poultice,' replied Dr. A. In a week she made her last call, and her speech was lengthened to three words: 'Well; your fee?' 'Nothing,' said the physician; 'you are the most sensible woman I ever saw.'

### *Tell that to the Marines.*

WILLIAM IV. seemed in a momentary dilemma one day, when, at table with several officers, he ordered one of the waiters to 'take away that marine there,' pointing to an empty bottle. 'Your Majesty!' inquired a colonel

of marines, 'do you compare an empty bottle to a member of our branch of the service?' 'Yes,' replied the monarch, as if a sudden thought had struck him; 'I mean to say it has *done its duty* once, and is ready to do it again.'

### *A Wary Sleeper.*

BUBB DODDINGTON was very lethargic. Falling asleep one day, after dinner with Sir Richard Temple and Lord Cobham, the latter reproached Doddington with his drowsiness. Doddington denied having been asleep; and to prove he had not, offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying.

Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story; and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it. 'Well,' said Doddington, 'and yet I did not hear a word of it; but I went to sleep, because I knew that about this time of day *you would tell that story*.'

### *A Distinction and a Difference.*

ONE of the happiest examples of a distinction *with* a difference occurred not long ago in the course

of a debate at a meeting of the Liverpool City Council. There had been some exceedingly pretty

**H**OW LAWYERS GO TO HEAVEN.—There is a pleasant story of a lawyer who, being refused entrance into heaven by St. Peter, contrived to throw his hat inside the door ; and then, being permitted by the kind saint to go in and fetch it, took advantage of the latter's fixture as door-keeper to refuse to come back again.

tilting all round, but this was justly enough considered the crowning hit of the day. *Mr. J. B. Smith* : 'If Mr. Hughes wished to pass a vote of censure upon the Water Committee without getting all the information which was

available—' *Mr. T. Hughes* : 'I am sorry to interrupt Mr. Smith. I have repeatedly asked questions in the Water Committee, and I may say that, though I get a reply, I very seldom get an answer !'

### *The Witness Scores.*

WHEN Mr. Sheridan pleaded in court his own cause, and that of the Drury Lane Theatre, an Irish labourer, known amongst the actors by the name of Billy Brown, was called upon to give his evidence. Previous to his going into court, the counsellor, shocked at the shabby dress of the witness, began to remonstrate with him on this

point. 'You should have put on your Sunday clothes, and not think of coming into court covered with lime and brick-dust ; it detracts from the credit of your evidence.' 'Be cool, Mr. Counsellor,' said Billy, 'only be cool ; you're in your working dress, and I am in mine ; and that's that.'

### *A Nightcap Story.*

THE celebrated John Wilkes attended a City dinner not long after his promotion to City honours. Among the guests was a noisy vulgar deputy, a great glutton, who, on his entering the dinner-room, always with great deliberation took off his wig, suspended it on a pin, and with due solemnity put on a white cotton nightcap. Wilkes, who certainly was a high-bred man,

and never accustomed to similar exhibitions, could not take his eyes from so strange and novel a picture. At length the deputy, with unblushing familiarity, walked up to Wilkes, and asked him whether he did not think that his nightcap became him. 'O, yes, sir,' replied Wilkes, 'but it would look much better if it was pulled quite over your face.'

### *A Juvenile Idea of the Better Land.*

THERE are two Ferry Hills in the north, one in Scotland, especially well known to those loyal subjects of her Majesty who feel an abiding interest in her frequent visits to Balmoral, and the other on the North-Eastern Railway in the county of Durham. There was a time, not a quarter of a century ago, when the Durham Ferry Hill

had the character, which it deserved, of being the most grimly miserable halting-place traveller was compelled to stop at. It was a purgatory of a junction, at which unsheltered unrefreshed passengers who did not understand their *Brudshaw* were confined during the railway company's pleasure. Well, it chanced about that period



OVER particularity, or even reasonable particularity, in trifles causes a great deal of social discomfort and restraint. The man who, to use a common phrase, wishes a thing to be 'just so,' and not otherwise, is generally somewhat of a nuisance. People are, for the most part, very good-natured in these matters, and very anxious to please others; and they will make a great effort to satisfy the person who wishes to have things 'just so.' But they do not on that account love him, or her, the more. For any person to be thoroughly popular and liveable with, there should be a little touch of untidiness and unpreciseness, and indifference to small things.—SIR ARTHUR HELPS (*Brevia*).

that the district coroner held an inquest, a material witness at which was a little girl. Did she understand the nature of an oath? She apparently did not. But she knew that she must always tell the truth. *O yes!* Also that little girls who did not tell the

truth went to a bad place when they died? *Yes.* And to a good place if they told the truth? *Yes, sir.* Well, now, what was the name of that good place? *Speak up, little girl; don't be afraid.* She did speak up, and her answer was, 'FERRY HILL!'

### *Variorum.*

GARRICK being on a visit to Lord Lyttleton at Hagley, it was rumoured that a company of actors were going to act at Birmingham. 'They will hear that you are in the neighbourhood,' said his host, 'and will expect you to write an address to the Birmingham audience.' 'Suppose, then,' suggested Garrick, without the least hesitation, 'I begin thus:

"Ye sons of iron, copper, brass, and steel,  
Who have not heads to think, nor hearts  
to feel—"

'O, if you begin so,' said Lord Lyttleton, 'they'll hiss the players off the stage, and pull the house down.' 'My lord, what's the use of an address if it does not come home to the *business* and *bosoms* of the audience?'

THE LATE TOM TAYLOR.—How many years is it since Tom Taylor superintended a performance of *Hamlet* at the Crystal Palace? Not many; and yet there are sceptics who have been heard to

express a doubt of this little story: The tragedy was over. The young American who had played the part of the Danish Prince had, with the rest of the performers in the last scene, retired to his dressing-room, when there arose a cry of 'Author!' The said cry came from various parts of the house. At least half a dozen persistent persons were of one mind on the subject. Presently they received aid from the audience, and in the course of a minute or two the cry became general. The curtain was withdrawn, and Mr. Taylor bowed his acknowledgments!

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A HAPPY TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.—One of the happiest typographical errors ever perpetrated occurred in a paragraph which appeared in a journal devoted to the interests of Spiritualism. The writer is quoting with approval a defence of the Maoris in a Dunedin paper. He says, 'To robe and murder aborigines is a general in.

THIS WORLD A HOSTELRY.—All that in this world enlarges the sphere of affection or imagination is to be revered, and all those circumstances enlarge it which strengthen our memory or quicken our conception of the dead ; hence it is no light sin to destroy anything that is old, more especially because, even with the aid of all obtainable records of the past, we, the living, occupy a space of too large importance and interest in our own eyes ; we look upon the world too much as our own, too much as if we had possessed it and should possess it for ever, and forget that it is a mere hostelry, of which we occupy the apartments for a time, which others better than we have sojourned in before.—JOHN RUSKIN.

fatuation of our Christian race. We have met with exceptions ; but in these cases the colonists were Spiritualists.' To 'robe and murder' is good ; and it is so true !

—\*—  
This is from the *New American Primer* : 'Who is this Creature with Long Hair and a Wild Eye ? He is a Poet. He writes poems on Spring and Women's Eyes, and Strange, unreal Things of that Kind. He is always Wishing he was Dead, but he wouldn't Let anybody Kill him if he could Get away. A mighty good Sausage-Stuffer was Spoiled when the Man became a Poet. He would look well Standing under a Descending Pile-driver.'

—\*—  
When Mr. Canning was about giving up Gloucester Lodge, Brompton, he said to his gardener, as he took a farewell look of the grounds, 'I am sorry, Fraser, to leave this old place.' 'Psha, sir,' said George, 'don't fret ; when you had this old place, you were out of place ; now you are in place, you can get both yourself and me a better place.' The hint was taken, and old George was provided for.

—\*—  
A learned professor, addressing one of his class, asked if he knew what was animal magnetism. 'I

er—er did know, but I have forgotten,' was the answer. Calmly came the scathing rejoinder, showing that even learned professors sometimes have a sense of humour : 'Gentlemen, this is very unfortunate. Mr. Jones, the only man who ever knew, has forgotten what animal magnetism is !'

—\*—  
I think that Love is like a play,  
Where tears and smiles are  
blended ;  
Or like a faithless April day,  
Where shine with shower is  
ended ;  
Like Colnbrook pavement, rather  
rough ;  
Like trade, exposed to losses ;  
And like a Highland plaid—all  
stuff,  
And very full of crosses.

PRAED.

—\*—  
Women are all alike. When they're maids they're mild as milk ; once make 'em wives, and they lean their backs against their marriage certificates and defy you.

—\*—  
Do you ever reflect how you pass your life ? If you live to seventy-two, which I hope you may, your life is spent in the following manner : an hour a-day is three years ; this makes twenty-seven years sleeping, nine years dressing, nine at table, six years

THOU say'st that Poetry descended is  
 From Poverty ; thou tak'st thy mark amiss :  
 In spite of weal or woe, or want of help,  
 'It is a kingdom of content itself.'

TAYLOR (*the Water-Poet*).

playing with children, nine years walking, drawing, visiting, six years shopping, and three years quarrelling.—SYDNEY SMITH.

—\*—  
 'Thou hast a good fresh colour in thy face, father—rosy, i'faith.' 'Yes, I have blushed for mankind, till the hue of my shame is as fixed as their vices.' 'Good man !' 'And I have laboured, too ; but to what purpose ? They continue to sin under my very nose.' 'Efecks, father, I should have guessed as much, for your nose seems to be put to the blush more than any other part of your face.' —SHERIDAN.

—\*—  
 Benjamin Franklin was always proud of telling how he entered Philadelphia for the first time with nothing in the world but two shillings in his pocket and four rolls of bread under his arm. But really, when you come to examine it critically, it was nothing. Anybody could have done it.—MARK TWAIN.

—\*—  
 Monk Lewis was a great favourite at Oatlands. One day after dinner, as the Duchess was leaving the room, she whispered something in Lewis's ear. He was much affected, his eyes filling with tears. We asked him what was the matter. 'O,' replied Lewis, 'the Duchess spoke so *very* kindly to me !' 'My dear fellow,' said Colonel Armstrong, 'pray don't cry ; I daresay she didn't mean it.' —ROGERS, *Table Talk*.

—\*—  
 A clergyman, in the time of Cromwell, being deprived of his living for Nonconformity, said to

his friends, 'That if he was deprived, it should cost a hundred men their lives.' This strange speech being noised abroad, he was summoned before a magistrate, and thus explained his intention : 'Should I lose my benefice,' said he, 'I am resolved to practise physic, and then I may, if I get patients, kill a hundred men.'

—\*—  
 Congreve was disputing a point of fact with a man of a very positive disposition, but one who was not overburdened with sense. The latter said to him, 'If the fact is not as I have stated, I'll give you my head.' 'I accept it,' said Congreve ; 'for trifles show respect.'

—\*—  
 Jemmy Gordon, the Cambridge eccentric, when he happened to be without shoes or stockings, one day came in contact with a person of very indifferent character. The gentleman, pitying his condition, told him, if he called at his house, he would give him a pair of shoes. 'Excuse me, sir,' replied Jemmy, assuming a contemptuous air, 'I would not stand in *your shoes* for all the world !'

—\*—  
 There are hearts all the better for keeping ; they become mellow, and more worth a woman's acceptance than the crude unripe things too frequently gathered—as children gather green fruit—to the discomfort of those who obtain them.

—\*—  
 Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's admirable, if somewhat inadequate, Life of George Cruikshank brings to mind an amusing mistake which was made by a

A LITTLE neglect may breed great mischief. For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by an enemy, all for want of care about a horseshoe nail.—FRANKLIN.

German compiler, who had, pardonably enough, got lost in what may be termed a family fog of Cruikshanks; generations of them, and all artists! Nayler, the author of the *Künstler-lexicon*, studying the controversy about the Cruikshank family, read that 'George Cruikshank was the true Simon Pure.' With the utmost gravity, therefore, he catalogued him as Pure (Simon), calling himself George Cruikshank!

The celebrated Parisian mystifier, Romieu, received one day a manuscript play from a young author, accompanied by the following note: 'Monsieur, I send you the enclosed, which I beg you will be kind enough to read attentively. I accept beforehand any alterations or corrections you may think proper to suggest; but, at the same time, it may be as well to let you know that I am exceedingly ticklish as regards criticism.' A few days later, Romieu returned the manuscript, together with the subjoined reply: 'Monsieur,—I have read your piece with great attention, and leave you the choice of weapons.'

Several young gentleman once got up a play at Cambridge. On the day of representation one of the performers took it into his head to make an excuse, and his part was obliged to be read. Hobhouse came forward to apologise to the audience, and told them that a Mr. — had declined to perform his part. The gentleman was highly indignant at the 'a,' and had a great inclination to pick a

quarrel with Scrope Davies, who replied that he supposed Mr. — wanted to be called the Mr. So-and-so. He ever afterwards went by the name of the 'Definite Article.'

Fontenelle had a brother who was an abbé. One day somebody asked him, 'How does your brother employ his time?' 'He is a priest.' 'Has he any benefice?' 'No, none at all.' 'What does he do, then?' 'He says mass in the morning.' 'And in the evening?' 'Well, really, in the evening he does not know what he says.'

Diogenes, finding the water in a public bath dirty, asked, 'Where can one go and wash, on coming out?' The Tahiti women, after a swim in the sea, always went and rinsed themselves in a fresh-water brook, to preserve the smoothness of their skins.

Mr. Ward's sketch of Dickens, in the excellent series of *English Men of Letters*, edited by Mr. John Morley, contains two strange mistakes: first, George Cruikshank's illustrations to *Sketches by Boz* are described as woodcuts; and secondly, *The Strange Gentleman* is stated to have run seventy nights at Drury Lane!

After the death of Talma, one of those who expected a remembrance in his will was a well-known penurious dramatist, a lover of good cheer at everybody's table except his own. Finding that the actor had omitted to mention his name, he was grievously disappointed, and gave full vent to his

**A PRETTY IDEA.**—Soon the glory fades from the sky, and the starry lamps are hung in the blue dome of the universal temple.—ANON.

indignation. 'There's ingratitude!' he cried. 'Who would think that have dined with that man twice a week for twenty years?'

'Lamartine is puffed up with conceit,' exclaimed one day the author of a long and tedious epic which had fallen stillborn from the press; 'he imagines himself to be the best poet of his time.' 'In any case,' replied one of those present, 'he is not the worst, as you ought to know. *That* place is already taken!'

'I live in Julia's eyes,' said an affected dandy in Colman's hearing. 'I don't wonder at it,' replied George; 'since I observed she had a *sty* in them when I saw her last.'

People with one leg in the grave are an immense time before they put in the other. They seem, like birds, to repose better on one leg.

There are three things that no man but a fool lends, or, having lent, is not in the most hopeless state of mental crassitude if he ever hope to get back again. These three things are books, umbrellas, and money.

A City of London policeman before Judge Maule said he was in the *hen* (N) division. 'Do you mean in the Poultry?' the judge asked.

The inn at which the Cockney puts up—it is his boast—is kept by an Englishman; the dinners are English, the waiter is English, the chambermaid is English, the Boots is English; and the barber who comes to shave him, if he be

not English, has at least this recommendation—he has in his time lived five years in St. Mary Axe, and is *almost* English.

**A SAFE GOVERNMENT.**—That Government is still the safest that makes treason laughable.

A poem called 'The Ark' was the topic of conversation in Canning's presence. Some critic thought it strange that the author, in describing the order in which the animals entered the ark, should make the elephant go in last. 'O,' said Canning, 'that's easily accounted for. The elephant stayed behind to pack up his trunk.'

George Selwyn was one day travelling by coach when a persistent stranger kept annoying him by polite questions. 'How are you now, sir?' was the inquiry at brief intervals. At length Selwyn, in order to reply at once for all, said, 'Sir, I am very well, and I intend to remain so all the rest of the journey.'

Jekyll said that the farther he went west the more convinced he felt that wise men did not come from the east.

Sydney Smith, doubting the practicability of introducing trial by jury into New South Wales, imagines a few of the excuses that might be made by any one summoned as a juror. 'I cannot come to serve upon the jury; the waters of the Hawkesbury are out, and I have a mile to swim. The kangaroos will break into my corn. The convicts have robbed me. My little boy has been bitten by an *ornithorynchus paradoxus*.

AFFECTATION in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us taken notice of, either as wanting sense or sincerity.—LOCKE.

I have sent a man fifty miles with a sack of flour to buy a pair of breeches for the Assizes, and he is not returned.'

Lord Erskine said, on hearing of some man who died immensely rich, 'A fine sum to begin the other world with.'

Horace Walpole writes of George Selwyn, whose *penchant* for everything connected with public executions was notorious: 'He came to town t'other day to have a tooth drawn, and told the man that he would drop his handkerchief for the signal.'

'My dear sir,' observed Jekyll to a judge, who was alike notorious for his greed of office and his want of personal cleanliness, 'you have asked the Minister for almost everything else, why don't you ask him for a piece of soap and a nail-brush?'

On the downfall of the Rockingham Ministry some one remarked apologetically, in Foote's hearing, that they had been at their wits' end, and were quite tired to death. Foote remarked that their excessive fatigue could scarcely have arisen from the length of their journey.

Of an acquaintance who had died of dropsy, Sir George Rose metaphorically remarked that 'he had gone to *Gravesend by water*.'

Curran happened to tell Sir Thomas Turton that he could never speak in public for a quarter of an hour without moistening his lips. Sir Thomas declared that he had spoken for five hours in the House

of Commons on the Nabob of Oude without feeling in the least thirsty. 'That is remarkable indeed,' observed Curran, 'for everybody agrees that it was the driest speech of the session.'

Somebody asked Curran what business had brought a very tall Irish friend of his to London. 'I cannot precisely say,' replied the great lawyer, 'though he is one of my longest acquaintances. Perhaps it is to peep down the chimneys of the Londoners, and find out what they have for dinner.'

There is a New Zealand attorney just arrived in London, with 6s. 8d. tattooed all over his face.—SYDNEY SMITH.

Somebody was telling Jekyll that he had been in Lord Kenyon's kitchen, and had noticed that the spit was as bright as though it were never made use of. 'Why mention his spit?' Jekyll asked. 'You *must* know that nothing ever turns upon *that*.'

'My client,' said an Irish advocate, pleading before Lord Norbury in an action for trespass, 'is a poor man. He lives in a hovel, and his miserable dwelling is in a forlorn and dilapidated state; but, thank God, the labourer's cottage, however ruinous its plight, is his sanctuary and his castle. Yes, the winds may enter it, and the rain may enter it, but the king cannot enter it.' 'What, not the *reigning* king?' inquired his lordship.

When Lord Ellenborough was trying one of the Government cases against Horne Tooke, he found occasion to praise the im-

THE thing in the world I am most afraid of is fear, and with good reason—that passion alone, in the trouble of it, exceeding all other accidents.—MONTAIGNE.

partial manner in which justice is administered. 'In England, Mr. Tooke, the law is open to all men, rich or poor.' 'Yes, my lord,' answered the prisoner, 'and so is the London Tavern.'

Crabb Robinson, just called to the Bar, told Charles Lamb exultingly that he was retained in a cause in the King's Bench. 'Ah,' said Lamb, 'the first great cause, least understood.'

Bushe, the Irish Chief Justice, on being told that the judges in the Court of Common Pleas had little or nothing to do, remarked, 'Well, well, they're quite equal to it.'

Somebody was telling Jekyll that a brewer had been drowned in his own vat. 'Ah,' was Jekyll's remark; 'floating on his own watery bier.'

'I hear,' said somebody to Jekyll, 'that our friend Smith, the attorney, is dead, and leaves very few effects.' 'It could scarcely be otherwise,' returned Jekyll; 'he had so very few causes.'

Horace Walpole, speaking about some people of fashion who had hired Drury Lane Theatre for the purpose of an amateur performance, remarked, 'They really acted so well that it is extraordinary they should not have had sense enough not to act at all.'

When Thelwall was on his trial for high treason he wrote the following note, during the evidence for the prosecution, and sent it over to Erskine, his counsel: 'I am determined to plead my cause myself.' Erskine wrote back, 'If you do you'll be hanged;' to which Thelwall replied, 'Then I'll be hanged if I do.'

A lady of irascible temper asked George Selwyn why woman was made of the rib. 'Indeed, I can't say,' was his reply, 'unless it be that the rib is the most crooked part of the body.'

Curran said of an acquaintance whose expression of countenance was peculiarly grave and solemn, 'Whenever I see smiles upon that man's face they remind me of the tin clasps on an oaken coffin.'







# LONDON SOCIETY.

## The Christmas Number for 1882.

### THE MAN WITH THREE EYES.

#### I.

It was breakfast-time at Todhurst Vicarage; and as comfortable a meal was set out in as comfortable a morning-room as could be found in the three kingdoms. It was a hard frost, which added to the comfort, for nobody could have the heart to wish such a glorious fire away, while, to enjoy it properly, it was necessary to be very cold. Very near the blaze, which obtained quite a literary character from the number of books, mostly folios, which lined every available space of the four walls and received the fulness of the glow, was drawn a small table. At one warm corner of the table sat one comfortable person, at the other warm corner sat the other. One was the Reverend Nathaniel Greenfinch, D.D., Vicar of Todhurst, and formerly Fellow of St. Christopher's College, Cambridge; the other was the lady who had deprived him of his fellowship—Mrs. Greenfinch, who had been Miss Susan Linnet once upon a time.

Dr. Greenfinch was tall and portly, heavy in make, and to the full as dignified in bearing as became a beneficed clergyman who had once been a don of the old

school. That sort of dignity, however, is—or, alas that it should be said, was—apt to be a little awkward and shy; and it was plain to see, even at the first glance, that in the present case it did not belong to one who would be called a man of the world. He was certainly no ascetic, and, with his many signs of regular sleep, addiction to quiet study, and thorough enjoyment of the pleasures of the table, resembled as little the modern model of a man with the souls of a parish upon his mind, as he resembled any type of the modern don. But he was as certainly one whose opinion would be much more valuable when expressed on old books or old wine than upon men or women, whether old or young. His wife was a delicate-looking little woman, who had very likely been pretty a good many years ago, and was still pleasant to look upon. She gave the idea of perhaps being a trifle too amiable, but then, if that be a fault at all, it is certainly one on the right side.

'Nat,' said Mrs. Greenfinch, laying down the last of her morning's budget of letters, and taking off her spectacles, 'I hope you haven't forgotten this is the day they are to come!'

'Eh—what, my dear?' asked Dr. Greenfinch, starting from a reverie upon the nature of a new reading in a chorus of *Æschylus*, which he had discovered among his coffee-grounds. 'To-day? What's to-day? Who are to come?'

'Why, Nat—*they*, to be sure! Don't you know to-day's Thursday?'

'Why, so it is Thursday, to be sure! But the idea of *my* forgetting—absurd! I never forget; I never forgot anything, since I first learnt my letters. Did you ever know me forget anything, Susan—any infinitesimal thing?'

'Of course not, Nat dear. But with so many things to think of, as you have, one might get in the other's way, you know. I'm sure it's often happening so, with me, and I've not half so many things to see after as you. If I had, I'm sure I don't know where my poor wits would be.'

'It's only the difference between Masculine and Feminine, my dear—a matter of Gender, that's all. I assure you that Number has nothing whatever to do with the matter. It's just as easy to learn the plural as the singular, if you once make up your mind. Julius Cæsar, my dear Susan, was known to read, write, dictate, listen, and converse all at one time; and I have but little doubt that I myself, were I Julius Cæsar, could do the same. Even at this very moment I am considering a new reading in the *Septem contra Thebas*, and am at the same time conversing with you. "Kai dolos oudeis me ek phrenos orthōs me ligainein." Rather read—Blomfield says—Yes, my dear?'

'They'll have to be met, of course. Will you go over, or send James?'

'Orthōs—orthēs—James? O, of course, of course—send James. I feel convinced that Blomfield's wrong. I can see it with half an

eye. Don't you see yourself, Susan, that *Æschylus* must have intended—'

'No doubt, dear. I was thinking of putting two of them together in the best spare room, and the other could have the dressing-room—at least for a time. They won't make any difference to you, dear.'

'Well—hm—not much, of course, if they're well behaved—and if they're not, they sha'n't make any at all. They'll have to work if they come here; and as to their morals, there's nothing escapes *my* eye.'

'Morals, Nat! Good gracious, why, they're irreproachable! And as to work, their crewels and their art-needlework are something to be seen. They're fonder of work than anybody of their age I ever saw. It's so nice to be fond of work on a wet day.'

'But all work and no play, my dear—that won't do. I've been thinking, Susan—'

'O Nat! Have you really? Our old piano is older than it was twenty years ago, when I used to play you to sleep over your Latin and Greek till it was time for tea. That would be so nice to have a new one, for they play beautifully I believe—all three.'

'Yes, Susan—thinking of looking out my old fishing tackle, and seeing if old Grimshaw can't get up some sort of a cricket match, or football match, with Conglebury. They'll be sure to want some sort of violent exercise—it's the way with them all now—and football or hockey, or something of that sort, would be more respectable than playing skittles at the Bull, as else they'd be sure to do.' The Doctor's notions about sports and pastimes and their recognised seasons were, it will be observed, rather mixed; but he meant well.

But his wife clasped her hands and opened her eyes. 'Cricket—football—hockey—skittles at the Bull!' she cried. 'O Nat! What *can* you mean by supposing that Agnes, Clara, and Millicent Linnet will want to play cricket and football and hockey and skittles all among the tag-rag and bobtail at the Bull? What *do* you mean?'

'Agnes—Clara—Millicent! Why, who—'

'And afraid of their morals, Nat—three innocent young girls fresh from school!'

'My dear—if Julius Cæsar had had to decide between that *ô* and that *ê*, I really do think that even he would have had to postpone one of his occupations to another time. But then we may, I think, take it that the person with whom he conversed would have confined his, or her, observations to one topic at a time. This is Thursday, and we were talking about those three young men.'

'Good gracious, Nat—Agnes, Clara, Millicent—and *three* young men! Why, they haven't *one*!'

'Tut, tut. They are three very nice girls, I daresay. But we were talking about—about—I remember; or, more accurately, I haven't forgotten. We were talking about sending James to the station to meet those three young men.'

'Gracious, Nat! About meeting those three girls.'

'Bless my soul, Susan, do you mean to say you have forgotten this is Thursday, when those three young men, who are going to read with me from Cambridge, have arranged to arrive?'

'Nat, you never mentioned it to me—never! I know you have too much to think of for me to expect it; but you never did, I declare! And you *must* remember it was to day we arranged for

my nieces to make a long stay. O Nat, what *is* to be done now?'

'My dear—I do *not* remember about your three nieces. And, therefore, it never could have been mentioned between us till this moment; for I never forget anything, and never did, and never shall, as nobody knows better than you. It was I, if you remember, who remembered which side of the bin the '47 port was when everybody else had forgotten. It is most unfortunate, my dear, that you should have asked your nieces here without my knowledge—most unfortunate indeed.'

'Nat—it's dreadful! How *could* you be having three young men down from Cambridge without telling *me*?'

'But I did tell you all about it, Susan. I did tell you, because I distinctly remember having told you. At least, I must have told you such a thing as that, and, therefore, I did tell you; and, therefore, I'm bound to remember telling you. Well, my dear, it can't be helped now. I'll go and send James.'

'To bring my three nieces and three strange young men in one brougham? Nat, it *cannot* be done. *Who* are these three young men? And, O, where *are* we to find them room?'

'In the brougham, my dear? We must have the Bull fly,' said Dr. Greenfinch, compelled to make the best of things; for though he would not have owned it, even to himself, for a deaconvy, he could not avoid certain misgivings that he must really have somehow omitted to inform Mrs. Greenfinch of his intended pupils, even if he had not failed to realise that the Miss Linnets were also due at Todhurst. For if there was one quality on which he prided himself, it was practical infallibility

and complete freedom from such a weakness as absence of mind. 'Who are the young men? I will tell, or rather remind you, my dear. There is the Honourable Frederick Montacute, of Trinity, second son of my old college friend, Lord Vandeleur; one. Then there's Mr. Reginald Wilmore, also of Trinity, son of a great manufacturer, or something of that sort, in Lancashire; two. And a Mr. Francis Hayes, a scholar of my own college, St. Christopher's; three.'

'Goodness gracious, Nat! And I can't put the girls off now. Before James can get to the station to telegraph they'll be in the train. Those three young men will fall in love with those three girls as sure as they're born. And what will Vandeleur and Mr. Wilmore senior and Mr. What's-his-name senior say of me, and what will they say of you, Nat, for inveigling their sons into early engagements with penniless orphan girls? We shall never be able to hold up our heads again. O Nat, Nat, what *have* you done!'

'Susan! As if three young men, one of them a scholar of his college, are coming to me—to me—to waste their time with Millicents and Claras! No, my dear. They are coming to Todhurst to woo Lesbia, and Chloe, and Lalage. Here dwell the nine muses; you needn't be afraid for your three graces, my dear. Don't you know that no married man can get a fellowship? Do you think, my dear, *I* would have looked twice at *you* before I had taken my degree, and—and—the college living of Todhurst had been vacant, my dear?'

'That Honourable Frederick Montacute will be falling in love with Millicent. I know he will.'

'Don't you be afraid of that,

Susan; I'll keep my eye on them!'

'And Mr. Wilmore with Clara—'

'Not he. I'll keep my second eye on *them*.'

'And Mr. Hayes with Agnes—'

'Tut, tut. I'll keep my third eye—'

'Goodness gracious, Nat! Your *third* eye!'

'Bless my soul!' said Dr. Greenfinch. 'Did I say my third eye? Then if I *said* my third eye, I *meant* my third eye. . . . As I said just now (although you would not allow it), it would never do to risk being suspected of match-making between one's pupils and one's nieces; it would be downright bad form. . . . *Did* I say my third eye?'

'Indeed you did, Nat! I heard it with these very ears!'

'Then there's no help for it,' said Dr. Greenfinch meditatively. 'I must be a Man with Three Eyes.'

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## II.

WHENEVER any conversation is reported as having taken place in the privacy of wedded life, only three things are possible. One is that it was repeated by the husband, which I trust never happens, and which, indeed, cannot happen in such a case as that of the Reverend Nathaniel Greenfinch, who had his oddities—perhaps more than most men—but was entirely free from the foible of reporting anything that could tell against his self-assumed character for having his wits perpetually about him, and in full working order. The other is, that such a conversation has been repeated by the wife; this, I believe, does sometimes happen among intimate friends; but Todhurst was

far too much of a solitude for Mrs. Greenfinch to have any intimate gossip, and, besides, she placed the most entire faith in the wisdom of Nathaniel. She did not always understand it, and was still, after twenty years, occasionally startled into a betrayal of her imperfect comprehension. But then she did not understand Greek, and yet never doubted for a moment that the knowledge of Greek is an unquestionable proof of wisdom. If Nathaniel had told her (as he sometimes did) that the masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine, she would have said 'Goodness gracious!' But she would have believed. And so, if he had told her that it takes five farthings to make a penny, she would also have said, 'Goodness gracious!' but would have assumed it to be right somehow, on the simple ground that it was Greek to her. With such a wife it was not wonderful that Dr. Greenfinch should, in the seclusion of Todhurst, have developed into flourishing growth a crotchet or two that had taken root in the combination-room at St. Christopher's. With another wife he might have been a less modest-minded man; and yet I doubt if he would have been a better one.

However, there is the third means by which the publication of such conversations becomes possible. That third course is nothing else than the intervention of the proverbial little bird who tells. And it can only be by this instrumentality that the table-talk of the worthy doctor and his simple-minded wife ever came to my ears, and thence to my pen. I certainly did not hear it, because at that hour I was in the train from town, with my friends Montacute and Wilmore of Trinity. Which is as much as to say that I was Frank Hayes of St. Kit's

—and, for that matter, that I am still.

It was a bitterly cold afternoon when we landed at Conglebury Station, whence to Todhurst is some seven miles' drive. Not one of us was in the best of tempers, I am afraid, although ill-humour was by no means in general among our foibles. The journey had been dismally cold, long, and uncomfortable; for no quick train stopped at Conglebury. Then each of us had some special reason for looking upon Todhurst as a sort of Siberia. Fred Montacute was afflicted with a father who meant to turn him into a Prime Minister, and insisted upon his spending even his Christmas vacation in training upon Horace, which the old gentleman, remembering his youth, still fondly imagined to be a necessary accomplishment for a member of the House of Commons; while Fred, whose highest ambition was to be master of the best foxhounds in England, cursed not only the frost in general, but the frost of Todhurst in particular, where hunting was notoriously unknown. Wilmore was under sentence of rustication, and was in debt besides; and was, I believe, mainly sent to Todhurst because to get into farther mischief there was supposed to be impossible. My own object was more serious; for I had my living to get after my degree, and no time to lose from either point of view. So I had been strong-minded enough to forswear the home pleasures of the season, amid which anything like work was out of the question, and had been recommended by my college tutor to Dr. Greenfinch as a first-rate coach, if a pupil was in earnest enough to drive him. But it was easy to be strong-minded a month ago, when I had arranged my winter plans—now, nothing

but the shame which attaches to a change of mind prevented me from taking the next train home. There were my many brothers and sisters met together; and who knows but what I might, among the dinners and dances and theatricals and skating parties that made up our current family history, have met once more a certain charming girl whom I had met at two dances last winter, even though since then I had forgotten her name! A hundred times during that journey, with Montacute asleep beside me, and Wilmore in front of me, I told myself that I was an ass. But when, arrived at Conglebury, I saw the unbroken stretch of snow, over boundless moors that made the whole country one vast white cloud, the scene of desolation into which I had come made me call myself something that will scarcely bear printing.

However, I was in for it now. Up we woke, and out we turned, to the apparent amazement of the solitary porter.

'We're for Todhurst,' said Montacute. 'Is anything here to meet us, do you know?'

'Wait a bit, gem'men,' said the porter, setting himself to work upon a hand-bell without any apparent cause. 'Conglebury—for Blackmoor, Whitemoor, Todhurst, Crackwick—'

Suddenly the window was let down in the compartment next to that in which we had been travelling, and a veiled face asked,

'Todhurst? We are for Todhurst. Will you open the door, please?'

'Blackmoor, Whitemoor, Todhurst, Crackwick!' went on the porter, drowning his own voice with his bell, much more hers. I opened the door, which was unlocked, and held it open for the entrance upon the platform of

three young ladies, whom it was easy to see at a glance were sisters. The luggage was taken out by this time, the train moved on, and left us, the three ladies, and the porter, alone in the wilderness of snow.

'Is there anybody here to meet us from Todhurst?' asked she who had spoken at the window, and was the tallest of the three.

'No, miss. There's nobody come to meet nobody—'

'The deuce there isn't!' said Wilmore. 'Fancy a man calling himself a coach, and leaving his friends to carry their own traps through seven miles of snow! What's to be done?'

The girls looked at one another, through their veils, in dismay.

'They must have made a mistake in the train,' said one.

'Perhaps the road's blocked up,' suggested another. 'What's to be done?'

'O, don't you know uncle yet, Clara?' laughed the smallest. 'I knew it! He sent the carriage yesterday, or will send it to-morrow, but not to-day. If it wasn't quite so cold it would be just the greatest fun in the world. We'd creep into the house quietly, and not show ourselves, and come down to dinner as if we'd been in the house for weeks.'

She caught sight of our triumvirate, and stopped, much to my sorrow; for I felt sure I knew the voice, which was exceedingly charming, and suggested, by some sort of association of ideas—by Jove, if it didn't suggest that pretty girl of last winter, whose name was with 'the snows of yester-year!'

'It's no laughing matter at all, Milly,' said Clara, a little sharply, and no wonder. 'Agnes, what are we to do?'

'Companions in misfortune must dispense with introductions,'

said I, not intending to lose my chance of hearing the voice again, and of seeing the face, if the veil should happen for a moment to be raised. 'We also are cast upon this same Arctic island, and have been deserted by our friends; and we also are bound for Todhurst, and have heavy luggage, and don't know the way; but with such a multitude of counsellors—Porter, what sort of a place is Conglebury—are there coaches, flies?'

'The New Inn's got a wagnet, and there used to be a gig, and there may be now, somewhere about, if it aren't gone—'

'All right,' said I, and crossed the rails to where I saw the sign-board of the New Inn—a very old inn, on the other side of the line—leaving Montacute, who was a misogynist, and Wilmore, who was as shy with women as he was the reverse away from them, to protect our errant damosels.

I must confess to rewarding myself for my energy with a hot tumbler before proceeding to business. We were certainly in luck's way, considering the very unpromising look of things. There was the wagonette, and there was the gig besides; but the wagonette would squeeze in no more than four, with the heavy baggage of six travellers, and the driver; the gig, of course, would hold the two over. I suppose the right course would have been to put the three sisters into the wagonette, with one of us on escort duty, the other two following in the gig together. But the more I thought of it the more sure I felt that Milly must have been the forgotten name; for that there could be two voices so sweet and so fresh was out of the question. How odd if I had run from home only to find her here! Anyhow, I must make sure. So, my wits being thawed, and therefore in a superior condi-

tion to those of my fellow-travellers, I laid my plans.

To have out the vehicles, and to find a driver for the wagonette, took time. But the rest—the important portion of the business—took, comparatively speaking, none. The insertion of the luggage, which I myself superintended, resulted in making the insertion of three ladies, with any regard to comfort, absolutely impossible. Attentive to the maxim *Seniores priores*, I took the liberty of judging age by height, and handed in the ladies who had answered to the names of Clara and Agnes. Milly, therefore, must ride in the gig; and who was to drive her? That question settled itself just as I had foreseen. The lady-scorner and the lady-fearer were in the wagonette before the question could be so much as put to the company. Any man can be at his ease with a party of four; but with one, and she a stranger whose face is veiled, and for seven long miles!

'I never could drive a gig,' said Montacute. 'There's always something about a gig, don't you know—that—'

'I gave my wrist a bit of a strain,' said Wilmore; 'and there's always something about a strain, you see—'

Now Montacute could simply drive anything, and Wilmore had a wrist of iron, while I was no whip, and my wrists and fingers felt frozen. But I was satisfied, especially when I found that my horse was, if anything, only too steady, as soon as we had got under way; the wagonette in front, we following.

'I'm afraid you must be horribly cold,' said I, as the readiest way to begin.

'O no, not very! I'm well wrapped up, you see.'



'And so you are going to Todhurst. I shouldn't think it often happens that six people go to Todhurst by the same train, and are all forgotten by their friends. What sort of place is Todhurst? A village, I suppose?'

'It is a village; but if you don't know it I can't tell you much about it, for I have never been there. I must thank you for taking a great deal of trouble for us—you and your friends.'

'Indeed it is nothing; a pleasure I should say. Then you don't live at Todhurst? I suppose—I hope, you know where we are to put you down?'

'O, my sisters will tell the driver where we want to go.'

She certainly had not said much; she had not risen to a single bait I had thrown out to learn who she was or where she was going. But there was a peculiar sort of suppressed humour in her tone, as if she were enjoying a joke or planning one. I was thinking what I should say next, when,

'O Mr. Hayes,' said she, 'do ask me at once, straight out, who I am, and tell me that you are quite certain you have met me before, but are ashamed that you have forgotten even my name!'

'Why, you must be a witch, to read a man's thoughts like that!' said I. 'Then you are Miss—the girl I met at the Kenricks, down at Maisemead? As if I could forget—anything—about you. Are you on a visit to Todhurst?'

'We are going to stay with my uncle, who is Vicar of Todhurst.'

'With the Vicar? Then of all the good luck—I mean of all the coincidences, this is the most wonderful! I, Miss Greenfinch, am a pupil of your uncle; I am on my way to his house now. We shall be fellow-guests, then?'

'So it seems, although my name is not Greenfinch,' said she, with a smile in her voice, for I had not yet seen her eyes. 'You have not a good memory for names, you see, after all. It was "Miss M. Linnet" that I wrote on your dance-card at Maisemead.'

'But you see it is your face and your voice I remember, and a rose by any other name, don't you know. I really don't think it's quite so cold as it was an hour ago. So you are niece to Dr. Greenfinch! It is a wonderful thing.'

'Is it? Haven't most girls uncles? But—it isn't every girl that has so good an uncle as Agnes and Clara and I.'

'It doesn't seem to me very good to leave you to the protection of the anybody or nobody, just as it may be. If I were your uncle, Miss Linnet—'

'Do you know my uncle Nat, Mr. Hayes?'

'I have never seen him.'

'Then, as we are to be both his guests, and you his pupil, I want you to promise me one thing.'

'Anything—everything in the world!'

'I don't think I should quite know where to put everything in the world; our house is very small. I want you to promise not to laugh at uncle Nat—Dr. Greenfinch—behind his back, I mean. It hurts me so when people do.'

'Good Heavens, Miss Linnet! what do you take me for! Do I look like that sort of thing?'

'No, of course not; but he is so odd that people can hardly help laughing, and so simple and so good that it's a shame. I'm an enthusiast for uncle Nat, you know; and well I may be, for, since our poor father died, I don't know what would have become of us all if it hadn't been for him.'

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And we're not his own nieces either, only aunt Susan's. And now you see what I mean. 'There's nobody who really knows uncle Nat that doesn't love him.'

'My dear Miss Linnet,' said I, 'your word is my law; but you needn't have been afraid. It's always the best men for whom a great deal of love begins with a little laughter. But I won't even begin with it; nor shall Montacute nor Wilmore, my fellow-pups, you know, or I'll know the reason why.'

'Thank you,' said Milly very sweetly. And so it happened that, with the advantage of previous meeting and of common acquaintances, like the Kenricks, in my own country and among my own people, we got on very well together until we reached the gates of the Vicarage, and the driver of the wagonette made the door-bell announce us with the deepest and mellowest voice I ever heard. Even the bell promised comfort within.

But it was a queer welcome, of which I can see the picture still!

It was something like the entrance of a party of soldiers who have been suddenly billeted upon a startled household in time of war. The large square hall, itself a well-furnished and comfortable room, was littered with trunks, portmanteaus, and cases of all shapes and sizes. Within the doorway, backed by the driver, were Montacute, Wilmore, and myself, half-embarrassed, half-amused. A little in advance were the three girls, and facing them, at the foot of the stairs, was a little old lady in spectacles, perfectly bewildered, and holding her arms out to her nieces at a distance, as if afraid lest a nearer embrace should include three strange young men. In the space between was

a tall portly figure, positively, though in a vicarage remote from Cambridge, in academical cap and gown. And in front of him stood a personage in black with a white choker, who might have been the curate, or who might have been the butler—it was impossible to say.

'James!' said the capped and gowned Doctor sternly, 'I find you have neglected my orders! How is that, sir, eh? How have you permitted these young ladies, my nieces, and these young gentlemen, to arrive at the station, and to find nobody to meet them? James—it is inexcusable! How is that, sir, eh?'

'Because I received no orders, sir. That's why.'

'I could not have omitted to give the most precise orders; and so you must have received them! I told your mistress I would give them; and what I say I *will* do, I always *do* do, as you know very well. . . . But—well, well, perhaps you forgot, James; I can't expect everybody to have my memory. You forgot, you know, which side of the bin was the '47. There, I won't dismiss you this time—but next time—Agnes, my dear; Clara, my dear; and my dear Millicent, so there you are!' He kissed each of the girls on the cheek, rather courteously than affectionately, and passed them on to their aunt's embraces. Then he came forward to us, and received us with a mixture of shyness, dignity, patronage, and cordiality which, in spite of my promise, obliged me to smile, it savoured so much of a bygone world. 'And I think, James,' he concluded, 'we will have the '47 this evening. Don't forget *that*, if you please! Young gentlemen, you will kindly follow me into my study for a moment, while your luggage is taken to

your rooms. Susan, my dear, see to the girls.'

This was an intentional separation, as I afterwards found reason to think, of the wolves from the lambs. He put himself at our head, and marched to the study door.

'Hayes, what the deuce has the old gentleman got the matter with his mortar-board?' whispered Montacute, as we followed.

I looked; and in the exact centre of that part of the college-cap which fits close to the back of the head had been cut the shape of a large eye, surmounted by the tracing of a white eyebrow. And in the eye-shaped hole was fixed an eyeglass, which, shining in the firelight, gave the aspect of a Polyphemus without nose or mouth to the back of our eccentric tutor.

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### III.

I CANNOT say that the promise of interest that I found on the day of my arrival continued through Friday and Saturday. Indeed, I may say that I became confoundedly bored. Old Greenfinch started lectures on Friday morning; but I could not manage to put my heart into them. I must mention, however, that the study was perhaps the most comfortable room in that large parsonage which so easily expanded to the comfortable accommodation of three unmarried girls and three bachelors, and appeared to have still room left for more. It had two doors—one leading into the hall, the other into a short passage that led upon the flower-garden and lawn. The Doctor sat at a large writing-table in the bow-window, so that, as he read or wrote or lectured, he was face to face with the snow in winter and

with the roses in summer. At the same table, on his right, sat Montacute; on his left, Wilmore. My place was at a centre table, behind him. He always—presumably ancient habit had made lecturing impossible without them—wore both cap and gown; and I cannot describe the oddity of having that unaccountable glass eye in the back of his head always fixed unblinkingly upon me. I declare that it checked many a yawn or fit of inattention far more effectually than a real, living, winking eye would have done; certainly far more than his real eyes checked the yawns and pastimes of Montacute and Wilmore.

After lecture and lunch, we occupied ourselves as best we could. Except at lunch and at dinner we saw absolutely nothing of the girls, and not much of them even then. So far as Milly was concerned, it was only just enough to make me want a great deal more. I used to catch myself writing 'Millicent Linnet' in the pages of my note-book; and once, 'Millicent Hayes.' But the glass eye of my tutor glared upon it so that I made it illegible under a network of blots and curves.

But at last came Sunday. And Sunday meant a general walk to church through the frost-bound fields. Nor was it possible to keep the party from drifting into twos and twos. Even Montacute seemed to have laid aside his misogynism in favour of Agnes Linnet, and Wilmore his fear of Clara. And so it came to pass that, while the Doctor and his wife walked arm-in-arm, Montacute and Agnes walked in front a little to the right, Wilmore and Clara a little to the left, and I—fascinated by the glass eye into retaining my lecture position—brought up the rear with Milly, in this wise:

← Montacute.  
Agnes.

← Direction.

Dr. Greenfinch.  
Mrs. Greenfinch.

Myself.  
Milly.

← Wilmore.  
Clara.

'But why, Miss Linnet,' I asked, 'does your uncle—indeed, I am not laughing—always go about his country parish in cap and gown? Why he should wear them when lecturing, of course I can understand. It is on the same principle that a groom always whistles when rubbing a horse down.'

'He was very fond and proud of his college,' said she. 'It was the same as yours—aren't you? And his cap and gown are links with the past—the outward and visible signs of his love and pride. I think he is a late Fellow of St. Christopher's in the first place, and Vicar of Todhurst in the second. But, Mr. Hayes, I did not know that college-caps are made with glass eyes in them. Why?'

'And I didn't know it either, Milly—Miss Linnet, I mean. I don't like to ask your uncle. Will you ask your aunt? I should really like to know.'

'O, poor aunt Susan! She'd only say it must be all right, because it's Greek to her.'

'Do you know there is really something quite awful in that stony glare? It fascinates me. It makes me feel as if whatever I did was seen.'

'That's all the better, isn't it, when you're not doing any harm?'

'Yes, Milly—Miss Linnet. But suppose I am doing harm? Suppose, when I ought to be working in order to become—like your uncle, I'm thinking of something else—of somebody? I really believe your uncle sees me now with that third eye.'

'Well, we're doing no harm now,' said she.

I said nothing as to that; for I felt that, as a man who had come to Todhurst to read for celibacy in the shape of a fellowship, I was doing a great deal of harm. But I couldn't help it; and I fear that the will to help it was wanting as well as the power.

'Perhaps,' said Milly, in a charming tone of lightness and gravity combined and harmonised, 'perhaps that is just what he wants to make you feel—that his care is over you even when you are not face to face with him.'

'But, Milly, isn't that rather absurd? And to mean such a thing as that with an eye like a caricature!'

'Please, remember your promise,' said she. 'I think the very best things are always those that seem to—us—a little—absurd.'

That was a rebuke, sweetened by substituting 'us' for 'you.' She was right, no doubt. And yet somehow I could not believe in the wisdom of a man who chose to symbolise great things by spoiling a college-cap with a glass eye.

I have forgotten the text for that Sunday; but I remember the—no, not the sermon, but the preacher. The congregation consisted of the preacher's wife, three girls, three inattentive young men, and a number of villagers, and two or three farmers and their families. But the sermon was learned enough to be preached before convocation. It criticised the Hebrew text of a disputed passage, and bristled with quotations from the Fathers in their original tongues, and untranslated. Moreover, it was desperately long.



But I liked the sermon, for it enabled me to see more of Milly than I had seen of her since Thursday; and, as for the congregation:

'That's the zart o' zarmint to do 'ee good,' said one old dame to another. 'T baint no ways common, like t' parson o' Crackwick, as any vooäl can see through like a windy-pane. Why,' she added proudly, 'I do believe *our* parson could puzzle his own self, he's that book-wise!'

But, for that matter, I have observed in higher circles that sermons as well as books are respected in proportion as they are obscure.

Sunday though it was, I saw little more of Milly that day. To my infinite disgust, aunt Susan drove her nieces over to early dinner and evening church in another parish; and I and my fellow-pupils took a grind across country, and bored ourselves horribly. The only thing we could find of interest was a canal frozen over; and I must confess that, Sunday as it was, we took advantage of the absence of the three eyes to have a good slide.

Whether it was the effect of the sermon or whether of the slide, I cannot pretend to say; but I felt all the better for something on Monday morning. It was a brilliant morning, too—all frost and sunshine, with a blue sky, and without a breath of wind. We assembled as usual, after our early breakfast, for lecture in the study, keeping our usual places. I had really made first-rate resolutions to give my whole attention to the Doctor, for somehow it had come into my head that certain dreams of mine were inconsistent with a fellowship, but nevertheless made it all the more important that I should

start in life with the prestige of a high degree. I made up my mind that I would no longer be distracted by the companionship of a couple of rich idlers, good fellows as they were in their way; and even Milly had managed to make me feel that I ought not to take advantage of my tutor's third eye's want of an optic nerve.

It might have been at the end of half an hour that I looked up from *Æschylus*, and saw that Wilmore was no longer in the room. But, as the doctor, whose left eye was full upon him, had never paused in the stream of his explanations, the reduction of our number was nothing to me. But again I looked up, at the end of some twenty minutes more, and behold—Montacute's accustomed seat was vacant also. But still the Doctor discoursed on, as if nothing had happened. Well—their licensed truancy was no concern of mine; all I had to do was to follow my tutor's example and plod on too, sunshine or rain.

But, as I have said, it was the very brightest of sunshine. And, presently raising my eyes once more—yes; there was no disbelieving my own eyes, however much I might mistrust my tutor's third—I plainly saw two girls and two young men pass the window across the lawn.

That was too much to stand. Milly herself might be one of those two. And there were the woman-hater and the woman-fearer making their hay while the sun shone in that glorious blue heaven, while I was wasting my time over a dead-and-gone tragedian under the glare of a glass-eye at the back of a pedant's brain. Degrees be hanged; was all the fun made for fools? I saw how it had been with those other two. And which of them

was with Milly—my Milly! As silently as a thief I rose, took up my hat, and—

‘The *prologos*, young gentlemen,’ continued Dr. Greenfinch about two hours afterwards, ‘the *prologos* is all that part of a tragedy which precedes the *parodos*; and the *parodos* must be carefully distinguished from the *stasimon*, as I trust you are aware. For while the *stasimon*—’

‘Nat, my dear, are you *never* coming to lunch?’ suddenly interrupted a well-known voice. ‘It has been on the table this half-hour.’

‘Eh—Susan, my dear! What—why!’ exclaimed Dr. Greenfinch. ‘Pray don’t interrupt our studies, my dear—we’ve only just begun! Mr. Montacute, will you kindly explain the difference between the *parodos* and the *stasimon*?’

He glanced to the right—no Montacute was there. To the left—no Wilmore. ‘Mr. Hayes,’ said he, without turning round, ‘will you be good enough to explain—what this means?’

‘Goodness gracious, my dear,’ said aunt Susan, ‘there’s nobody here but me—and it’s lunch-time, Nat, and all getting stone cold! The young men have been out of doors for more than an hour.’

‘Bless me,’ exclaimed Dr. Greenfinch; ‘my soul alive! Can I have been lecturing to nobody? Then—then Nobody can explain the difference; that’s all! But you mustn’t think, my dear, I don’t see what goes on behind my back as well as before my face. *I see it all!*’

Suddenly there sounded through the house another peal of that deep-voiced bell.

#### IV.

MEANWHILE, as I have said, I took up my hat, and—as I was going to say—found my way to the lawn. I had to pass the study-window, that is to say before the very eyes of my tutor, but it was not his two natural eyes that I heeded; it was his third, now engaged in glaring upon my empty chair. Neither Montacute nor Wilmore, nor any of the girls, was there. But no sooner had I reached the gate of the drive than I came face to face with—Milly; alone. Aunt Susan had thought her lambs safe in lecture time.

She started, and I think she coloured—unless it was I, for, during the last few days of my life, I had been finding Wilmore’s shyness a catching quality. But, if I was not to throw away my truancy, a bold stroke was required—I saw by this time enough of how the land lay to foresee that uncle Nat would make some desperate attempt to recapture his wolf and aunt Susan to regain her lamb.

‘Milly—Miss Linnet,’ said I, ‘did you ever slide?’

‘On the ice? O, hundreds of times—when I was young.’

‘Ah! Then of course you must have forgotten now—you are so old! But wait a minute—can you skate? We found a canal, yesterday, frozen to a turn, and I’ve got a pair of skates I’d ordered as a Christmas present for my sister Grace that will fit you as if they’d been made for you. Come—don’t let’s throw such a morning as this away!’

‘But where are the others, Mr. Hayes?’

‘On the canal by this time, if they’re worth their salt. Wait for me while I get the skates—wait here.’

I was off before she had time to say yes or no; and by the time she had hesitated, and was therefore lost, I was back again with two pairs of skates in my hand.

I am quite unable to tell, even to this hour, whether I really believed that the four others were provided with four other pairs of skates and were on the canal. I may have believed it, because it seemed so natural; but, on the other hand, I may not; and even so it may have been with Milly. At any rate the still frosty air was bound to get into any heads with a scrap of brains in them; and there cannot be a pound of folly without at least an ounce of brains. Off we were; and in a wonderfully short time—so short, that, when I think of it, it seems less than an instant—we were flying gloriously along the canal, while Dr. Greenfinch was lecturing me aloud with all his learning.

Could she skate, indeed! She went literally like a bird. I was a good skater myself; but she was my equal, and, being about half my weight, less skated than flew. It was glorious. Think of flying along, alone with the girl of your heart, under a blue sky, and through an air that was of itself champagne!

The canal was good straight going, and as smooth and safe and springy as ice can be. I forgot Dr. Greenfinch and his eye; I forgot *Æschylus*; I forgot my fellowship; I forgot the world. All I knew or cared to know was that Milly's hand lay lightly upon my arm, and that her eyes were bluer than the sky. I have dreamed of such flights, but this beat any dream. Or was it all a dream? I neither knew nor cared.

\* \* \* \* \*

But even dreams have an end, much more reality.

Our flight became a glide, until at last we stopped, half breathless, and brought ourselves to anchor, eyes meeting eyes.

'That was glorious—too glorious, Milly!'

'But where are the others, after all?'

'O, leagues before or leagues behind. Who cares?'

'Yes—but I'm afraid we must care. I wonder where they—no, where ~~we~~ are!'

'O Milly, pray don't drag me down to Todhurst again. Wherever we are, I am with you. Milly—I wish that flight of ours had gone on for ever, and never come to an end.'

'For ever! That would be rather a long time. Wouldn't there be a thaw?'

'First you bring me back to facts, and then down to prose. Milly—I have never forgotten you—not the least thing about you, except your name—ever since I met you at the Kenricks, a year ago. . . . It isn't chance that I met you again here, just where I came in order that I might meet nobody. And it may be—for I can see perfectly well that we are being kept apart—it may be that if I don't seize this chance of a word, I may never have it again. What do I want with a fellowship when I want you? I'm not such a worthless idiot, I hope, that I can't earn a living for two. Will you be the other, Milly? Indeed it's not as if you had only known me for five days—they've been five years—and to-day has been a lifetime. I love you—and—and I love you—'

I suppose this to some extent represents what I said, but I don't think words have much to do with such things. I will answer for one thing—I did not kneel, seeing that we were both in skates upon slippery ground. But

even this had its advantage; for it enabled me to hold both her hands to give her support, and to draw her closer to me, even while speaking, by a movement that was imperceptible. It was not on common earth that I first made love to Milly, nor were our feet bound heavily to the ground. Were we a pair of madcap fools, to believe ourselves in love because we had twice danced together, and once driven in a gig, and once walked to church, and once skated along a canal? Reader, if you answer 'yes,' it is you who are a—fool. And if you knew Milly, as I know her now, you would know why.

What did she say in answer? I know it meant all I longed for, but as to words, I would as soon try to write a picture, or to paint music, or to turn poetry into prose. I would not swear that she said anything at all. But I know what happened. My arm was round her, and we were flying onward, no longer two, but one.

Meanwhile good Dr. Greenfinch lectured on, in the full belief that he had his third and—in a matrimonial sense—least eligible pupil safe under his third eye.

A day like that comes but once in a life. The laws of nature are suspended; the laws of households cease to be. But one law never fails, especially on a frosty day, when two young people are glowing with happiness and exercise. That law is—Hunger.

One does not own to such things on such occasions. But the most natural of impulses brought us to anchor exactly opposite a decent looking tavern on the bank of the canal. I looked at my watch, and then at the sun.

'Gods and goddesses, Milly! There's no lunch for you to-day, unless you can make one here. . . .

Holloa there!' I called out to a man smoking his pipe in the tavern doorway, and wondering when the frost would break up and bring back his customers, the bargees. 'How far are we from Todhurst, by the canal?'

'Todhurst, master? A matter o' sixteen mile.'

'Sixteen miles!' exclaimed Milly, looking at me rather blankly. 'We can't have come sixteen miles in one hour. What will aunt Susan say?'

'She must say, "Bless you, my children!" But you're right, Milly—I really can't understand how we can have skated sixteen miles in half an hour, at the very outside. Nor can I make out how my watch can have been galloping on even faster than we. But it can't be helped now. You must rest here, and we must get back as fast as we can. Not that you can skate back again. We must drive, even if there's nothing better than a cart to go in. Don't trouble yourself, darling. I'm answerable for you now.'

In one sense I spoke the words of wisdom—there was nothing else to be done. So we dined on something that looked like bread and cheese, but was in reality ambrosia; and upon nectar that was curiously like beer. On farther inquiry, it came out that the nearest approach to a triumphal car was a sort of indescribable vehicle without springs, which could take us as far as Crackwick, whence, after our long rest, we could recover warmth by skating the rest of the way home. Milly showed no symptoms of fatigue; but then she was an ideal heroine—at any rate, she was (and is) mine. But this story would fill three volumes if I begin to praise Milly. So I will resist temptation, and proceed.

Off we set in the cart for Crack-

wick. The sun showed very decided signs of setting, and a mist of rising. But the ride itself was delightful. Behind the driver, who had no third eye, we sat close together, and talked and were silent in turn.

'But what will your people say?' asked Milly.

It is her one fault that she is so provokingly practical, and always will look at everything from all its sides.

Ah—what *would* they say? I was one of a dozen, with no expectations; she, one of three, dependent entirely on an uncle who had something to give, but would have nothing to leave. I was almost bound in honour to repay the expenses of my college life by doing my best for that confounded celibate fellowship, with the prospect of becoming a second Dr. Greenfinch at the end. What *would* they say? They would have the right to say a very great deal. I did not for one moment think myself unwise in preferring Milly to all else in the world. But it is always hard to get one's relations to see things in a sensible way.

'Whatever they may say at first,' said I boldly, 'they will end by saying that I have won the best wife—which means the greatest treasure—that the whole universe contains. You are not afraid to trust to me?'

'No, indeed! But—'

'Then, darling, there's no "but" at all.' But, all the same, there was a very big 'But,' as I very well knew.

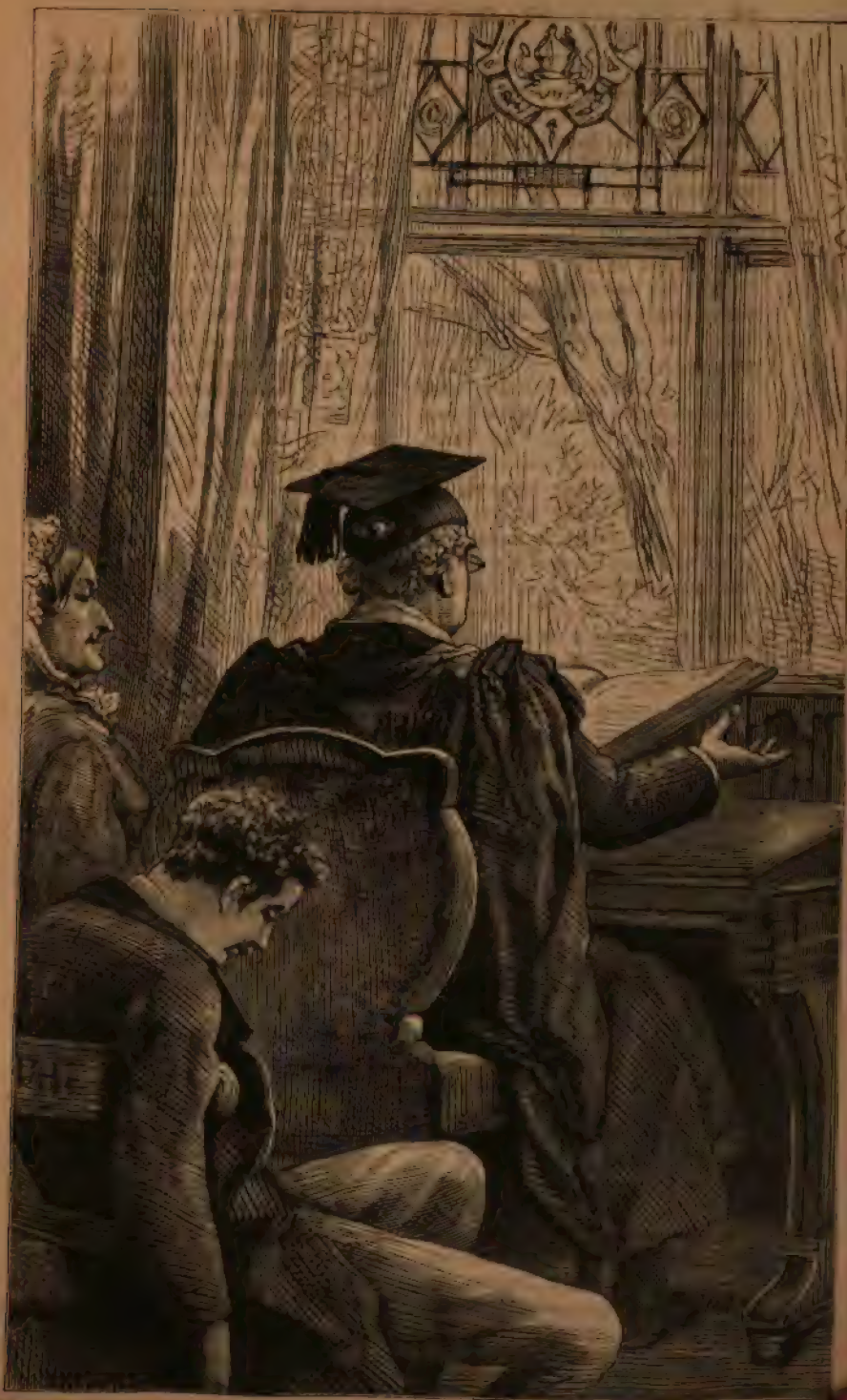
However, we had reached Crackwick. I gave the driver at least ten times his due, and we resumed our skates with fresh energy. There was certainly a mist; but there was no chance of losing our way upon the straight canal. On the whole, I think, that home-

ward sail, though it was back to earth from fairyland, was the best part of the whole glorious day. There was no doubt between us; we were as much one as two hearts and souls can ever be in a world where every inmost soul must be content to be more or less alone. We at least for that hour felt no sort of solitude. And then the very mist threw a weird and fanciful atmosphere round us as of another world. We seemed literally floating upon air; and nothing around us seemed real, save our own full lives. We received nothing from earth or air—we gave all. We were ourselves the world. And then—would that I could describe the scene!—over and through that slender mist fell the white light of the moon.

It was the touch of the wand of a fairy queen. The very trunks of the trees that lined the bank became transparent and rose without roots from the mist; and their leafless branches made the most wonderful lacework that was ever seen, sparkling with rime and moonlight together. The moon was behind us, so that we seemed to be floating after our own shadows; and it was hard to tell which were the more shadow-like, they or we. The whole air was ripe for marvels—for elves and sprites and goblins, and all manner of wonders. Suddenly Milly gave a slight start, and I felt her fingers tighten on my arm.

'Look! What is that?' she exclaimed.

Some yards before us floated a figure—a human figure, though more like a ghost than a man. It was tall, and was wrapped in loose floating drapery that streamed behind. Nothing about it was defined, and it moved as if it were, like ourselves, flying over





the surface of the canal. What appeared at one time to be drapery resembled, at another, a pair of outspread wings. But the least defined part of the creature was its head. Although, as it sailed before us, its head received the full effect of the moonbeams, and although we were following it, it seemed to be the face that was turned towards us, either as though the creature were flying backwards, or as though its head were put on hind-part before. But the face was monstrous to look upon. It had no features save a yawning grinning mouth, and a single staring eye in the very middle of its brows.

In this way the grinning, glaring shadow seemed to float solemnly backwards, as if luring us on, while we could almost fancy that we could feel the flap of its gigantic wings. I was no believer in ghosts, and am in no other respect more troubled with nerves than most men; but I must confess that the sight of this moonlight monster made me understand a little what seeing one's first ghost means. Not that this specimen of the unknown under-world was so much a ghost as a shadowy ogra. Human it certainly was not, for men have no wings to fly with, and, if they had, would not fly backwards. No, there was nothing human about that gigantic goblin, taking its solemn pastime in the misty moonlight, where no mortal was likely to come.

'What is it?' asked Milly again.

'Then it is no fancy, since you see it too. We must put on the speed, and see; or rather, I will skate ahead, and you shall follow.'

'O no! I can't leave go your arm with that—that—whatever it is, glaring at us, and leading us

on, Heaven knows where! If it is to a hole in the ice—'

'Nonsense, Milly! But, all the same, it is strange . . . . . Holloa!' I shouted to the figure; but it neither answered nor paused, nor made a sign of having heard.

'Frank, do you see its eye?'

'If I had only something to throw at it!'

'O, don't do that! It might—'

'Might what?'

'I don't know—but something dreadful.'

We never thought of stopping to see if the creature would vanish or float into the mist. Stopping would have looked like fear, and might prevent our reaching the root of the mystery. So we increased our speed; but the distance between us and the creature, never lessened. It was so strange, so incomprehensible, that I should have been a monster myself had I not caught a touch of Milly's fear.

Yes; there were we, two sensible young people of the nineteenth century, being led a magnetic and mystical dance on a winter night by a phantom flying backwards, with black wings, and a face turned towards us that the moonlight made horrible to see. It was a nightmare; only in a nightmare feet drag, and ours flew.

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## V.

It was very late in the afternoon that Mr. Kenrick, a West-Country solicitor, arrived at the Vicarage at Todhurst. His name may be remembered in connection with a certain historic dance a year before; and indeed it was the Miss Linnets whom he had come to see. I knew the Kenricks well, as neighbours in my own country; but that, for the present, is neither here nor there.



But no Miss Linnet was at home.

'Dr. Blackbird, then?'

'Meaning Dr. Greenfinch?' asked James. 'No, sir; but Mrs. Greenfinch is in the parlour, if you'd like to see her.'

'I think I should; in fact I will,' said Mr. Kenrick. So he followed James into the parlour.

'I hope you will pardon this sudden intrusion of a stranger, Mrs. Greenfinch,' said he; 'but as the aunt of the Miss Linnets—who are charming girls, and exactly what their aunt must have been at their age; I should say exactly what they'll be when they're hers,' he corrected himself, plunging into obscurity to cover what, in so far as it implied that a lady was no longer so young as she had been, struck him as a somewhat doubtful compliment. 'As the aunt of the Miss Linnets—you will excuse me, madam, I am sure, when you learn—when do you expect their return?'

'O, don't ask me, don't ask me anything, Mr. Kenrick! I don't know what has happened; they're gone—all gone!'

'Great Heaven, Mrs. Greenfinch! What do you mean?'

'I knew how it would be; but Dr. Greenfinch *was* so blind! Never, never will I have three young men and three young women in one house again!'

'Great Heaven, Mrs. Greenfinch! *Where* are they gone?'

'To Gretna Green! And Nat, Dr. Greenfinch—'

'Yes, madam.'

'He's gone too!'

'What—to Gretna Green?'

'Sir, my husband is a beneficed clergyman, and a Doctor of Divinity! He's gone—without his lunch; and what'll become of us all, goodness only knows! ... But O—there's a ring!'

Mr. Kenrick, privately thinking

aunt Susan probably a little crazy, said nothing. And in less than a minute entered Clara Linnet, in her walking-dress, flushed and rosy.

'Clara,' said Mrs. Greenfinch, 'where *have* you been?'

'Only taking a walk with Agnes, aunt Susan.'

'And where *is* Agnes?'

'I don't exactly know, aunt dear; I missed her on the road. But I'm sure they won't be long.'

'*They*, Clara?'

Clara flushed up; she had not meant to say 'they.' But the sight of her old acquaintance saved her from an explanation. And even while she was shaking hands came another ring at the bell; and in walked Agnes, hastily—a little defiantly may be.

'Agnes,' asked Mrs. Greenfinch, 'how *could* you have missed Clara on the road? And where's Milly? Where's—'

But Agnes also took refuge with Mr. Kenrick. And then, without ringing, in lounged Montacute and Wilmore. It was certainly a striking coincidence, that the four should have returned so closely together from their ramble. 'Well, Gretna Green can't be very far,' thought Mr. Kenrick to himself. Mrs. Greenfinch put on her spectacles and looked with such mild severity upon the four guilty ones, that, whether they did so or not, they certainly ought to have trembled.

'Clara and Agnes,' she said, 'you had better go up-stairs and take off your things. And—'

What she was going to add, I know not, for there came another ring, and Milly and I entered the room. And I must own that our escapade, though not one leaf of its pride and joy had faded, did not look so worldly-wise under the gaze of aunt Susan's spectacles, and old Kenrick's knowing smile, and

the presence of my fellow-pupils and my future sisters-in-law—in a word, of the world—as under the magic light of sun and moon. I felt that even now and here the labours of Milly's Hercules, meaning myself, had begun. It was, however, no time to speak, then and there. Not that I meant to wait a moment, and was looking round for Milly's uncle, guardian, and second father to request an interview in his study, when in came—no, in rushed, James.

'Ma'am! The news has come how there's a one-eyed ghost dancing along the canal! A real live skeleton, with two horns, and wings, and a tail as long as long! It's been seen!'

Milly and I started, and our eyes met. What could it mean?

But the startling news had one effect. I know that—barring Milly and I, who dared not, for shame's sake, bring down sudden ridicule by asserting that we had seen old Nick himself skating on the canal—there was a general laugh, which, however, was not altogether like laughter. However, it sufficed to cover other things; for aunt Susan, fairly taken aback, took off her spectacles, and then put them on again, and stared helplessly at the door, as if expecting to hear the sound of hoofs upon the stairs. I went into the hall, and there found the whole company of servants, huddled together, and breathlessly watching the front-door, which James had left open, and nobody had the courage to close. There was a regular panic, and it so far affected the drawing room that we all followed, one by one—Mr. Kenrick, aunt Susan, and all. Wilmore and Clara only hung behind, and whispered together—no doubt about this startling tale. Suddenly the under-gardener rushed

into the house, his hair literally on end.

'Twur I zeed'n on the ice! 'Twur I!' he bawled. 'And now—he's a coming arter! He's a-come!'

There was a scream from the maids. Milly, who knew more of the apparition than even the under-gardener, clutched my hand. A heavy tread crunched the frozen gravel.

'I hear the wagging of his tail cried one.

'I zees the pints o's harns!'

'I veel—'

'Bless us all!' said the Vicar, entering, in his perpetual cap and gown, the latter covering his hands, which were clasped behind him. 'What does all this mean?'

Nobody could answer him; and at that moment the Doctor, forgetting, after his manner, that he was holding anything which he wished to hide, brought his hands from under his gown, and a pair of enormous German felt slippers, as big as two canoes, were displayed. Blushing to the roots of his hair, he turned his back to us to hide these articles, and, as if by accident, spread out his gown while trying to force them into his pockets. Milly and I caught each a look from the other. In that attitude, with the wings of his gown outspread, the corners of his cap like horns, and the lamplight from the drawing-room shining full upon the eye in the back of his head, and with the high shirt-collar that the cheating moonlight had turned into grinning jaws—there stood before us the Ogre of the Moon!

Yes. The worthy Vicar, in wild alarm, had been scurrying over the canal in search of his truant pupils, and had taken his bath slippers to save him from tumbling. I learned afterwards that

Mr. Kenrick thought he had strayed into a private asylum instead of the vicarage. But he did not show his suspicion; he made no remark even upon the Vicar's supernumerary eye. When we had returned to the drawing-room and shelved the delicate subject of our escapade by common consent,

'I have come on a pleasant errand,' said Mr. Kenrick. 'A year ago I drew a will for a client of mine—Mr. Crow of Rooksnest—leaving to these young ladies' father a fortune which, when realised, will amount to some sixty thousand pounds, well invested. Crow, poor fellow, is dead—unmarried; and these young ladies are—you understand—prizes; prizes, indeed. Holloa,' he exclaimed, turning to Milly and myself—Kenrick never had even so much tact as a bull among china

—'Holloa! If I'm not a blind man, one of the prizes is drawn!'

I was certainly not going to deny the good fortune that needed no gilding—not even before my fellow-pupils, chaff me as they might please. 'We must plead guilty, Doctor,' said I. 'We played truant—and—'

'Bless my soul!' cried the Doctor, flushing. 'It can't be! If it were so, I should have seen it; I didn't see it, therefore it can't be. No, no!'

'But even so it is, sir,' said I, taking Milly's hand. What had become of Montacute, Wilmore, Agnes, and Clara, I don't know—at any rate they were not in *that* room.

'It is, is it? Then—then—all I can say is, if it is, I *did* see it; I must have seen it, sir! I saw it—of course I saw it—with my Third Eye!'



'England was Merry England, when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale!  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale!  
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer  
The poor man's heart through half the year.'

*Sir Walter Scott.*

## THE LOST LETTER.

By MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.

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'THEN I shall hear from you?'

'Yes, one way or other. If it rested with me the matter might be settled now, but there are others to consult who may not be of my way of thinking. I *believe*, however, we shall want you; I hope we shall.'

'And whether you do or not, I shall never forget your kindness.'

'Pray do not speak of that. I only wish I could have proved of real service, though, perhaps, hereafter—'

'Good-bye,' she said, as he hesitated, scarcely knowing how to finish the sentence he had incautiously begun, a sentence intended to prophesy great things which might never come to pass.

'Good-morning,' he answered, amending her expression. 'You may depend upon hearing from me within the week;' and for an instant her hand lay in his hand, and her trustful eyes looked up into his face.

'Thank you,' she said softly; 'you are very, very kind.' And then she was gone. The chair she had occupied stood empty. A subtle sense of womanhood had departed from out the room. Adown the staircase—the old dark dingy staircase—a slight girlish figure had fitted, shrinking nervously from contact with those she met; and the editor, who had elicited such unwonted expressions of gratitude, was left alone to consider the position.

'She certainly is *very* clever, poor little thing,' he decided;

'but Hammond won't like it, that is quite certain. However, I shall do all I can for her. What a tiny creature it is, and yet how self-reliant! I wish Hammond could have seen her. He must have accepted her story.'

Which was, indeed, the very thing Mr. Hammond would not have done. Had he seen this pale-faced shabbily-dressed Bessie Dunlow he would have said, without the slightest hesitation,

'It is of no use your bringing stories here; we have too many of them;' and if the girl had proved persistent, as even the most timid of women will on behalf of their brain-children, he might have gone so far as to remark,

'You can leave your manuscript if you like, but I tell you candidly I do not see the slightest chance of our accepting it.'

Authors were to be found who, even in the face of such discouragement, elected to leave their manuscripts, feeling confident that, although Mr. Hammond might have rejected nine hundred and ninety-nine novels, essays, or poems, their novel, essay, or poem would prove the one exception in the thousand.

When such a case occurred Mr. Hammond's mode of dealing with the difficulty was simple in the extreme.

'Jones,' he would say, addressing a meek-looking clerk who sat in an outer office, and usually occupied himself in directing envelopes and wrappers, a mode

of passing time which, if useful, is somewhat apt to prove stupefying, 'Jones, just take this manuscript, and direct it to the address you will find enclosed. The day after to-morrow you can post it, together with a civil note, saying the "editor regrets," and so forth. And, Jones—'

'Yes, sir.'

'If the lady should call again, do not let her in on any account.'

'Very good, sir.'

'I am sure no one can consider the feelings of authors more than I do,' Mr. Hammond would then remark to his editor, Mr. Kilham, who, in the course of an experience extending over many years, had learned the great beauty and usefulness of silence.

Mr. Hammond had been, and indeed still was, a wholesale stationer in a tolerably safe way of business.

He did not manufacture paper himself, but he sold the goods of those who did; and, as his father had been engaged in the same branch of trade before him, Mr. Hammond's lines were thrown, as he vaguely phrased it, 'less or more among literary people all his life.'

According to his reading of the word 'literary,' he was quite correct. Any person who was connected directly or indirectly with the production of a book was one of the guild.

Paper-makers, paper-sellers, bookbinders, wood-engravers, printers—ay, even the printers' devils—black, saucy, and irrepressible—were all, in his estimation, members of one great army. Those he reckoned as the lowest of the rank and file were the men who provided employment for all the others.

Upon authors Mr. Hammond looked down with a naïve wholesome and refreshing contempt

too genuine even to prove offensive.

'It is the only calling,' he was wont to observe, 'upon which a man can enter without previous knowledge, training, or capital. A quire of paper, a pennyworth of ink, another pennyworth of pens! Why, there is not a coster in London who could set up in business with so small a stock. That is what brings such a lot of incapables into the trade. A fellow who can't do a simple sum in addition rushes into poetry; a woman who can't make a pudding is perfectly sure she is able to write. If a girl wants a new dress; if a curate finds his butcher pressing; if a lad desires to shirk business; if a widow is left with a large family and small means—he or she at once takes pen in hand and "dashes off"—that is the expression—dashes off a little something it is quite certain will "prove suitable." No; you need not talk to me about successful authors. If they had only turned their attention to some legitimate business, they would have been far more prosperous. I have never known an author who was easy about money matters unless his father did well before him, and left some substantial grist for the household mill behind. Why, look at my editor, Mr. Kilham; he is a case in point, if ever there was one. A man of good family, well educated, successful at Oxford—why, he started with everything in his favour! His uncle wanted him to take Orders, and would have given him an income, and eventually a living; but no, he had "conscientious scruples;" he did not "think he was fit to be a clergyman;" he had some objection to signing one of the Thirty-nine Articles, so he quarrelled with his friends, and came to London to try his fortune at

authorship. Well, he has tried his fortune, and what is the result? He is only too glad to come to me at a salary of two hundred and fifty pounds a year. Of course he makes something by his writing, but if you put the whole down at five hundred, I fancy you will be a little over the mark. Now do you call that success? Why, he might have been a bishop by now, if he had only followed his uncle's advice!

'But then, you see, I might not,' Mr. Kilham sometimes answered, when such a remark was made to him. 'After all, the profession of bishop is a very close borough.'

'Pooh, sir! don't tell me!' Mr. Hammond would rejoin. 'All the better for you if you had selected a calling closed against Dick, Tom, and Harry; miss in her teens and grandmother in her dotage. With all your cleverness, Kilham, I must say I think you know very little of the world.'

Mr. Hammond was quite right. Mr. Kilham—'my editor,' the captive of his bow and spear, the 'point' of his moral raids against authorship, the 'adornment' of tales meant to prove that literature could only be regarded as a very poor and trashy calling—knew very little indeed of the world, or he would never for a moment have imagined that Bessie Dunlow's face, voice, and manner were likely to impress his principal with the slightest idea of talent.

No one could have accused Mr. Hammond of having quiet tastes. When he took his holiday he always went to some town crammed full of visitors of the same turn of mind as himself. His house was a blaze of colour; his children were brought up to be prodigies of forwardness and knowledge; his horses lifted their

feet higher than other horses; and his wife, a large handsome woman, invariably wore bright dresses and a considerable amount of jewelry.

It was always the 'loudest' thing of the season in which Mr. Hammond believed.

The most startling picture, the most sensational book, the noisiest music, the most talked-about singer—if ever a writer received a long notice and glowing critique, that was the writer for whom his soul longed.

'We don't *make* authors here, sir,' he said one day pompously, to one who confessed that, as yet, the world was ignorant of the genius it contained in his own person. 'We don't make authors here, sir; but when they are made we are very glad to see them.'

'Made' authors, however, were not always so glad to see Mr. Hammond, who had an objection to remunerating them according to what they considered their deserts.

This was one of the difficulties Mr. Kilham had to contend against in his endeavours to make the magazine a success. That he had made it one was owing almost entirely to his own standing in the world of letters, and to a gentleness of manner which acted as an admirable buffer between Mr. Hammond and the contributors.

It is only fair, however, to state that Mr. Hammond did not share this opinion.

'If it were not for me,' he said, 'my magazine would soon be as poor a property as it was when it came into my hands.'

He had held a mortgage over it in the time of the previous proprietor; and when that individual's affairs went into bankruptcy determined to see whether he could not make it pay.

'There is nothing like management,' he delighted to assert. 'Everything in this world is management—the whole difference between success and failure is management.'

Like many another indirect self-praiser, Mr. Hammond forgot or ignored the fact that he had begun his management with a good business and a satisfactory balance at his bankers; whereas Mr. Kilham and others, who were not admirable administrators of their own, were forced to commence and wage the battle of existence destitute of such adventitious aids.

Bessie Dunlow would, in Mr. Hammond's eyes, have seemed merely a mistake. Young persons shabbily attired, and who looked as if they had never partaken of a sufficient meal, were out of his line entirely. Thick silks, good furs, stylish bonnets, well-made boots, well-fitting gloves—that was the 'proper sort of thing for a lady;' and Mr. Hammond would no more have dreamt of calling poor Bessie—in her best stuff dress, her modest hat, her cheap poor jacket—a lady than he would his own cook.

Nay, in his estimation, the cook would have ranked higher—she, at all events, was a good manager; but as for Bessie, of course it was all for lack of his favourite quality that she failed to present the appearance which might have won favour in the eyes of men.

Such as she was, however, she had found favour in the sight of Mr. Kilham. She reminded him of a young sister who had, for many a sorrowful year, been sleeping safely and quietly under the green turf in a certain churchyard far away. There was a look in her face, also, that recalled a girl, remembered even in his middle age with an aching pain at his

heart, who had been forced to marry against her will, and who died before she was twenty.

Further, she was a desolate little creature—desolate, though she had mother and brothers and sisters; and, moreover, she was gifted with that fatal dower, genius; and who should know better than Mr. Kilham what fortune that was likely to bring with it?

Her heart had fluttered out to him, and even at their first interview he gleaned all about her—all, that is to say, save the name of the remote village whence she travelled all alone to London.

'I wrote to editors and publishers till I was tired,' she explained; 'so I thought I would come and see them.'

That was it. She had saved and saved till the tiny purse held enough to enable her to adventure up to London. All the year she taught—she had been teaching ever since she was fifteen. All the money she could make in that way was needed, because her mother was delicate, her income small, the boys at school, her little sisters young.

Between the lines Mr. Kilham could read the simple pitiful story. Though Bessie only touched the features of her mother's character with the tenderest affection, this man, who had seen so much of human nature, understood Mrs. Dunlow's character as well as if he had been acquainted with it for years.

Weak, vain, selfish, unadaptable, proud of her sons and indulgent to them, fond of her daughter, but not considerate, as the father, had he lived, must have proved.

Over-worked, over-weighted—a gentleman not merely by birth, but in every instinct of his nature; honest and honourable; resolute to per-

form each duty as it came; a fond husband, a tender father, a true Christian, which last phrase, indeed, if we could always understand it aright, includes every excellent trait that so many words are often expended in endeavouring to express; ah! well, though the grief was old in so short a life as Bessie's, Mr. Kilham comprehended the wound inflicted by her father's death was still unhealed, when he saw the girl's eyes full of unshed tears—of tears she was resolute not to shed, as she spoke of how badly off they had been left, of what a struggle her mother found it to make all ends meet, even with what she, Bessie, could contribute to the common fund.

'So I thought,' finished the little maiden, who would, in Mr. Hammond's eyes, have seemed of so little account, 'that if I were able to earn anything by my writing—even twenty pounds a year—it would make all the difference.'

All the difference! Mr. Kilham heard that part of the sentence distinctly—saw the pale, anxious, pleading face, the soft hazel eyes, the hands unconsciously clasped on his table—and determined to speak, paradoxical as the phrase may seem, severely, out of mercy.

'The question is, my dear,' he said, and there was nothing offensive in the words 'my dear' as he spoke them—half a century seemed to separate the two, he looked so much older than he was, and she so much younger—'are you able to write? Whether the opinion be right or wrong, of course I am not prepared to say; but the general opinion is that ladies so young as you cannot have sufficient knowledge of the world to enable them to produce a story really worth reading.'

It was curious to see how, in

a second, the girl's cowardice changed into strength. She did not argue the point. She never thought of fencing with his statement.

'I can write, sir,' she said. 'I know I can write. If you will only look at my manuscript, you will say the same;' and she stretched out the manuscript which the editor, still unbelieving, and against all his convictions, permitted her to leave in his hands.

'I will write to you,' he said.

'Thank you. But will you promise me to read it?'

'You may depend upon my doing so.'

And then she went. Something, then inexplicable to the editor, seemed to go with her. Something as intangible to mental analysis as the passing fragrance of a violet would be in any actual crucible. Plenty of women had one time and another sat in the editor's office—women drawn from many ranks—women possessed of various individualities; and amongst such a number one more might well have seemed a very insignificant item.

Beauties and celebrities—ladies of high social standing; ladies who understood the art of dressing; ladies who were adepts at persuasion—all these and many more had come and gone, and impressed the editor, little or much, as the case might be; but Bessie Dunlow was the only one who had taken his fancy.

I use the phrase in no love sense. The interest he felt in her, the something he missed when she departed, had no touch of passion mingling.

His sentiment towards the girl was that of kindly pity—of admiring respect. She was so feminine and yet so strong, so timid and yet so brave, so fragile



and yet so full of energy, so sensible and yet so blind to the harshness of her lot; so grieved mother and brothers and sisters were destitute of many things good and desirable, so glad she was the eldest of the family and able to help, even though her help brought in so little.

As in the gloom of a winter afternoon in London he leaned back in his chair and thought about the burden this child—for to him she seemed little more—had undertaken and was carrying quite contentedly, Mr. Kilham found his fancy following her about her daily avocations.

In the bright winter mornings, when snow lay upon the ground, he could picture her walking along the country lanes to the houses where she taught. He could see her amongst her brothers and sisters making all things smoother for the delicate querulous mother, pouring out the tea, toasting the bread, stitching away in the evenings, opening her little budget of news for the amusement of the circle, copying out the parts for the choir, running off to the church for Saturday evening practice, playing the organ on Sundays (for a year past she had added to her mother's income by taking the post of organist; 'the rector has been so good to me,' she added), and, in a word, doing whatever her hands and her head found to do—this was the girl-woman he felt he could never quite forget, who had quite unconsciously shown him what a loving daughter and an affectionate sister could compass in her own person.

Domestically, Mr. Kilham was not fortunately situated. He had a delicate wife, who spent such portion of her existence as was not passed in society, in bemoan-

ing the evil fate which linked her fortune with that of a man who was 'a mere literary drudge;' he had little pleasure in his children, who were brought up by their mother to consider the best he, poor hack, could achieve—a very poor best indeed.

Here, then, was the other side of the shield presented for his view.

No man strong to labour—no male going forth to his work in the morning and returning to his rest at night—but a young girl, always turning her energies to account, week-day and Sunday doing something for those she loved, thankful to God, faithful to the helpless creatures He seemed to have confided to her care, untiring as regarded the task set her.

'And shall I murmur?' thought Mr. Kilham, contrasting his own position with that of Bessie Dunlow.

It grieves the chronicler of this little story to be obliged to state that, spite his inquiry, Mr. Kilham did murmur at the idea of having to read Bessie Dunlow's manuscript.

Had she told him she could sing, play, dance, make pastry, cut out a dress, he would have believed her; but he really could not credit that the little creature who seemed so small in every way—the pleading, modest, retiring little girl—possessed the smallest capacity for writing.

'It is some foolish love story, no doubt,' decided Mr. Kilham, as with a heavy sigh he cut the string that held together many sheets of paper.

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## CHAPTER II.

STILL Mr. Kilham read on, and it was no foolish love story which he perused.

'She made no mistake; she can write, and write well,' he said to himself, and then he turned back to the first page and read it all over again.

When he had finished his second perusal (the tale was short and the hand legible) he laid down the manuscript and thought.

'She ought to make her mark' thus ran his soliloquy. 'I wish I could give her the shove from shore; but I do not see how I can make an opening. Hammond would not like it. He never believes in new people—as if old writers must not have been new some time; and he hates all stories that end badly—says there is enough misery in real life, and so forth; though for my part I do not believe he knows anything about the matter. Funny sort of tale for a timid little creature like that to write, too! Wonder how she evolved it? Could not have been all out of her imagination.'

Two days after, Miss Dunlow was once again seated opposite the editor.

He had told her simply he believed she possessed genius, that he thought she ought to achieve great things, but at the same time he warned her of the difficulties she would have to encounter, and said, just in so many words,

'The road to success is not bordered with flowers.'

For answer, she said,

'I do not fear the difficulties I may have to encounter and overcome.'

'Ah! it is less in what you may meet than in all you must leave behind that the sorrow lies.'

'Each day we leave something behind,' she answered bravely;—

'even those who never gain, certainly lose.'

Mr. Kilham made no direct reply. He remained for a moment silent, then said abruptly,

'Where did you get your incidents? They never formed part and parcel of your own life, I am quite sure.'

'No. They did not in the way you mean; and yet they have almost formed part and parcel of my life, for all that.'

Bit by bit he drew the story from her. How in her holidays, or in what should have been her holidays, she 'kept up' the music of the younger members of the family at the Great House, where she came and went as she chose.

'They are all so kind to me,' said the brave little maiden. 'O, you cannot imagine how kind they are—even wanting me to dine and spend the evening, and go to picnics with them; and seeming quite vexed when I refuse.'

'And why do you refuse, little maiden?' asked the editor, having, perhaps, upon his brain those stories which find favour in the eyes of young ladies, relating to girls in like case with Bessie Dunlow, who made wonderful conquests.

'Why do I refuse?' echoed Bessie, who, poor soul, was practical in every detail of her life. 'O Mr. Kilham, cannot you understand? The people who ask me are rich, and gay, and fashionable. Where should I get dress which would be suitable to wear among ladies who have never had to consider money in all their lives? How could I spare time to go pleasuring, when the day is scarcely long enough for the work I have to do in it? How could I leave my mother and the boys, who have not a change from one year's end to another, and enjoy

myself while they were wanting me at home ?

'I am sure, my dear, I cannot answer your questions,' answered Mr. Kilham with an amused smile, under which there lay a trace of sadness also. 'What you say seems very right and sensible, but yet I am constantly receiving manuscripts in which the heroines—girls situated for the most part just as you are situated—walk out to achieve success, clothed only in white muslin and innocence. They all marry rich commoners, or baronets at the least; book muslin invariably has the best of the battle against velvet.'

'I know the stories you mean,' remarked Bessie, laughing; 'in them the governess is preferred to the pupil, and often the maid to the mistress. But you cannot think such tales are founded upon observation. In real life, I fancy, gentlemen visitors scarcely remember there is a governess in the house.'

'At the Hall, where you "keep up" the children's music when the family comes down from London, you must have managed to observe one of the gentlemen visitors pretty closely, I should say.'

Bessie looked troubled, but she did not blush. 'Yes,' she answered, 'I could not help it—I have been so much with them—him and her, I mean.' Here she lightly touched her manuscript. 'I have seen it all. I know how she tries him, though she is so good to every one else. I know how much he has borne from her, and I am sure—O, I am sure as possible, that some day the story will end as I have it. He will go away, and then, when it is too late, she will know how fond she is of him.'

'You think she is fond of him, then ?'

'Certain. She is able to hide it from him; but she cannot hide it from me.'

And thus they talked on for a little while; and, as in a mirror, she showed him artlessly and unconsciously the home wherein the coquettish beauty dwelt when she was not in London, or abroad, or taking her pleasure at some fashionable English watering-place.

With Bessie for guide, Mr. Kilham walked adown shady alleys to the lake whereon swans sailed proudly; he passed through conservatories filled with the rarest flowers; he sauntered across the park, and rested under the branches of ancient trees; he beheld the church, situate within the grounds, decked for Christmas; and peeped into the cottages where gifts from the Hall had come.

And there was no jealousy, no heart-burning in this girl's description of the life led by another girl scarcely a year older than herself; nothing in her own lot seemed to strike Bessie as hard. That one should be high and her fellow low was all a part and parcel of the scheme of creation, and Bessie had never even thought of amending it. That she should go afoot and the beauty ride on horseback was an arrangement she did not seem to think might be altered with advantage. Here, on the one hand, was little Bessie Dunlow working hard, rising early, eating the bread of carefulness; there, on the other hand, was the beautiful heroine of her story, with scarcely a crumpled rose-leaf to trouble her peace. And yet what the little teacher desired was not any of the luxuries surrounding the spoiled beauty, but only that her heroine should listen to the dictates of her own heart, and so, as Bessie said,

'Make my story all untrue.'

'You will have to change the ending of it,' commented Mr. Kilham, 'if I am even to try to do anything with it. My principal objects *in toto* to melancholy stories, and it would not be of the slightest use asking him to insert yours as it stands.'

But here arose an unexpected difficulty. Bessie, docile enough in most things, positively refused to remodel her story at the bidding of any proprietor on earth.

'I should only spoil it,' she remarked. 'I will write you another if you like; but I could not change that.'

Quite in vain Mr. Kilham remonstrated. Bessie was firm. The indifference or adaptability which comes, say, after twenty years of authorship, is rarely met with in a novice. At that moment Miss Dunlow was possessed with something of a martyr's constancy. Her story might be rejected, but her story should not be altered; and with a sigh that proved Mr. Kilham to be conversant with the ways of women and authors, he gave up the struggle.

'I will try my best for you,' he said, with a smile, 'though you do slight my advice. If you are passing the day after to-morrow, I will tell you what the chances are.'

When Bessie called again, Mr. Kilham confessed the chances were about equal.

'I hope I shall be able to manage it for you,' he said; 'but I can promise nothing. Let me see, what is your address? I will write to you.'

Without any knowledge of the utter unfashionableness of the neighbourhood where she was lodging, Bessie gave him the name of a very obscure street situated in a district where 'nobody lived.'

'I shall only be there for a

week,' she said timidly. 'I can only stay in London for another week.'

Mr. Kilham looked in the girl's face, and understood the reason.

The slender hoard, so painfully gathered, so carefully husbanded, was wasting rapidly away.

'Had not you better return home at once,' he said kindly, 'and let me communicate with you there?'

Like many other young people, the girl was, after a fashion, obstinate.

'No,' she answered; 'for good or for evil, I have decided to abide by what I am able to do while in London. If I gain, I thank God. If I fail, I believe it to be His will.'

Pregnant words, recalled afterwards by Mr. Kilham with a wondering interrogation.

It was after them—after a pause—she spoke the sentence with which this story opens.

Adown the stream of memory there still oftentimes comes floating to the editor, now a man more than successful, the very look Bessie Dunlow's face wore as she stood in his office for the last time. He can see the earnest eyes, hear the soft pleading voice, feel the touch of the small delicate hand, and watch the slender figure as the girl, gifted with so much genius, passes out of the room and flits down the gloomy staircase into the street.

'I wish Hammond were back,' said Mr. Kilham, in conversation with himself, some few days later on. 'Time is getting on, and I should not like to accept the story without his approval.'

For Mr. Kilham was not the autocratic editor most persons imagined.

He did not pooh-pooh the suggestions of his principal, and in-

timate if Mr. Hammond found the money, that was all any one desired of him.

On the contrary, he deferred, perhaps unduly, to Mr. Hammond's opinions. He was mild and meek, and anything in the shape of warfare with his chief would have been abhorrent to his nature. He never asserted himself, never insisted upon his rights. If occasionally he felt aggrieved, and disposed to throw up his appointment, there arose before him the vision of tradespeople clamouring to be satisfied, of daughters asking for dress which could not be provided.

'A poor creature,' excepting for his learning, Mr. Hammond considered him; but spite of this opinion he was a gentleman in every habit of his life, in every instinct of his nature, and with a chivalry that was an integral part of his character he desired to help Bessie Dunlow, who was indeed as distressed a heroine as ever existed in the pages of romance.

Days went by, and still Mr. Hammond did not return. It was the very last evening before the date Bessie had fixed for leaving London, and Mr. Kilham was as far from knowing the mind of his principal as ever.

'I will risk it,' he decided. 'The tale shall appear. The story is a good one, and accepting it may, as the little girl says, "make all the difference" to her. How I should like to see her face when she receives my letter!'

But Bessie never received the letter. It was lost in transit. What became of it, who can tell? There are millions and millions of letters delivered safely, but sometimes there is one missing, one opened in the hope of finding an inclosure, one dropped by a drunken

postman, one torn up for the sake of its stamp by a precociously wicked errand lad, one slipped in the folds of a magazine or newspaper, one mislaid by a careless servant—missing, at all events. Sometimes of importance, sometimes of none.

And the letter announcing to Bessie Dunlow the fruition of her hopes never reached her, and she waited, waited for its coming till hope was dead.

She stayed till the last minute in London. Stayed two days beyond the date she had intended. Pinching, saving, almost starving, she managed to give that two days' law, and defer her departure from the Thursday till the Saturday, and leave only in time to catch the last train home at night, so as to be able to appear at her post on the Sunday morning.

She had not money enough left to pay for a cab, or even for an omnibus. In her poor little purse there lay only her railway-ticket and sixpence halfpenny. Over the 'stony-hearted streets' she walked, weak in body, crushed in mind.

She had thrown and lost, ventured her all upon this cast, and, behold, the game was over. As she rolled up her manuscripts and put them in the bottom of her bag, her soul was too sick for tears. That night—that Saturday night—as she trod the pavements, slippery from recent rain, as she passed the open doors of gin-palaces, from out of which the gas flared brightly, as with head bent down she moved sadly through the throng, turning a deaf ear to the blandishments of omnibus cads, and an unseeing eye on the men and women she met on her way, I do not think there was in the length and breadth of London a sadder heart than Bessie Dunlow's, full of sad

hearts as the great Babylon always is.

Mr. Kilham waited, expecting to see her ; but, as she failed to come, wrote once again.

This time the letter reached safely ; but Bessie was gone.

When Mr. Kilham at last called at the lodging she had occupied he found his note stuck in the frame of the cheap mirror over the front-parlour chimney-piece ; but there was no Bessie to read it.

The little servant, her face and hands smeared with black-lead, told him all she knew about the young lady's departure.

'She went away last Saturday night, sir ; and a nasty night it was for her to be out. She would not have a cab. I wanted to fetch one. She looked as if she had been crying, and seemed in a sort of despair. She gave me half-a-crown ; and indeed, sir, I would rather not have taken it. No letter came for her on the Thursday or the Friday or the Saturday ; I am sure of it, because she waited and watched for every post. No, sir, I don't know where her home is, and neither does missus. Missus was saying, only this morning, if she had known where she lived she would have sent that letter after her.'

The editor did what he could. Not a rich man, he inserted one or two advertisements addressed to Miss B. D., who called on such a date, at such an office ; but nothing came of it. B. D. made no sign. As she had flitted down the dark staircase, so she was now departed out of his reach. She might have been dead and buried for aught of sign that she made. It was the story of Evangeline re-enacted, with a difference.

Prosperity and success had been quite close to her, and, unknowing, she left behind the sunshine,

and went out sorrowing into the night.

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### CHAPTER III.

It was the golden summer-time. In the country meadows were dotted with wild-flowers ; water-lilies bloomed in the cool shallows of slowly-gliding rivers ; on the hillsides great patches of sunshine lay warm ; the sea sparkled under a clear blue sky, almost unflecked by clouds ; a lovely season far away from London, but in town itself the heat was oppressive ; the watered streets seemed to send up steam instead of coolness ; and people resident in narrow courts and close chambers gasped, by reason of the oppressive atmosphere which seemed to grow even warmer after the sun went down, and to become almost unendurable in the watches of the night.

At his post in the old rooms, however, Mr. Kilham sat regular and industrious as ever. Life with him had, for many a year, gone on in a pretty regular and humdrum fashion. Lucky it was that he did not dislike his profession or rebel at his calling. Year in, year out, found him walking the familiar streets at given hours, opening his letters as the neighbouring clock struck ten, discharging his duties with the regularity of an automaton and the careful honesty of an honourable gentleman.

When he took his annual holiday, it either assumed the form of a week's walking tour, or otherwise a Christmas visit to a distant relative who farmed about a thousand acres of land, and was, in the opinion of Mrs. Kilham, 'an uncommonly common person.'

This especial year, however, he decided to take no holiday. His

outgoings had been larger and his incomings smaller than usual. Mrs. Kilham and family were at Scarborough, and some extra work, confided to him by a friendly publisher, would, he calculated, about enable him to send the required remittances to that fashionable seaport.

It was broiling weather, however, and he often found himself oppressed with a feeling of drowsiness and disinclination for mental exertion necessarily alarming to a man who trusts to his brain for the means of livelihood.

'This won't do,' he said to himself one afternoon, after he had been vainly striving to concentrate his attention on the proof before him. 'I must take a run out of town, if only for one night.'

At that moment a clerk entered with a bundle of letters which had arrived by the afternoon post, and Mr. Kilham, as his glance rested on them, groaned in spirit.

'Leave them down there, Jones,' he said, thinking for the moment that he would leave them unopened till the next morning.

Habit, however, proved stronger than mental disinclination for the task, and, after a few minutes, he pushed aside his proof, drew the letters towards him, and glanced over their contents, which, as a rule, seemed to be of the usual description.

Old men and maidens, young men and elderly ladies, all anxious to rush into print, all certain the editor must receive their offerings with eager hands.

But at last there was one misgiving which he read twice, and then a third time, with eager attention. It contained the offer of a post which, if he had ever dared to hope, would have been the one good he might have desired.

It was a certainty. The duties

were light, and of a nature consonant with his tastes. The emolument might by many have been considered low, but to Mr. Kilham it seemed absolute affluence.

This good gift came from a gentleman who had known Mr. Kilham's father, and was acquainted with the abilities of his son.

'If it is worth your acceptance,' he wrote, 'I shall be more than delighted. There are several matters we ought to discuss *viva voce*, and, as I am not likely to be in town for some weeks, I venture to ask you to give us the pleasure of seeing you here. My wife will be charmed to make your acquaintance; and the carriage shall meet any train by which you are good enough to say you will come to us. I trust you can make it convenient to remain at least a week.'

In a moment the world was changed for the man who had worked so faithfully and so long. Ease of mind in the future, the relaxation he so sorely needed provided as by the wand of a magician. After long years, it had come about as such good comes in stories; but in this case it was not too late, as in stories and in life good so often does come.

How rapidly he corrected that weary proof, with what different eyes he looked over the remainder of the letters! How much better and more graceful it seemed to answer, with a certain cunning flattery, the applications of would-be labourers in the literary market!

Life seemed a pleasure instead of a toil; and it was really a different looking individual who, indulging in an unwonted extravagance, took a first-class ticket for Hardersbridge, that being the nearest station to Mr. Mayning's place in Deepshire.

Never fairer had summer



CRUEL CHRISTINE.

See the Volume - 26



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afternoon seemed to him; never had this world seemed so full of beauty, so desirable a place to remain, as on that Saturday afternoon while the train sped away, far away from London, and the pure sweet air that had passed over miles of new-mown hay, of springing corn, and dainty wild flowers, touched his forehead with a light caressing breath.

The carriage was waiting at the station-gates and Mr. Mayning on the platform.

Behind lay the old dreary life. This was but the first taste of the beauty and luxury of an existence free from the depressing influence of sordid cares.

For that evening Mr. Kilham walked as one in a dream; everything was strange to him, and yet he recognised an extraordinary sense of familiarity with the objects which met him at every turn.

That broad terrace, commanding a view beyond the park of low blue hills, of a winding river, of distant cottages, red-tiled and picturesque; surely he had paced it or something just like it.

The very conservatory, the very odours of the rare plants it contained, revived in him some memory the source of which he could not at the moment trace. It was the same with his host and hostess, the same with Miss Mayning and the young man who followed her about like her shadow.

In a dream the editor went to bed. As one in a dream he threw open his window the next morning, and looked out at the prospect through a tracery of dew-spangled roses and burnished magnolia leaves.

Neither was the church unfamiliar to him. Those marble flags draping the tomb of Admiral Mayning were as accustomed to his eyes as the steps in Fountain-court. The mode of conducting

the service, the peculiarities of the vicar, the appearance of the clerk, the misbehaviour of the choir-boys, the position of the family pew—somehow and some time he must have been at Mayning before.

As they walked across the park, home, light dawned upon him.

'How wretchedly they manage that organ!' remarked Mrs. Mayning to her daughter. And the daughter, disentangling the fringe of a dainty parasol, replied,

'Yes, we miss Bessie now.'

'Have you heard how she is this morning?' asked the elder lady.

'Worse,' replied Miss Mayning. And then, with a charming smile, she turned to Mr. Kilham and explained,

'We are talking of the dearest little creature possible,' she said, 'who was so delightful as to manage the music at Mayning. We were quite the envy of all the parishes round and about. It was really quite a pleasure to listen to it.'

'And the young lady—she who played the organ. I mean?' asked Mr. Kilham, with a quick comprehension stirring his heart.

'O, Miss Dunlow! she is dying, poor child.' And Miss Mayning, still toying with that refractory fringe, would not show the tears which were brimming in her eyes.

'The best girl that ever lived,' supplemented Mrs. Mayning.

Mr. Kilham asked no further question, but, when luncheon was over, went out for a walk all by himself.

He had no difficulty in finding Mrs. Dunlow's cottage—set back in a garden full of flowers, the windows almost covered with honeysuckle and jasmine.

In the porch Mr. Kilham met one of the boys, for whose welfare Bessie had toiled so long and so cheerfully.

'Can I see your sister?' asked the editor. 'Is she able to be down-stairs?'

'O, yes, sir!' answered the lad; and, opening a door to the right, he announced the visitor, with no more ceremony than was involved in—

'Bessie, here's a gentleman!'

She was lying on a sofa, near a pleasant window opening out upon a tiny lawn shaded by an old mulberry-tree.

Without any evidence of surprise she recognised her former friend, and held out a feeble hand in greeting.

'I thought you had quite forgotten me,' she said, with a wan pitiful smile.

'I did write, though,' he answered; and then he told her how he had tried to find her, and failed.

'Should you like the story to appear now?' he asked. 'Would it be any pleasure to you?'

Pleasure, ah! The warm colour that flushed her cheek was answer sufficient.

He remained talking with her for a little time; but when he saw she was growing weary, he rose to take his leave.

As he did so, she laid her hand gently upon his arm.

'I want to tell you,' she said; 'it does not matter about that letter at all. If it had come, things might have been different, but they could not have been better. Mr. Mayning is going to see to the boys, and he has managed to get an annuity for my mother. Everything is well with me. It seemed hard at first, but it is hard no longer.'

'Will you do me the favour of glancing over that little story, Miss Mayning?'

It was Mr. Kilham who spoke—Mr. Kilham now quite an accustomed visitor at the Hall.

The season was Christmas. Out in the hedgerows hollyberries glistened from amid the snow, which lay lightly on branch and bough and leaf. Inside the Hall there seemed a cold ice. Miss Mayning and her lover had quarrelled; she had tried his patience that 'once too often' Bessie Dunlow foresaw would be the case. He was going away, for good or for evil—for always; and Miss Mayning was wandering restlessly from drawing-room to conservatory, from conservatory to library, trying to look as if she did not care.

Mr. Kilham's seemed the strangest request, and yet it was grateful. The man who could suggest the 'glancing over a little story' must of necessity be unaware of the anguish of mind she was experiencing.

Miss Mayning took the magazine offered, and, sitting down, began to read—carelessly at first, with more earnest attention as she proceeded. When she had finished, she looked back to the commencement; that gave her no enlightenment.

'Do you happen to know who wrote this?' she asked, turning to Mr. Kilham.

'Yes,' was the answer. 'Poor little Bessie Dunlow!'

'Bessie Dunlow!' she repeated in amazement. Then his eyes and her eyes met, and she understood.

'It is a touching story,' she said, after a pause.

'All stories which reflect life are, I fancy,' was his answer; and, leaving the room, he sought the rejected lover, who was superintending the packing of his belongings.

'Miss Mayning,' said the editor, looking out of the window, 'has gone across the Park to look at Miss Dunlow's grave.'

'Indeed!'

'Don't you think, before you leave, you would like to look at it also? Believe me, she was one of your truest friends.'

'Poor, good, dear little girl!'

'If she could speak to you now, I fancy she would ask you to pay her one last visit.'

The valet had left the room when Mr. Kilham entered; and Miss Mayning's lover now fixed an anxious gaze upon his adviser.

'What do you mean?' he asked.

'Just what I say,' answered Mr. Kilham. 'Bessie Dunlow always foresaw what has come to pass; but she would have given all she had to give to enable you both to understand your own hearts. If you follow Miss Mayning now, I think you need never doubt her again.'

An hour later two affianced lovers came pacing slowly back across the park.

They had paused for a minute

by the churchyard gate to look lingeringly at a modest grave covered over quite closely by the greenest and softest moss.

Hand in hand they stood, forgetting their new happiness for a moment in the contemplation of that mound, raised not many months before over the girl who had done so much, and done it so well.

'What a pity she died!' whispered Miss Mayning, tears gathering in her lovely eyes.

Would Bessie have said the same?

Scarcely, I imagine. If the day were short, it had been full of work; if the battle had seemed insignificant, the victory was complete. Out of the hurry, secure from jealousy, quite safe and free from all trouble she lay, her task completed, her work done—

'With her limbs at rest in the green  
earth's breast,  
And her soul at home with God.'

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## A CHRISTMAS CARD FROM AUSTRALIA.

---

A SUNBEAM taken from the plenty here,  
To melt thy snows, I fain would send thee, dear;  
The blue that slumbers in Australian skies  
Seems but reflected from thy radiant eyes;  
The flowers that blossom in the forest shade  
A pathway only for thy feet seem made;  
So flowers and sunbeams and blue entwine,  
A message taken from my heart to thine.

Sydney, New South Wales,

PHILIP DALL  
(AUTHOR OF 'DOROTHY').

## MY FRIEND THE MURDERER.

---

'NUMBER 43 is no better, Doctor,' said the head-warder in a slightly reproachful accent, looking in round the corner of my door.

'Confound 43!' I responded from behind the pages of the *Australian Sketcher*.

'And 61 says his tubes are paining him. Couldn't you do anything for him?'

'He's a walking drug shop,' said I. 'He has the whole British pharmacopœia inside him. I believe his tubes are as sound as yours are.'

'Then there's 7 and 108, they are chronic,' continued the warder, glancing down a blue slip of paper. 'And 28 knocked off work yesterday—said lifting things gave him a stitch in the side. I want you to have a look at him, if you don't mind, Doctor. There's 31, too—him that killed John Adamson in the Corinthian brig—he's been carrying on awful in the night, shrieking and yelling, he has, and no stopping him neither.'

'All right, I'll have a look at him afterwards,' I said, tossing my paper carelessly aside, and pouring myself out a cup of coffee. 'Nothing else to report, I suppose, warder?'

The official protruded his head a little further into the room. 'Beg pardon, Doctor,' he said, in a confidential tone, 'but I notice as 82 has a bit of a cold, and it would be a good excuse for you to visit him and have a chat, maybe.'

The cup of coffee was arrested half-way to my lips as I stared in

amazement at the man's serious face.

'An excuse? I said. 'An excuse? What the deuce are you talking about, McPherson? You see me trudging about all day at my practice, when I'm not looking after the prisoners, and coming back every night as tired as a dog, and you talk about finding me an excuse for doing more work.'

'You'd like it, Doctor,' said warder McPherson, insinuating one of his shoulders into the room. 'That man's story's worth listening to if you could get him to tell it, though he's not what you'd call free in his speech. Maybe you don't know who 82 is?'

'No, I don't, and I don't care either,' I answered, in the conviction that some local ruffian was about to be foisted upon me as a celebrity.

'He's Maloney,' said the warder, 'him that turned Queen's evidence after the murders at Bluemansdyke.'

'You don't say so?' I ejaculated, laying down my cup in astonishment. I had heard of this ghastly series of murders, and read an account of them in a London magazine long before setting foot in the colony. I remembered that the atrocities committed had thrown the Burke and Hare crimes completely into the shade, and that one of the most villanous of the gang had saved his own skin by betraying his companions. 'Are you sure?' I asked.

'O yes, it's him right enough. Just you draw him out a bit and he'll astonish you. He's a man to know, is Maloney; that's to say, in moderation;' and the head grinned, bobbed, and disappeared, leaving me to finish my breakfast, and ruminate over what I had heard.

The surgeonship of an Australian prison is not an enviable position. It may be endurable in Melbourne or Sydney, but the little town of Perth has few attractions to recommend it, and those few had been long exhausted. The climate was detestable, and the society far from congenial. Sheep and cattle were the staple support of the community; and their prices, breeding, and diseases the principal topic of conversation. Now as I, being an outsider, possessed neither the one nor the other, and was utterly callous to the new 'dip' and the 'rot' and other kindred topics, I found myself in a state of mental isolation, and was ready to hail anything which might relieve the monotony of my existence. Maloney, the murderer, had, at least, some distinctiveness and individuality in his character, and might act as a tonic to a mind sick of the commonplaces of existence. I determined that I should follow the warder's advice, and take the excuse for making his acquaintance. When, therefore, I went upon my usual matutinal round, I turned the lock of the door, which bore the convict's number upon it, and walked into the cell.

The man was lying in a heap upon his rough bed as I entered, but, uncoiling his long limbs, he started up and stared at me with an insolent look of defiance on his face which augured badly for our interview. He had a pale set face, with sandy hair and a

steelly-blue eye, with something feline in its expression. His frame was tall and muscular, though there was a curious bend in his shoulders, which almost amounted to a deformity. An ordinary observer, meeting him in the street, might have put him down as a well-developed man, fairly handsome, and of studious habits—even in the hideous uniform of the rottenest convict establishment he imparted a certain refinement to his carriage which marked him out among the inferior ruffians around him.

'I'm not on the sick-list,' he said gruffly. There was something in the hard rasping voice which dispelled all softer allusions, and made me realise that I was face to face with the man of the Lena Valley and Bluemansdyke, the bloodiest bushranger that ever stuck up a farm or cut the throats of its occupants.

'I know you're not,' I answered. 'Warder McPherson told me that you had a cold, though, and I thought I'd look in and see you.'

'Blast Warder McPherson, and blast you, too!' yelled the convict, in a paroxysm of rage. 'O, that's right,' he added in a quieter voice; 'hurry away; report me to the governor, do! Get me another six months or so—that's your game.'

'I'm not going to report you,' I said.

'Eight square feet of ground,' he went on, disregarding my protest, and evidently working himself into a fury again. 'Eight square feet, and I can't have that without being talked to and stared at, and—O, blast the whole crew of you!' and he raised his two clenched hands above his head and shook them in passionate invective.

'You've got a curious idea of

hospitality,' I remarked, determined not to lose my temper, and saying almost the first thing that came to my tongue.

To my surprise the words had an extraordinary effect upon him. He seemed completely staggered at my assuming the proposition for which he had been so fiercely contending, namely, that the room in which we stood was his own.

'I beg your pardon,' he said; 'I didn't mean to be rude. Won't you take a seat? and he motioned towards a rough trestle, which formed the headpiece of his couch.'

I sat down rather astonished at the sudden change. I don't know that I liked Maloney better under his new aspect. The murderer had, it is true, disappeared for the nonce, but there was something in the smooth tones and obsequious manner which powerfully suggested the witness of the Queen, who had stood up and sworn away the lives of his companions in crime.

'How's your chest?' I asked, putting on my professional air.

'Come, drop it, Doctor, drop it!' he answered, showing a row of white teeth, as he resumed his seat upon the side of the bed. 'It wasn't anxiety after my precious health that brought you along here; that story won't wash at all. You came to have a look at Wolf Tone Maloney, forger, murderer, Sidney-slyder, ranger, and Government peach. That's about my figure, ain't it? There it is, plain and straight; there's nothing mean about me.'

He paused as if he expected me to say something; but, as I remained silent, he repeated once or twice, 'There's nothing mean about me.'

'And why shouldn't I?' he suddenly yelled, his eyes gleaming and his whole satanic nature re-

asserting itself. 'We were bound to swing, one and all, and they were none the worse if I saved myself by turning against them. Every man for himself, say I, and the devil take the luckiest. You haven't a plug of tobacco, Doctor, have you?'

He tore at the piece of 'Barrett's' which I handed him, as ravenously as a wild beast. It seemed to have the effect of soothing his nerves, for he settled himself down in the bed, and reassumed his former deprecating manner.

'You wouldn't like it yourself, you know, Doctor,' he said; 'it's enough to make any man a little queer in his temper. I'm in for six months this time for assault, and very sorry I shall be to go out again, I can tell you. My mind's at ease in here; but when I'm outside, what with the Government, and what with Tattooed Tom of Hawkesbury, there's no chance of a quiet life.'

'Who is he? I asked.

'He's the brother of John Grimthorpe; the same that was condemned on my evidence, and an infernal scamp he was, too! Spawn of the devil, both of them! This tattooed one is a murderous ruffian, and he swore to have my blood after that trial. It's seven year ago, and he's following me yet; I know he is, though he lies low and keeps dark. He came up to me in Ballarat in '75; you can see on the back of my hand here where the bullet clipped me. He tried again in '76, at Port Phillip, but I got the drop on him and wounded him badly. He knifed me in '79 though, in a bar at Adelaide, and that made our account about level. He's loafing round again now, and he'll let daylight into me—unless—unless by some extraordinary chance some one does as much for him.' And Maloney gave a very ugly smile.

'I don't complain of *him* so much,' he continued. 'Looking at it in his way, no doubt it is a sort of family matter that can hardly be neglected. It's the Government that fetches me. When I think of what I've done for this country, and then of what this country has done for me, it makes me fairly wild — clean drives me off my head. There's no gratitude nor common decency left, Doctor!'

He brooded over his wrongs for a few minutes, and then proceeded to lay them before me in detail.

'Here's nine men,' he said, 'they've been murdering and killing for a matter of three years, and maybe a life a week wouldn't more than average the work that they've done. The Government catches them and the Government tries them, but they can't convict; and why?—because the witnesses have all had their throats cut, and the whole job's been very neatly done. What happens then? Up comes a citizen called Wolf Tone Maloney; he says, "The country needs me, and here I am." And with that he gives his evidence, convicts the lot, and enables the beaks to hang them. That's what I did. There's nothing mean about me! And now what does the country do in return? Dogs me, sir, spies on me, watches me night and day, turns against the very man that worked so hard for it. There's something mean about that, anyway. I didn't expect them to knight me, nor to make me Colonial secretary; but, damn it, I did expect that they would let me alone!'

'Well,' I remonstrated, 'if you choose to break laws and assault people, you can't expect it to be looked over on account of former services.'

'I don't refer to my present imprisonment, sir,' said Maloney, with dignity. 'It's the life I've been leading since that cursed trial that takes the soul out of me. Just you sit there on that trestle, and I'll tell you all about it; and then look me in the face and tell me that I've been treated fair by the police.'

I shall endeavour to transcribe the experiences of the convict in his own words, as far as I can remember them, preserving his curious perversions of right and wrong. I can answer for the truth of his facts, whatever may be said for his deductions from them. Months afterwards, inspector H. W. Hann, formerly governor of the gaol at Dunedin, showed me entries in his ledger which corroborated every statement. Maloney reeled the story off in a dull monotonous voice, with his head sunk upon his breast and his hands between his knees. The glitter of his serpent-like eyes was the only sign of the emotions which were stirred up by the recollection of the events which he narrated.

You've read of *Bluemansdyke* (he began, with some pride in his tone). We made it hot while it lasted; but they ran us to earth at last, and a trap called Braxton, with a damned Yankee, took the lot of us. That was in New Zealand of course, and they took us down to Dunedin, and there they were convicted and hanged. One, and all they put up their hands in the dock and cursed me till your blood would have run cold to hear them, which was scurvy treatment, seeing that we had all been pals together; but they were a blackguard lot, and thought only of themselves. I think it is as well that they were hung.



They took me back to Dunedin gaol and clapped me into the old cell. The only difference they made was, that I had no work to do and was well fed. I stood this for a week or two, until one day the governor was making his round, and I put the matter to him.

'How's this?' I said. 'My conditions were a free pardon, and you're keeping me here against the law.'

He gave a sort of a smile. 'Should you like very much to go out?' he asked.

'So much,' said I, 'that, unless you open that door, I'll have an action against you for illegal detention.'

He seemed a bit astonished by my resolution. 'You're very anxious to meet your death,' he said.

'What d'ye mean?' I asked.

'Come here, and you'll know what I mean,' he answered. And he led me down the passage to a window that overlooked the door of the prison. 'Look at that!' said he.

I looked out, and there were a dozen or so rough-looking fellows standing outside in the street, some of them smoking, some playing cards on the pavement. When they saw me they gave a yell and crowded round the door, shaking their fists and hooting.

'They wait for you, watch and watch about,' said the governor. 'They're the executive of the vigilance committee. However, since you are determined to go, I can't stop you.'

'D'ye call this a civilised land,' I cried, 'and let a man be murdered in cold blood in open daylight?'

When I said this the governor and the warder and every fool in the place grinned as if a man's life was a rare good joke.

'You've got the law on your side,' says the governor; 'so we won't detain you any longer. Show him out, warder.'

He'd have done it too, the black-hearted villain, if I hadn't begged and prayed and offered to pay for my board and lodging, which is more than any prisoner ever did before me. He let me stay on those conditions; and for three months I was caged up there with every larrikin in the township clamouring at the other side of the wall. That was pretty treatment for a man that had served his country!

At last, one morning, up came the governor again.

'Well, Maloney,' he said, 'how long are you going to honour us with your society?'

I could have put a knife into his cursed body, and would, too, if we had been alone in the bush; but I had to smile, and smooth him and flatter, for I feared that he might have me sent out.

'You're an infernal rascal,' he said; those were his very words to a man that had helped him all he knew how. 'I don't want any rough justice here, though; and I think I see my way to getting you out of Dunedin.'

'I'll never forget you, governor,' said I; and, by God, I never will.

'I don't want your thanks nor your gratitude,' he answered; 'it's not for your sake that I do it, but simply to keep order in the town. There's a steamer starts from the West Quay to Melbourne to-morrow, and we'll get you aboard it. She is advertised at five in the morning, so have yourself in readiness.'

I packed up the few things I had, and was smuggled out by a back door just before daybreak. I hurried down, took my ticket, under the name of Isaac Smith,



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and got safely aboard the Melbourne boat. I remember hearing her screw grinding into the water as the warps were cast loose, and looking back at the lights of Dunedin, as I leaned upon the bulwarks, with the pleasant thought that I was leaving them behind me for ever. It seemed to me that a new world was before me, and that all my troubles had been cast off. I went down below and had some coffee, and came up again feeling better than I had done since the morning that I woke to find that cursed Irishman that took me, standing over me with a six-shooter.

Day had dawned by that time, and we were steaming along by the coast, well out of sight of Dunedin. I loafed about for a couple of hours, and when the sun got well up some of the other passengers came on deck and joined me. One of them, a little perky sort of fellow, took a good long look at me, and then came over and began talking.

'Mining, I suppose?' says he.

'Yes,' I says.

'Made your pile?' he asks.

'Pretty fair,' says I.

'I was at it myself,' he says; 'I worked at the Nelson fields for three months, and spent all I made in buying a salted claim which busted up the second day. I went at it again, though, and struck it rich; but when the gold wagon was going down to the settlements, it was stuck up by those cursed rangers, and not a red cent left.'

'That was a bad job,' I says.

'Broke me—ruined me clean. Never mind, I've seen them all hanged for it; that makes it easier to bear. There's only one left—the villain that gave the evidence. I'd die happy if I could come across him. There are two things I have to do if I meet him.'

'What's that?' says I carelessly.

'I've got to ask him where the money lies—they never had time to make away with it, and its *cachéd* somewhere in the mountains—and then I've got to stretch his neck for him, and send his soul down to join the men that he betrayed.'

It seemed to me that I knew something about that *caché*, and I felt like laughing; but he was watching me, and it struck me that he had a nasty vindictive kind of mind.

'I'm going up on the bridge,' I said, for he was not a man whose acquaintance I cared much about making.

He wouldn't hear of my leaving him, though. 'We're both miners,' he says, 'and we're pals for the voyage. Come down to the bar. I'm not too poor to shout.'

I couldn't refuse him well, and we went down together, and that was the beginning of the trouble. What harm was I doing any one on the ship? All I asked for was a quiet life, leaving others alone and getting left alone myself. No man could ask fairer than that. And now just you listen to what came of it.

We were passing the front of the ladies' cabins, on our way to the saloon, when out comes a servant lass—a freckled currency she-devil—with a baby in her arms. We were brushing past her, when she gave a scream like a railway whistle, and nearly dropped the kid. My nerves gave a sort of a jump when I heard that scream, but I turned and begged her pardon, letting on that I thought I might have trod on her foot. I knew the game was up though, when I saw her white face, and her leaning against the door and pointing.

'It's him,' she cried. 'It's him. I saw him in the court-house. Oh, don't let him hurt the baby!'

'Who is it?' asks the steward and half a dozen others in a breath.

'It's him—Maloney—Maloney, the murderer—O, take him away—take him away!'

I don't rightly remember what happened just at that moment. The furniture and me seemed to get kind of mixed, and there was cursing, and smashing, and some one shouting for his gold, and a general stamp round. When I got steadied a bit, I found somebody's hand in my mouth. From what I gathered afterwards, I conclude that it belonged to that same little man with the vicious way of talking. He got some of it out again, but that was because the others were choking me. A poor chap can get no fair play in this world when once he is down—still I think he will remember me till the day of his death—longer I hope.

They dragged me out into the poop and held a damned court-martial—on *me*, mind you; *me*, that had thrown over my pals in order to serve them. What were they to do with me? Some said this, some said that, but it ended by the Captain deciding to send me ashore. The ship stopped, they lowered a boat, and I was hoisted in, the whole gang of them hooting at me from over the bulwarks. I saw the man I spoke of tying up his hand, though, and I felt that things might be worse.

I changed my opinion before we got to the land. I had reckoned on the shore being deserted, and that I might make my way inland, but the ship had stopped too near the Heads, and a dozen beach-combers and suchlike had come down to the water's edge, and were staring at us, wondering

what the boat was after. When we got to the edge of the surf the coxswain hailed them, and after singing out who I was, he and his men threw me into the water. You may well look surprised—neck and crop into ten feet of water, with shark as thick as green parrots in the bush, and I heard them laughing as I floundered to the shore.

I soon saw it was a worse job than ever. As I came scrambling out through the weeds, I was collared by a big chap with a velveteen coat, and half a dozen others got round me and held me fast. Most of them looked simple fellows enough, and I was not afraid of them; but there was one in a cabbage tree hat that had a very nasty expression on his face, and the big man seemed to be chummy with him.

They dragged me up the beach, and then they let go their hold of me and stood round in a circle.

'Well, mate,' says the man with the hat, 'we've been looking out for you some time in these parts.'

'And very good of you, too,' I answers.

'None of your jaw,' says he. 'Come, boys, what shall it be—hanging, drowning, or shooting? Look sharp!'

This looked a bit too like business. 'No you don't!' I said. 'I've got Government protection, and it'll be murder.'

'That's what they call it,' answered the one in the velveteen coat, as cheery as a piping crow.

'And you're going to murder me for being a ranger?'

'Ranger be damned!' said the man. 'We're going to hang you for peaching against your pals, and that's an end of the palaver.'

They slung a rope round my neck and dragged me up to the edge of the bush. There were

some big she oaks and bluegums, and they pitched on one of these for the wicked deed. They ran the rope over a branch, tied my hands, and told me to say my prayers. It seemed as if it was all up, but Providence interfered to save me. It sounds nice enough sitting here and telling about it, sir, but it was sick work to stand with nothing but the yellow beach in front of you, and the long white line of surf, with the steamer in the distance, and a set of bloody-minded villains round you thirsting for your life.

I never thought I'd owe anything good to the police; but they saved me that time. A troop of them were riding from Hawkes Point Station to Dunedin, and hearing that something was up, they came down through the bush, and interrupted the proceedings. I've heard some bands in my time, Doctor, but I never heard music like the jingle of those traps' spurs and harness as they galloped out on to the open. They tried to hang me even then, but the police were too quick for them, and the man with the hat got one over the head with the flat of a sword. I was clapped on to a horse, and before evening I found myself in my old quarters in the city gaol.

The governor wasn't to be done, though. He was determined to get rid of me, and I was equally anxious to see the last of him. He waited a week or so until the excitement had begun to die away, and then he smuggled me aboard a three-masted schooner bound to Sydney with tallow and hides.

We got fair away to sea without a hitch, and things began to look a bit more rosy. I made sure that I had seen the last of the prison, any way. The crew had a sort of an idea who I was,

and if there'd been any rough weather, they'd have hove me overboard like enough; for they were a rough ignorant lot, and had a notion that I brought bad luck to the ship. We had a good passage, however, and I was landed safe and sound upon Sydney Quay.

Now just you listen to what happened next. You'd have thought they would have been sick of ill-using me and following me by this time—wouldn't you, now? Well, just you listen. It seems that a cursed steamer started from Dunedin to Sydney on the very day we left, and got in before us, bringing news that I was coming. Blessed if they hadn't called a meeting—a regular mass meeting—at the docks to discuss about it, and I marched right into it when I landed. They didn't take long about arresting me, and I listened to all the speeches and resolutions. If I'd been a prince there couldn't have been more excitement. The end of it all was that they agreed that it wasn't right that New Zealand should be allowed to foist her criminals upon her neighbours, and that I was to be sent back again by the next boat. So they posted me off again as if I was a damned parcel; and after another eight hundred mile journey I found myself back for the third time moving in the place that I started from.

By this time I had begun to think that I was going to spend the rest of my existence travelling about from one port to another. Every man's hand seemed turned against me, and there was no peace or quiet in any direction. I was about sick of it by the time I had come back, and if I could have taken to the bush I'd have done it, and chanced it with my old pals. They were too quick for me, though, and kept me under lock and key, but I man-

aged, in spite of them, to negotiate that *caché* I told you of, and sewed the gold up in my belt. I spent another month in gaol, and then they slipped me aboard a barque that was bound for England.

This time the crew never knew who I was, but the captain had a pretty good idea, though he didn't let on to me that he had any suspicions. I guessed from the first that the man was a villain. We had a fair passage, except a gale or two off the Cape, and I began to feel like a free man when I saw the blue loom of the old country, and the saucy little pilot-boat from Falmouth dancing towards us over the waves. We ran down the Channel, and before we reached Gravesend I had agreed with the pilot that he should take me ashore with him when he left. It was at this time that the captain showed me that I was right in thinking him a meddling disagreeable man. I got my things packed, such as they were, and left him talking earnestly to the pilot, while I went below for my breakfast. When I came up again we were fairly into the mouth of the river, and the boat in which I was to have gone ashore had left us. The skipper said the pilot had forgotten me, but that was too thin, and I began to fear that all my old troubles were going to commence once more.

It was not long before my suspicions were confirmed. A boat darted out from the side of the river, and a tall cove with a long black beard came aboard. I heard him ask the mate whether they didn't need a mud-pilot to take them up the reaches, but it seemed to me that he was a man who would know a deal more about handcuffs than he did about steering, so I kept away from him.

He came across the deck, however, and made some remark to me, taking a good look at me the while. I don't like inquisitive people at any time, but an inquisitive stranger with glue about the roots of his beard is the worst of all to stand, especially under the circumstances. I began to feel that it was time for me to go.

I soon got a chance, and made good use of it. A big collier came athwart the bows of our steamer, and we had to slacken down to dead slow. There was a barge astern, and I slipped down by a rope and was into the barge before any one had missed me. Of course I had to leave my luggage behind me, but I had the belt with the nuggets round my waist, and the chance of shaking the police off my track was worth more than a couple of boxes. It was clear to me now that the pilot had been a traitor, as well as the captain, and had set the detectives after me. I often wish I could drop across those two men again.

I hung about the barge all day, as she drifted down the stream. There was one man in her, but she was a big ugly craft, and his hands were too full for much looking about. Towards evening, when it got a bit dusky, I struck out for the shore, and found myself in a sort of marsh place, a good many miles to the east of London. I was soaking wet and half-dead with hunger, but I trudged into the town, got a new rig-out at a slop-shop, and after having some supper, engaged a bed at the quietest lodgings I could find.

I woke pretty early—a habit you pick up in the bush—and lucky for me that I did so. The very first thing I saw when I took a look through a chink in the shutter, was one of these infernal policemen standing right opposite,

and staring up at the windows. He hadn't epaulettes nor a sword, like our traps, but for all that there was a sort of family likeness, and the same busybody expression. Whether they'd followed me all the time, or whether the woman that let me the bed didn't like the looks of me, is more than I have ever been able to find out. He came across as I was watching him, and noted down the address of the house in a book. I was afraid that he was going to ring at the bell, but I suppose his orders were simply to keep an eye on me, for after another good look at the windows he moved on down the street.

I saw that my only chance was to act at once. I threw on my clothes, opened the window softly, and after making sure that there was nobody about, dropped out on to the ground and made off as hard as I could run. I travelled a matter of two or three miles, when my wind gave out; and as I saw a big building with people going in and out, I went in too, and found that it was a railway-station. A train was just going off for Dover to meet the French boat, so I took a ticket and jumped into a third-class carriage.

There were a couple of other chaps in the carriage, innocent-looking young beggars, both of them. They began speaking about this and that, while I sat quiet in the corner and listened. Then they started on England and foreign countries, and suchlike. Look ye now, Doctor, this is a fact. One of them begins jawing about the justice of England's laws. 'It's all fair and above-board,' says he; 'there ain't any secret police, nor spying, like they have abroad,' and a lot more of the same sort of wash. Rather rough on me, wasn't it, listening to the damned young fool, with

the police following me about like my shadow?

I got to Paris right enough, and there I changed some of my gold, and for a few days I imagined I'd shaken them off, and began to think of settling down for a bit of a rest. I needed it by that time, for I was looking more like a ghost than a man. You've never had the police after you, I suppose? Well, you needn't look offended, I didn't mean any harm. If ever you had you'd know that it wastes a man away like a sheep with the rot.

I went to the opera one night and took a box, for I was very flush. I was coming out between the acts when I met a fellow lounging along in the passage. The light fell on his face, and I saw that it was the mud-pilot that had boarded us in the Thames. His beard was gone, but I recognised the man at a glance, for I've a good memory for faces.

I tell you, Doctor, I felt desperate for a moment. I could have knifed him if we had been alone, but he knew me well enough never to give me the chance. It was more than I could stand any longer, so I went right up to him and drew him aside, where we'd be free from all the loungers and theatre-goers.

'How long are you going to keep it up?' I asked him.

He seemed a bit flustered for a moment, but then he saw there was no use beating about the bush, so he answered straight,

'Until you go back to Australia,' he said.

'Don't you know,' I said, 'that I have served the Government and got a free pardon?'

He grinned all over his ugly face when I said this.

'We know all about you, Maloney,' he answered. 'If you want a quiet life, just you go back where



you came from. If you stay here, you're a marked man; and when you are found tripping it'll be a lifer for you, at the least. Free-trade's a fine thing, but the market's too full of men like you for us to need to import any!

It seemed to me that there was something in what he said, though he had a nasty way of putting it. For some days back I'd been feeling a sort of home-sick. The ways of the people weren't my ways. They stared at me in the street; and if I dropped into a bar, they'd stop talking and edge away a bit, as if I was a wild beast. I'd sooner have had a pint of old Stringybark, too, than a bucketful of their rotgut liquors. There was too much damned propriety. What was the use of having money if you couldn't dress as you liked, nor bust it properly? There was no sympathy for a man if he shot about a little when he was half-over. I've seen a man dropped at Nelson many a time with less row than they'd make over a broken window-pane. The thing was slow, and I was sick of it.

'You want me to go back?' I said.

'I've my orders to stick fast to you until you do,' he answered.

'Well,' I said, 'I don't care if I do. All I bargain is that you keep your mouth shut, and don't let on who I am, so that I may have a fair start when I get there.'

He agreed to this, and we went over to Southampton together the very next day, where he saw me safely off once more. I took a passage round to Adelaide, where no one was likely to know me; and there I settled, right under the nose of the police. I've been there ever since, leading a quiet life, but for little difficulties like the one I'm in for now, and for

that devil, Tattooed Tom of Hawkesbury. I don't know what made me tell you all this, Doctor, unless it is that being kind of lonely makes a man inclined to jaw when he gets a chance. Just you take warning from me, though. Never put yourself out to serve your country; for your country will do precious little for you. Just you let them look after their own affairs; and if they find a difficulty in hanging a set of scoundrels, never mind chipping in, but let them alone to do as best they can. Maybe they'll remember how they treated me after I'm dead, and be sorry for neglecting me. I was rude to you when you came in, and swore a trifle promiscuous; but don't you mind me, it's only my way. You'll allow, though, that I have cause to be a bit touchy now and again when I think of all that's passed. You're not going, are you? Well, if you must, you must; but I hope you will look me up at odd times when you are going your round. O, I say, you've left the balance of that cake of tobacco behind you, haven't you? No; it's in your pocket—that's all right. Thank ye, Doctor, you're a good sort, and as quick at a hint as any man I've met.'

A couple of months after narrating his experiences, Wolf Tone Maloney finished his term, and was released. For a long time I neither saw him nor heard of him; and he had almost slipped from my memory, until I was reminded, in a somewhat tragic manner, of his existence. I had been attending a patient some distance off in the country, and was riding back, guiding my tired horse among the boulders which strewed the pathway, and endeavouring to see my way through the gathering darkness, when I came suddenly upon

a little wayside inn. As I walked my horse up towards the door, intending to make sure of my bearings before proceeding further, I heard the sound of a violent altercation within the little bar. There seemed to be a chorus of expostulation or remonstrance, above which two powerful voices rang out loud and angry. As I listened, there was a momentary hush, two pistol shots sounded almost simultaneously, and, with a crash, the door burst open, and a pair of dark figures staggered out into the moonlight. They struggled for a moment in a deadly wrestle, and then went down together among the loose stones. I had sprung off my horse, and, with the help of half a dozen rough fellows from the bar, dragged them away from one another.

A glance was sufficient to convince me that one of them was dying fast. He was a thick-set burly fellow, with a determined cast of countenance. The blood was welling from a deep stab in his throat, and it was evident that an important artery had been divided. I turned away from him in despair, and walked over to where his antagonist was lying. He was shot through the lungs, but managed to raise himself upon his hand as I approached, and peered anxiously up into my face. To my surprise I saw before me the haggard features and flaxen hair of my prison acquaintance, Maloney.

'Ah, Doctor!' he said, recognising me. 'How is he? Will he die?'

He asked the question so earnestly that I imagined he had softened at the last moment, and feared to leave the world with another homicide upon his conscience. Truth, however, compelled me to shake my head mournfully,

and to intimate that the wound would prove a mortal one.

Maloney gave a wild cry of triumph, which brought the blood welling out from between his lips. 'Here, boys,' he gasped to the little group around him. 'There's money in my inside pocket. Damn the expense! Drinks round. There's nothing mean about me. I'd drink with you, but I'm going. Give the Doc. my share, for he's as good—' Here his head fell back with a thud, his eye glazed, and the soul of Wolf Tone Maloney, forger, convict, ranger, murderer, and Government peach, drifted away into the Great Unknown.

I cannot conclude without borrowing the account of the fatal quarrel, which appeared in the columns of the *West Australian Sentinel*. The curious will find it in the issue of the 4th of October 1881:

'Fatal Affray.—W. T. Maloney, a well-known citizen of New Montrose, and proprietor of the Yellow Boy gambling saloon, has met with his death under rather painful circumstances. Mr. Maloney was a man who had led a chequered existence, and whose past history is replete with interest. Some of our readers may recall the Lena Valley murders, in which he figured as the principal criminal. It is conjectured that, during the seven months that he owned a bar in that region, from twenty to thirty travellers were hounded and made away with. He succeeded, however, in evading the vigilance of the officers of the law, and allied himself with the bushrangers of Blue-mansdyke, whose heroic capture and subsequent execution are matters of history. Maloney extricated himself from the fate which awaited him by turning

Queen's evidence. He afterwards visited Europe, but returned to West Australia, where he has long played a prominent part in local matters. On Friday evening he encountered an old enemy, Thomas Grimthorpe, commonly known as Tattooed Tom of Hawkesbury. Shots were exchanged, and both men were badly wounded,

only surviving a few minutes. Mr. Maloney had the reputation of being, not only the most wholesale murderer that ever lived, but also of having a finish and attention to detail in matters of evidence, which has been unapproached by any European criminal. *Sic transit gloria mundi !*

A. CONAN DOYLE.

THE  
COMPLIMENTS  
OF  
THE SEASON  
TO YOU,



GENTLE  
READER  
OF  
'LONDON  
SOCIETY.'





THE LATE MR. T. W. ROBERTSON, THE DRAMATIST.

See 'Our Entertainment.



## OUR ENTERTAINMENT.\*

By T. W. ROBERTSON.



NOTHING would be more delightful. We should have pleasant occupation for our six weeks' holiday; we should be travelling every day, see a lovely country—

'And have lots of adventures.'

'Pay our expenses as we went.'

'Perhaps have some trifling balance to the good.'

'Why trifling? Very likely make a couple of hundred each.'

'Couple of hundred—O, come!'

'Why not? Giving it six times a week, and clearing only 10*l.* per night, that's 60*l.* a week. Six sixties three hundred and sixty. I put it at the lowest; supposing we take 20*l.*'

'True. It will be great fun!'

'Great fun!'

The speakers were my old friend and schoolmate, Jack Bradley and myself. We had been thinking how we should spend the vacation accorded by a grateful country and the chiefs of our department. Accidentally, we mentioned the name of the late Albert Smith, which led naturally to that of Mr. Woodin, which led to Char'es Mathews', which led to the German Reeds', John Parry's, the Howard Pauls', and Arthur Sketchley's.

'Why not? I said rapidly, as if under the influence of sudden inspiration. 'Why not go about and give an entertainment?'

And, indeed, why not? We had

\* See note by the Editor on page 62.



seen all the entertainments, and it seemed easy enough to do—from the stalls.

Both Jack and I were rather celebrated as amateur actors. The back drawing-rooms of Bayswater and Kensington had long been the theatres of our triumphs. In the neighbourhood of Pimlico I was the Fichter, or Alfred Wigan, of private life, as Jack was the Mario, Giuglini, or Sims Reeves of Westbourne Grove. We often regretted that our obscure lot was cast in a humdrum, horse-in-the-mill Government office, and longed for the brilliant triumphs of the theatre—its large emoluments, incessant excitement, and consequent peace of mind, comfort, and enjoyment.

I am sorry to have to force upon my reader a knowledge of the full extent of my accomplishments, but the conduct of my story compels me. I was not only a famous actor (amateur), I was also an author. Yes; on me had fallen the mantle of Molière and of Shakespeare, and I served the Tragic and the Comic Muses in the double capacity. No one who knows them will accuse amateur actors of egotism, and I think I may fearlessly assert that I was equally excellent as creator as executant; and for the correctness of my statement, I refer my readers to the numerous circle of friends who have so often partaken of my mother's hospitality previous to my private public performances.

I was to write the entertainment, and to speak it. It was to be 'illustrated' with about a dozen songs—English, Scotch, Irish, Italian, French, German, and Welsh. We were not to assume characters or change our costume, but to act in our customary evening suits of solemn black. We arranged this as being not only an economical, but a gentlemanly, thing. If we were asked out—say to the lord-lieutenant's—we could slip away after dinner, delight our audiences for a couple of hours, and return.

And *apropos* of the lord-lieutenant: we did not venture to start in England, where we were known, nor in Scotland, where we had



relations; we therefore resolved to begin our campaign in Ireland—to commence in the provinces, gain confidence as we progressed to the cities, and finally bear down in triumph upon Dublin.

We often used to dispute as to who originated the idea of our tour. I need hardly say that the suggestion came from me.

'It was my notion,' Jack would say.

'No; it was mine.'

'Mine.'

Poor Bradley had but one fault, and that was an extraordinary and monstrous egotism.

We sneaked up a dirty lane that led to a printing-office, and ordered our posters. They were in two long strips, on one of which was printed

'MELODIES OF M  
and on the other.

'ANY LANDS, THIS EVENING.' which, with the words 'with Patter and Chatter on every Matter,' was the title of our entertainment—an alliterative jingle, which, printed in large capitals, wou'd look proudly in the bills. I shall never forget our delight at the first proof of our posters, which were on green and yellow paper—a delicate compliment to the opinions of all classes of our prospective patrons.

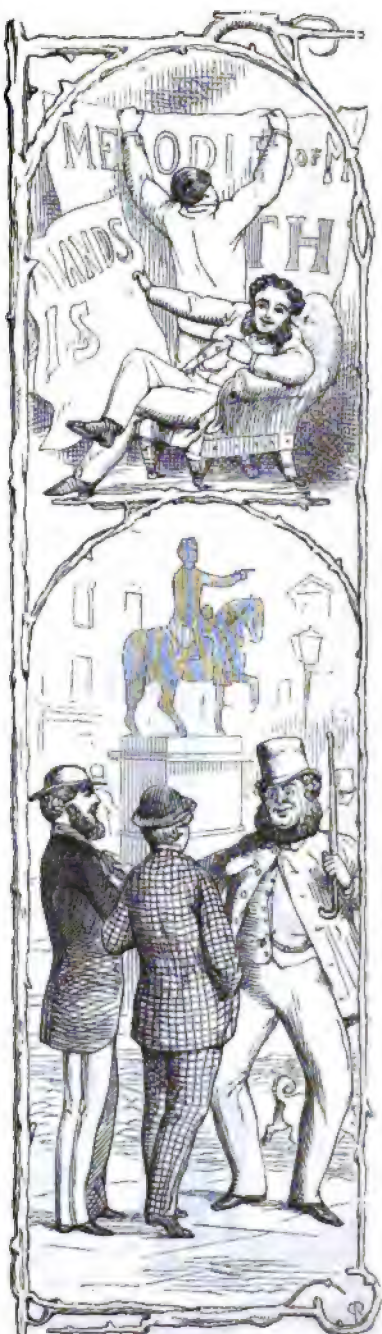
I wrote and committed to memory, Jack selected music, practised, and in time we were perfect. And with light hearts, heavy boxes, a few pounds in our porte-monnaies—not forgetting the glorious green and yellow posters—we started for Dublin *via* Holyhead.

While walking down Dame-street, we met Desmond O'Sullivan, who had formerly been in our office. Desmond was a thorough Dublin man, with the Dublin man's hat, the Dublin man's back, and the Dublin man's look—half-benevolent, half-*blagueur*. To him we imparted our intentions.

'Is it to give an entertainment?' said he, highly amused with the idea.

We mentioned that we intended to 'throw off' at a town which I will call here Shandranaghan.

Desmond started.







'Is it Shandranaghan?' he said.

We assured him that it was, and asked him to recommend us to a good pianist.

'Is it a pianist?' he said. It was his peculiarity that he conducted every conversation in questions, and that they always began with the words, 'Is it?'

He introduced us to a pianist—as agreeable and hearty a fellow as himself—who enjoyed the thought of the trip amazingly, and laughed at every syllable that was uttered to him.

'Is Shandranaghan a good town for this sort of thing?' we inquired.

'Indeed,' replied Rourke, the pianist, 'and I've never been there; but I don't see why not.'

This, though negative, was consoling. We ordered our full bills, commenced our musical rehearsals and our correspondence, Desmond and Rourke assisting us with their local knowledge. The hall of the Mechanics' Institute at Shandranaghan was hired for two nights, for the sum of 2*l.* per night, payable beforehand. We chose a route, wrote letters, received answers, paid for assembly-rooms and court-houses, and made every arrangement for our tour, suggested by our own discrimination, guide-books, O'Sullivan, and Rourke.

We had a most enjoyable ride from Dublin to Shandranaghan. With the exception of a priest and a lady, we were the only passengers left upon the platform.

The lady had a carriage waiting for her, the priest walked, and we hired a car for 'the hotel.' The station was a mile and a half from the town, and on the road I asked Rourke if the operatives—for Shandranaghan boasted a manufacture of its own—were the sort of people fond of amusement.

'Indeed,' he answered, 'and I don't know; but I don't see why not.'

A little further on we overtook a number of these aforesaid operatives, all busily engaged in pelting stones at a shabbily-dressed man, who was running towards the town as if for life.

'Why are they pelting that poor fellow?' I asked.

'Indeed, and I don't know,' answered Rourke unconcernedly; 'perhaps he's a souper.'

'A what?'

'A souper.'

'Yes, sir, he's that,' broke in the car-driver. 'It's Paddy Bryne, and he's a souper; the more shame for him, and comin' o' decent people!'

Jack and I were rather shocked; but we rallied when I said that I was glad I had hit upon the idea of charging only sixpence for the back seats in the Hall, as that small sum would doubtless meet the means of the working classes.

'It was my idea,' said Jack.

'No! mine.'

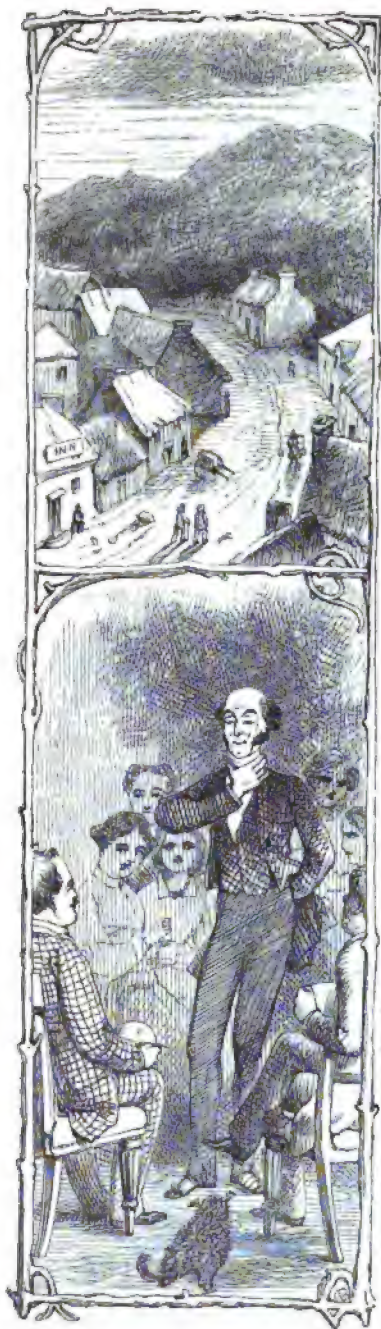
'My dear fellow—'

It was no use contending, so I gave it up.

The hotel was more a public-house than an hotel. The host, hostess, and servants were all civil, obliging, and evidently as unused to ablutions as to customers. The service was not divided into departments, but any servant answered your summons who might happen to be passing. Thus, your shaving-water would be brought in by the host himself, the barmaid would clean your boots, while the ostler officiated as barmaid. Arbitrary distinctions were unknown, and the various juvenile members of the landlord's family—children with uncombed heads and affectionate dispositions—wandered in and out, and played in the bedrooms with an absence of reserve that, though touching, was troublesome.

Our first care was to see Mr. Donnelly, the secretary of the Mechanics' Institute; the person to whom we had sent the money, and who had told us by letter that he thought that Shandranaghan was exactly the sort of town where a clever entertainment, well delivered, interspersed with good songs well sung, was likely to *take*. We were some time in finding Mr. Donnelly's residence, for Shandranaghan was an oddly-built town, in which the rows of houses left off here and there, and then began again in fresh and unexpected places. Another of its





peculiarities was that it was all uphill; there seemed to be no down-hill—at least to Mr. Donnelly's. We had several times to ask our way, and were always directed with marked civility; sometimes, indeed, a man would retrace his steps to put us into the right road. We were evidently the objects of considerable curiosity, for everybody looked at us as if wondering why on earth we came there. We reached the Donnellian mansion as the sun was sinking behind a grand green hill, and the evening was purpling into night.

Mr. Donnelly *was* at home. Would we walk up into the drawing-room?

Jack and I put on our Pall Mall manners. The drawing-room was very dark, but we saw that there were at least a dozen young ladies in it amply be-muslined. Mrs. Donnelly kept a finishing school.

Mr. Donnelly was glad to see us. *Pray sit down.* Mrs. Donnelly was glad to see us. The young ladies rose and reseated themselves as gracefully as a flock of birds lighting upon the earth. And again I felt we were objects of considerable curiosity—not to say solicitude.

Had Mr. Donnelly received our letter? Mr. Donnelly had received our letter with great pleasure. Had he seen the bills? He had seen the bills. They were capital bills, excellent bills, admirable bills. Mrs. Donnelly said they were admirable bills, and the young ladies said, 'Ah! sure,' in a chorus.

Did Mr. Donnelly and Mrs. Donnelly think, from the tone and temper of the inhabitants of Shandranaghan and its vicinity, that we should have a full attendance on the first night?

Mr. Donnelly's reply was cautious—not to say evasive. Mrs. Donnelly said that the inhabitants of Shandranaghan and its vicinity had no taste, and the young ladies said, 'Ah! no.'

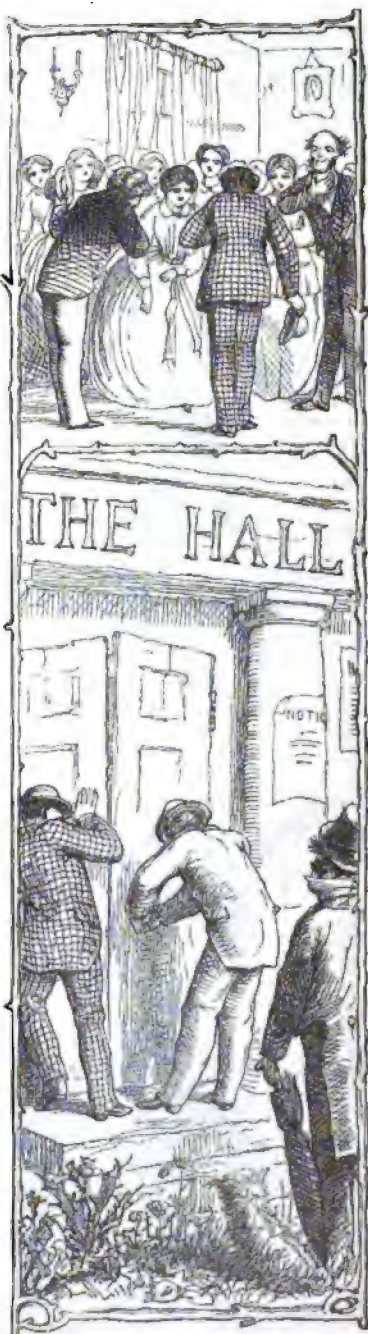
Whether it was Mr. Donnelly, or the setting sun, or the young ladies, or Shandranaghan and its vicinity, I know not; but I began to feel depressed: I and the setting sun felt a mutual sympathy. Mr. Donnelly promised to meet us and



show us the 'Hall' in the morning and I asked Mrs. Donnelly if the young ladies would kindly favour us with their attendance—gratis, of course. This liberal offer was not responded to with the cordiality I could have wished. The young ladies might be engaged in their studies, and the young ladies said, 'Ah! yes;' but they would be very much disappointed if they did not visit the Hall during our stay, and the young ladies said, 'Ah! sure;' indeed, they would not like to miss such an opportunity, and the young ladies said, 'Ah! no.'

Mr. Donnelly, Mrs. Donnelly, and their fair pupils all rose, resettled into their places, and we took our leave—every atom of our Pall Mallian pretension vanished and gone. Out of the house it was quite dark, and we had to tumble back to the hotel cautiously and precipitously.

In the morning, Mr. Donnelly—who by daylight was a meek man, with the appearance of a lecturer on the blessings of temperance, the correct thing for the secretary of a Mechanics' Institute—led us to 'the Hall,' both the exterior and interior of which disappointed us. There were two high stone walls, and a gate, which when shut would not open, and when open would not shut, which led to a courtyard, in which grew the tallest grass, and the finest and largest dock-leaves and dandelions I ever saw—which led to a building that looked like an old and insolvent national school. There was a portico to the principal entrance, which would have been more imposing had not all the stucco dropped from it. The door was of the same obstinate and unyielding character as the gate. Time, perseverance, and Mr. Donnelly, however, conquered, and we were admitted to the interior. There was a raised platform at one end, raised seats divided into two partitions, and a gallery. Words cannot do justice to the amount of dust which had settled everywhere, and the date at which the windows were last cleaned was evidently the same as the budding of the docks and dandelions outside. As Jack said,





the whole place looked 'in Chancery.'

Our first care was to see our 'posters' up. One Peter Connolly was recommended by Mr. Donnelly, and we again started to climb after him. After a considerable search, we discovered the hut, cabin, or wigwam of Peter, whom we found to be a weazened little old man, over sixty years of age, who had recently taken to his arms a third wife, a trifle over sixteen. Doubtless he was the accredited and appointed bill-poster of Shandranaghan, by divine right or hereditary succession; for he could not read, he was not young nor tall nor active. Perhaps he had chosen that walk of life because his name was Peter. He required no instructions. When we told him what we wanted, he said,

'I know! I know! Put 'em up! I'll do it! I'll do it! I did it for Mister Callaghan, years ago. I'll get mee paste and mee pot; mee wife shall make it. Biddy! Biddy! Crashavaramaunagharad abaraho-ondi! bolerothernash!' I quote Peter phonetical'y.

Rourke, our pianist, said that he was sure Peter was a Connaught man, and advised us to look after him. We accompanied Peter to the outskirts to see him stick up his first poster. He had procured a pint-pot full of something that looked like weak gruel, a camel's-hair brush, and we carefully laid over one of his thin old arms the slips printed 'MELODIES OF M' and over the other 'ANY LANDS THIS EVENING.'

Peter made his first essay on a dead wall, green with moss and virgin of advertisements. He pasted the back of the bill with his little brush, but finding that implement too small, began to smear the paste on with his fingers. Rourke rolled with laughter.

'See to him! see to him!' he said.

Peter then raised the poster about four feet from the ground, and the 'MELODIES OF M' bloomed from the wall in green and yellow glory. We expected to see the other half of the poster stuck on to follow, when, to our intense surprise, Peter took up his can and trotted off.

'Hi! stop!' I cried, when Rourke interposed, 'See to him! see to him!' he said.

We did see to him. Peter halted at a gate about a quarter of a mile from the wall which he had just adorned, and there, with much trouble, paste, and care, stuck on the top bar the magic words 'ANY LANDS THIS EVENING.'

Rourke, Jack, and I roared with laughter, as we explained his mistake to him.

Crowds of the operatives turned out at noon, and watched our proceedings with considerable interest. They all knew Peter, and gave him kind words of encouragement and advice. As he was posting away, a woman said,

'Ah, Pether dear, but you're makin' the gate look purty!'

And a man advised him, as he was endeavouring to placard a wall,

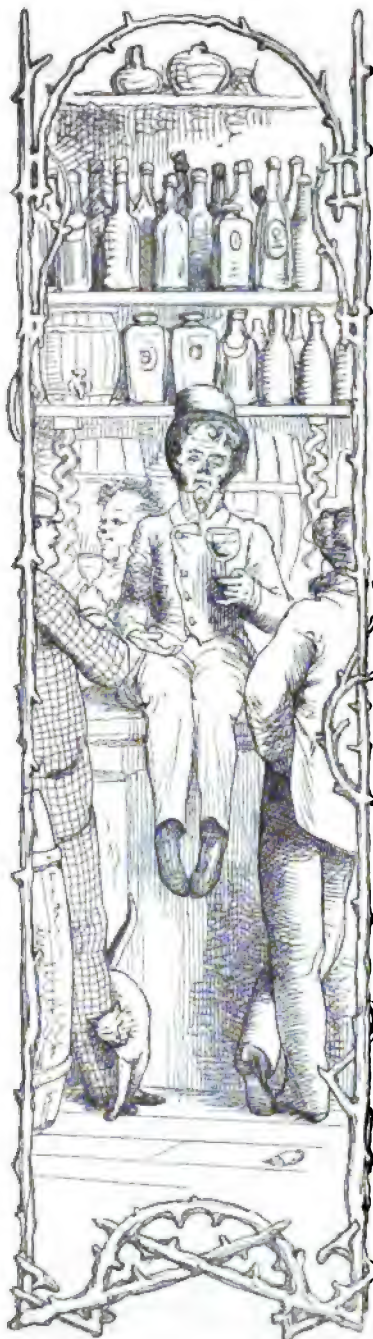
'Ye should stick it up hoigher, Pether,' he said, 'conspicuous to the sun!'

But Peter behaved with official reserve, and made no sign of hearing. We heard afterwards that the work-folk carefully stripped the posters while wet from the walls, and carried them to their cabins, where they stuck them up as pictures, and admired them as works of foreign art illustrative of some remarkable event—the opening of the Dublin Exhibition, or the passing of Repeal.

Rourke had enormous difficulty in procuring a piano. Mr. Donnelly regretted that Mrs. Donnelly could not spare hers, as it was required for the use of the young ladies who were finishing. Nor love nor money could hire one. At last we were advised to apply to Mr. de Winter, the only music and singing master in the place, who, the paternal Donnelly informed us, *had* a piano—though whether he would lend it was a matter of extreme improbability. Mr. de Winter, in common with the rest of the population, lived up a hill. We rapped, and Mr. de Winter himself, in his shirt-sleeves, opened the door. We explained our errand, and Mr. de Winter, a grave and solemn man,







disappeared and then reappeared putting on his coat.

'We'll go and have some whisky,' he said; and he led us into a grocer's shop, containing no articles of grocery, but whisky, bottled beer, and candles.

'You never were in Shandranaghan before, were you?' he asked.

'No.'

'No!' he replied; 'I s'pose not. D'ye think of stay'n here?'

'Not more than the two nights.'

'Not more? No! I'd not advise more. Here's my—best wishes,' he said mournfully. 'Shandranaghan is a quare spot!'

'Is it?' we said.

'O, and it's a quare spot.'

'People fond of music?' we inquired.

'Fond of music!' he repeated, 'fond of it! Would it be them? O, an' it's a quare spot; but ye're not stay'n long, an' it's wantin' the loan of a piano you are?'

'Yes, and if you could oblige us—'

'If you've a piano and wouldn't mind—'

'We'll take the greatest care of it,' we all said together.

'O, I've a piano, and—small blame to me—I teach the children. I've eleven of 'em—children, not pianos. What would you be wanting to give for the hire of it?'

We said that in England it was usual for the vendor of an article to set his price upon it; but when informed that it was the custom in Shandranaghan for purchasers to be the first to mention terms, we succumbed, and proposed a guinea.

'A guinea!' he echoed, 'ah, yes, a guinea 'll do; and ye'll have to pay the men for fetchin' it, and for carryin' of it back. Pether 'll do that.'

We objected to Peter.

'He's strong, is Pether, though he's little,' said Mr. de Winter, 'and he does all those sort o' things here—music—and—and bill-sticking—it's his perquisite. Ye'll take some more punch?'

We declined, but Mr. de Winter was obstinate, and we left the 'grocery' slightly elated; the mu-

sic-master wishing us luck, and telling us that Shandranaghan was a quare spot.

'Don't you think, Jack,' I said, 'that Mr. de Winter's manner and appearance are very like—'

'Vanderdecken! I catch the idea—quite so.'

The posters up, the bills distributed, the piano placed, tuned by Bourke, and the Hall dusted by Pether—another of his perquisites—and his bride, two days passed, during which we were regarded by all who saw us rather as Englishmen might be in Aleppo than in any portion of her Majesty's dominions. The eventful morning dawned on the evening of which we were to 'throw off.'

No places had been taken at the printer's. Mr. Donnelly told us that the aristocracy seldom came till the second night. We dined at four, as the landlord remarked, 'sumptuously,' took a cup of tea, and at five began to dress. Despite the heat, I threw on a gray overcoat. Jack, however, walked out in all the funereal solemnity of extreme evening Belgravia. We were shaved in true professional style—each sporting a moustache, smooth cheeks and chin.

I need not say the institute stood upon a hill. As we strode up it gently, the inhabitants flocked to their windows and doorsteps to look at us. Little boys ran after us, and workmen and peasants accompanied us. Such is fame!

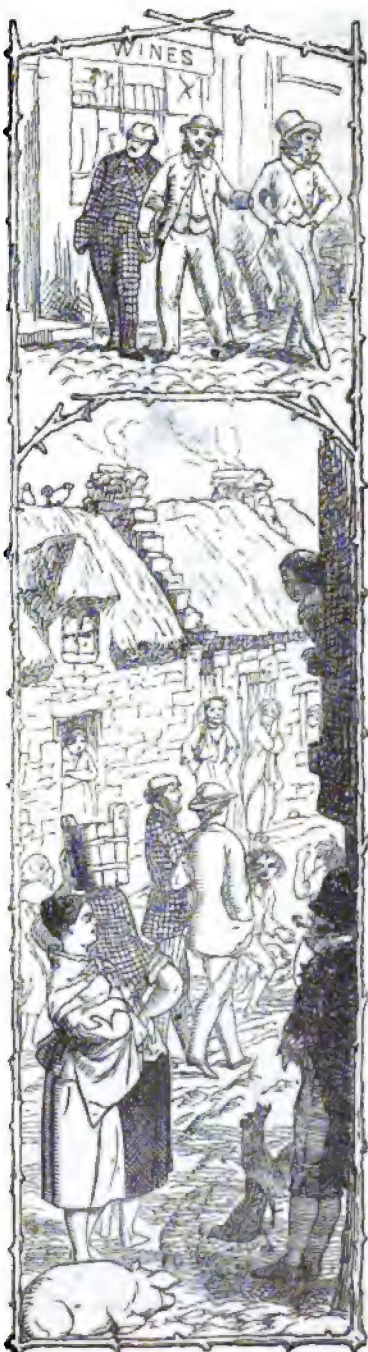
'We shall have a rare full house,' said Jack, 'all these people are coming. It's wonderful how fond folks are of a private view of professional people, aint it?'

The words were hardly uttered when a woman appeared in sight. She was dusty, dishevelled, had been drinking, and evidently mistook us for a popular demonstration, a national pageant, or political procession!

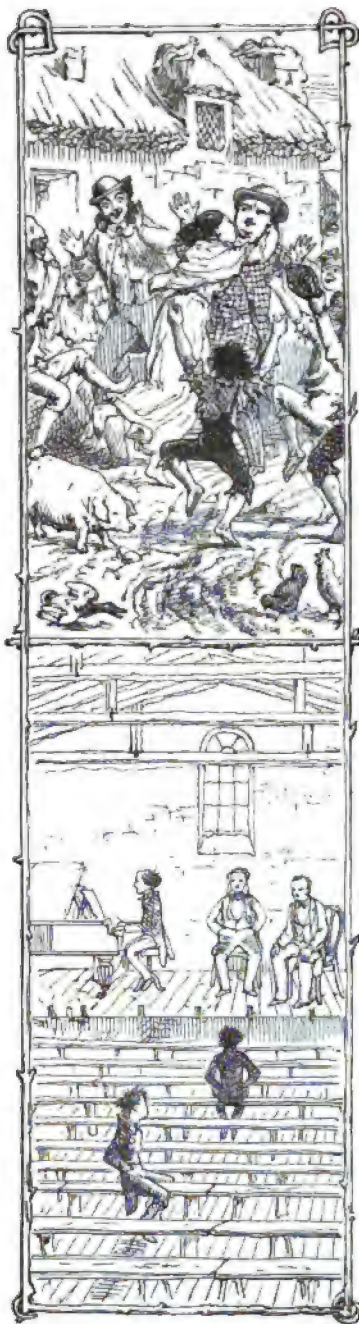
'O,' she cried, 'the darlens! the beauties! O, the pretty men! Is it themselves? O, look at 'em! Ohoo!'

'It's Judy!' said the lookers-on. 'Ah, Judy, go home.'

'I'll not; it's themselves that are







the dandy!" replied Judy. "I'll have a kiss o' both, the darlens!"

"Ah! go away and don't bother, Judy; it's strangers the gentlemen are, see ye," said a bystander.

"She's a poor dark innocent," said another to us; "it's best not to cross her, as she's the gurr! that *can* fight. Give her a kiss and let her go."

Both Jack and I saw that to refuse Miss or Mrs. Judy's demonstration of regard would be a proceeding fraught with danger. We therefore submitted to her salute in full sight of about a hundred persons, the market clock, which had only one hand, and that did not go, looking down upon us.

The ceremony over, Judy requested a penny with which to drink our health, and long life to it; and again we took the advice of disinterested bystanders and complied. The lady then removed the blockade, and we passed on, accompanied by the spectators, who by this time had mustered into a considerable crowd.

No sooner did we reach the open gate of the Hall than the foremost slunk away, and the rest disappeared as if by magic.

We found Mr. Donnelly in the courtyard, and could hear Rourke thundering away at Moore's Melodies in the Hall.

The doors were opened at half-past seven, of which fact not one solitary individual took the slightest notice. At eight the public of Shandranaghan remained in the same state of apathy.

"Is no one coming?" I asked.

Rourke laughed; and Mr. Donnelly tried to smile, and failed; then tried to look sympathetic, and failed again.

At seven minutes past eight there was a rush of one. The eldest son of the landlord of the "hotel," to whom we had promised a free admission, claimed his privilege, and showed himself into the reserved seats, where he watched Rourke, who indulged him with variations from the *Traviata* for half an hour, after which the boy, thoroughly satisfied with the entertainment, went home. We continued to look on Mr. Donnelly, who, in his turn,

looked on the docks and dandelions, and when it was quite dark, sneaked back to the hotel. After supper, Mr. Donnelly was announced, and I thought was about to dilute his punch with tears, he was so moved at our failure, but he hoped for the best from the following night. For ourselves, the reaction from our annoyance came on us with full force, and we roared with laughter. Our ill-timed mirth drove Mr. Donnelly away, and we were just going to bed when Mr. de Winter showed his melancholy head at the door.

Mr. de Winter first inquired if we would take some whisky, and on our mentioning that we were in our own room, and could not permit him to pay for us, he reluctantly consented to make one glass of punch.

'It's a quare spot is Shandra-naghan,' he said in his own mournful key. 'Ye didn't know it. 'Tis not the punch I came about, but the piano. Pether 'll bring it back. Ye've not played, ye see, and so—'

And he laid our guinea on the table.

We protested—a bargain was a bargain, we were men of means, &c., but in vain; the music-master stuck to his point and carried it.

'Ye're young, ye're young,' he said, 'and Shandra-naghan's a quare spot. I know what it is myself. I've eleven of 'em, all with a taste for music—more's the pity. Is it me take the guinea and you so young?'

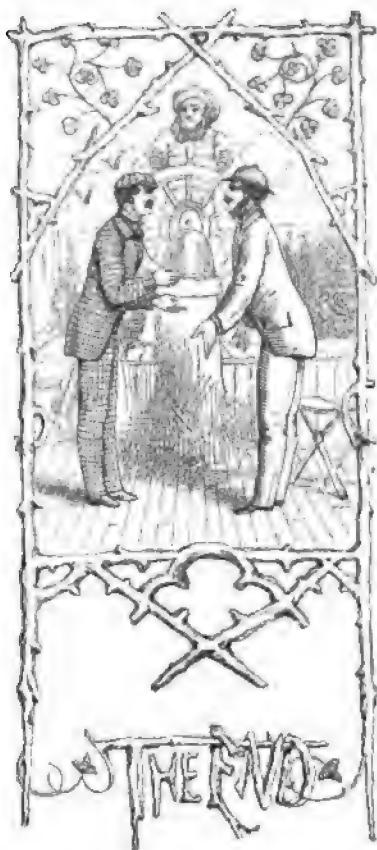
It would have been a snobbish barbarity to refuse his kindness; and no sooner had we accepted it than he changed from Vanderdecken to Mynheer von Dunck, and told stories and sang songs, the like of which were never heard save from the lips of an Irishman, or out of the pages of Sheridan, Moore, Lover, and Lever.

He kept us up till five o'clock. At nine we took a car, and steamed back to Dublin; we renounced the prospective profits of the rest of our route.

'We haven't quite cleared 200l., Jack,' I said on the deck of the boat that was shaking us to Holyhead.

'N—o,' he returned. 'I thought





that calculation of yours would turn out to be bosh.'

'Mine! why, it was yours!'

'Mine! why, you might as well say that the idea of giving an entertainment at all was mine!'

'So it was!'

'What!'

We quarrelled during the voyage, and travelled to London in separate carriages. However, we have made it up since, and are as good friends as ever.

We never again tried that or any other entertainment. The manuscript of 'Melodies of Many Lands' I enclose with this. If on perusal it should be found suitable to the pages of—

[Here followed is the original the initials,  
T. W. R.]



#### NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

The late MR. T. W. ROBERTSON contributed to the early volumes of 'London Society' some admirable Stories. 'OUR ENTERTAINMENT' appeared in the number for April 1864, about seven years before the Author's death, which occurred in the early part of 1871.

This Story, like others, appeared only with initials; and the Number containing it has been long out of print. I have been assured that its republication, with a declaration of the Authorship, will give pleasure to a wide circle of readers—to a younger generation, in fact.

It is well known that Mr. Robertson, before he began his hard-working London days, graduated as an Actor in the Provinces, and there acquired that intimate knowledge of the Stage which he afterwards turned to such excellent account.

In 1864 he had made his mark as a Playwright; and I remember him saying to me, with a humorous twinkle, when he proposed to write this Story, 'There will be a good bit of personal experience in it.'

The illustrations are from the originals still in my possession. They were drawn by MR. CHARLES ALTAMONT DOYLE, the youngest son of 'H. B.'

JAMES HOGG.

## THE GHOST IN THE DĀK BUNGALOW.

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I MYSELF did not see it ; I only heard the very unnecessary and unghostly hubbub it made when it introduced itself into my apartment. But as my khitmitghar, otherwise butler, Ramiah, certainly heard, and swore too that he saw, the apparition ; and as he was a native servitor of high caste, a Hindoo by religious persuasion, a firm believer in the Vedas and Shastras, and, moreover, not over-filled at the time with opium, bhang, or alcohol, why, I felt bound to accept his statement—with a grain of salt.

Now, how we both came to listen to, and one of us to cast eyes upon the ghost in the dāk bungalow, was in this wise :

I was upon one of my periodical visits of inspection from Jag-gareebad, the head-quarters of the military division to which I belonged, towards Jamtee, an outpost scores and scores and scores of miles away. In those days, Jag-gareebad was not connected with the Great Indian Peninsular Railway by a State line of rail, as now it is, but about one hundred and fifty miles of what it was the facetious fashion to call a *road* had to be travelled over before the G.I.P.R. aforesaid was struck at the civil station of Dooliebearer-bore.

And what a road ! Multiply the erst famous 'corduroy' ones of the United States of America by a recently-cut coffee estate track in the Wynaad of India, by a forest-path in Mexico, and by a camel-route across the desert of Sahara, and the product will

give some idea of the roughness and badness of the highway I speak of.

The first few miles out of Jag-gareebad were passably good ; but, those accomplished, one had to be jolted over huge granite boulders, jutting up in the middle of the carriage track ; to be dragged axle-deep either through sand or black cotton soil ; to be dashed down the steep banks of nullahs on one side, and toiled up their equally steep acclivities on the other ; to be pulled over gullies, mostly dry, but sometimes wet with tenacious mud ; to be waded across a large and pretentious river if in the hot season, or ferried over it in a hide and wicker circular boat if in the rainy ; and lastly, to be stopped altogether—for a time at least—by trees blown down, by bridges washed away, and by sundry other impediments too numerous to mention.

And then the stereotyped vehicles in which these miseries had to be endured ! They were called *transits* or *nibbs*, and were drawn by bullocks, at a pace which, by dint of large *backsheesh* to the garmentless boy-drivers, might be made to come up to one league per hour, but, as a rule, averaged two miles and a half in the same time.

Now, a well-built, well-padded, well-cushioned bullock-coach is by no means an uncomfortable conveyance, even if it gets slowly over the ground ; but the nibbs which were run upon those hundred and fifty miles of the Deccan

were simply beastly. The word is certainly vulgar, but it is expressive.

Fancy a wooden box, about seven feet long by three wide, covered with an arched canvas top, partly open at the sides, having a door behind, and mounted upon springs of iron, to strengthen which for the ups and downs of the journey slices of bamboo were bound on with coir rope. To enter the carriage it was necessary to make what sailors call a 'stern-board;' and when in, it was alike necessary to lie down; for sitting upright, except for a pigmy or a child, was almost impossible. Attempt that posture, and your head got caved in. A native of wealth and position owned and hired out these quaint traps, and had a predilection for painting them all red, all save one, of nearly double the ordinary dimensions and weight, and which, in honour of its now-and-again occupation, he bedaubed a dirty white. The occasional employment, which gave increase of size and difference of colour to this nibb, was its being used as a travelling carriage when bride and bridegroom went on their honeymoon trip for any distance out of cantonment; and the wits of Jaggareebad, knowing this, called it 'Orange Blossoms,' in contradistinction to the others, which they named 'Red Rovers.'

At every ten or twelve miles of the road I have tried to picture the traveller found a Government rest-house or dāk bungalow placed for his accommodation; small stone or brick buildings with one general room furnished with a cane-bottom sleeping-cot or two, a couple of long armchairs, a table, and some crockery. A halt at intervals in one of these domiciles was imperative, but the less one had to do with them the better;

for certain foul things loved the *cari luoghi* of the convenient crevices of the rattan couches and chairs aforesaid, populated them thickly, and—were always hungry.

Well, as I began by telling, I was upon a certain occasion on an official trip down this Gehenna of a thoroughfare, and in one of the accursed 'Red Rovers.' The questionably faithful Ramiah was with me, seated upon a narrow perch or bar beside the byle (bullock) Jehu. During many hours he slept a sleep wondrous even for a nigger—who can sleep always, anywhere, in any position, and upon anything. I meantime was suffering tortures from jolts, from sudden springs upwards and as sudden dives downwards. Every bone in my body ached and was sore, and in mine agony I am afraid that I anathematised freely, and in every tongue of which I had the slightest knowledge—anathematised nibb and cattle and driver. The language of Hindostan is rich in powerful expletives, as some of my readers may know; but, as I was only acquainted with one word of these, and that the very very mildest the infuriated European casts into the teeth of the mild Hindoo—*soor*, 'you pig,' to wit—and moreover, as the *sansculotte* of a whip was in blessed ignorance of any other tongue than his own, I do not think that the highly-improper d—s, and the *sacré*s, and the *mal-ditas*, and the *donners* and *blitzens* I hurled incessantly at him *ore rotundo*, fell with anything like the eighty-ton-gun power I intended them. Indeed, all their (to me) perceptible effect was to make him 'cluck, cluck' a little louder to his cattle, to cause him to wave more gracefully his whip over them; to give a more sounding, but not more painful, whack

upon their thick drum-stretched hides ; to twist their apparently jointless and insensitive tails ; and to bawl out, '*Jaldi jao, jaldi jao*' ('go quickly'), 'ye sons of shameless mothers !' To himself, though, I have not the least doubt he was saying, 'What a most unbecoming rage is that old Feringhee inside there putting himself into ! I can't help Deccan-road being bad ; I can't make the half-starved byles run faster ; I am neither the maker nor the owner of the heavy nibb. Therefore, what can do, what can do !'

It was upon the second night of my journey : time, past twelve ; weather, dark, drizzly, and cold. I had just fallen into a sort of fitful and most uncomfortable doze, when a jerk more pronounced than any I had yet experienced sent me flying up to the roof of the carriage. The habitual *soor* was not fairly out of my lips, when crack ! crash ! the nibb swayed, tumbled over, and I was thrown, with my ribs half-broken, against its side.

With some difficulty I wriggled out at the back-door, and found myself standing upon the road in a foot or so of black cotton-mud.

Ramiah was lying prostrate in the same slush. He, in his slumbers, had been jerked clean off the perch.

'What the deuce is this ?' I asked.

'Ah, bah ! Saab can know,' replied Ramiah, 'plenty too much bodder dis. Wheel ob nibb come off—axle break ; ah, bah !'

'Confound it all ! Why did not that *soor* of a byle-wallah *kupperdar*.' By *kupperdar* I meant take care. I believe I was right, but I daresay I was wrong in the Hindostanee term.

'Rocky stone, he plenty too

much big ; sticking up ; master can look.'

I did, and there was a boulder, a couple of feet high, in the very centre of the road. It would have cost half a rupee's worth of blasting-powder to have removed it, so the economical Public Works Department let it remain and obstruct.

The driver and my man whooped and shouted after a peculiar native fashion, and, in a very few minutes, half a dozen or so of ragamuffins came from some holes and corners with lighted torches.

'Whereabouts is the next bungalow, Ramiah ? and how far ?' I said.

'Junglepore, saab ; two *cos*' (i.e. six miles) 'away.'

'Well, I suppose that there is no help for it ; we must tramp it there.'

'Scuse me, saab, *no* ! Much betterer go back to bungalow little while ago pass ; betterer house, betterer village, betterer eberyting ; and one clever carpenter make live dere formend nibb.'

'How far back is it, Ramiah ?' I inquired.

'Also same two *cos*.'

'Then why not go on to Junglepore ; why back to Dashpett ?'

'My master can't possible go to Junglepore rest-house.'

'Why not ? Cholera got ?' (N.B. The existence of this disease is the very first question a European puts when any native locality is interdicted him.)

'No, saab, no cholera ! worse ting. Shitan, de debil, he now got custom to live in that dāk bungalow.'

'Indeed ! And why there, Ramiah, more than in any other of all the suitable homes for him along this general Tophet of a road ?'

'Master not know—master not hear tell. I can gib master whole



story; master listen. Three four year ago too much blackguard dacoit make steal along dis way. One time they rob sowcar (native banker), Sellemwellall's schroff (cashier), c:ming to Jaggareebad of tousands rupees. Bazaar-folk plenty laugh; say, "Ah, ah, *bote utcha*!—very good. Sellemwellall sowcar, he rob everybody wid his too big interest charge; now dacoit rob sowcar, and take interest and principal both together." Nodder time dacoit make bone Sahib Hunter's silver cups his horses win at Presidency and Mofussil races. Officers of regiment speak soft in mess compound, and say, "Old bloke dat, our Colonel Hunter; why he not keep it dark that cups were in the nibb? why he bodder always his chokerah (a junior servant) wid orders? Ram, mind the box; Chunder, look after the deal case; Ram Chunder, you villen, if you don't take care of cups I'll let you know what horsewhip means." So, of course, dacoit get the gup, lay wait for nibb, stop it, lick old Hunter Saab, tief plate, and next day melt it down at silversmith's. But nodder 'casion dacoit try dissort ob game at the very dāk bungalow of Junglepore, where master want go dis night, wid one Mister Mee Gilp, a gentlemen make pictures on cloth for sell. Master can b'lieve that chap; he got nothing at all wid him, only few rupees in a bag, a suit or two of karkee clothes, a solar topee, and an old good-for-nothing tin box wid small sort of pewter-bottles inside. Dacoit *logue* (people) get *kubbur* (news) bout dis box. *Kubbur* say, too much money worth dat old tin case; only you get take finger make squeeze dis silver bottle, dat one, dat one, when out come yellow stuff to make gold, red stuff to make ruby jewel, white stuff to make pearl big as

you choose. But master can know all lie dis; bottle hold nothing more than chunam, ochre, and kunkah, same like native mans in bazaar make wash walls and floors of his house, only betterer. But I forget one ting more that painter Saab got, and know how use—Europe musterpistol, call six-shooter. So, when dam tiefs of Pathan and Arab dacoit come to Junglepore dāk bungalow, where Saab Mee Gilp stay, for make copy of village and temple and nautch girls, they get in through window, and see and hear the gentlemen they going to loot, sleep, sleep, snore, snore, like pig, on charpoy. Dacoit make no the least row; dacoit take light put afore Mee Gilp eye; not open one bit; he sleep and snore still. Den they move quiet like snake to bullock trunk, break lock, lift lid, see old tin box, take it, and creep to window to *jao*—when—bang! bang! off go two barrel of revolver. Kill one man on de pot (spot), wound odder, and send two more run away like antelope hunted by cheetah. Then Saab Mee Gilp he say, "You won't trouble me again old chaps, if you know it." Make sleep till daylight, get *chota hazzree*, and go on to Jagga-ree-bad.

'Some little bobheree nawab make 'bout dis business; but one man he say, "Dacoit, and desearve it;" odder man say, "Chut! Allah is great and good—*only* a nigger, and not worth fussing about;" and so the bobheree soon end. But many many time when Europe people stop night at Junglepore, the ghoule—what they call in Feringhee tongue the ghost—of that same dacoit, he come inside bungalow, kick up row, and frighten them to death. No, Saab, 'scuse me, not can go there.'

'I am going, nevertheless, Ramiah,' I observed. 'I do not

intend taking one step backward on this break-neck of a road. Hire two or three coolies to carry the traps, and *en avant marchons*, if you know what that means.'

'Sahib quite plenty-too-much sure he mean go?'

'Yes.'

'Then I make *poonjah* (prayer) for master come safe away.'

'Make what you like, Ramiah, only be sharp and let's get on.'

Six miles only as it was, daylight had quite come before we arrived at the bungalow, which, of its kind, was really pretty, standing back from the roadside, picturesquely embowered in a little grove of margosa, suria, mango, custard apple, and other trees, and with oleanders, crotons, and such like common tropical shrubs growing in its clean well-kept compound. I really felt thankful at getting a rest after the shaking of the nibb, in the charmingly inviting place, haunted, as it was said to be, by my henchman's account.

The village head-man interviewed, a messenger on a rough pony started into Jaggareebad for another 'Red Rover' to be sent to me as soon as possible; there was nothing more to be done for twenty-four hours at least, so I set about killing time as pleasantly as I could. And really, now that I recall it, sitting at this desk of mine, the day passed far from uninterestingly.

First I took a stroll into the neighbouring bazaar, to pick up from the sellers of fowls and eggs, honey and coarse fruit, their best for the consumption of Ramiah and self; to look as well upon

'The early village maiden,  
With her shining pitcher laden  
Moving—gait erect and steady—  
To the well across the plain.'

and after that marketing and inspection, to potter for a while

among paddy-fields and *raggee* (millet) lands, in hopes of a stray snipe, a partridge or two, or perhaps even a spotted deer; the said potter, I may as well state, unsuccessful. Then breakfast, a cheroot, and a lounge in the verandah, taking note of the travellers up and down the road in front. Many and various were they:

'Some swarthy magnates urbans,  
With wrappers round their turbans  
And their chilas,'

looking as if they had chronic toothache, riding past with a motley retinue of horsemen and footmen armed to the teeth with matchlocks, and tulwars, and lances. Presently an elephant, with a gaudily-painted howdah; after it a varnished yellow-curtained palanquin, supposed to conceal the lovely light of a nawab's harem, but more likely the brown leather-like face and shrivelled figure of an old Mahometan squaw. Next, troops of the carriers of that part of Southern India, the Bringarees as they are called, the women in quaint picturesquely-coloured needlework costumes leading the cattle, loaded with bags of corn and fodder.

'Then a group of woodsmen passes,  
With their fagots on their asses;  
And a drove of oxen plodding,  
Each with grain-filled sack.  
And a postal runner, ringing  
All his little bells, and swinging  
With his measured trot, and letters  
In the leather at his back;'

and a host more of those wayfarers who, to a stranger in a strange land, and that land the Deccan, are such objects of surprise and concern, but soon fade into nothingness.

So the day went, and the night came.

Previously to retiring to the (un)rest the cane-bottom couch was likely to afford, I had a short

\* *Lays of Ind.* 'Our Ride,' slightly altered.



palaver with the bungalow-keeper, a half-caste of alcoholic proclivities, and who corroborated Ramiah's tale anent the dacoit and his sprite, adding that, in consequence of the bad name the bungalow had acquired, there was difficulty—pay notwithstanding—to get a person to take charge of it.

'Did the dead and buried, or burnt, Pathan of a dacoit come back often to take a look at the scene of his demise?'

'Only now and again.'

'Have you ever seen or heard him?'

'No. I am only here a few days; if I did see or hear, I should go.'

'Being a Christian, Gomes' (that was his name), 'do you believe the story, or do you think that it is a trick to steal the alarmed travellers' rupees?'

'The saints shield me! I pin my faith upon its truth.'

'Well, you and I are at variance. Good-night.'

Then I lay down upon the much-infested charpoy, and Ramiah spread his mat in the adjoining bath-room.

I must have slept for some hours, spite of heat, mosquitoes, and other blood-suckers, when suddenly I jumped up, disturbed by the din and clatter of somebody, or something, tumbling over tables and chairs, in a rapid flight across the brick floor. This was followed by a noise like the banging of a door, and the opening and shutting of the flap-shutters of a wooden window. Then there was a sort of unearthly howl or laugh, of a convulsive, spasmodic nature; a jump, a fall, and the light tread of rapidly retreating footsteps across the compound.

'Hullo! who's there?—what's that? Speak! or I'll fire at you.'

I seized the oil-lamp, dimly burning in the furthest corner of the room. Its light showed me a chair upset, a window ajar, and the awfully scared Ramiah cowering in the doorway. That khitmit-ghar's face was usually black, but, so far as I could now see it, it was the colour of the ashes drawn in lines across his forehead on religious high days and holidays of his faith. His white teeth, immovable except when pitching into curry and rice, were now rattling like dice in a dice-box; his eyeballs stared; he was trembling from head to foot. He was within an ace of a fit; one infinitesimal degree more of fright, and the seizure would have been accomplished.

'Wah, wah! uppah, uppah! My lord, I tell you so; my fader, why you bring poor Ramiah here? I dead, I dead! Siva got me; nebber again my wife, my sister, my poor old mudder see! wah, wah!'

'Why not,' I said, 'if, in the terrible uncomeliness of all three, they are worth looking upon once more? Pull yourself together, man; and the thing, whatever it was, being gone, Ramiah's himself again.'

'Can't be, saab; can't be. Master not see?'

'No, I only heard; and I think it must have been a—'

'No, my lord, no any odder living thing than dead dacoit; one big, stout, copper-skin man. I sleep—hot breath like forge come 'pon my face—wake me. I look—I see two big eyes like debil staring at me—I see mouth red, like fire, close my neck, grinning at me. I see arm, long like paddy-pounder, wave over me. I scream—Shitan—he himself—I know him—run, my room into master's, and knock down ebertying for rage.'

'Well, Ramiah, as a general rule, ghosts in other countries go noiselessly over or through obstructions. What they may do here, or in the particular case of the spirit of a dacoit, I don't know, for I have never seen the individual dead or aliya. So I repeat that the thing which made that awful shindy just now must have been a four-footed—'

'No, saab; 'scuse me, not four, only two; plain, like my own, I see them, and—uppah! uppah! I see him now—look! look!'

We were standing near the open window gazing into the gloom of the surrounding tope of trees.

'Look, saab! look!'

I could see nothing, but still my frightened servant kept on crying out, 'Look, look!'

'Where, you wretched old nigger coward? where?'

'There! there! ghou! slinking away, 'mong the trees—*deckho!* see, aie-aie! yes, yes!'

'Well, if he be slinking off I will haphazard give him something to freshen his way back to Tartarus.'

I took up my rifle, which was loaded, and fired. The ball went whizzing among the branches and pinging in the distance. There was a sound as of something fleeing rapidly.

'Gone,' said Ramiah; and he seemed to be much relieved, and to breathe more freely in consequence.

'An animal, by all that is natural,' I observed; 'a prowling jackal, perhaps; a honey-seeking bear, maybe; a cheetah. No! by Jove, no!' as I sniffed the tainted atmosphere of the room. 'No; I have it. "The Moor—I know his trumpet." An empyreumatic nidorous beast of a laughing hyæna, by all that is disgusting! For goodness' sake, let me get out of this into the fresh air!'

Ramiah shook his head.

'Saab will 'scuse me—this not scent of hyæna; Shitan's very own self-same scent. Native mans know it well—betterer than sandal wood or rose otto rajahs and nawabs use and gib presents ob at *tamashas* (fêtes) in city. Master's a good gentleman, master's a cleber man, master nebber tell lie; but, all same, now I not b'lieve him. Dat ting come dis night dāk bungalow, kick up bob-here, laughing hyæna? Nebber! No, sar; he ghost of dacoit saab painter Mee Gilp shoot in dis very, very house. I see him, and I swear, sar.'

'Well, Ramiah, "opinions are opinions," as M— of my old regiment used to say. You stick to the "ghost in the dāk bungalow;" I will to the laughing hyæna—there! Yours is the better story; but—Hurrah! Here comes the "Red Rover" nibb. Let us be off for Dooliebearerbore and the G.I.P. Railway.'

H. L. COWEN.

## SETH BAKER.

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COME, stow it, I say, for it's waste of breath ;  
I know as you means it well ;  
But the eye sees clear when it's filmed with death,  
And the thing as I sees is Hell !  
I know of the Blood for sinners shed,  
And the pardon full and free,  
And the Grace that washes snow-white the red,  
But there ain't no Grace for me !

Stop ! let me speak, for the time is short ;  
You wasn't fetched here to spout.  
I'm none of your Hallelujah sort :  
White choker ; and me falls out.  
But you ain't, not you, of the smug-faced crew,  
All Glory and white of eye ;  
I trust you, parson ; by snakes, I do !  
So listen before I die.

I'm bound, I am, for the brimstone lake,  
With its horrible reek and stench ;  
For the worms as writhe and the flames as quake,  
And the thirst you can noways squench.  
I don't make out as I likes the trip,  
But I tell you all the same,  
I means to start with a good stiff lip,  
And a step as shows I'm game.

I'm game to the bottom—curse the cough !  
It saws me through and through—  
And if ever my pals takes on to scoff,  
And say as I sent for you—  
I fetched you away to jabber and pray,  
And show me the road to die—  
'He was game to the bottom,' just you say,  
And choke the fools with their lie.

I'm quiet—all right—I am, I swear ;  
No, I won't let out no more.  
Just give me a pull of the brandy there—  
Is there nobody nigh the door ?  
Are you sure as there's never a listening sneak ?  
Then give me your hand to ketch ;  
Bend down while I speak, for I'm horful weak,  
And the words is hard to fetch.

Here's a newspaper under my head, you see,  
What tells, with a heap of lies,  
Seth Baker was tried in 'sixty-three  
At the Worcester County 'Size.  
Don't spout it aloud, for it's waste of breath;  
I can give you the pith, I can;  
The sentence of death was passed on Seth  
For knifing a pollis-man!

You remember it? No! Why, the world went mad!  
'Twas a nine-days'-wonder case;  
They talked of the lad, and the ways he had,  
His pluck and his handsome face.  
It wasn't right proved how the blood was spilt,  
And they'd easy have pulled him through;  
But the stoopid young fool confessed his guilt—  
So what could the lawyer do?

Petitions was signed—for the chap was young—  
Imploring the Queen for grace;  
But the end of it all was, Seth was hung,  
In spite of his youth and face.  
And I stood there, in the struggling square,  
And stared in the prisoner's eye;  
I saw them cover his face, so fair,  
And fasten his hempen tie!

Yes, I stood there, in the death-still square,  
And met Seth Baker's eye;  
I heard him mutter a tag of pray'r;  
I saw—I saw him die!  
He took the drop with a rare good pluck,  
With never a shake nor whine;—  
And the knife in the peeler's heart that stuck,  
It wasn't not Seth's, but mine!

It happened along of a wench, you see—  
Young Seth was a-courtin' Kate;  
But—so rum is a she—she took to me,  
And jilted my handsome mate.  
So we got spliced,—but I used her bad;  
It was nothin' but drink and row;  
But she's getting paid back for the time she had,  
A-singing in Glory now!

Well, Seth was a chap as was always soft—  
He reggerler drove me wild;  
For he'd foller and say to me, oft and oft,  
'Be kind to your wife and child!'  
But he gave it up, and he let me go—  
No preachin' would keep me straight;  
And he got to know as it meant a blow  
And a worser time for Kate!

I was always in drink ; I was deep in debt ;  
 I was sacked from my job of work ;  
 And then I got in with a poachin' set,  
 As nothin' at all would shirk.  
 We'd many a spree, my pals and me,  
 And many a right good bag ;  
 And we packed the game to town, you see,  
 And fuddled away the swag.

We was out one night—I was settin' a snare ;  
 Afore you could reckon three,  
 A peeler was out of some cursed lair,  
 And grapplin' along of me.  
 He called for the rest—I was devilish pressed,  
 I didn't know what to do ;  
 I draws my knife, and the peeler's breast  
 I drives it through and through.

He staggered and fell with a horful yell ;  
 I hadn't no sense nor breath ;  
 And the ruck tears on, like the fiends of hell,  
 In a game of life and death.  
 I staggered and tript ; I was well-nigh gript ;  
 When, out of the fir-trees dim,  
 A bloke crep' soft, and behind me alipt,  
 And the peelers makes for him.

I couldn't tell how—and I can't tell now—  
 Seth come in the nick of time ;  
 Unless he was there on the scent of a row,  
 To resker his pal from crime.  
 He touches my arm, and he says, says he,  
 As he points to the belt of fir,  
 ' Crawl in on your knee—no matter for me ;  
 It's all for the sake of Her !'

I've told it you, parson, straight and fair,  
 With devil a slur or lie ;  
 And I stood there, in the death-still square,  
 And saw Seth Baker die !  
 I know of the Blood for sinners shed,  
 And the pardon full and free ;  
 But the Grace that washes snow-white the red,  
 It isn't no go for me !

A lifer in Hell is the sentence spoke  
 On a soul so mean and grim . . . .  
 Yet tell us the tale of that dying bloke,  
 And Christ as went bail for him . . . .  
 Just mutter a prayer . . . . I know it well,  
 This here is the grip of death . . . .  
 It ain't as I want to beg off Hell !  
 I'm sorry I done it . . . . Seth !

## PRINCE ZOO-ZOO.

An Episode.

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A CAREFUL housewife, an excellent manager in every way, both of her husband and children, kind and thoughtful for her servants, religious up to a certain point; at any rate, thoroughly conscientious. There is no doubt that Mrs. Lawford possessed all these qualifications, and the mere fact of her rest having been rendered uneasy for two nights, by something that was weighing on her mind, shows that she also owned a heart of a tender nature, and was really more charitable and liberal-minded than many another might have proved under like circumstances.

Without further preamble, let it be stated, in as few words as possible, what the matter was that weighed upon good Mrs. Lawford's mind. On first glancing at the affair it seemed nothing very much; but looking ahead there was a sad vision of a young girl's downfall and ruin, in Mrs. Lawford's imagination, caused by a simple act of worldly wisdom and prudence on her own part, and it made her very miserable. Mrs. Lawford was the proud mother of nine fine children, their ages varying from five years to three-and-twenty. The father was a prosperous manufacturer, well-thought of in the northern town of Homocaster, where his father and grandfather before him had successfully spun cotton; and Mrs. Lawford was thought to be highly connected, her father hav-

ing been a great dignitary of the Church, her mother the only child and heiress of some rich city potentate. The eldest of the Lawford olive branches was already a partner in his father's business; the second at Cambridge, reading for holy orders; then followed some girls, whose education had been conducted on the sensible method with which Mrs. Lawford always arranged things. It is concerning one branch of these girls' education, that Mrs. Lawford suffered so much anxiety—music, *i.e.* pianoforte-playing, the most essential of modern accomplishments. She had always determined that her girls should be brilliant performers; and for about six months she had been congratulating herself upon the progress they were making, and the very reasonable terms on which she had been able to engage their instructor.

'Not a man! O no! I have seen too much of the folly about music masters in my own young days when I was at school,' she confided to an acquaintance one day. 'When Violet and Ethel are a little more advanced, I shall take them to London, and let them have just a few lessons of Charles Hallé, perhaps, for the say-so of the thing. But for lessons twice a week I much prefer a lady; and really this Miss Hellenthal, though quite a girl, has thorough ability, and is a perfect musician, having been

brought up to it all her life in Germany. You know the German school is thought everything in music nowadays. And she is very reasonable, of course, as she has not much of a connection yet, and has to make her name. But her playing is really quite remarkable—such firmness; and her *time*! She played, you know, at our little carpet dance in the winter, and they all said she was far better than the people one generally engages for dance music.'

Thus the good lady had congratulated herself; and, in addition to the pleasant sensation of having made a good bargain, she had the satisfaction of feeling that she was bestowing a kindness on an interesting young girl, and thereby showing herself a patroness of art; for Mrs. Lawford was well thought of amongst her large circle of acquaintance, and was willing to prove a valuable reference for Miss Hellenenthal in the matter of obtaining other pupils.

And now for the trouble—the subject of anxiety. It was this: Miss Hellenenthal was very, very pretty, and Mrs. Lawford and her daughters had discovered that Ernest, the eldest hope of his family, always happened to come home early on those days when his sisters had their music-lessons. Nor was this all; the young man generally had some engagement that took him into the town again, exactly at the time Miss Hellenenthal had concluded her lessons, and more than one acquaintance of the family had seen him sitting by the side of the pretty music-teacher in the tram-car which ran between the suburb where the Lawfords lived, and the manufacturing town of Homocaster.

To remonstrate with her son

Mrs. Lawford thought would be certain to make matters worse. Perhaps there was nothing in it. *Of course*, there could be nothing in it; but still one can never be too cautious. The elder girls were taken into mamma's confidence; and between them it was decided that the best plan for Ernest's safety would be for the music-lessons to cease for an indefinite period, without anything being said to the young man upon the subject. He would soon forget Miss Hellenenthal's existence, and she, on her part, was quite sensible enough to understand that she could not carry on a flirtation with the son of her employers without paying for her amusement.

And yet, poor girl, perhaps she was perfectly innocent; and to accuse her of light conduct might only put bad ideas into her head, and cause her to become a fast, frivolous, flirting thing. This was the notion that disturbed Mrs. Lawford's rest during the two nights that intervened between the final discovery of the fact that it was necessary to take some steps to cut short the intimacy that was growing up between Ernest and Miss Hellenenthal, and the morning on which the music-mistress arrived, all unconscious of her offence, to receive her dismissal.

Finding herself face to face with the offender, with her unpleasant task before her, Mrs. Lawford told her, with much solemnity, but a little hesitation of manner, that her services would no longer be required.

'Am I considered not competent then, madame?' asked Miss Hellenenthal, with a shade of annoyance in her clear young voice. Then Mrs. Lawford felt that it was her duty to speak a word of maternal advice, and she

read a kind little lecture about paying due regard to the proprieties, assuring her that she did not wish to imply that there was any positive crime in the fact of her having travelled, on many occasions, in the same omnibus with a young man; but that young man being Mr. Ernest Lawford, Miss Hellenthal was given to understand that the circumstance could neither be overlooked nor forgiven.

'Madame, the truth cannot be denied; I do very frequently meet your son when he is on his way into the town; but what can be the harm?' the girl began eagerly. Then suddenly changing her manner, and drawing up her slight figure, she said, with some coldness and dignity, 'But I detain you; shall I write a receipt to that before I go?'

Mrs. Lawford had handed her an envelope with a cheque inclosed, the payment of her services. The girl's cool business like manner rather took her aback; she wished that she had taken her well-meant admonitions somewhat differently, for it would somehow seem as though she, Mrs. Lawford, were in the wrong. She almost felt as if she had been mistaken in her line of conduct, and was even half inclined to relent, and consent to retain Miss Hellenthal as the children's teacher, on the condition that she would promise never to be seen in company of the cherished Ernest any more.

But Miss Hellenthal had removed her glove, and, with a stately movement, had intimated her intention of taking a pen, from a grand never-used ormolu inkstand on a handsomely-impracticable writing table.

'A receipt is quite unnecessary—there isn't any ink there,' the good lady hesitated; 'I—really—'

'I will send it you by post,' Miss Hellenthal said stiffly, and with a deep bow, 'and I wish you good-morning, madame,' she went out of the room.

She neither swept, nor flounced, nor stalked, nor did she glide through the doorway. Mrs. Lawford, in thinking over the scene, could only remember that she went away somehow, and was gone before she could prevent her, or say any of the kind things that rose to her heart and almost to her lips.

Thekla Hellenthal was an orphan, and quite alone in the world, in a country also that she did not look upon as her own. Her mother had been an Englishwoman, but there were no relations on her side with whom Thekla had any acquaintance; and of her father's family, not one was in a position to afford the girl any assistance.

Franz Hellenthal had come with his daughter to Homocaster about two years ago. Being possessed of considerable talent, and having a few good introductions, it had seemed probable that he would get on remarkably well in a town where music was so highly appreciated. But unfortunately his health suddenly gave way; he was unable either to perform in public or to go on teaching, and for more than a twelvemonth Thekla had been obliged to maintain herself and her sick father. She had worked very hard, and borne fatigue and privation with the utmost courage. After her father's death the struggle was a little less severe; but there were a few debts, that it had been impossible to avoid incurring, and until she was free of them Thekla could not but feel herself very poor.

Mrs. Lawford distressed herself rather too much, when meditating



that she had entailed certain ruin on the music-mistress by depriving her of her patronage. Miss Hellenthal had some other pupils, whose parents would not be influenced by the fact of her summary dismissal from Mrs. Lawford's service, inasmuch as they were unacquainted with the family. And the consciousness of her perfect innocence with regard to Ernest Lawford prevented Thekla from feeling either annoyance or shame about the matter. It meant only, in her mind, the loss of a few pounds a quarter; and to understand what that involved it will be best to follow the workings of her active young brain, as she hurried along the muddy fog-laden streets, after leaving the Lawfords' house.

'My debts will soon be paid off. Dr. Jones is so kind always when I take him an instalment, he will never mind if I am a trifle less punctual than heretofore. I will drink chicory with my coffee, and instead of buying new boots, I will have these old ones patched before that little shabby place becomes a hole.' Her boots were of foreign make, and the small feet they covered were dainty enough to satisfy even the fastidious taste of a Viennese. 'Then my apartment—it is far too expensive, and much better than is necessary. Why should I have more than one little furnished room? I am so much out, and I do not expect ever to invite a friend to visit me in this ugly town. I shall immediately look for a mean house, with a card in the window saying, "Bedroom to let," and if the landlady has a clean face and a kind voice, I will move into it at once. Whilst it is possible to economise, why need one ever *feel* poor?'

This philosopher's meditations were interrupted here, as a sub-

ject for consideration arose. She had reached the point where it was her custom to get into the tram-car. Now the question was, would it be more economical to pay twopence and save her boots, or to walk a mile and a half, and be forced probably to send the boots to a cobbler with a larger hole than she had expected? Finding that she had no coppers in her pocket, and would be obliged to change a shilling, she decided to save the fare and risk her shoe-leather, and so walked on. Her fair complexion was glowing, her eyes were bright, and as she hurried along her lips parted in a smile, for her heart was young, and she usually saw a bright if not amusing side to almost everything. By this time it seemed to her a very ridiculous piece of business that she should be told her services must be dispensed with because a young man had been civil to her, and had several times, by the merest chance, happened to be going into town just at the time her lessons were over. Young Lawford's excuses for joining her had always been very plausible, and she had fully believed, until Mrs. Lawford took her to task, that it was only accident which had caused Ernest to offer her his escort on so many occasions. Other swains had escorted her before this, and it had never been hinted to her that she ought to spurn any overture of respectful gallantry. But it was just like story-books; a heroine might enjoy her life well enough so long as her natural protectors were with her; but being alone in the world, without parents, brotherless, and dependent on herself only, any action was liable to be misjudged.

Not that it signified! Thekla would not let herself be cast down, and she felt strong and capable of

holding her own against calumny. Presently she was aware that some one in the crowded street was crossing the road, evidently with the intention of joining her. It was young Lawford. Miss Hellenthal blushed in a manner that was flattering to Ernest's vanity, and for an instant was a little confused. But her embarrassment was only momentary. Quickly it flashed through her mind that Ernest did not know about her having been dismissed, and that when he came to hear of it he would feel deeply annoyed. Her kindly disposition made her anxious to show that she did not bear him any ill-will in consequence, and she shook hands with him and smiled just as usual, determining, however, that he should not receive an explanation of the state of affairs from her lips.

'Liebe Fräulein, warum bist Du, I mean sind Sie—so—so—what's the German for *early*? I know early is the same as "good-morning" in French!' the young man exclaimed. 'Your day at my house has not been altered, has it?'

'And are you such an autocrat at home that your sisters may not alter the hour of their lessons without consulting you?' asked the Fräulein merrily. And then, to prevent his asking any awkward questions, she showered a quantity of German upon his non-understanding ears, till he cried to her in mercy to desist; and then he begged to be allowed to walk with her as far as her next destination.

'Why, no, sir,' she answered him; 'you are not going the same way as I am to-day, though it has so often chanced that our roads lay together. I must not detain you from your business.'

'Business may go!' exclaimed Ernest, half-disposed to declare

that his road must ever lie where hers did. But there was always something about this girl that kept him from going beyond a certain distance, even when she might appear to lookers-on to be on the most friendly, and even intimate, terms with him. He could not tell her that his business habits were so lax that he was always able to absent himself from his office for an hour or two on the days when he knew his sisters were having a music-lesson, though he had managed to pretend, whenever he overtook Miss Hellenthal, or hailed the omnibus she was in, that it was all in the natural course of things; either that he had been obliged to go home to get something his father had forgotten, or that he was on his way into town for the first time that day.

Then she would lecture him on the unpunctuality of his habits, and tell him he would never make a successful man of business, and so forth, assuming over him the manner of an elder and superior, as, indeed, she unconsciously felt herself to be.

She now felt that it was due to herself to get rid of Ernest as soon as possible, and, feigning an engagement, she had very soon turned down a small side street, after wishing her cavalier good-morning, in a way that showed him distinctly that she did not intend him to follow her. Ernest, being a youth of gentlemanly feeling, was obliged to feel content, and went back to his work. The chances are he would have been less satisfied had he known that this was the last occasion on which he was now likely to meet the object of his admiration.

And if she had happened to catch sight of some one who was watching her from a coign of vantage, on the steps leading up

to a warehouse, Thekla would have been unable to behave with such entire absence of embarrassment. Her cheeks must have flushed, and a thousand memories would have crowded themselves forward, even though she might choose to believe that it was only a freak of her imagination which had conjured up the form of that boy-friend of hers, whom a day before she would have said she had utterly forgotten. Strangely enough, though she had never seen him since the time when he was summoned away to serve in the army, five years ago, he had been in her thoughts more than once since Mrs. Lawford had put into her head the possibility of Ernest's being in love with her. But, in spite of that, her glance did not fall in the direction of Otto Waldstein, and she sped onwards, her mind full of schemes of retrenchment in the management of her little revenue.

On arriving at the modest lodging she called her home, Thekla gave notice to the landlady that she wished to give up her rooms. Then she again sallied forth, and engaged an apartment in a very humble part of the town, in a mean little street, which, to a casual observer, would seem to be inhabited principally by widows who took in washing, and who were blessed with families rather disproportionate to their means. In a few days Thekla had moved into her new abode, taking care to leave no clue behind her as to her change of residence.

The young musician's conscience being very clear with regard to Ernest Lawford, she could feel amused at the evident terror of Mrs. Lawford on account of her son's attentions. Yet at the same time she felt a little sorry that in a sensible world, and in a business like age, anybody should be-

have in so unpleasant a manner as Mrs. Lawford had done.

'I suppose people's intellects do get a little impaired by having to consider every day, and all day long, how to keep a husband and a lot of children in order,' she meditated. 'There is nothing of the artist in Mrs. Lawford's temperament; she is only Havsmutter, poor soul!' and then the maiden, who imagined, quite wrongfully, that she herself utterly despised any one with a Havsfrau disposition, would sit herself down, and, with music-paper, pens, and ink before her, dream of some triumphal march or grand sonata that she would like to compose, and then end by letting her fingers drift idly over the keys of her little hired piano in an artistic manner, perhaps, though they seldom produced a style of music of the highest school. She would sing sometimes in the evening when she came back from her usual round of engagements; and then the inhabitants of the street congregated to listen to the sweet clear voice. She discovered once, when she had made herself hoarse and hungry by trilling nearly the whole of one of Offenbach's operettas, that she had attracted an audience outside the house, and going to the window, with blushes and smiles, she bowed her acknowledgment of the applause which one of the listeners started on perceiving her.

As she retired, laughing to herself, Thekla realised, with a mixture of flattered vanity and humility, that, even if she was not a sufficient genius to compose music, she could, at any rate, reproduce the exquisite inventions of others' brains. It had been sweet to feel that she had power to charm even that squalid group of tired labourers and over-

worked women. At parties where she had played dance-music, it had been pleasant to receive compliments upon the firmness of her touch and the regularity of her time; in fact it was always sweet to be appreciated and admired. Then her thoughts went back almost to her childish days when, in her own country, whilst her father superintended the music of the Court Theatre, she had once been given a small rôle to play, and had got through it with credit, and without any feeling of nervousness.

'I wish they had thought of making me an actress instead of a musician,' thought Thekla, as she began to recall the various plays she had seen during her life, and to realise what a long time it was since she had seen any acting. The people at whose house she lodged were connected, in a very humble manner, with the principal theatre in Homocaster. The widow landlady was a dresser, her husband having been a stage-carpenter, who had died from an accident some years previously; and as many of the children as were old enough had been engaged during the pantomime seasons. Thekla, who was much admired by the Johnson family, had often been told by them that if at any time she felt inclined for a little theatrical excitement 'an order' could be obtained for her; and this evening she felt strongly inclined to avail herself of the chance offered her. This feeling was upon her when the girl, her landlady's eldest daughter, brought in her dinner.

'Annie,' she said, as she moved her desk and music-paper to make a space on the table for her tray to be put down, 'your mother has said sometimes that she would be kind enough to give me an admission to the Royal Theatre. Do

you think she could manage it to-night, and will you come with me?'

Now was ever anything so unfortunate! If only Miss Hellenenthal had asked yesterday, or the day before! Not that it was impossible to get a ticket, far from it; 'Mother' was never refused orders, except perhaps the first week of a piece, when, however, she had too much sense and gumption to ask for them, and put herself in the way of being refused. But this very day (and Annie had been burning to communicate the fact to Miss Hellenenthal, only there was so much to do, and 'baby' had been that fractious with the teething, poor little fellow), only in the afternoon, a messenger had come from the stage manager, saying that Annie was to be in readiness to 'go on' that evening as a page, or something of the kind, in place of one of the ballet ladies who was ill. Annie would so have liked to go in the gallery with Miss Hellenenthal. Would Miss Hellenenthal like to 'go with little Tommy? Jane, the next in age to Annie, must stay at home because of baby, but Tommy would be sure to behave well, if Miss Hellenenthal didn't mind.

Having decided that her spirits were rather in need of the fillip of a little dissipation, Thekla agreed to accept Tommy's escort, and treated him to nuts and ginger-beer and apples in the gallery, and enjoyed the performance very much indeed, and was even able to distinguish Annie among the chorus, much to the satisfaction of the little brother. The piece was a comic opera, of a style that holds its own and attains popularity on the modern stage—for what reason it is impossible to say. There was no especial cleverness or interest in the plot, but the music was pretty and taking,

and the chief part had been 'created' by one or two favourite actresses, on the French as well as the English stage, so that for a certain length of time *Prince Zoo-Zoo* remained the fashion. It was sufficiently risky in the original to please those who like to be in close proximity to the wind; translated and toned down it could not offend even the most prudish audience.

I need give no more than a mere outline of the story. A mediæval princess is wrongly informed that the prince to whom she has been betrothed in childhood has determined to visit her father's court in disguise, in order to gain some knowledge of his fiancée's disposition. Being of a spirited and also a merry temperament, the Princess makes up her mind

'to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petard';

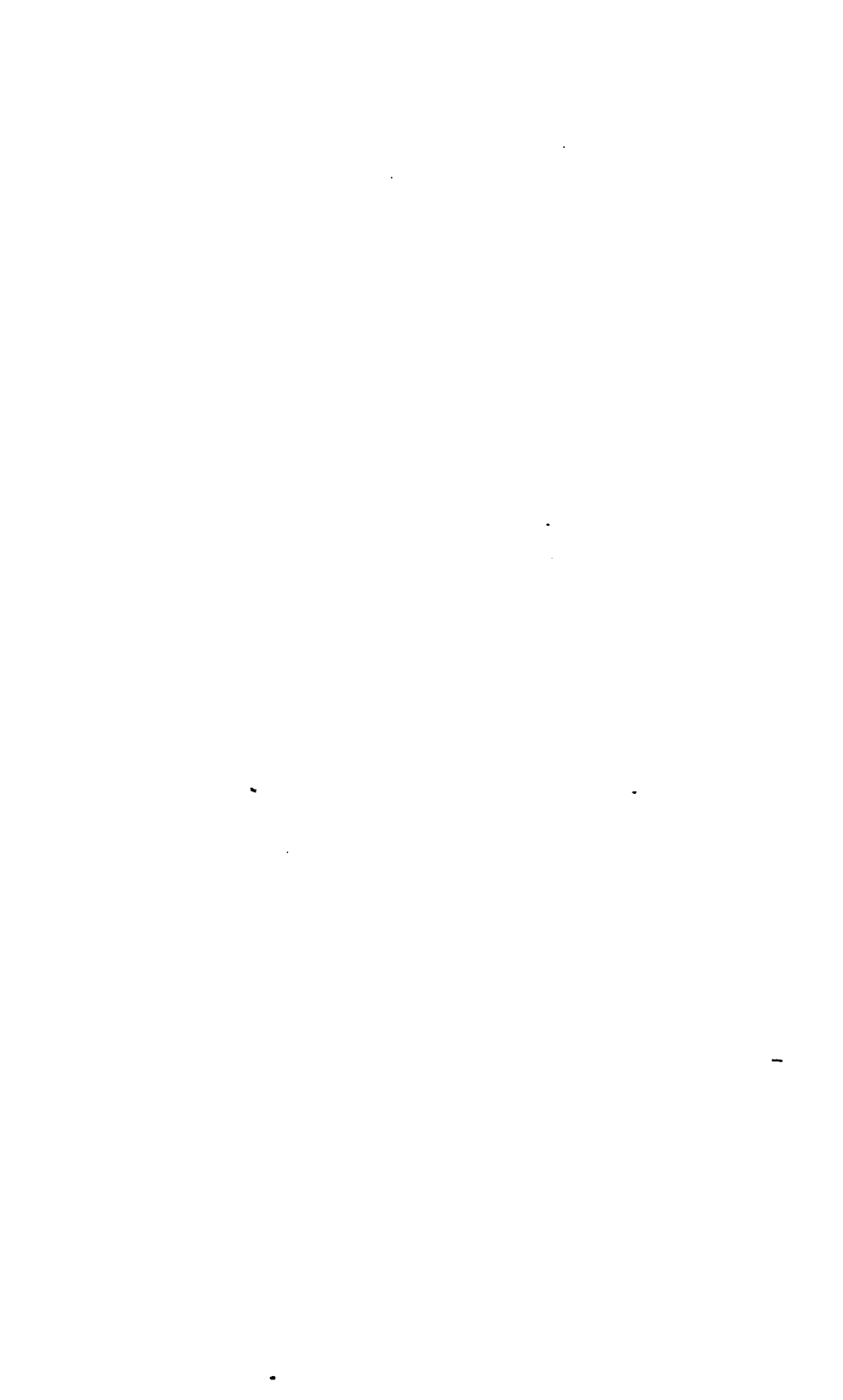
and as in plays circumstances always permit of the heroine's being at liberty to follow the bent of her inclination with very little trouble and no opposition, she is able to carry out her scheme. Accordingly she assumes male attire, and a mask and domino—(N.B. The original *Prince Zoo-Zoo* was very stout, so that the domino was a judicious addition to the costume)—and with a large suite of courtiers and ladies, she travels to meet the Prince, who is touring about the world for his amusement. She discovers, before they have been five minutes acquainted, that the Prince is a youth calculated to win the love of any woman, and under her assumed title plays several mad pranks in order to try his faith, and finally, in the third act, reveals herself to him in her own person, declares her love for him in a beautiful song, discovers by the same means that

she has all his heart, and the story ends blissfully.

Thekla knew this opera, having often heard it abroad, and although there was very much to find fault with in the acting and voice of the *prima donna*, the performance was, on the whole, above the average.

After this visit to the theatre it was but natural that Thekla should find herself on terms of closer intimacy with the Johnson family, but as they were somewhat superior to most of their class, she could not regret it. Indeed it was pleasant sometimes, when she was lonely, to go downstairs and nurse the baby, or talk to her humble friends; and she would often ask Annie to bring her work into her room and chat with her about the business of the theatre, or relate little incidents about the different actors and actresses to amuse her. Mrs. Johnson had much to tell, with a grave face and many sighs, about the sad deterioration in *Mdlle. Bianca*, the lady whom Thekla had seen play *Prince Zoo-Zoo*. This artist was a very lovely woman, not particularly clever, but on making her first appearance in England some years before, her splendid form and features and a clear flexible voice had been quite sufficient to render her a great success on the stage. But unfortunately the charms with which nature had endowed her were now less undeniable than at first, and she had not sufficient genius or fascination of manner to weigh against the decline of youth and freshness. Moreover, this lady was too much addicted to indulgence in stimulants, and—so it was said—she had frequently gone through her part in a state of semi-intoxication. There was no doubt, Mrs. Johnson said, that *Mdlle. Bianca* was no longer fit for the stage. She was very well





off, and had no occasion to go on acting; indeed it was highly improbable that any manager would care to engage her again, as she had been such an anxiety during the run of this piece.

Time went on. It was more than a fortnight since Thekla's visit to the theatre, and the last nights of *Prince Zoo-Zoo* and the benefit of Mdlle. Bianca were advertised. In the neighbourhood about Homocaster, all those who had not already seen the piece were taking tickets for the final performances; amongst others the Lawford family had stalls for the last night of all.

It must be told, to her credit, that poor Mrs. Lawford had been seriously grieved on account of her behaviour with regard to Miss Hellenthal. Although Ernest had expressed much curiosity and interest as to the reason why his sisters were not taking music-lessons any longer, it was easy to see that he had no suspicions on the subject. He showed an absence of embarrassment when speaking of 'the Fräulein,' as he always called her, that convinced his mother there could not possibly have been any entanglement with the girl; for Ernest was no actor, and could not dissemble in the very least. Mrs. Lawford could not exactly make up her mind to reëngage Miss Hellenthal, after what had passed; but she wrote her a very kind letter, some few days after their last meeting, offering to be her reference, as heretofore, with regard to pupils. For some reason or other, this letter was not intrusted to the post, but taken to Thekla's lodgings by the Lawfords when they were driving through the town. They were told that Miss Hellenthal no longer lived there; that she had gone away, leaving no address.

It was impossible to discover where the girl had gone, without making more *esclandre* than seemed advisable, and betraying to other people the fact of there having been some uncomfortable feeling between Miss Hellenthal and herself; so Mrs. Lawford, with much reluctance, let the matter drop, thoroughly vexed with herself for her unnecessary suspicions and severity.

'The *mater* is rather low, I think; she wants brisking up,' remarked Ernest one day.

Ernest's suggestions were generally approved by his family; and so it was decided that tickets should be taken, and the Lawfords were to go in a large party to see *Prince Zoo Zoo*. A recent acquaintance of Ernest's was asked to accompany them. This was a handsome young German, who had come to Homocaster for a short time only, for the sake of gaining experience, in order that he might be the better enabled to direct the prosperous manufactory at Aix-la-Chapelle, of which his father was the owner.

Steady work, the satisfaction of clearing herself gradually of debt, and the kindness of her humble friends, all helped to render Thekla's life calmly content. Her mind was too well balanced for her to allow herself to feel dull; and it seemed likely that she might have gone on plodding away in her narrow groove, forgetting even those artistic aspirations, and the natural desire to be appreciated and admired, which had every now and then assailed her.

But it was not her destiny to remain thus undisturbed. One evening, as she returned from giving her last lesson for the day, she perceived, on entering the house, that some trouble had fallen upon the Johnson family.



The girl who opened the door to her had evidently been crying, and Annie, who was engaged in setting the table for her lodger's slight meal, appeared to be very unhappy about something.

'It's poor little baby, miss,' she said. 'He's had a fit, and mother can't bear to leave him; so I'm going off at once to ask Mrs. Green, a person we know, to go to the theatre this evening, to dress Mdlle. Bianca for mother. You see it doesn't do to depend on any of the other dressers at the theatre, for mademoiselle wants such a deal of seeing to. Some one must stay in her dressing-room the whole evening to watch that she doesn't take anything to hurt her and make her forget her part. Mrs. Green is used to the theatre, and often goes there for mother.'

Thekla expressed her sympathy or the suffering baby, and, as soon as she had eaten her dinner, went down-stairs to see if she could be of any use to the poor little thing's anxious mother. She had no knowledge or experience about infantine sickness; and believing that the best help she could afford would be to keep the other children quiet, she had just proposed to Jane and Tommy that they should go and prepare their lesson for school in her room, when Annie returned, in a great state of perturbation, because Mrs. Green was gone away for the day, and she could not tell how to obtain another substitute.

'I am sure *I* should do well enough. I am rather clever at dressing people,' said Thekla, in a decided voice. 'Do not distress yourself, Mrs. Johnson;' for the poor woman was in a fearful agony between the idea of forfeiting her post at the theatre and the fear of losing the poor little specimen of humanity that lay gasping on her

lap. 'Is it not time to be starting, Annie? I will not keep you waiting more than two minutes.'

It was with some little feeling of trepidation that Thekla entered the dressing-room of Mdlle. Bianca. Being instructed by Mrs. Johnson as to the method in which the *prima donna* liked to have everything arranged before her arrival, and having seen the piece so recently, it was not difficult to get everything in readiness. The only thing really to fear was lest Mdlle. Bianca should be angry or nervous at the notion of a perfect stranger daring to propose to dress her. But the actress was a good-natured woman, and took Thekla's explanation in perfect good part, and was even complimentary upon the way in which the amateur dresser did her business.

To fortify herself for her arduous undertaking, the actress drank a glass of brandy before going on the stage; and, seeing her conceal a small phial in her pocket-handkerchief, Thekla, considering what she had been told, felt rather anxious about the consequences. She was not surprised, when she ventured into the wings to watch the performance for a little while, that Mdlle. Bianca's voice sounded even worse than she had thought it the night she had listened to her from the gallery.

But she did not care to stay looking on, as people stared at her; and she felt as if she ought to explain her presence there. Annie Johnson had mentioned to several of the chorus who Thekla was; and the stage manager, understanding the reason of her being behind the scenes, spoke to her, and desired that she would keep a firm look-out, lest Mdlle. Bianca should take any more brandy between the first and second acts. This was a difficult thing for Thekla to undertake; but she did

as she was desired, and remonstrated with the actress when she perceived that she was bent upon ruining her chance of success.

It would have been a strange sight if any one could have witnessed the little scene that took place in the dressing-room. The handsome painted woman, in her boy costume of pink satin, angry, undignified, scarcely mistress of herself or her language, and the plainly-dressed beautiful young girl, standing with her hand firmly held upon the half-empty flask of spirits.

'I tell you, impertinent child,' raved Mdlle. Bianca, in broken English, 'you do not know anything at all! I say that I am ill, and my nerves require it. I sing bad, *vile*, this night; and I shall fail at my own benefit if I do not keep my strength!'

'You will certainly fail, madame, if you drink any more of this!' said Thekla. 'Let me go and see if any of the other ladies have a little barley-water. That would do your throat good, if you must drink something. Or even a glass of water—'

'Barley! Water! *Cur r-r-se* you, miss!' cried the infuriated woman, boxing Thekla's ears.

At that instant the call-boy arrived to summon Mdlle. Bianca. He heard the resounding slap, and, on the door opening, perceived the red mark which the strong jewelled hand had left on poor Thekla's face, and, before ten minutes had elapsed, every one on the stage knew 'that Bianca was more jolly tight than ever, and had struck her dresser.'

After that blow Thekla's spirits would not admit of her venturing out of the dressing-room again; she felt too nervous and unhappy to witness the shocking failure that she was certain Mdlle. Bianca must make in this act. The time

seemed very tedious and long to her. She could hear the orchestra and choruses in the distance; and her knowledge of the operetta enabling her to follow the progress of the piece, it appeared to her interminable. She placed the last dress that Mdlle. Bianca would have to wear all in readiness, and amused herself with examining all her beautiful diamonds and trinkets; but still the time seemed as though it would not pass away.

'The second act is the longest of all,' she meditated. 'There is not very much in the last one. But how is that poor creature to manage the solo with the high C just before that last duet—and the roulade and cadenza behind the scenes, just before the Princess enters?'

Unconsciously she began trilling the cadenza; and it was surprising, even to herself, how fresh and full her young voice sounded, although she was tired and exhausted, and the evening was far advanced.

The close atmosphere, and the fact of its being past her usual bed-time, made her feel quite drowsy; so she turned down the gas and opened the door of the dressing-room in order to make the air a little cooler. She closed her eyes, and, becoming gradually unconscious of the distant sounds, fell into what she believed at first to be only a momentary slumber. But on starting up, suddenly aware that the room was in a blaze of light, a sight met her eyes that showed her, to her terror, that she must have been sound asleep for some time.

The gas was flaring at the highest point, the door was closed, and the heat of the room was perfectly unendurable. With her head leaning on the dressing-table sat Mdlle. Bianca, weeping pite-

oually; she had not begun to change her dress, and the orchestra was already tuning to commence the overture to the last act.

'Quick, madame!' exclaimed Thekla, trying to unfasten the domino from around her neck. But her efforts were resisted. The actress stammered something incoherently about not being well, and a pettish desire to be let alone. Thekla was in despair; she did not know whom to call to her aid; and to manage this woman alone she felt to be impossible.

Others beside the poor dresser were in a most anxious state about the *prima donna*. The audience in front were wondering why an apology was not made for her, as it was evident Mdlle. Bianca must be suffering very much to sing so badly and act in such an inferior manner.

'I am terribly disappointed,' Mrs. Lawford remarked. 'I have heard so much about her, and I think she simply ruins the piece. I wish she would not appear any more, but of course she must do so, or the story would be incomplete.'

'There is hardly anything more for her to do, with the exception of one magnificent song and a duet,' said Otto Waldstein. 'I am fearful, however, what she will do with the solo—and I have heard a lady who could sing it so well—at home.'

He looked a little pensive as he spoke; and the second Miss Lawford, who had set up an admiration for the young German, began to wonder what broad-faced flaxen-haired Deutsches Mädchen had had the presumption—and good fortune—to win his approbation!

The curtain rose, and the last act progressed. The time approached for the final entrance

of Prince—or Princess—Zoo-Zoo, and the tenor was thinking, with angry trepidation, of the blunders Mdlle. Bianca was likely to make in the music, faults that would throw his own part out, and cause him to appear to the uninitiated listener almost as defective a singer as the lady herself.

Those who were well up in the music, and who wondered at themselves for having been able to sit through the piece and hear the soprano part murdered, were preparing to leave the theatre. The greater portion of the audience was stirring; those desirous of having their money's worth, who were staying till the very end of the performance, showed demonstrations of natural irascibility at being disturbed by the impatient ones, when a voice resounded through the house, a trill like the warbling of some melodious bird rang out and electrified every one, from the orchestra to the topmost gallery. Had Bianca suddenly recovered? Perhaps she had been saving herself for this.

The Princess entered, royally attired; in her long flowing locks of golden hair flashed the celebrated diamonds of the once favourite *prima donna*. The well-known words of her famous song,

'To thee I give myself,  
Thy love am I,'

fell upon the ears of the surprised and delighted audience with more passion and exquisite intonation than they had often been rendered before. But the actress all the while stood with her face turned towards her stage lover, and it was only at the end of the song, when she turned to the audience to acknowledge the thunders of applause, that every one knew for certain that this was not Bianca.

'By Jove! it's the Fräulein!' cried Ernest Lawford, rising from

his seat in the height of his excitement, and shouting, 'Bravo! Encore!' at the top of his voice.

Otto bent forward, his eyes riveted upon the lovely blushing face of the girl, whose quivering lip and heaving bosom showed plainly that she was unused to plaudits such as she now received.

An effort was made to have the song repeated; but the orchestra and the people on the stage were only able to get through the few remaining sentences and the final chorus in a mechanical dazed kind of way, and the curtain fell.

Ernest Lawford and his friend put the ladies into the carriage, themselves remaining behind to try and find out the reason of that strange apparition which had taken every one so completely by surprise.

'I must go to the stage-door,' Otto had said, in a burst of confidence to Mrs. Lawford. 'I must speak face to face with that lady. Her father and mine were boys together.'

With such a reason as that, it was impossible to question the propriety of the step. Mrs. Lawford's anxiety on Ernest's account was at an end. She did not even try to persuade him to return home on the box of the carriage, but drove off to discuss this strange event with the girls.

Immediately upon the fall of the curtain every one on the stage had clustered about Thekla, and it seemed to her that a worse ordeal than what she had already undergone was before her. One lady from the chorus attacked her with greater vigour than any one else, declaring 'that it was an infamous trick, and that she did not believe Thekla was only a dresser. She herself was first under-study for Mdlle. Bianca; and if the *prima donna* had been

taken ill, she ought to have had the credit of filling her place.'

'I could not tell that,' said Thekla, meekly but with dignity. 'I did not know what to do, the time was getting so near. The dress was there, and I thought I could wear it well enough; and I knew the music by heart. I am sorry, very sorry.'

'Never mind, my dear,' said the acting manager kindly; 'you did it capitally. No one can say you are to blame. If Mdlle. Bianca is not offended, no one else has any right to scold you.'

'She is not in a state of mind to be offended. If you will come and see her, you will decide that. she was quite unfit to play,' said Thekla.

Ernest and Otto had won their way somehow or other on to the stage; and as Thekla turned from the crowd to go back to Bianca's dressing-room, she perceived them.

Nothing could much surprise her just then. She looked at her German friend for one moment, and then put out her hand with a glad smile, and greeted him in their own language.

'O Fräulein! how awfully unfair,' cried Ernest. 'Why did I never know there was a chance of seeing you act? And what a shame to jabber in a foreign tongue! This fellow speaks English as well as you and I do.'

But the lights were being put out, and Thekla remembered that she had to take off Bianca's velvet robes and jewels, and pack them away for their rightful owner. She was followed up-stairs by the stage-manager, prompter, and several of the company; and on arriving at Bianca's room, the explanation they had received was verified.

There sat the unfortunate woman, still arrayed in the pink

suit and primrose domino of Prince Zoo-Zoo. She was fast asleep, and the empty brandy bottle lay on the floor by her side; it had been a careless omission on Thekla's part not to conceal it during the poor thing's absence from the room.

There is little more to add; for this is a mere sketch, and space does not admit of our entering into minute details. If we were not thus limited, it would be pleasant enough to tell how the Johnson baby outgrew its delicacy, and became quite a fine boy; to describe how Thekla taught Annie her notes, and enabled her to learn music so scientifically that in a short time she was fit to study even a solo part.

And it would have been highly satisfactory to relate how Mrs.

Lawford and Thekla had a thorough reconciliation; how the manager of the Theatre Royal offered the young musician an engagement on liberal terms, and how she found herself not in a position to be tempted by his offer.

For Otto Waldstein drove back to the lodgings in a cab with Thekla and Annie that night. There were frequent meetings afterwards between the two old friends at the house of kind Mrs. Lawford, and in a few weeks' time Otto's father and sister came to England on a visit. Otto was considered to have gained all the experience he needed, and no opposition was shown by his relations to the high-spirited, hard-working Thekla returning with them to her native country as Otto's affianced bride.

MARGARET C. HELMORE.

## CRUEL CHRISTINE.

(*Illustrated.*)

LESS pure the flakes of glistening snow  
That lie along thy Danish land;  
Less sweet the angel forms that glow  
With life beneath Thorwaldsen's  
hand,

Than thou, Christine; whom erst I  
met,  
Far wanderers we, on Volga's shore;  
And loved thine hazel eyes, and set  
Thy face before me evermore.

I mind me how thy light laugh spoke  
Of heart that never grief had  
known;  
And how thy German gutturals broke  
In music that was not their own.

'What joy,' I whispered in thine ear,  
'To touch those lips, whose sweets  
outvie  
The roses at thy breast, and bear  
Their fragrance with me till I die!

The while in mine own land I tell  
What love-flowers bloom beyond the  
sea.'

'Ah, hush! dear friend; that were not  
well;  
I have no kisses left for thee.

Are not thine English maidens fair,  
And English kisses long and deep?  
Take there thy fill: I may not share  
The lips I swore for Hans to keep.'

Farewell, true heart! and yet, I ween,  
If thou and I were 'neath yon spray  
Of mistletoe, e'en thou, Christine,  
Might'st find one kiss to give away.

WALTER B. PATON.

## THE SHOP-WINDOWS AT CHRISTMAS.

BY A PHILOSOPHER OF THE PAVEMENT.

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I DO not suppose that there has been any Oriental bazaar or any European exhibition that can exactly compare with the marvellous shop-windows of the streets of London. At all times, to the philosopher of the pavement, the shops have infinite possibilities of instruction and delight. It is at Christmas time that one appreciates them most of all. Then one feels that the purse of Fortunatus would be a very jolly thing to possess. One would not care for the secret chambers in the *Arabian Nights*, or to explore the caverns of Monte Cristo, if only one could get put on the free-list of the London shops, as is the case with the lucky people who have immense incomes or illimitable credit. That subject of credit at shops opens up an immense vista to the philosophic mind. There have been people like Beau Brummel or Count d'Orsay who could get anything they liked, and have the article wrapped up in bank-notes, if they felt so disposed, to give it currency and fashion; whereas, in the case of other people, even if they be philosophers, there must be a reference or ready money. Perhaps it is quite as well; for money always represents value, and every article sold has to be paid for in one way or another, sooner or later.

There is something specially fresh and exciting in the streets at Christmas. Perhaps the air is keen and frosty, which is the proper kind of weather for the season, although the season in recent years has been rather capricious

in this respect. The very multitude of people in the street has an eagerness of aspect, an intensity of vitality that reacts favourably on oneself. Although I do not believe in spiritualism, I saw a rather keen remark made by a spiritualist the other day—read it, in point of fact, in a police-report. He said that if we associated with people with less energy than ourselves, we lost nerve-power; but if we were with people with greater energy, then we increased our nerve-power. Like the hero who gathered strength from his native earth, I no sooner walk the London pavements, and look at the London shops, and come in contact with the London multitudes, than I positively feel a fresh access of vitality. There is really an electric force abroad at this season of the year. The current of pleasure and joyous anticipation are in full fresh tide. Here are the happy children from school dispersing their reserve of pocket-money at the toy-shops; the squires, squiressees, and squireens that have come up for the Cattle Show; the young men and maidens who are not only thinking of decorations in churches, but of mystic services therein; the papas, 'idle men who only have to pay,' the assemblage of all classes who find their turn to linger in the streets and to look at the shop-windows: these come out in the multitudes which only London can show, and that semi-ecstatic state of mind which only Christmas can produce.

And the shop-windows are pre-

pared for the human flies that gather to their sweets. They are got up in gala dress. They are full of bravery and beauty. The wealth and prodigality of all the regions of the earth are gathered beneath our dull skies and our canopy of mists. I like to walk the streets in the brief transitory bursts of sunshine that so often mark our December mornings; in the afternoons when the watery sunsets mingle among those flashing gems or elaborate ornaments, among which a thousand-pound note is a mere circumstance.

Later still in the murky atmosphere, on the setting in of dusk, when shop after shop bursts into light, until London puts on a garb of festal illumination, then it is that I mingle in the crowd, and study the windows, and sometimes have the privilege of hardly venturing near the counter. There is not a single shop-window where the influence of Christmas is not a visible and powerful influence. I go to the great West-End jewellers, where watchmen and policemen carefully guard the portals, for the treasures therein are as rich as those in the vaults of banks or as imperial regalia. Then the toy-shops are next door to miraculous. Every fresh Christmas there is some new improvement, or some novel invention. If you watch the shop-windows narrowly you will perceive how many of the toys have a distinct scientific or artistic value. Perhaps the schools of art are humanising us all round; we are all attaining to a higher level of culture; the old people might judiciously try to be boys and girls again, and recommence their studies in life by an investigation of the shops. Certainly the new generation ought to be much cleverer than we old fogies ever were, for we never had such

pleasures and advantages. Then as for pictures—to take one set of things alone—only look at the Christmas-cards, which are cheap and pretty, just as the jewels which we have mentioned are dear and pretty. Quite a new industry has arisen in these Christmas-cards. The Post Office has found in them a fresh demand for labour and a fresh source of revenue. I believe there are now ladies who make quite a pleasant income by the poetical and artistic compositions of these cards. How thoroughly they are appreciated by all classes of society, and in every time of life! At this time, too, the bookshops are crowded with people, who are not only buying newspapers and magazines, the ordinary *pabulum* of the multitude, but also the new books which are supplied in infinite beauty and variety at this season of the year. I look with unlimited favour on the array of splendid bindings in the windows. I always think that the present of a well-chosen volume argues something very nice about both the giver and the recipient.

If ever there is a time for making a good sale—as when a set of diamonds were sold one morning for five-and-twenty thousand pounds across the counter—Christmas would be such a propitious season. Business is brightening up all around. How the shopkeepers' eyes legitimately brighten up when Christmas presents are being bought for the young lady who is going to be married, or for the young couple who are going out to India!

At the same time, it is not to be supposed that these very intellectual young people have not as vivid an idea of the contents of the pastry-cook's window as ever their grand-sires possessed. Indeed it is much to be doubted whether the anti-

quoted ones understood the mystery of liqueurs—say Maraschino and Curaçoa—enclosed in bonbons, and the art of mystic patties was then in its infancy. The boy or girl who can dream of such glories as some shopkeepers' windows disclose, to use an expression of Charles Dickens—and dear Dickens was one of our highest authorities on Christmas—'had better go to bed, and keep there.'

In fact, at every shop-window at Christmastide a great deal of 'gaping' is going on. This is a curious but felicitous word invented by Mr. Ford in his *Hand-book for Spain*. 'In the Rambla at Barcelona,' he says, 'are the best shops and most gape-seed.' The word is expressive to the traveller who gapes and stares. But I venture to think that those Christmas windows are deserving of any amount of gaping and staring.

The shops in the great markets are at all times most worthy of attention. They are especially so at the Christmas season. My favourite markets are those of Covent Garden, Leadenhall-street, and Billingsgate. As for the approaches to streets leading to these markets, they are well-nigh choked up by the crowd of buyers and the large heaps of their purchases. How rich and varied and suggestive are the burdens which they bear! Here come the moving groves of holly and of mistletoe; and, indeed, I deplore sincerely that absence of red berries which is caused by the mildness of the weather. The one consolation is that this same mildness greatly alleviates the sufferings of our poorest poor. It would be pleasant to follow mistletoe and holly as they are borne away to decorate hall and staircase and the living-rooms of warm happy dwellings, and to think of the young lips

that will meet beneath the mistletoe, of the hollies that will be twined about the pillars and arches of our churches. Then, as for those treasures of the conservatories which are exhibited at the florists', it would seem as if the colour and radiance of the brightest of summer days had been incorporated into the murkiest of winter days. Why, all the way along Thames-street each shop-window seems a little Billingsgate in itself. Leadenhall Market is the warmest and cosiest of all the markets. You thread your way along the narrow passages bordered by busy shops—a perfect wilderness and congeries of shops—where all our furred and feathered friends do meet, specimens, indeed, of nearly all the fauna of our island. Prices rule high at Christmastide. For the Leadenhall salesmen this is the great harvest of the year. There is generally a time, a few weeks before Christmas, when game runs very cheap. There has been a glut of it in the market. Game has come up by tons from the great battues, and most of it has been sold cheaper than butchers' meat. They recover their prices at Christmas, and, alas, never get cheaper afterwards. The pheasant, that lovely Asian bird; the turkey, worthiest of the New World's gifts to the Old; snipe and woodcock if there has been frost; black game and white game from Scotland and Norway; wild-fowl and water-fowl of all sorts,—all these are here in lavish abundance. One thing I have noticed especially in the busy afternoons before Christmas, however—where in the market the men and boys take strong tea, and, comparatively speaking, alcohol is conspicuous by its absence.

If the grand shops in the great thoroughfares dazzle so much



by their brilliancy and glare, there is, perhaps, a more human interest in the shop-windows of humbler neighbourhoods. There are many square miles of London town, in such regions as Islington, Clerkenwell, and Bethnal Green, where there is nothing but the dulllest and dreariest uniformity of street and shop. But even here butcher and grocer vie with one another in the splendour of their wares and the gorgeousness of their environment. Just look at the faces that gather to the shop-windows, as surely as moths to the flame. There is the prudent housewife, the mechanic's industrious help-meet, with her little weight of coin, which she is to measure out exactly, in order to get the best possible return for it in provender for Christmas and New Year's Day. The kindly-hearted tradespeople, who recognise a limited

but certain customer, will not let her make a futile bargain for herself.

Below this there is yet a far lower class, who are thankful to partake of the very garbage of Christmas: who are glad of the leavings of the shops, but who, thanks to the liberality of Christian London, often sit down, in their hundreds and their thousands, to enjoy a substantial dinner on Christmas day. We hallow our own rejoicing when we help others to rejoice; and when, to quote Homeric phrase, 'the desire of eating and drinking is taken away,' it is pleasant to think that others look on us as the founders of their own humble feast. 'Go your way,' says the Good Book, 'Eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto those for whom nothing is prepared.... The joy of the Lord is your strength.'



AN ORCHESTRAL 'LUCIDITY,'

BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

(Dedicated to Mr. Matthew Arnold.)

## A RACE FOR LIFE.

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DINNER is over, the ladies have withdrawn, and round the fragments of a costly dessert sit four gentlemen.

Colonel Harvie and his guests, Captain Morton and William Staines, are sipping their wine and talking politics, while Master Tom Harvie (the Colonel's young nephew, home from Eton for the Christmas holidays, and spending them for the first time with his uncle, who has lately returned from India) is busily engaged on an enormous pear, and wondering if it would be possible, with a little ingenuity, to get possession of the claret-bottle, which is at the other end of the table close to his uncle's elbow.

Presently he rises, and strolls towards the coveted object, with a face of the most perfect indifference, and is just about to seize his prize, when—

'I should try an orange now, old boy, if you are thirsty,' says his uncle.

Unhappy Tom knows what that means, and hastily retreats, baffled, but by no means beaten; he discusses the orange, which is followed by a bunch of purple grapes, and then, feeling at peace with himself and the whole world, joins in the conversation.

The Colonel and his friends being stanch Tories, and with very similar opinions on most political questions, any suggestion or theory advanced by one is carried unanimously by the other two; and therefore, their remarks being neither very interesting nor exciting, Mr. Tom's chatter is

listened to, much to that youth's surprise and pleasure.

'O uncle,' he begins, 'what is that extraordinary arrangement you have in the hall, facing the front door?'

'What, the bicycle?'

'Yes, I suppose it's a bicycle, but it's the nastiest old one I ever saw; and why should it stand on that splendid tiger-skin?'

'Ah, thereby hangs a tale,' says Captain Morton sententiously.

'To the tiger-skin or the bicycle?' laughed Tom.

'If you begin making bad jokes at your time of life, Master Tom, I don't know what will become of you. By the bye, Staines, have you heard of Harvie's Indian adventure?'

Staines, who has only lately become acquainted with his host, says 'No.'

'I've written it in the shape of a story since I saw you last, Morton,' says the Colonel, 'and if you like, we will read it over our cigars; you, being a literary man, Staines, must listen critically.'

'A story, hurrah!' shouts Tom.

The manuscript is produced, and Colonel Harvie, settling himself comfortably, adjusts his double eye-glasses, clears his throat, and begins:

Has a bicycle ever saved a man's life? A curious question, and one to which I imagine few persons could answer affirmatively. I am one of those few, however; and as the life in question had a particular interest for me, being my own, all the details of

the terrible event are firmly fixed in my memory.

The case is entirely without parallel, and will, I venture to think, interest general readers, though they may have no love for 'a rubbishy bicyclic thing,' as I once heard an old farmer call my beloved machine. I was always very fond of bicycling, and from the time when I was a small boy, and laboured for hours at a bone-shaker, to the days when I became the proud possessor of one of the first bicycles ever manufactured, I revelled in the enchanting pastime, spending hours which should have been otherwise occupied on the back of my iron horse, thus putting my physical powers a long way ahead of my mental. In fact, I hated the sight of a book, and was never happy unless scouring the country on my bicycle. My father was a doctor in a little Kentish village, and, having a large family, he was thankful indeed when, at the age of nineteen, a commission was obtained for me by a wealthy friend in a regiment about to sail for India. (No awful examinations in those days!) And one fine morning I found myself with the King's Own at Plymouth, starting in H.M.S. Ganges for our mighty Eastern Empire.

I will not attempt to describe my months of sea life, because every one has read of nautical adventures dozens of times before; suffice it to say I was very seasick and miserable the first week on board, like everybody else, and caught myself wishing I was dead. I found afterwards that was rather a common wish with people in the first agonies of this malady. Then I recovered, and enjoyed myself like everybody else; and saw a flying-fish, and was disappointed with it, like everybody else; and fished for hours, with

about a quarter of a mile of line over the stern, catching nothing, like everybody else; and when we sighted land I was thankful, like everybody else.

A grand new bicycle was my father's parting present to me, and great was my delight at finding that another young 'sub.' in my regiment was also a bicyclist. In these days, when the 'iron wheel' has so many votaries, this may seem nothing very strange; but, to realise my surprise and pleasure, you must remember that a bicycle was then a comparative curiosity, and a bicyclist a person to be stared at and admired, or otherwise.

Enormous was the amount of money betted by us on races to come, and innumerable the beauties we discovered in our own machines. Once we attempted a race on board, down one side of the deck; but a nasty lurch nearly sent my companion overboard, and the captain soon put a stop to our proceedings.

Well, we reached our destination at last, and steamed up the mighty Hooghly to Calcutta.

Words fail me to describe the sensation which our bicycles caused. They were, I believe, the first ever seen in India; and as we rode together into the town, some days after our arrival, one would have thought it was the triumphal entry of some Eastern potentate.

Our first appearance was hailed with a cry of horror by a crowd of mendicants and children hovering round the outside of the market. Curiosity, however, soon got the better of their fear, and, by the time we had ridden a quarter of a mile, there was a regular mob at our heels, all following silently, with grave earnest faces and quiet tread—in fact, they might have been attending some funeral.

Soon every available stall and house-top was crammed with heads; the street in front of us seemed cleared as if by magic; and on we rode as slowly as possible, trying to look like judges.

The first horse we came to nearly went into a fit. Had a native been driving, the consequences would probably have been serious; but the white soldier in the vehicle pulled the unhappy beast up, and made it follow and examine our bicycles.

These operations were watched by our bodyguard with the deepest interest. We did not see many horses in town, fortunately, and the stalled oxen generally employed as beast of burden paid not the slightest attention to us. At length we arrived at a drinking-fountain, and alighted from our machines, causing another loud cry of astonishment. We had a refreshing drink and remounted.

As we reached the outskirts of the town we quickened our pace, and, finding a grand level stretch of road in front of us, began to race, soon leaving every one far behind.

I could fill a book with the curious incidents and accidents which befell us in going 'up country.' Our regiment was always on the move, and panics of one kind or other were very frequent on our bicycling excursions.

On one occasion, when I was riding quietly, a half-demented native (one of the few remaining followers of Juggernaut) ran out into the road in front of me, and fell down almost under my bicycle. The unfortunate man wished to sacrifice himself, as he would have done, under the huge wheels which carry his god. It was with the greatest difficulty I avoided him; and he rose with the air of a person who had quite made up

his mind to leave this world, but had suddenly come back to it by a short cut. It certainly never struck him that his religious arrangements would put me out in the least.

My friend, too, met with an unpleasant adventure. Peacocks are common birds in India, and in some parts are sacred, no one being allowed to kill or shoot them; they swarm in the jungles, and are sometimes seen domesticated round the villages, strutting about like so many barn-door fowls in an English farm.

My friend found out this to his cost; for one day, turning a corner at a good pace, he ran right into a flock of them, coming a nasty cropper himself, and killing one of the unfortunate birds. Endless complications followed. The owner vowed nothing we could give him would compensate for the loss of his sacred fowl, that ill-luck would fall on him and his house, and that the 'sahib' would certainly die before the week was out. The 'sahib,' having given the man every farthing he had with him, and implored him to think no more about the matter, mounted his fallen steed and rode back to the camp, feeling somewhat crestfallen.

The affair did not end here, however; the native authorities of the village came in a body to our commanding officer; and it was with the greatest difficulty he managed to pacify them.

This occurrence created a bad impression in the place; and we were very glad to leave it for another station higher up the country. We were now approaching the hills; and the long-talked-of bicycle-race I was to ride against my friend Fred Bent had not yet come off. Soon our pet pastime would have to be abandoned for an indefinite period; so one evening

after mess we drew up and signed articles in the regular professional style to ride a ten-mile race for a bet of five pounds a side, my opponent to receive three minutes' start (this little arrangement would have made us both forfeit our right to ever ride again as amateurs, but we did not know that then, and I daresay we should not have cared if we had). We were now stationed at the foot of the hills. The ground to our north became gradually broken, rising peak after peak, and stretching away to the region of eternal snow.

There was a grand native road within a short distance of our camp, running away for ten miles as flat as a drawing-board. It lay through the open plain, and then a deserted tract was reached, becoming wilder as the road proceeded, and finally swallowing it up in an impenetrable jungle. It was on this road I intended to train. Bent had found a circular path round some native huts a short way from the station, measuring about six laps to the mile, and here he prepared himself for the coming struggle.

After a week of such training as would make a modern athlete's hair stand on end—meat almost raw, chopped up very finely; little drinks of neat brandy, &c.—we considered ourselves fit for the contest; and the adventure I am now about to relate occurred the evening before the eventful day. I was just starting for a last ride over my favourite course, when an officer passing stopped me, and said, 'Have you heard of the tiger, Harvie?'

'No,' I answered.

'The natives have just brought word that a large tiger is marked down in the jungle about ten miles from here; so don't go too—this evening.'

'All right,' I laughed. 'I think a tiger would find it a difficult matter to catch me—my training would tell on him.'

I had not seen any large wild-beasts as yet, and my notion of a tiger was a thin sleepy-looking animal, as I had once seen in a travelling menagerie. Away I rode, my comrade's caution forgotten before I had gone a mile.

I started at a good pace, but not racing, as I intended to do all I knew coming home. In about an hour I reached my usual halting-place, ten miles from the camp; but this being the last night of my training, I made up my mind to ride another couple of miles, and then do the whole distance back at my best pace.

I rode on, and in another ten minutes found myself in the jungle.

Now for the race home.

Dismounting, I oiled my machine, tightened up every screw, and then sat down on a boulder to rest and enjoy the prospect. A beautiful scene it was too!

Above me rose the grand mountains, their snowy tops blushing crimson in the setting sun; here a little waterfall, like a thread of gold and silver, flashing down the mountain-side, and twining in and out amongst the masses of trees and rocks; there a glimpse of fairyland through a jungle vista. A post, or 'tank,' as they are called, surrounded by dense foliage, festooned by parasitical climbing plants, glowing with flowers of every imaginable hue; humming-birds, like fiery gems, flashed hither and thither, darting in and out amongst the trees. On the 'tank' floated water-fowl of every kind, and the banks were alive with gorgeous birds, their plumage rivalling the flowers in brilliancy and variety of colour. But now the shadows were deep-

ening, the crimson on the mountain-tops had disappeared, and the cold snow began to look gray and ghostly. A flying fox went rustling past me, and I hastily prepared to mount; for there is scarcely any twilight in India, and I knew it would soon be dark.

As I rose, my eyes encountered something which made me start, and nearly drop my bicycle.

There, not forty yards off, was a tiger. I knew the animal well enough; but how different he looked from the lean half-starved little beast I had seen at home! He had just come into the open space from a dense jungle-break, and sat there, washing his face and purring in a contented sort of way, like a huge cat.

Was I frightened? Not an atom; I had my bicycle and a start of forty yards, so if I could not beat him it was a pity.

He had not seen me yet, and I stood for another minute admiring the handsome creature, and then quietly mounted (the tiger was directly on my right, while the road stretched straight away in front of me). The noise I made roused him: he looked up, and then, after deliberately stretching himself, came leaping with long graceful bounds over the rank grass and rocks which separated him from the road. He did not seem a bit angry, but evidently wished to get a nearer view of such an extraordinary object.

Forty yards, however, I thought was quite near enough for safety. The tiger was in the road behind me now; so I pulled myself together, and began to quicken pace.

Would he stop, disgusted, after the first hundred yards, and give up the chase, or would he stick to it? I quite hoped he would follow me, and already pictured in my mind the graphic description

I would write home of my race with a tiger.

Little did I think what a terrible race it was going to be. I looked behind me. By Jove! he *was* 'sticking to it.' I could not judge the distance; but at any rate I was no further from him than when we started. Now for a spurt! I rode the next half-mile as hard as I could; but, on again looking round, found I had not gained a yard.

The tiger was on my track, moving with a long swinging trot, and going quite as quickly as I was.

For the first time I began to feel anxious, and thought uneasily of the ten long miles which separated me from safety.

However, it was no good thinking now; it was my muscle and iron steed against the brute. I could only do my best, and trust in Providence.

Now there was no doubt about the tiger's intention; his blood was up, and on he came, occasionally giving vent to a roar, which made the ground tremble. Another mile had been traversed, and the tiger was slowly but surely closing up.

I dashed my pouch to the ground, hoping it would stop him for a few seconds; but he kept steadily on, and I felt it was then grim earnest.

I calculated we must be about seven miles from camp now, and before I could ride another four my pursuer, I knew, must reach me. O, the agony of those minutes, which seemed to me like long hours!

Another mile passed, then another. I could hear him behind me now—pad, pad, pad, quicker and quicker, louder and louder. I turned in my saddle for a moment, and saw there were not twenty yards separating us! How enormous the brute looked, and

